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make even a short excursion out into the outer world.

"From what I can see of it," she murmured, "I cannot understand how anyone can ever be induced to remain in the place over night. Where is all this western bustle of which I have heard? Where is the enterprise which builds complete new cities in a wonth? Bah! I have been imposed

rie dog to hunt in any case; he was the At this declaration the men looked only bachelor at the fort-which was a apprehensive. The vision of trim, hundred miles from the railroad, by pretty, dainty womanhood had just the by-and the married women could dawned in Bang-Up City. Better even not be induced to flirt-with him, at that a Chinaman should be mayor than any rate. So the soil was ripe.

that she should go from them. Now, just in the nick of time, Capt. "Boys," prostaimed Walker, "from Ruggles' pretty daughter came on from this day forth no Chinaman is to be New England boarding school, as innocent, simple, pink and white as such girls should be. Of course Patten called on her the night of her arrival, as is customary in army posts. He found her quite interesting. She sat and smiled and drank in his pouredout wisdom as the soil of the plains rinks a rain, and the wisdom was lost in the sandy depths of her unsophisticated soul, as is also lost the little rain which falls on the parched praicies. However, she evidently admired him, and he went home convinced that this really was his first love, this time. n New England boarding schools a man s never seen, so he was Miss Ruggles' first experience of the sex, and she was sure, too, that this was not only her tirst, but her only love. Now Patten

She really looked very pretty when she cantered off to the camp that afternoon; she felt quite confident of victory; it seemed to her that the others went very slowly through the pine woods. She would have run her little bronco every step of the way had she been alone. Lieut. Patten was mounted when the party arrived, and he

suggested that he and Bertha go for a

little ride, if she were not too tired.

Tired: not she; she fairly beamed with

delight. But after an hour's scramble

on the foothills, they came back, and

Algeria with the French colony, where he had developed an affection for the camel-probably owed the animal a debt of gratitude for having saved his life on some occasion. He had no use for the beasts, therefore turned them out to roam the desert plains at will. The animals, left to shift for them-

soon became footsore and useless, when

all were turned adrift to shift for them-

selves. They have regained the in-

stincts of the original wild state of

their species and are very wary and

swift. They fly into waterless wastes

impenetrable to man when approached

Some of the old animals, however, oc-

casionally appear in the vicinity of the

settlements. Of late it is reported that

the cattlemen have been shooting them

for some reason, perhaps because they

No one knows how many camels are

now running at large in the wilds of

the Gila country, but there must be a

great number. One is occasionally

caught. Four years ago one was cap-

tured near to Gila Bend that measured

over nine feet in height. It appeared

to be a stray from one of the berds in

owned by the Frenchman on the Car-

son river was a huge old bull camel

known as "Old Heenan," because of his

fighting proclivities. He was a giant,

hair on parts of his body that was a

foot or eighteen inches in lengh. The

Sam Buckland's ranch, a mile above

the fort, several Mexican vaqueros

were employed. These men had seen

the big camel, and looked with envious

eyes upon the long, silken hair that

hung from the huge frame. They

thought this hair might be spun into

beautiful riatas, bridle reins and orna-

One fine Sunday morning in spring

two of the Mexicans-Antonio and Ge-

donio - equipped themselves with a

lasso and a pair of sheep shears and set

out to catch and shear Old Heenan. Ge-

donio found the big animal easy of ap-

proach. The old fellow stood stock

still. He was dreamily chewing his

end with half-closed eyes. The lasso

swished through the air, and in a mo

ment was about the big animal's neck.

Then, as the patriarch felt the rope

Alongside the giant beast the Mexi-

can looked a mere pigmy. When Old

Heenan realized that the small two-

legged creature was actually trying to

gather him in his little eyes turned

green with rage. Hissing like a red-

hot locomotive he charged Gedonio.

The little Mexican held to the rope for

a time, hoping to choke the camel

down, but found the animal apparent-

ly able to subsist as long without

"wind" as without water. Besides,

Heenan made for him so rapidly that

he could get no pull on the old fellow.

At last Gedonio was so hard pressed

that he was obliged to drop the lasso

By this time Old Heenan was wild

with rage. The Mexican tried to dodge

the irate beast among the bunches of

grasswood, but these being only two

or three feet high, afforded poor cover.

He then struck for the river, intending

to climb one of the cotton woods on its

banks, but Heenan was too close upon

his heels. There was no time for

climbing, and he was obliged to plunge

into the river. Not being able to swim,

Gedonio was constrained to halt when

the water came up to his chin. Heenan

charged down to the water's edge and

there stood on guard. Though the old

fellow would not enter the water yet

and take to his heels.

tighten about his throat, the fun be

that region.

ments for bridles.

gan.

frighten and stampede their horses

the deed suffered about as much distress of mind as did the sailor who killed the albatross. The German was working for a mining company at a place about three miles from where were located the men who were trying to use the "ships of the desert" as "prairie schooners" in carrying ore down out of the mountains. The man selves, soon waxed fat, and increased did not know there was such an and multiplied. In a few years from animal on the American continentnine the herd had increased to thirtyprobably in all his life had never seen six, old and young. The Frenchman a camel. then sold the whole lot to be taken One Sunday Hans came tearing into down to Arizona to be used in packing camp about ten times as wild-eyed as ore down off a big mountain range. It usual. "Poys," cried he, "I shoot a was said there was a good smooth trail, helick." but the animals found all the rocks and



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> Mrs. Pinkham, and in it I 1 wrote t told me just what to

little host called "Guide

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changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, trous, and causes it to grow long and HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its

She paused, irresolute, upon the datform of the little depot that was ulf a log shanty and half tent. Rose Kenyon was a very fair vision

to gaze upon. Young-not over twenty -and pretty-decidedly pretty-she was the kind of woman who can be depended upon to set masculinity by the ears.

Suitors were no novelty to Rose. She had had many lovers, but had sent them all away. Not one of them had ever approached her ideal. And now she had been allured to the

Rockies by the illiterate invitation of three men, who subscribed themselves as the school trustees of Bang-Up City. They had confessed, in their queer letter, that Bang-Up City was as yet without schools of any description, but they had invited her, at a satary which had astonished the New England school-teacher, to come out and change the state of affairs at Bang-Up City. And Rose had accepted. She had ex-

pected that the trustees would be at the station to meet the first teacher of their new community, but there was not a soul near the depot. Then Rose remembered that she had not told them on which day she expected to arrive.

Finally Rose's eye fell upon a nondescript-looking Chinaman who was com-**POT FAMILLE USE**. Dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house, it quickly relieves and cares all aches and pains, asthma, brouchitis, colds, coughs, extarth, cuts, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera morbus, earache, headache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous head-ache rheumatism, bites, barns, bruises, strains, sprains, stings, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat, sore huegs, toothache, tonsilitis and wind colic. Originated in this by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its merit and excellence have satisfied everybody for nearly a century. All whomie it are amazed at its wonderful power. It is safe, soothing, sutistying; so say sick, sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External. The Doetor's signature and directions on every bottle. ing leisurely up the road. He was not an inviting specimen of the Mongolian race. To begin with, he was dirty. To add to that he was very ragged. And, to cap all, he had one of the most hidcous faces ever seen.

"Cally yo' glip, missy?" he demanded, as he came close to her and picked up the heavy valise which lay at Miss Kenvon's feet.

"Is there a hotel here?" Rose asked "Yes, missy; you wantee go there?" "Yes."

"Then I cally yo' bag."

"How much?" asked Rose. She had a New England eye to the cost of things. "Two bitee, missy."

"All right. Lead the way to the place."

The Chinaman started down the dusty road, followed by Miss Kenyon. As they got into what might be called the heart of the city Rose saw that there were a good many men about. As she walked along the number of men became larger, and she noticed. not without uneasiness, that they all appeared to be followed her. For, in some way, it got noised about that this

decidedly pretty young woman was the new schoolma'am. And every mother's son of them felt

that he had an interest in the schoolma'am, to pay whom all were to be taxed.

By the time that the Chinaman came to a stop before a shanty which looked just a shade more pretentious than the rest the street was crowded by miners. They all stared at her, yet Rose could not help feeling that she was the recipient of attention most respectfully

neant Jim Walker, a big, handsome fellow, made so bold as to step up to her and inquire.

"Beg pardon, but mebbe yer the new schoolma'am?"

Pittsburgh, Pa

I'll look after it."

man. Any miner would have given five dollars bonns for the privilege of payng the Chinaman, but all felt, after a

shot at. Do you hear?"

A chorus of affirmatives came from the crowd. Then came a gust of sighs. It was a difficult law to live up to. "We are losing time," cried Rose, 'and the poor victim is losing blood.

Take him on to the hotel, if you please, gentlemen." From that day on Jim Walker was in disgrace with the new schoolma'am. For two weeks she attended the

wounded Chinaman in all her leisure time. At last Jim Wah was discharged as cured. It was months before Jim Walker could get back into the good graces of Miss Kenyon. And when she did once more condescend to treat him as an equal, the poor fellow, who was desperately in love with her, felt that it would be worse than folly to even

dream of declaring his passion to her. "And all over a cussed Chinaman, too," he would mutter. One night in winter Rose Kenyon sat all alone in her room at the hotel. It was dark, but she had not lit the lamp,

for she preferred in her then mood to sit in the dark and think. Suddenly she became aware that the door had opened, though it was done noiselessly enough. Her eyes being

accustomed to the darkness, she was able to make out the nondescript figure of Jim Wah. He stole toward the table on which she had deposited a satchel containing her last month's salary. The Chinaman must have figured or

must have known where the little satchel lay, for he went to it without hesitation, picked it up and started to leave the room. "Give that to me at once, Jim Wah,"

cried Rose, springing to her feet and scizing the Chinaman resolutely by the arm.

Jim Wah struggled to get away, but she only held to him the tighter, and screamed for help.

The noise of footsteps was heard. Jim Wah uttered a Mongolian curse and drew a gleaming knife. Just at this moment the door opened, and five or six men burst into the room. One of them carried a lamp.

A shot rang out, and Jim Wah sank to the floor. He was dead. The shot had been fired just in time

to save Rose Kenyon's life. It was Jim Walker who had fired the shot, and it was he who said, triumphantly:

"I told yer, Miss Kenyon, that the next time I fired at that Chinese galoot I'd kill him."

But Rose didn't hear him. She had fainted. "Boys," ordered Jim, "carry out that

yellow snake"-pointing to the bloodstained body. The remains of the murderous ce lestial were lugged out with little ceremony. The coroner of Bang-Up City

inquest.

"Yes I am." Walker turned to the Chinaman and said authoritatively:

"You pay me, missy," said the China-

In old New England days, and even

liked the sensation of thinking of some one else; it was novel, and there was "blessed little novelty" in the post at any time, as he said-only he did not say "blessed" exactly.

The trouble with novelties is that as soon as they are experienced a few times, they cease to be novelties, and so lose their spice. That was the way with this one. After a week or two of thinking of Miss Ruggles-whom he fondly called "Bertha" in what answered for his mind-Patten got tired of it, and concluded that "old things are best," that he preferred his quondam occupation of thinking only of himself, and he went back to it-it was far less trouble, and he objected to trouble, attending reveille was enough of it for him in one day. Then a delightful element was added to his former employment; he discovered in a short time that some one else was thinking of him. That was charming; he sat back and enjoyed it, absorbed it. Heretofore the garrison had never bothered its head about him, and he had had only the sickly com ort of telling himself that he represented pearls, the garrison swine. Here, however, was a girl who knew a priceless jewel when she saw it. He admired her taste, and smiled on her approvingly. She smiled back, even more sweetly, and, in little ways entirely original and elever, she tried to lead him on. For instance, she walked up and down her porch on nice starry nights, and oughed now and then, a gentle little cough. She would go to the sutler's for crewels and ribbons at the hours when Patten was likely to be there for his mail. Her horse never would stand still at the mounting-block, the exasperating animal! if the young officer were in sight. All these little tendrils reaching out are such, we all know, as the world has never known before. But there was a good deal of the na-

ture of the government mule about Patten. The instant he could see that some one was attempting to lead him he would refuse to advance a step; and he did see, despite Bertha's wholly original methods of procedure. So he stood still, and the poor girl tugged and pulled, but Patten refused to move ever so little. She really became quite desperate and struck him in the face, metaphorically, with some remarks that were meant to be scornful and sareastic. Of course, if she had known anything about mules she would have been aware that such treatment only makes them jump back; but she was of the infantry, and can be excused for not knowing anything about live stock. Experience taught her, though, and she came to learn to let the mule think he was free and going alone. The experiment worked like a charm. Patten began to fear that he was losing the adoration, and advanced a few steps. Bertha received his overtures with de-

matters had not progressed at all. Patten was lovely, but not quite lovely enough. Visions of maternal wrath began to float before Bertha's eyes and dimmed the glory of the sunset which she and the young cavalryman watched together from under a big pine. Sunset is the accepted time for saying those things which Patten should have suid: but he did not seem to know it. Then they had supper, cooked over the camp fire. The married women seemed to find it very jolly, Bertha thought, wistfully. It was determined after supper that a couple of "A" tents should be prepared for the women, that they might spend the night in camp, and a courier was sent off to tell those left behind. There was still life and still hope,

thought Bertha, but every moment was precious. Why, then, should those women with all the traditional barbarity of chaperons, say that they were tired and carry Miss Ruggles off to bed? But so it was; and that evening, which might have turned out so well, was spoiled and lost forever.

At daylight, however, Bertha emerged from her tent. She looked haggard after her sleepless night, and the cold, cruel light of the morning was not becoming.

The soldiers had been up several hours already, and breakfast - real camp breakfast of bacon, coffee, yeastpowder buscuits, and canned beanswas nearly ready. Miss Ruggles felt her breath come in gasps as Patten strode up to her and doffed his campaign hat. He only mentioned the weather and asked how she had slept. Bertha said: "Not well," in a tone that should have melted the heart of any officer; but he only "supposed it was the mosquitoes-they had bothered him, Then they had breakfast, and Miss Ruggles hid her white face behind the regulation tin quartcup of coffee. After that the tents were struck and

the wagons loaded with true soldierly dispatch, and the men stood, foot in stirrup, awaiting the order "Mount." Patten and Miss Ruggles stood a little apart. He was already on horseback, and she, in her habit, stood beside him, giving him a cup of coffee. Her whole anxious little soul was in her eyes and she beat the toe of her broad little boot nervously with her willow ridingswitch.

Patten leaned over her. "This is a stirrup-cup, I suppose," he said; "let's call it so anyway; it sounds romantic and"-tenderly-"I love romance, don't you?" Bertha said: "Yes." The lieutenant raised the cup to his lips, then lowered it again: "I must drink your health in my stirrup-cup, and"-an awful pause-"and I wonlier if one dare mention the word 'love' to a girl so young as you?" Bertha's lips parted dryly, and her head swam. Patten continued: "I fancy I may. Then let me drink your very good health, and wish that the first time you love it may be happily, and that you will let me, as an old friend, be the first to know the name of the happy man." He emptied the cup and, at the command, trotted a way with his troop, strapping the tin cup to his saddle.-Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

SHORT BUT ELOOUENT.

A good appetite is no proof of a clear conscience.

IF you are not made better by givlight, and Patten was wise enough to ing, double your gift. keep her a little delighted all the time. A MAN is never eloquent when people

do not believe in him.

"A what?" asked one of the men.

"A hel-ack-helik," cried Hans. 'Mine Gott, the biggest belak in all Arizona."

"He means he has shot a monster elk." said some one.

"Yas, a helk," said Hans. "So wohr mir Gott helfe, es ist de biggest in de mountains."

"Big horns like this?" queried an old miner, drawing his neck down into his chest and spreading his arms abroad.

"No horn at all," said Hans. "She was a frau helak; she wos de grandmudder of all de helick."

As Hans was able to show blood on his knife, gun and hands, the men concluded he had at last really killed a beast of some kind. Horses were caught up and two men sent wing Hans to bring in the meat, of which he said there was "more as a vagon load."

Hans insisted upon all hands taking With the herd of camels when it was guns, as he said he had seen a large herd of the elk justacross a little valley from where he had downed his victim. As the party rode along with him to find his game, Hans honestly owned that and the patriarch of the herd. He had he had never before seen an elk. He had heard so much about the elk, however, that he thought he knew the anianimals ranged down the valley of the Carson nearly to old Fort Churchill. At mal

Presently Hans put spurs to his mustang and proudly dashed to the spot where lay the dead camel. Dismounting, he threw his beloved "jager" across his game, then as the others came up laid a finger on his lips. He pointed in the direction of some low hills. He wanted no noise made. He was in just the right humor to creep over the hills and slaughter the whole herd. In his anxiety to make sure of his victim, Hans had nearly sawed the head off the poor camel with his knife.

When his companions came up they were for some moments at a loss as to what kind of a huge creature Hans had slain. Presently one of them, Tom Alchorn, the well-known Comstock millwright (now dead), cried out; "By the holy poker, it's a camel. He has killed one of the camels that belong over at the other camp. Here is a nice mess l've no doubt the animal is

worth all of one thousand dollars." "Wort a tousand dollar?" cried Hans. "Gott in Himmel! If we could kill

dem all it is more as twenty tousand dollar in our pocket." It was long before Hans could be

made to understand that the "boot was on the other foot;" that the owners of the camel would demand one thousand dollars for it.

"Ach, der teufel!" cried Hans, with rueful face. "Potz wetter. Das kameel, das kameel. Is it den one kameel I hat kilted?"

"Yes, a camel," said Alchorn, "and the men who own the camel will be after you."

"Donner wetter!" grooned Hans. When they got back to the mine and told of Hans' latest exploit with his old "jager," the whole camp was in a roar. Every man who looked at Hans burst into a horse laugh, and wherever he went he heard the cry: "Hi! here comes the man that killed the camel."

For about a week Hans endured the gibes and jeers of the camp, then he came up missing and his old "jager" with him. The men had made the camp too hot for him.

Three is a Crowd.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone

wouldn't take the trouble to hold an When Rose came to she was lying on whispered: "My preserver!"

"Drop that grip right there, Jim Wah.

brief inspection of Miss Kenyon, that it would not be a safe offer to make. Miss Kenyon took out her purse and

a sofa in the hotel parlor. The landlord's wife was bending over her, but Rose saw only Jim Walker, who stood at the foot of the sofa. Beckoning him to bend over her, she "Don't say another word about it,

Rose," "But won't you ever let me thank you, Jim?"

> James Walker, Esq., and Rose Kenyon were married in the spring.-N. Y. Morning Journal.

> > omething About Tansy.

