That the novel that goes upon its literary merits in these days is the exception.

That the chain of fashionable weddings will extend right up to the Lenten season.

Every House Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we can be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

That one new year resolution kept is better than a dozen or two decieed upon.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Bierv's or Thomas drug store.

That a deal of humbug is constantly carried on in town under the name of art.

If You Had a Friend

About to visit some section of country where malrial disease either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over-exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

That some of the fashionable clubs are exceedingly hard pushed for money.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free At all druggists.

That the proportion of people who go to the opera to enjoy the music is small.

To Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial Bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

That many modern fashions would have been condemned a few years ago.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by Reber, Druggist.

That people who wanted an "old fashioned winter" are likely to be satisfied.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 centsper box. For sale by REBER druggist.

That there has been found a sparkling substitute for champagne at dinner.

What is the Use

Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to gull the public? Is it not better to buy reliable medicine like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me of catarrh after suffering three years.—F. P. Clark, Manchester.

An odd and novel street dress is made of striped camel's hair, with a broad lace flounce on the bottom. It is finished with velvet to match at the top of the sleeves, and set in at the neck. The trimming is passementeric of cat's eyes.

That men who begin the new year out of debt ought to be happiest of all.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

The dressmaker's skill or art is showmatoday in the way she fits a princess gown, and when can be able to hide all evidences of the way to get into such a frock she feels that the acme of success is attained.

That now is the time when bargains are to be had all through the shopping district.

Chilblains, cuts or wounds, can be cured in short time by the use of Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

Unequaled in effectiveness, unapproached in cheapness, and unrivalled in popularity is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

That some successful bonifaces of the day find their clothing altogether too small.

Great Discoverers.

What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, the wellknown specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nerve is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholly, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. For trial bottles of it may be had of T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Druggists. All should read his "New and Starling Facts for the Afflicted," a very able, interesting, and finely illustrated book. Free to all.

Feather plush is a novel garniture of the autumn.

Velvet calf is exceedingly popular for ladies' hand bags and purses.

Earrings with drops are beginning to be seen again, but the fancy for any spices of this ornament is on the wane.

It is surmised that for of which some shoulder capes are made come from animals not yet mentioned in natural history.

Street dresses are from one to two inches on the ground, which shows how fashions repeat themselves in skirts as in everything else.

Colored glass beads are sewed as embroidery on the front of evening dresses and at the sides. Gaslight is supposed to enhance the effect.

You will find a short, white India silk for morneeline de soie gown useful for affairs to which you do not care to wear a train. These dresses are dainty west finished with sprays of flowers.

IN SOME TIGHT PLACES.

REMINISCENCES OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

An Old Engineer Tells of Several Very Narrow Escaps—Railroading To-day, Child's Play to What It Used to be—"No Orders."

A Justice of the Supreme Court is not more taciturn then the average railroad engineer. And, not unlike the eminent jurists, when once his habitual reserve is cast cast aside he is a veritable mine of anecdote and wit.

A Star reporter one afternoon during the past week ran across one of these "Knights of the Throttle" in the neighborhood of the "round house" on Virginia avenue, and, as luck would have it, the "Salvation car," as the pay car is designated in the railroaders' parlance, had just arrived, and he was in good humor and talkative.

"Come, John, you won't go out on your run for two hours yet. Tell me about some of the tight places you've been in since becoming an engineer."

"Well, young man, we don't like to talk about those things, but as you appear to be anxious for a story, I don't mind telling you one."

"Tell me about that long red scar there under your chin. That must have been quite a wound."

"That was rather a hard one, but when I received it it was a small affair in comparison with my other breaks and bruises. As you know, I've pulled a throttle on the Baltimore and Potomac ever since the first rail was laid. Railroading to-day is child's play to what it was then. Now our greatest risk is a broken rail or axle; then it was a dozen different things to keep us alert, chief among them being washouts, insecure trestles, and mistakes in telegraph orders incidental to a single-track road. Overwork also played a prominent part, and it was owing to the latter that this scar adorns my meat chopper.

"It was during the busy days of the inauguration of Garfield, and all the sleep the boys had secured for a week was only catnaps. I was coming north, out of Washington, on the eve of inauguration day, and ex-President Hayes occupied a private car on the rear of my train. The cars were crowded to their fullest capacity, and, with this responsibility upon me, I believe I could have done without sleep for a month. All the cars were in Washington or bound north, the engines coming south generally being empty—that is, without cars. The engineers of these empty engines would momentarily relax their vigilance, owing to the lesser responsibility, and it was during one of these moments that I got into the tightest place and received the closest call of my life. I received orders to pass two empty engines coming south at Severn, a small telegraph station about thirty miles north of Washington, and that they would take the siding for me. My engine was doing nicely and we were licking it along at a pretty lively gait, when, just as I turned the Severn curve, flip! bang! came the two engines into me, and when I woke up two weeks had passed, an engineer and baggage master had been buried, three locomotives and half a dozen cars smashed into splinters, and I lay on my back in the hospital with a leg, an arm, and three ribs broken, and my under jaw almost torn off. The engineer of one of the south bound engines had relaxed his vigilance for hardly more than a minute, ran by his siding, and his life paid the forfeit.

"Why didn't you jump? Holy smoke, young fellow, that never entered my mind. I reversed my engine, put on the air, and by that time we were piled up and I was unconscious. The good lord only knows why my railroading days didn't end there, but they didn't, and I flatter myself I can make time with anyone of the boys."

"How about that little accident out at McGruder's curve; weren't you mixed up in that affair? It occurred a good while ago, but I never heard the particulars."

"Well, I should say I was mixed up in that affair. In all my years of railroading that was the luckiest accident with the queerest trimmings I have ever known. The little details I am going to tell you in connection with the affair came to me some time after their occurrence.

"This time I was coming south on the New York express, and was due in Washington at 11:30 at night. I had about twelve cars well filled with passengers behind me. At that time there was a telegraph station about a quarter of a mile north of the curve called 'Wilson's.' The express generally had a clear track, and orders were never given it only when of great importance. Owing to this fact it made very fast time, and at that point usually ran forty or forty-five miles an hour. As I swung in sight of this little lonely watch box I saw that the red signal was down, and after a fierce pull at the whistle I reversed the lever and put on the air. We came to a stop in a hurry, and thinking orders were awaiting me, I made a break for the office to secure them without loosing any more time than necessary.

"Pushing open the door I saw the operator lying back in his chair, as I thought fast asleep. There was a strong odor of coal gas in the room, but in the heat of passion at what I thought was a case of neglect of duty, I paid no attention to this, but grabbing him by the collar of his coat, I yanked him out of the chair on to the floor. As he was a little slow coming around, I caught up a bucket of water and threw the contents over him, bringing him to his senses instanter.

"'Where's my orders? What's the red down for?' I shouted into his ears.

"'There's no orders. I must have gone to sleep or fainted. Everything's all right,' he replied in a dazed sort of way.

"With an oath—I used to swear then—I rushed back to my engine, whistled for a flagman, and pulled out, vowing vengeance on that operator in the shape of a report to the superintendent upon my arrival at Washington. That report never went in.

"I had gotton my train under way and was going only about five miles an hour when, just as we swung around McGruder's curve, the track sank under me, and with a loud crash and a splintering of buffers we came to a dead stop, with the front part of my engine sunk about three feet below the track in the mud and gravel. There is a dangerous quicksand there, and it had washed about fifteen feet of the earth away from under the track. Owing to our rate of speed, a good shaking up was about all we got, but suppose for one minute that the red signal had not been down on us at Wilson's. They'd have picked us all up in pieces, as I would have gone into that hole at the rate of about forty miles an hour."

What is more chilling to the ardent lover than the beautiful's no?

Driven to Suicide by Love of his Dead Dog.

Sidney Clay was a London builder's clerk, living in Euston road. He was 36 years of age, and had a wife and several children. A sister-in-law lived with the family, and this lady had a pet dog, a toy terrier called Peep, which became a great favorite with all. Last July Clay took the pet dog for a walk, and lost it; presumably the creature was stolen, for it was extraordinary small and marvellously intelligent. Clay made every effort to recover the pet, but failed. Thereupon he became despondent and moody, and last Sunday he suddenly fell dead in the family sitting room. At the post-mortem examination it transpired that the man had taken a dose of cyanide of potassium with suicidal intent. It seems that Clay had for a long time contemplated making away with himself, for a letter (dated July 18) addressed to his wife was found upon his person.

"To the best and dearest of women, Marian, my wife," he wrote; "there are times in the life of a man when he is supremely happy. Such has been my lot with you until quite recently. Then comes a downfall such as has befallen me. Since I lost our dear, darling Peep—the life, light, and joy of our heart—I have been broken-hearted. I told you on one occasion I should never be able to brook her loss, and I feel I never can. With kindest love, your affectionate husband."

DAY'S HORSE POWDER

Prevents Lung Fever!

Cures Distemper, Heaves, Glanders, Loss of Appetite, Founder, Fevers, &c. 1 lb. in each package. Sold by all dealers.

DR. BULL'S Cures Dysentery, and Diarrhoea.

Cures Wind Colic, &c. **BABY SYRUP**

Relieves Griping and Summer Complaint.

Facilitates Teething!

Regulates the Bowels!

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

25¢ A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL KILLS PAIN

BULL'S "THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY" For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, Asthma, Incipient Consumption

Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. For Sale by all druggists. 25 cents. **COUGH SYRUP**

SMOKE LANGE & CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh! Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF PROF. HARRIS' **PASTILLES** FOR THE CURE OF **WEAK MEN**

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY TRADE MARK

(VITALLY WEAK). Made so by too close application to business or study, severe mental strain or grief, SEXUAL EXCESSES in middle life, or various habits contracted in youth.

WEAK MEN ARE VICTIMS TO NERVOUS DEBILITY or EXHAUSTION, WANTING WEAK, EMPTY, VOLUNTARY LOSSES with EARLY DECAY in YOUNG and MIDDLE AGED; lack of vim, vigor, and strength; with sexual organs impaired and weakened prematurely in appearance, and age.

WHEN WE SAY CURE we mean from years of suffering, and not a few days' use of some quack nostrum. We speak from years of experience of our pills in Prof. Harris' Vitalizing Soluble Medicated Pastille Cure, and we will send a FREE TRIAL of our pills for eight days to all sufferers who will write us for them, in many thousand cases treated and cured in past two years. Experience and evidence of our pills in Prof. Harris' Vitalizing Soluble Medicated Pastille Cure. **FREE TRIAL** We offer eight days trial ABSOLUTELY FREE to all men, young or old, suffering from any form of sexual debility or weakness, arising from any cause, or any chronic or private disease, whether of long or short standing, or any peculiar trouble should send their address at once for full particulars (sealed) free of charge. We ask no money, we do not ask you to write us a long letter, we do not ask you to pay express charges, we do not ask you to do anything but write for our free trial package of our pills in Prof. Harris' Vitalizing Soluble Medicated Pastille Cure, and we will send it by return mail, postpaid, in a plain sealed package, that no one can know what you send for, and we ask you to use our pills for eight days at our expense, if you find they do you good and are the means of a cure, we ask you to pay us $1 for a box, if you find they do not do you any good, or do not cure you, we ask you to send back the box we have sent you, and we will not ask you for a cent, we do not ask you to make any promise