

ZOA-PHORA,

Secure to GIRLS a painless, perfect development and thus prevent life-long weakness.

Sustains and soothes *Overworked Women, Exhausted Mothers*, and prevents profligacy.

Cures *Palpitation, Sleeplessness*, nervous breaking down (after preventing insanity), providing a safe *Change of Life*, and a hale and happy old age.

"DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN," a book worth dollars, sent sealed for 10c.

Reader, suffering from any complaint peculiar to the female sex, ZOA-PHORA is worth everything to you. Letters for advice, marked "Consulting Department," are seen by our physicians only. ZOA-PHORA CO., 115 S. COLMAN, Sec'y, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sustain Home Industry

—BY—

Calling for Rock Island Brewing Co., Beer.

The Best Beer Made,
On Tap everywhere.

TRY IT.

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 on Moline avenue by Telephone.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE STATE LAW.

Rock Island Savings Bank,

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

Five per cent interest paid on Deposits. Money loaned on Personal collateral or Real Estate security.

OFFICERS: F. L. MITCHELL, Pres.; F. C. DENKMAN, Vice Pres.; J. M. BUFORD, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: F. L. Mitchell, F. C. Denkman, John Cragg, Phil Mitchell, D. P. Hall, L. Simon, E. W. Hunt, J. M. Buford, John Volk, JACKSON & HUNT, Solicitors.

Began business July 8, 1890, and occupy the southeast corner of Mitchell & Lynde's new building.

J. T. DIXON

MERCHANT TAILOR

And Dealer in Men's Fine Woolens.

1706 Second Avenue.

JOHN GIPSON,

THE FIRST-CLASS

HORSE SHOER.

Now located in his new shop.

At 324 Seventeenth Street.

Light shoes a specialty.

Opposite the O.K. stand.

DUNCAN'S DAVENPORT
BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The thorough instruction given at this School is verified by more than 100 different People using their Students.

113 and 114 East Second Street, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Rock Island Brass Foundry
AND ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORK.

All kinds of brass, bronze and aluminum brass casting, all shades and temper. Make a specialty of brass architectural and artistic work.

HOUSE AND OFFICE—At 1015 First Avenue, West Ferry Landing, ROCK ISLAND.

J. MAGER, Proprietor.

METROPOLITAN
Business College.

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Monroe St. CHICAGO.

PHONOGRAPH INSTRUCTION. CHEAP BOARDING.

Agents for the following: O. R. FOWLER, Pres.

BLOOD POISON

permanently cured in 10 to 20 days by a

new and powerful medicine.

Write for particulars to Dr. J. M. Buford, 115 S. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE FALL OF BOWSER

HE STRIKES A TACK AND COMES DOWN STAIRS WITH A CRASH.

It is Easy Enough to Put Down a Stair Carpet if You Only Know How, and Bowser Thinks He Does—Measures for a Final Separation.

(Copyright, 1894, by Charles B. Lewis.)

"What's this?" asked Mr. Bowser as he entered the sitting room after the evening meal and found a bundle in his favorite chair.

"That's Oh, that's my crash," replied Mrs. Bowser as she removed it.

"More towels for the kitchen, eh? How many thousand roller towels does that girl get away with in the course of the year?"

"It's a crash for the stairs. The carpet is getting a bit worn in the middle, and I want to save it. The carpet man said he'd come up and put it down this evening, but he was probably too busy."

"In other words, he lied!" growled Mr. Bowser. "I never knew a carpet man yet who wouldn't lie rather than tell the truth. What was your object in paying him \$6 or \$8 to put it down?"

"Six or \$8? Why, he will only charge 50 cents!"

"Well, have we any 50 cent pieces to throw away? Mrs. Bowser, let me call your attention to the fact that this country has been on the verge of bankruptcy for the last six months."

"Well, we can save 50 cents in crash and wear out \$10 worth of carpet," she answered as she noticed that he was smoking his usual brand of cigars—two for 25 cents.

"We will save the 50 cents and wear out nothing. I shall put down the crash myself. I was just wishing there was some little job around the house I could do."

"Do you think—think you could make a good job of it?" she hesitatingly asked.

"And why not, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Well, you know you get out of patience if things don't go just right, and it always ends in your blaming me."

"Never got out of patience in all my life. Never blamed you in all my life. I'll have that crash down inside of 15 minutes, and it will be as neat a job as you ever saw done. All I ask of you is to remain right here and not do any bawling."

Mr. Bowser got hammer and tacks, unfolded the crash on the stairs and removed his coat and vest. He had just begun work when Mrs. Bowser came to the foot of the stairs and queried:

"Do you expect to get that down straight without a measure or guide to go by?"

"Perhaps you have written a book entitled 'What I Know About Crash,' replied Mr. Bowser as he hammered away.

"You won't get it straight without a measure."

Mr. Bowser whistled and hummed to show his indifference, and he was looking at the head of a tack with one eye and hand

on the other. Mr. Bowser when the hammer struck his thumb, and he uttered a yell which made the cook in the kitchen drop the teakettle. He also sprang up and kicked the top stair three times as hard as he could swing his leg.

"I knew how it would be. The carpet man would have put that down!"

"The carpet man has been hanged! Didn't I tell you to go away? You are hanging around here expecting to see me knock my nose off, but you'll be disappointed. You either get into the sitting room or I give up this job! When I can't manage to tack a piece of blamed old crash over a blamed old stair carpet, I'll go off and bury myself."

"Well, please get it straight, because every bit of it will show from the front door."

"Straight! Am I a squint-eyed Chinaman or a paribled Eskimo? If you start it straight, it's bound to come out straight. There may be a bit of a bump on top of my head, Mrs. Bowser, but there is nothing laidhead about my eyesight."

She went away, and he had reached the middle stair, when she returned to take another look. One glance was enough.

"Mr. Bowser, you've got that down crooked. You've pulled it way over to the left as you came down. I knew you'd do it, without a guide."

"Hey? You back again? Where is it pulled to the left?"

"It begins on the second stair from the top."

"Never! If that isn't a bee line, I'll eat dough for a week."

"But measure it with the handle of your hammer. It's an inch more to the left than to the right."

Mr. Bowser measured. It was at least an inch and a half. He couldn't deny it, for Mrs. Bowser was at the bottom of the stairs ready to come up. He did the best thing he could do under the circumstances, or he started out to do it.

"It's straighter than the straightest line ever drawn by mortal hand!" he shouted, "but if you are going to stand there and boss and find fault and jaw around, why?"

He had his back to her. He seized the crash with both hands and ripped it off the step above him and was moving on the next when his left knee struck a tack waiting for a job. The sudden pain and surprise overbalanced him, and Mrs. Bowser suddenly saw something coming down stairs. It was Mr. Bowser. He never missed a step. It couldn't have been done more nicely by a first class actor in a first class play. There were eight steps, and Mr. Bowser uttered eight yells. As he brought up at the bottom one of his feet struck the hall tree and upset it, and the other sent a chair crashing against the front door.

"Are you hurt, dear?" anxiously asked Mrs. Bowser as she rushed to his aid.

Mr. Bowser slowly got up and limped into the sitting room and sat down. For 10 minutes he sat and glared at Mrs. Bowser in a cold and stony way and then finally said:

"We will have breakfast half an hour earlier than usual, as you will want to catch that 9 o'clock train for your mother's. You can have the custody of the child, and our

respective lawyers will settle the question of alimony. Good night, designing woman! Thank heaven, but my eyes are open at last!"

HE SAW A CYCLONE.

A Victim Tells the Story of How It Came and Went.

When it was understood that the old man with his head bandaged up and his face crisscrossed with strips of court plaster had been a victim of the cyclone, we gathered around to hear his story.

"The first thing I heard," he began as he looked around, "was a terrible moan and groaning."

"That was the coming of the cyclone," said one of the passengers.

"Well, no. I afterward found out that it was an old woman. She'd fell off a chair and hurt her back. The next thing I took notice of was a rushing sound, as if a thousand trains of cars was humping along."

"That was the forerunner," said a second passenger.

"No, it wasn't. I thought it was, but I was mistaken. It was only some niggers fallin' off the roof of a shed. Then I heard

such a shriek as I hope never to hear again if I live to be a thousand years old. It just made my flesh crawl."

"That was the exultant voice of the demon of the storm," said a young woman with eyeglasses and a poetical look.

"No, ma'am, it wasn't," replied the old man. "I thought it was, but it turned out to be my daughter Sal. She was sloshin' around barefoot and trod on a fishbone. I was tellin' her that I was glad on it when that cyclone struck the house with a roar like that of a million wounded lions."

"And it was picked up like an autumn leaf," said a fat man with side whiskers as he crowded closer.

"No, sir. No, the house is right there, same as ever."

"But it was unroofed!"

"No, the roof is all right. When that cyclone tackled my house, she bit off more'n a chunk and had to let go. She just dodged to the left with a roar like a billion tigers all roarin' at once and struck into my orchard."

"And devastated everything in its path of course," remarked a tall young man with a Roman nose and two watch chains.

"Well, no. She devastated one peach tree which I was going to cut down that same day, but the rest of 'em refused to be devastated. Then with a scream like thousand of schoolma'ams screaming in chorus she—"

"See here, old man," interrupted the conductor, "did that cyclone sweep away any of your property?"

"Not a doggone sweep!"

"And how did you get hurt?"

"My blamed old mawl run away with me next day and pitched me into the bushes."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"'Bout the cyclone of course. These 'ere folks never seen one, and though I ain't much of a hand to talk I'm willing to tell 'em all I kin 'bout the screams of fury, mad shrieks of despair—appallin' devastation—wreck and desolation and two of my niggers losin' their hats and one of my cornucopias losin' its roof. After breakin' down that peach tree she got up and howled like millions of wolves a-howlin' in chorus, and then—"

But that was the end. The crowd melted away like soft snow and left the old man alone, and after borrowing a chew of tobacco of the man on the seat in front he leaned over against the window and fell into a peaceful sleep.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Gentleman Whose Drink Was Cold Pizen Is Promptly Laid Away.

A GRATEFUL MAN.—On Saturday of last week we had a call from a stranger named Wynman of Iowa, whose object in visiting this local was to get news of his son John, who had not been heard of for some months. As soon as he gave us a personal description of his long lost son we remembered him—a top shouldered chap, lame in the left leg, cross eyed and his hat on his ear; would have been a red headed man but for the grass and burs in his hair; had two guns and a voice like a lost son. Many of our citizens will remember that

"MY DRINK IS COLD PIZEN," growling into this town on a cayuse which was knee sprung and limped in all four legs. Upon reaching the postoffice the critter rolled off his beast and stood on the steps and waved his arms and shouted:

"I am a livin' thunderbolt from Mount San Francisco, which is 40,000 feet high and chuck full of grizzly bears, rattlesnakes and earthquakes. My food is the cactus and my drink cold pizen. When I roll my eyes, the hull territory of Arizona lights up as with a million bonfires. When I sneeze, the big mountain shakes and pours out lava. What is the man who won't fat dead when I look at him? Whoop! What critter will refuse to tell me of a place whar I kin git buzzsaws, bowie knives, b'arn' claws and mawls' hooofs for luncheon?"

The city marshal would have taken the stranger in and cared for him, but he resisted arrest and pulled his guns. The result was a scrimmage in which he was killed, with no one to blame but himself. His grave is the second one to the right as

you enter the town graveyard, and when we took the time to see it we noticed that some patent medicine man had erected a headboard for the sake of advertising his cure all. When we informed the father of the way his son John met his fate, he promptly acquitted the marshal of all blame. He further explained that John had set out for the far west to become a bad man, and that what he lacked in sand he made up in whooping and cracking his heels together. Mr. Wynman not only took a sensible view of the matter at every turn, but his words expressed his relief and gratitude that his son was not hung instead of being shot. Indeed he was so pleased with our people and their way of doing business that before going home he purchased two vacant lots on Apache avenue and will return here in the spring to become a permanent resident. As the head of the local government, as well as the editor and proprietor of a great family newspaper, we take great pleasure in assisting the relatives of a late deceased to secure all possible particulars of his taking off, and in the future as in the past shall hold ourselves in readiness to do whatever can be done in any and every case. Living relatives who may wish to consult us after 11 o'clock at night will please ring the upper bell and announce their names before the door is opened. We have tried to subject this precaution to guard against would be assassins.

ANOTHER CASE IN POINT.—On two or three different occasions THE KICKER has felt called upon to warn tourists from the east that the people of this town had their idioms and stuck to them like a ton of porous plasters. When we were in Chicago a year ago, a man took our \$50 overcoat and left a \$5 one in exchange. We recognized it as one of the idioms of the town and refused to swap. When we were in St. Louis last summer, some one took \$25 out of our hind pocket. Idiom again, and we telegraphed home for more. The idioms of our people are perhaps manifested in a game of poker more than in any other original luxuries—that is, each player is entitled to lay two guns on the table before the cards are dealt. The guns may be loaded or not, but empty guns are not much of a bluff out this way. In the east three beats three kings in a game of poker. In this community they sometimes do not sometimes don't—according to how you have sized up the other fellow. In the east they never have over four aces in a pack of cards. Here we often find six.

We fully explained all these things to a stranger named Parker, who arrived here the other day to see if the climate would help his asthma, and he went right over to the Wild Horse school, sat down to a game of poker with old Tom Scott and tried to take in the pot under the belief that three beats two pairs. That would be the case in some localities, but it is not here. Mr. Scott had to shoot Mr. Parker in the shoulder before he would be convinced, and we think it left him feeling that he had somehow been injured in both mind and body. If Mr. Parker had had two six shooters on the table, then his three would have knocked two pairs silly, but he didn't have them. We offered to lend him one as he left the office, but he refused the loan, and thereby lost \$50 in cash and got in the way of a bullet. One is no longer obliged to drink with a stranger or fight in this town, but we have lots of other little customs and legends and idioms which fly up and hit the head when trodden on.

An American Fable.

A traveler over a certain highway was stopped by a robber, who made the usual demand, accompanied by the usual horse pistol. The traveler shied out every dollar he had done so he raised his voice in lamentation and cried:

"Alas! it needed only this to undo me, and I am a ruined man!"

"You have given me only \$50," replied the robber as he counted the cash.

"Let me explain the case. I am in trouble with my neighbor about a line fence. I was on my way to see a lawyer and retain him to bring suit. Having been robbed of my money, I shall not now be able to secure justice."

"My dear man," said the robber as he spat over his right shoulder for luck, "you should congratulate yourself on this fortunate meeting. Had you begun suit, your neighbor would have been compelled to defend it. While the courts might have settled the question in time, both farms would long before have passed into the hands of the lawyers. It is true that you lost \$50 in cash, but at the same time you save a farm and the troubles and anxieties of a lawsuit. Again, the neighbor you are at war with happens to be my uncle, and having saved his farm from the lawyers he will now be quite willing to move that line fence 2½ inches and thus settle the point in dispute forever. Taken all around—"

"Say no more!" joyfully interrupted the traveler as he extended his hand. "I see how it is and appreciate your kindness and self sacrifice. You are not only welcome to my money, but shall have half of my buckwheat crop."

Whenever you would go to law, try to meet a robber somewhere. M. QUAD.

Had Practiced.

Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was simple and unaffected and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the cardinal.

"How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him in evident surprise.

"Monsieur," replied the shoemaker, "I learned my sermon by reciting it to a field of cabbage heads in the midst of which was one red one, and this practice enabled me to preach to you.—Yourth's Companion.

Explained.

Miss Pinkerly—I passed by a candy store yesterday, but didn't go in.

Young Tutter—Why, how was that? I didn't suppose you ever could pass a candy store without going in.

Miss Pinkerly—Don't you remember? You were with me!—Truth.

Surprising.

Brown—Jones is an old stick. His wife gave him a letter to mail the other day, and what do you suppose he did with it?

Smith—I can't imagine.

Brown—Why, mailed it of course.—Brooklyn Life.

Exactly.

First Passenger—I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station?

Second Passenger (a traveler of experience)—I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train.—Titbits.

A Proposition.

Professor Succi Tanna—What will you pay me to undertake a 40 day fast at your museum?

Manager—Well, I'll pay your board while you fast.—Puck.

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. Onocro,

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KIRCHHOFF,

Cedar Rapids, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ANCHER, 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.

The Castoria Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

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

It is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither opium nor other drugs, is as safe as a fire, but a thoroughly cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it effects 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, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your doctor cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c. per box for \$2.00.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.,

57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DAVIS CO.

Heating and Ventilating Engineers,
Gas and Steam Fitting,

SANITARY PLUMBING.

A complete line of Pipe, Brass Goods, Packing Hose,
Fire Brick Etc. Largest and best equipped
establishment west of Chicago.

DAVIS BROS. & CO., 112, 114 West Seventeenth St.
Telephone 2053. Telephone 1148. Rock Island.

Residence Telephone 1169

HOPPE,
THE TAILOR,

1803 Second Avenue.

SEIVERS & ANDERSON,
CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS

All Kinds of Carpenter Work Done.

General Jobbing done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office and Shop 721 Twelfth Street. ROCK ISLAND

B. F. DeGEAR,
Contractor and Builder.

Office and Shop 225 Eighteenth Street

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

All kinds of Carpenter work a specialty. Plans and estimates for all kinds of building furnished on application.