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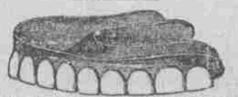

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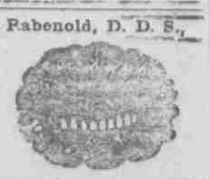

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In the fall of 1866 I was living in Philadelphia, occupying bachelor's quarters, but congratulating myself upon the fact that my boarding-house existence would soon be changed into living in a home. The partner of my joys, who was to occupy that home with me, was a young lady born in the city of Penn, whom it is not necessary to describe, as she is now looking over my shoulder at the lines I am writing.

We were to be married the day after Christmas, and the wedding was to be a double one, for my old friend, Fred Doolittle, was to marry the sister of my Ella.

Where was the home to be located? This was the question I was trying to answer at the time of which I am writing. I did not want to rent. I wanted the home to be our home by title as well as by occupancy. I had a few thousands of dollars, but not enough to buy in the city in a good neighborhood. We—that is, Ella and I—had talked the matter over and concluded we could be very happy in a modest home with a couple of acres of ground attached, and not more than an hour's ride by cars from the city. Every day for several weeks I looked for such a place. I read the closely-printed columns of the Ledger under the head of "Real Estate for Sale," but saw nothing I thought would suit us, until one Friday I read a glowing description of the very place we wanted—only the house was larger than necessary—and I was greatly surprised at its cheapness. The advertisement referred for further particulars to Mr. Smalls, on Walnut street, near Fourth.

I at once went to Mr. Small's office, and learned he had gone out a few minutes before I called. I made my business known to a tall clerk in charge, who seemed to smile when I mentioned the house, and said: "I am very sorry, but Mr. Smalls has gone out to show a house to a customer, and the keys to the house you want to see are in the bunch with the ones he has taken."

"I want to see the house to-day if possible," I answered. "A train will start in an hour, and I would like to go by it."

"If you are very anxious," replied the clerk with a very apparent grin, "I think you can get the back-door key from the owner, who lives out Arch street, almost on your way to the station."

"I got the owner's name and address, and entering the first passing car, rode out to Twentieth street, and then walked three squares to Arch, and ringing the bell at the proper number, was shown into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where the owner of the house soon entered. When I stated my business, he smiled as the clerk had done, and asked: "Do you think you would like the house?"

"If it is according to the description, I think I will," I answered.

"Have you heard anything about it?"

"Nothing but what the paper says."

"Then I may as well be frank with you," he said, "and tell you the house has the name of being haunted."

I didn't like the idea of living in a haunted house, for I wanted to enjoy my wife's society without ghostly interference. But I was not a believer in spirits, and accounted for all the so-called manifestations as the theory of simple mental action on the part of the person affected. Besides, thinking it would be sport to show the owner how foolish and unfounded was the belief that the house was haunted, I at once answered: "I don't believe it."

"All right," said the gentleman, "here are the keys. You may go and sleep a night or two in the house if you wish. There are two chambers provided with beds, one on the second and the other on the third floor. Take your choice."

I didn't hesitate, and took the keys. Why should I fear ghosts? There were no such things, and I felt I was a match for any one who might attempt to play ghost. In fact, I rather prided myself on my physical development, and I was considered as brave as the ordinary man.

As some preparation was necessary, I abandoned the idea of taking the next train, and concluded to wait until 6 o'clock in the evening. When that hour came I was in the cars, with some matches, candles and two revolvers in my pockets and a heavy cudgel in my hand. If there was any one about the house anxious to play ghost, I proposed giving him the opportunity of being one in earnest. I had calculated on being at the haunted house at 7 o'clock, but on account of a delay, caused by a derailed freight train, it was two hours past that time when I reached the station. I had but a quarter of a mile to walk, and, after being directed by the station-master, who looked suspiciously at the cudgel, I started off at a brisk pace, and in less than four minutes came to a house which stood among the trees, three rods from the road. As I saw a light in one of the windows, I thought it could not be the house I wanted, and walked to the adjoining dwelling, a few hundred feet farther on, which was perfectly dark. There was nothing suspicious-looking about the place, and I at once went to the back door and inserted the key, which did not appear to fit very well. While I was at work with the key in one hand and the knob in the other, an upper window, immediately over my head, was opened and a white figure appeared. I stepped back, and drawing a revolver, said: "You needn't play ghost with me. Come down here or I will fire."

The answer was a scream, unearthly, but not ghostly, sounding very much as if it came from the throat of a mortal woman. The scream was followed by the opening of two other windows, and two more white figures appeared. I thought it was a very good night for ghosts; when it occurred to me that I might have made a mistake, particularly when one of the figures levelled a gun over the window-sill and asked: "What do you want?"

"Isn't this Mr. Pinkney's house?" I said.

"No, it is not," answered the holder of the gun.

"Then I have made a mistake," I suggested.

"I think you have," said the third figure, with a male voice.

"Can you direct me to Mr. Pinkney's house," I asked.

"It is there to your right," said the one with the gun.

"I thought his house was vacant, and I saw a light there as I passed," was my answer.

"You will find plenty of things there besides lights," replied the same voice.

"Are there ghosts there?" I asked.

"Go there, and you will find out," said the female voice.

"Are you thinking of buying?" asked the one with the gun.

"Yes," I said.

"You are welcome to it, for I wouldn't stay in the house an hour for it," was the answer, and down went the windows.

I started towards the haunted house. The light worried me, for I had surely seen one. But what do ghosts want with lights? I asked myself, and concluded I must have made a mistake. Before entering I took the precaution to walk entirely around the house, but could see no light or anything else suspicious. The key fitted the lock, and I stepped into the hall and listened. Not a sound was heard or the sign of a ghost to be seen. I lighted a candle and looked about. A feeling of loneliness came over me, and I wished for company. There seemed to be a great many dark corners; and as I turned my eyes up the stairway I appeared to be looking from the bottom of a deep well. I ascended the stairs, trying to make no noise, but there was not a silent board to tread on, and a creak which startled me was given out at each step. I thought I heard a sound, as of the lighting of a match. Then an irresistible impulse seemed to be hurrying me on, though the prospect of dark hallways and open doors was not inviting. I said half aloud, "Don't be a fool," and walked bravely into the first room I came to. I closed the door quickly and turned the key.

I put the candle on a table and myself in a chair, and took a view of the room. It was furnished with a chair, table, bed, a door and window. I walked to the window and looked through the panes. The trees, standing in their own deep shade, were faintly visible, and the nearer ones dimly lighted by the flame of my lone candle. As I glanced upward my light was seen among the leaves high above my window. I moved so as to intercept the light from my candle, but the upper branches still shone. What was it? I raised the sash and looked out. There was a window above my head, and coming from it I could see a faint light. I drew in my head to meditate, and distinctly heard the window above me open. I closed mine and went to the door to listen. I heard a muffled footfall on the stairs, and all the stories I had heard of walking ghosts flashed through my mind. Step after step the sound came nearer, and I strained my ears to catch every noise. Suddenly the loud ringing of bells was heard through the house, and the sound of the steps ceased. All was silent for a moment, and I began to think I was foolish in coming to the house. While listening for outside noises a cold chill took possession of my frame at the sound of a voice in the room, seemingly within a few feet of me. It was a deep, muffled voice, and in measured accents it said: "Blood! blood! blood!" I admit I was unnerved. My revolver was in my hand, but there was nothing to shoot at. I was about to open the door when I heard the steps again. I stooped and looked through the keyhole. Horrors! I distinctly saw an eye looking into mine, and again the bells rang.

I started back, and stood in the middle of the room. There came a loud noise from below, which sounded as if heavy bodies were falling, and the entire house shook. This was followed by the sound of hurrying feet in the hall outside of my door, and again all was quiet. I knew I didn't believe in ghosts, yet I wished I was at home in my own comfortable bed. I concluded the house would never suit Ella. During the silence I gathered my senses. I had come to discover the ghosts, which I surely could not do by locking myself in a room; yet I had no great desire to wander about the house. Was my courage failing me? I couldn't admit it. I determined on a bold step. I took up my candle and bravely opened the door. A gust of wind blew out my light, the bells rang, and the cry of "blood!" sounded through the house. I jumped into my room and closed the door. I was in darkness. My candle had fallen to the floor, and several minutes were consumed in finding it. While I was groping about the floor, and at the moment I placed my hand on the candle, the blast of a horn sounded in the room and apparently within a few inches of my head. My hand trembled a little as I lighted the candle and looked about me. There was no apparent cause for the sound of the horn. I lighted a second candle and placed it on the table.

Again I opened the door and stepped into the hall, which appeared lighter than I knew my candle could make it. I looked about, and saw there was a light on the floor above, and it was moving. I stood motionless. The light appeared to be coming near the edge of the stairway directly over where I was. Then I saw what looked like a shooting star coming towards me, and a candle fell at my feet. I picked it up. It was like the ordinary candle. Where did it come from? I was determined to know. Without hesitating I walked to the landing above. Nothing was to be seen. I went to the door of the room immediately above the one I had left, and listened. The door opened and I stood face to face with—Fred Doolittle.

"Ben!"

"Fred!"

"Is that you?" we both asked.

"What does this mean?" I inquired.

"That's what I want to know," said Fred.

When I told him about my coming to the house he burst out laughing and said: "It is too funny. I saw the advertisement, went to get the key, and was told the house was haunted. Like you I didn't believe it, so out I came to investigate the spirits."

"And here we have been dodging about, each taking the other for a ghost," I said.

"I think we are two rather substantial ghosts," answered Fred, but—"

He was interrupted by the ringing of the bells and the cry of "blood!" We looked at each other.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Ghosts, sure enough," answered Fred.

"Come," I said, "let us investigate these noises. If they are made by spirits of the departed, I want to know it."

Down the stairs we went to the room I had left, and, as we entered, the cry of "blood!" sounded again in our ears.

"There," said Fred, pointing to the mouth of a speaking-tube in the wall, "is where the sound came from. Let us go below and examine the other end."

When we reached the lower hall we plainly saw the front door close and heard a key turn in the lock. Fred opened it again with his key and we stepped out and listened. We heard voices around the corner of the porch, not twenty feet away, and I at once recognized them as belonging to the men who talked to me from the window of the next house. The one who had aimed the gun said: "John, I don't believe he will buy the house."

"I think not," answered John: "I guess old Pinkney will soon sell it to you at your own price."

"If he don't," said the other, "he won't sell it to any one. I want the land to square out my ten acres, and am going to have it. Come, let us raise some more racket and then we'll go to bed."

They turned the corner and ran into our arms. In a second I had John down, while Fred had the other firm by the throat.

"Who are you?" asked Fred.

"Don't choke me," was the answer.

"Let me up."

"Not until you say who you are and what you are doing here," said Fred, in a determined voice.

"I live next door," hoarsely replied the half-choked man. My name is Peter Marks."

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Trying to frighten you, so you would not buy the place," answered John.

We thought the premises were rid of ghosts, and concluded to let the men go, which they were very glad to do. The house was not haunted after that night. I bought it, and am writing these lines within its walls, with my little family about me. Fred bought the Marks' property next door at a bargain, for the owners were glad to get rid of it and leave the neighborhood after their failure at playing ghost.—Harry C. Fulton, in the Chicago News.

Beware of the Man Who Whittles.

"Do not trade horses with a man who whittles," said a shrewd Yankee recently. "If you do," went on the sage, "you will probably be imposed upon.

"This whittling habit of the American people is a curious thing. Who is there who doesn't whittle? Who is there who doesn't find a quiet satisfaction in aimlessly slicing shavings off a soft pine stick? The boy takes to whittling from his earliest infancy. To buy a boy a jack-knife is to make him happy, about as absolutely happy as he can ever hope to be in this world. If I had a boy and he didn't carve the piano-legs with his new knife, if he didn't scratch his initials on the mantle-shelf, if he didn't cut, hack, and mar the family furniture a dozen times a week, I should call in the doctor, for I don't believe such an unusually good boy could be healthy.

"As men are merely children of a larger growth, they cling to the propensities of the early days. Hence they whittle. Hence they often find relief by tapping the table with their fingers. Hence they likewise whittle. The man who whittles is usually your thoughtful person. There is something on his mind, and while the shavings are sliding away before the sharp knife blade, the mind is likewise playing havoc with some problem. Whittling is a mild stimulant, like a fine cigar, quieting the nerves and composing the mind. A man whittles for the same reason that a woman rattles the dishes more than is really necessary—to ease her mind. If you trade horses with a man who whittles, or who keeps on whittling while he is making the prospective bargain, you will come out at the short end. He will get the better of you every time."

At this point the quaint philosopher of whittling mechanically pulled out his jack-knife and began aimlessly shaving away on a stray toothpick.

The Human Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within.

Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain. A wonderful piece of mechanism indeed!

A Colored Clergyman on London.

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Monroe, the well known colored clergyman of New-York city, recently visited some of the slums of London. "I did wish a hundred times," he says, "that I could have taken that walk and the one I took the day after through Seven Dials and Whitechapel in company with some of our negro haters, in order that they might be confirmed in their conceited opinion of the Anglo-Saxon. The negro slave in his darkest hour had more decency, more regard for religion, more desire to rise into something better than you can ever instill into the miserable drunken understrata of that great city. It may be well enough standing in Hyde Park and watching the splendid whirl of fashion and pride around you to talk about the proud position of the British nation, but what of the great majority—the millions that are groveling in filth, poverty, and drunkenness like swine?"

Reckless Rodents.

The rats are recklessly roaming around the rustic regions of Ferrara, Italy, consuming the harvest before it is gathered and making the prospect for the farmers peculiarly dismal. In some places the peasantry have taken to eating the rodents, and have found them very excellent food. Damages amounting to $160,000 are reported from one district.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

TO KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY.

Rules Which It Will Be Well for Mothers to Read and Follow.

Twice, or even three times a day, in very hot weather, the whole surface of the body should be sponged with water at a temperature of 80 degrees F. and after dried with gentle rubbing. The bracing effect of these baths is greatly increased by the addition of rock salt or concentrated seawater. Care should be taken to wet the child's head first, and to see that it is not in a current of air. The following rules—being a portion of those recommended by the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, and published by the board of health of this city—are concise and worthy of quotation:

Rule 1—Bathe the child once a day in luke warm water. If it be feeble, sponge it all over twice a day with luke warm water and vinegar.

Rule 2—Avoid all tight bandaging. Have light flannel as the inner garment, and the rest of the clothing light and cool, and so loose that the child may have free play for its limbs. At night undress it, sponge it, and put on a slip. In the morning remove the slip, bathe the child, and dress it in clean clothes. If this can not be afforded, thoroughly air the day clothing by hanging it up during the night. Use clean diapers, and change them often. Never dry a soiled one in the room in which the child is, and never use one for the second time without first washing it.

Rule 3—The child should sleep by itself in a cot or cradle. It should be put to bed at regular hours, and be taught to go to sleep without being nursed in the arms. Without the advice of a physician never give it any spirits, cordials, carminative, soothing sirups, or sleeping drops. Thousands of children die every year from the use of these poisons. If the child frets and does not sleep, it is either hungry or else ill; it needs a physician. Never quiet it by candy or by cake; they are common causes of diarrhœa.

Rule 4—Give the child plenty of fresh air. In the cool of the morning and early evening have it out doors for a little; take it to the shady side of broad streets, to the public squares, to the park, or make frequent excursions on the rivers. Whenever it seems to suffer from heat, let it drink freely of water which has been boiled and cooled by ice. Keep it out of the room in which washing or cooking is going on. It is excessive heat that destroys the lives of young infants.

Rule 5—Keep your house sweet and clean, cool, and well aired. In very hot weather let the windows be open day and night. Do your cooking in the yard, in a shed, in the garret, or in an upper room. Whitewash the walls every spring, and see that the cellar is clear of all rubbish. Let no slops collect to poison the air. Correct all foul smells by pouring chloride of lime into sinks and privies. Make every effort yourself, and urge your neighbors to keep the gutters of your street or of your court clean.

Should an infant be attacked with summer diarrhœa the prompt attention of a physician is imperative, and since these articles are intended to point out the methods of preventing the ills of the "second summer" rather than of curing them, I shall avoid entirely the therapeutical aspect of the subject.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

Lord Wolseley on the Chinese.

I found that Lord Wolseley fully shared General Gordon's belief in the latent possibilities of the Chinese. "The Chinese," he said, "are the coming nation. The Chinese will, I think, overrun the world. The battle of Armageddon will take place between the Chinese and the English speaking races. There will be, I assume, another war between France and Germany, and it will be about the bloodiest war or series of wars which we have seen in Europe. But, some day, a great general or, lawgiver, will arise in China, and the Chinese, who have been motionless for three centuries, will begin to progress. They will take to the profession of arms, and then they will hurl themselves upon the Russian empire. Before the Chinese armies—as they possess every military virtue, are stolidly indifferent to death, and capable of inexhaustible endurance—the Russians will go down. Then the Chinese armies will march westward. They will overrun India, sweeping us into the sea. Asia will belong to them, and then, at last, English, Americans, Australians, will have to rally for a last desperate conflict. So certain do I regard this that I think one fixed point of our policy should be to strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to keep on good terms with China. China is the coming power. These people—intelligent, active, ingenious; so industrious that at 12 o'clock at night you can hear the hammer of the smith in the forge—have, for the last three hundred years, been ruled by the simple method of having all the more active, capable, and progressive heads shorn off by their Tartar rulers; that is a simple literal fact. The government of China has been carried on by the method of cutting off every head of more than average intelligence, activity, and energy. You have no idea of the massacres that were carried on as part of the regular government of the country. When Commissioner Leh was asked whether it was true that he had, in three years, beheaded 60,000 men he replied, 'Oh, surely many more than that!' So long as this system prevails Chinese progress is impossible. But these rude Tartars will not always be able to control the nation. Another Moses might change it, or a Mohammed, or a Napoleon. The whole system very nearly went under 30 years ago when Gordon saved the empire. From the point of view of humanity, Gordon did right, but the case was by no means so clear as some people imagine. The Taepings very nearly overthrew the Tartar dynasty. Their chief not only declared that he was a Christian, but always styles himself in his proclamation as the Uterine Brother of Jesus Christ, and was a progressive ruler. He abolished opium smoking, and showed himself in many respects in advance of the government. But there were no constructive capacities in the Taepings. They destroyed every place over which they passed, like a crowd of locusts. I was sent to Nankin, and from there to Hankow, 600 miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, to obtain information concerning the rebellion, so that the British government might be better able to decide which side to support."

Big vampires are a plague in Mato Grosso, Brazil. They attack cattle at night, bite through the tough hides, and suck the blood.

One of the pensioners of the war of 1812, in Maine, was not born until nearly a year after her late husband had served in that war.

What a Change

It wrought in people who suffer from rheumatism when they take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The acidity of the blood, which causes the disease, is neutralized, the blood is purified and vitalized, the aching joints and limbs rest easily and quietly, and a feeling of serene health is imparted. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished wonders for thousands subject to rheumatism. Try it yourself.

If a girl knows she is pretty, it is not because any other girl tells her so.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag on in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents. There are few things in life of which we may 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.

A girl appreciates a kiss when she gets old enough to know she ought not to.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more 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 Bierr's or Thomas' drug store.

An unsuccessful fisherman's motto: There are no good fish in the market as ever were caught."

If You had a Friend

About to visit some section of country where malarial 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 rubbing 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 assimilation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

The maiden. "Claude, dear hold th' umberella more over me, or else the people'll think we're married."

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.

Mrs. Jones: "Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith: "No trouble—quite a pleasure I assure you!"

If 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.

Never judge a man by the umberella he carries; he may have just left an old cotton one for it at the resturant he last patronized.

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.

"You say your husband is a great whistler?" "Yes, indeed; you ought to hear him some times when my milliner's bill comes home."

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 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

Landlord (to departing guest): "I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment?" Guest: "I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in this world!"

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.

Patient, "That medicine you gave me for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely." Doctor (in surprise): "Did it? Well, blamed if I don't believe I'll try it myself, I can't get rid of mine."

The Worlds Fair.

The excitement caused by this great event is scarcely equalled by that produced by the great discovery of Dr. Miles—the Restorative Nervine. It speedily cures nervous prostration, change of life, pain, dullness and confusion in head, fits, sleeplessness, the blues, neuralgia, palpitation, monthly pains, etc. C. W. Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., Talbott and Moss, of Greensburg, Ind., and A. W. Blackburn, of Wooster, O., say that "The Nervine sells better than anything we ever sold, and gives universal satisfaction." Dr. Miles' new illustrated treatise on the Nerves and Heart and trial bottle free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bierr, Drug Store.

Firing Back.—Mrs. Shoddy (loudly): If there were any gentlemen in this car one of them would give a lady a seat." Old gentleman: "If a lady should enter, probably some of them would."

Always keep the bottle handy,
Do not place it out of sight,
For it cures our little Andy,
Who is coughing day and night.
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Veni! Vidi! Vici! This is said of Salvation Oil for it conquers the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia at once. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Scene—Irish railway station. Porter (in a valuable but dreary monotone): "The half-passt-nine-o'clock train won't start to-night till tin o'clock, and there'll be no leaf fast train!"

It was once supposed that scrofula could not be eradicated from the system; but the marvelous results produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla disprove this theory. The reason is, this medicine is the most powerful blood-purifier ever discovered.