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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Cham's chi i's Stomach and Laver They will cleanse your stome di, 'o ie up vour liver an 1 reguiate vour bovels making you feel new men. For sale by Middle burg D ng Store. ----

Acquisition of Knowledge,

"Well, and what have you learned at college, Clarice?" we asked, anxious to know how our niece had profited by her residence at a distant institution of learning.

"I learned to do up my hair in 19 different ways," replied she, proudly. -Detroit Free Press.

A Clodhopper.

Great Editor-That new society reporter won't do. He has not mastered the first principles of modern journal-

Manager-Eh? What's the matter? Great Editor-He says "handsomely dressed" instead of "smartly gowned." -N. Y. Weekly.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, \$88.

FRANK J CHENEY makes oath 11 ... of earner that cannot be cured by forbids our banns." the asset Hall's Creath Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swarm to before me and a ubscribel in my presence, this loth day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON.

1--1

Notary Public. SEAL ler a ly, and an a directly on the blood in 1 mucous surfaces of the system. So of for testimonia's, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Tolede, Ohio.

Find by Druggists, 75c. coll's Family Pills ire the best.

Signs and Tokens.

"I met the new bride out on the boulevard; she's keeping house." "How did she look?-and how do You know?"

"Oh-she had on a lovely white freek, with a white chiffon pompon in her bair; and she had a loaf of bread under her arm."-Chicago Rec. of soothing the parting with kisses, ord-Herald.

limita coral.

ou the Florida coast.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cohe Chilers and Diarrhoea Remedy not had it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps, of Poteat, Ack. Themsel me of bloody flux. I arount speak too lighly of it." This remedy always was the good onition, of not paise, of those who u e.t. The quick cures which it effects ven in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by Mildleburg Drug Store.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

A SERVICE OF HANDS.

They've given loving service-those poor With fretted nalls, and fingers bent and worn; They bear the scars which Sacrifice de-

When from their cherished idols rudely love to think that once that calloused paim
With dimples in the rosy flesh was set,
That once fond lips annointed with love's

Pressed kisses there that live in mem-

Those knotted hands with soft and reverent trace Have gently closed tired lids o'er sightless eyes, Ihen clasped in prayer before the throne

of Grace Asked entrance for a soul in Paradise.

Dear hands! Brave hands! I proudly honor you! For lofty deeds in lowly spirit done.

Maimed and unbeautiful to careless view. What victories of peace those hands -M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald

Sold for Naught.

By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

NDER the shadow of the laburnum trees, crowned with their golden wealth of blossoms, Eleanor Raby waited for her lover. And yet few would have guessed it, for on her face was the shadow of doubt and perplexity, instead of the light of love; and her irresolute movements betrayed a heart ill at ease.

"I am going to be a fool again," she murmured. "And the worst of it

is, I like the folly." And there were few girls who would not have liked "the folly" represented by the handsome Antony Vaughan. Over the heathery hills she watched him coming now, his great black horse devouring the distance setween them in long swinging strides, stopping neither "for brake nor for stone," and taking the low garden wall in a well-distanced leap, which brought him almost to her life. Stately and handsome, brave, and gentle, read in all the learning of the schools, what more could Eleanor want? All these "availed im nothing," while his poverty sat like a Mordecai in the gate. And so she had determined that, sweet as these meetings were, this should be he last; for this woman had the nature of Dian in the form of Venus. and not for love was she going to sacrifice the more tangible benefits of gold and position. Still, with his arms around her, and whispered words of indearment trembling from his lips to hers, it was hard to tell him so. The intoxication of his presnce made her for a little while obedient to the dignity within her; but when he i gan to speak of a definite engagen at and a certain marriage lay, however distant, she broke at once the spell which had held her passive in his embrace.

"The thing is impossible, Antony," he is a senior partner of the fire of she said, sadly, but decidedly. "We F. J. Chancy & Co., doing business might starve, but we could not live she said, sadly, but decidedly. "We in the city of Poledo, county and decently on \$1,500 a year. My father state aforesaid, and that said firm has more than double that, and he will per ORE HUNDRED never is able to make both ends of DOLLARS for each and every case the year agree comfortably. Fortune

"Oh, Nelly! Nelly! I begin to believe what Frank Foster told methat you were going to marry that old lawyer who has bought poor Snowdon's estates. Nelly, are you not going to deny it? Speak quick! it is not possible, it is not possible! Hall's Catarah Cure is tak n in- you cannot be so wicked and so cruel!" and he held her hands tightly, and looked fiercely into the fair, treacherous face. Little comfort there; only a cold defiance that, like polished steel, flung him back the passionate love amazement that almost stabbed her like a wound. Once convinced of her falseness, it was not in his nature to sue. This beautiful Judas had sold his and her own youth and hopes, and he would not again touch the hand which had taken so foul a price. She was amazed and confounded. Of such love as this she had not dreamt. All her intentions and promises of eternal friendship, melted like snow in fire. He would none of them-would not take the Caral, both white and red, is found proffered kiss, nor see the white, beseeching face, nor touch the outstretched hand. He was gone, in a storm of outraged and indignant love, and Eleanor Raby knew very well that in that noble heart her image was evermore a fallen and a deseernted idol. How wretchedly now the long, hot summer days went by! And in the midst of them Antony Vaughan disappeared from all his old haunts. Some said he had gone to India, others to America; but all soon forgot him except the cold, proud woman, in whose memory he wandered like an uneasy ghost continually.

Then, when the short, bright days of September came, the rich man who had bought Eleanor claimed his bargain, and took it home to the little palace on Snowdon Heights. bishop in lawn and silk ratified the transaction; her parents made a great feast; the world gave that assurance of approval which is powerful as the nod of Jove; but her own heart whispered all the time. "Thou fool!"

And when the eclat and excitement were all over, when life's dull, com-mon way and dreary intercoursebrightened by no stray sunbeam of love-lay stretched in wearying distance before her, how bitterly she recalled the golden spring time under the laburnums, when love glorifled the meanest flower, and really "painted the lily, and gave an added perfume

to the violet.' For her husband she had no love, KEEP YOUR BLOOD GLEAN and with his pursuits no sympathy. and with his pursuits no sympathy.

great beauty, and had loved her at first with a strength of passion which she might by a little tact have made a firm and lasting affection; but she had taken no pains to please him, made no efforts to retain his admiration, so that she had no right to complain when time and possession robbed her of even this semblance of devotion, and she understood herself as held "something better than his

dog, a little dearer than his horse." And of Antony Vaughan no word or token came. The lands and home which had been his fathers' for 500 years, were sold to strangers; and Eleanor's heart lost its last hopethat of seeing him again. Time, which cares for none of these things, went on as if there were no breaking hearts, no ruined lives, and change and chance made and marred the happiness of millions whom he swept before him to their long home. I had only been a spectator in this little drama, and had simply watched it in that calm, complaisant way in which we do watch sorrows that in no way affect us. But, strangely enough, the last act of it was played out in my presence, and I was compelled by circumstances and sympathy to become one of the dramatis personae. And thus it happened. I was up among the mountains of

the Colorado river in Texas, and our party, charmed by the exquisite scenery and strange and beautiful flora, wandered out of the proper trail. Sunset found us far from any human habitation, except a little log-cabin in the crevice of the hills half a mile below us. We supposed it to be the home of some freed negro, and descended to seek temporary rest and refreshment, purposing, as soon as the moon arose, to continue our way to the little village, not over ten miles distant. The door was opened to receive us before we reached it, and the splendid looking fellow leaning on his gun within its shadow was Antony Vaughan. I knew him at once; every change was only an added grace; he was ten times handsomer than when I saw him last, laughing and hallooing, head and shoulders higher than any squire who rode to cover in all the glens and glades of Snowdon. He gave us broiled venison, strong coffee and hot hoe-cakes, and a welcome which added no little zest to his hospitable provision. After supper, when a couple of pipes had soothed and quieted our nolsy mirth, I intentionally called him by his name. He dropped his pipe in amazement, and looked the question he could not ask. Then I told him who I was, and spoke of the dear old town among the Westmoreland mountains. When bearded men weep, they need the ministry of angels; no human sympathy can reach such sorrow, and so I was silent until he had conquered his emotion. He asked of every one's welfare before he mentioned Eleanor, and then his voice was cold and indifferent; but his eyes contradicted his tongue, and his tongue belied his heart. I told him of all her cold, empty, neglected life, her faded beauty and her listless, unhappy ways. And after a moment's silence, during which he literally trembled with feeling, he muttered: "Only just! A life for a life! Only just! And yet, poor thing!" And then he rose hastily, and calling his dogs-of which at least a dozen were lying around-be left the hut,

ostensibly to look after our horses. During the next year we spent much time together, and I soon felt for him an affection "passing the love of woman." He was indeed the idol of a large section of country, and the leader in all hunting and Indian expeditions; for to these Ishmaelites of the frontier his very name had become a terror. Far as the eye could reach the land was all his own; immense herds of cattle and cavallards of horses roamed over the hills; and the rich bottom lands yielded him fab-

ulous harvests of corn and cotton. "How did you make all this wealth, Vaughan?" I asked him, one day.

"I didn't make a dime of it, Jack, Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered, and she found mine drifting about and took charge of it, that's

Then there was a pause. We were both thinking of Eleanor's mistake. He was the first to speak.

"I am going to-morrow to hunt up the trail of some thieving Comanches who have run off 20 of my best mares: like enough I may never come back again. If I am missing more than two days, hunt me up, old fellow, and bury me like a Christian."

He spoke half in jest and half in carnest; but an unaccountable presentiment of evil seized me, and I urged him to let me go with him. This he positively declined, saying that "I was not up to Indian yet, and would only increase the danger."

So early next morning he went over the hills, accompa led by a couple of fine hounds, and carrying his rifle, leaving me in the cabin alone. I was singularly nervous and restless; and when, toward sunset, I saw a stranger climbing the road to our door, I was quite sure he was bringing bad news. What worse? Poor Vaughan had been surprised and surrounded by Indians; and though he had fought his way to the next house, he had arrived there in a dying condition. I found him lying on a mattress under some mulberry trees which shaded the house, bleeding from a dozen wounds. A negro woman and two or three rough but tender-hearted men were doing what they could to prolong his quickly ebbing life, but no hope nor rescue could now avail. The seal of death was on every feature.

"Don't fret, Jack," he sald, almost cheerfully. "There is really nothing, either in life or death, that's worth a tear.'

I did not need to speak to him of his affairs; they had been arranged and explained to me long ago, for he

was well aware in what constant danger be lived. Indeed, all care for or interest in his present life seemed to have vanished. He talked in a rapid, feverish manner of the past; of his home and his dead mother; of his friends and the pursuits of his youth; but he never once named Eleanor, and I could not bring myself to introduce the subject at this hour. As the last tints of sunset faded in "ashen skies" he died, ejaculating, almost with his last breath, and with a voice of glad surprise, the word "Mother!" I had known his mother well; a lovely little lady, who had idolized her son, and been so tenderly beloved by him that many had not hesitated to attribute his exile and the sale of the old Vaughan Manor House to grief for her death.

I assisted the negro woman to perform the last offices for him, and at sunrise a little gathering of rough men, whom he had led in many a wild and dangerous exploit, helped to lay him in his grave.

wife of Richard Crosby, of Snowdon

Heights, Westmereland; and as soon

He had left all that he possessedgold, cattle and lands-to Eleanor,

as possible I returned to England to inform her of the bequest. I found her in a little brenkfast parlor of the fine house for which she had sold herself. Her beauty was much faded, her dress slovenly and ungraceful. I introduced myself to her, and named a mutual friend at whose house we had often met. She condescended to remember, and then

looked at me for further information. "I have just returned from Texas," I continued, and then I paused to see if her heart would connect the country with her lover.

"Indeed!" she answered, quite calm-"A very unpleasant country, is it "I hope you do not think so, for I

am come to tell you that a friend has left you an immense estate there." Into the white, passionate face a great tide of feeling rushed; her eyes brightened with their old beauty. She stood up, and with parted lips waited for me to speak again. I remained silent, however, for a moment, and in that moment her heart awoke and whispered to her by what loss her gain was made. Then she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, cried out: "Oh, my love! my After all these weary years

ing of all his noble life-how he had succored the sorrowful and fought for the weak, and defended helpless women and children with his own life. "And what matters it?" she cried, in a wild passion of grief; "he has left me, who loved him so dearly, to suf-

I tried to comfort her by tell-

fer all these years, without a word of comfort or of hope." "But he has proved that he has

never forgotten you." "Yes. Never forgot my most miserable folly and childish pride. See what he has done! Give me gold, and denied me even a look or a word of love or forgiveness! Ills remembrance of me is the most profound cruelty. I will not touch a farthing of his wealth. I have bought it with years of misery and tears of blood. No, no! I have gold enough, and to spare; and what has it done for me? Look at that helpless, paralyzed old man sitting in the sunshine; he never says a kind word to me, and yet for replace the one that was eaten. While him and his gold I surrendered the we admire the literary taste of the Antony Vaughan. And you tell me he is dead! What then remains for me? Endless weeping. Leave me now; I will not speak another word to any-

It was impossible to take this for answer, so the next day I called igain, but she was very ill and could see no one. The following day I received the same answer, and her physician, to whom I spoke, thought it might be some time before she would be able to attend to any business. So I took a run "over the border" to Edinburgh, and remained there several days. On my return I went immediately to Snowdon Heights, and I met her funeral coming down the great avenue. Poor Eleanor! the title deeds of her estate had proved to be her death warrant .- People's Home Journal.

Two of a Kind.

An amusing instance of unconscious soliloquy during a tete-a-tete with a lady is told of the famous physician, Dr. Freind. It was in the old convivial days, and the doctor was summoned one evening from a rather too festive board to the bedside of a lady patient. He felt her pulse "secundem artem," but for the life of him could not count its beats. "Drunk, by Jove!" ha soliloquized, and pulled himself to gether sufficiently to order some harmless mixture. His delight may nstead of an indignant dismassal from further attendance, he received from his patient a confession that he had diagnosed her complaint quite correctly.-London Globe.

Unknown to Lawyers.

Judge ---, one of the great lawyers of the last generation, charged a client a retainer of \$1,000 in an important case, but settled the suit before the judge had opened a book or written a line concerning it. His client called to see if he would not refund part of the money. The lawyer seemed surprised at the suggestion. "Refund!" he exclaimed. "Refund, did you say? My friend, that is a kind of fund unknown to the legal profession "-Chicago Chronicle.

Not An Epieure.

Deacon White-What did yo' hab fo' dinnah at Misteh Henry's, yistehday? Parson Yallerby-Well, sah, I done fo'got to ask what it was. It tasted like Leghorn, but t might hab been Cochin China or Plymouth Rock fo all I know.—Puck.

In a recent letter to the Missouri jubilee committee Mark Twain com-Mark Twain's ments on the general topsy-turvey-View of Life. ness of life in the

following words: "Invitations which a brisk young fellow should get, and which would transport him with joy, are delayed and impeded and obstructed unto they are 50 years' overdue when they reach him. It has happened again in this case. When I was a boy in Missouri I was always on the lookout for invitations, but they always misearried and went wandering through the aisles of time, and now they are arriving when I am old and rheumatic, and can't travel, and must lose m; chance. I have lost a world of delight through this matter of delaying invitations. Fifty years ago I would have gone eagerly across the world to help celebrate anything that might turn. It would have made no difference to me what it was so that I was there and allowed a chance to make a noise. The whole scienceof things is turned wrong end to. Life should begin with age and its privileges and accumulations, and end with youth and its capacity to splendidly enjoy such advantages. As things are now, when in youth a dollar would bring you a hundred pleasures, you can't get it; when you are old you get it, and there's nothing worth buying with it then. It's an epitome of life. The first half of it consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance, the last half consists of the chance without the cm pacity."

Juvenile courts and the system of probation for young offenders have proved so successful in eastern cities, especially in Boston, that much good was expected from the introduction of the plan in Chicago. The results are disappointing, says a report from that city. The fundamental idea of the system is that for a first offense a young lawbreaker shall be placed on probation, during the term of which he is to be under the care of suitable persons. In Chicago at least 25 probation officers are needed. The city appointed only five, each of whom has charge of about 300 boys, and the whole 1,500 are herded together in a reformatory school which does not reform but corrupts. It is a pity that American cities are so slow to learn that anything which prevents an increase in the number of criminals is a saving in dollars and cents, to say nothing of the moral gain.

"We owe our readers an apology," says the Bowersville (Md.) Clarion, "for failing to appear on time this week. But the festive goat belonging to our genial liveryman, Patrick Casey, got into our pressroom on Tuesday night after our entire edition had been printed and ate the papers all up. Consequently, the entire resources of our editorial and mechanical forces have been called into play in a stremuous effort to get out another edition to noble heart and glorious beauty of aforesaid goat, we shall hereafter keep the pressroom locked."

The farmer has found petroleum his best friend in dealing with other pests than the mosquito, says an agricultural authority. It is the only thing that will kill the tree scales, including the famous San Jose scale, and it is the sovereign remedy for a line of bacterial ills in vegetation. Not merely the invisible parasites are combated with oil, but the visible insects as well. Kerosene emulsion goes far to compensate for the loss of insectivorous birds out of doors, and it is absolutely indispensable in dealing with the pests in poultry houses and stables.

A queer will case has just been decided by the courts in Minnesota. The witnesses stepped through a doorway into the adjoining room and affixed their signatures at a table about ten feet from the testator, just out of his sight, but while he was seated on the side of his bed and could see them by stepping forward two or three feet. The attestation and subscription of the will under these circumstances are sustained.

She had never heard of draw poker, and was enthusiastically learning the game, beans being used for stakes, rebe imagined when the next morning, lates the New York Sun. "And do you always play with beans?" she asked, innocently. "Oh, no," responded the young man who was teaching her many things, and incidentally the game. "We sometimes use peas, and when we feel like being very devilish we always use succotash."

In a recent case of pneumonia in Brooklyn 8,500 gallons of oxygen gas was used, the sick man was packed in ice, an alcohol bath was given every 25 minutes, and four quarts of milk with three quarts of whisky were administered daily. The patient recovered.

John Shoup, who died in the Topeka asylum a few days ago, had been an imbecile for 17 years as the result of partial asphyxiation in a hotel room where he blew out the gas. Before his trouble he was a thrifty farmer.

In Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind student at Radeliffe, the instructors in English are beginning to believe there is hidden an author of the first rank

Dr. Plerce's Favorito Prescription Doubles a Mother's Joys and Haives Her Sorrows.

It does this by a pre-natal preparation in which the mother finds herself growing stronger instead of weaker with each month. Instead of nausea and nervousness, there are healthy appetite, quiet nerves, and refreshing sleep. The mind's content keeps pace with the body's comfort. There is no anxiety, no dread of the approaching time of travail. When the birth hour comes it is practically painless, the recovery is rapid, and the mother finds herself abundantly able to nurse her child.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge, and so obtain without cost the advice of a specialist in the diseases peculiar to women, All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Annie Blacker, 620 Catherine Street, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but sface taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have much better health, and now I have a fine healthy baby. I heve recommended your medicines to several of my friends and they have been benefited by them."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.



We will send four full quart bottles of Reyner's 7-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rys for S3.20, express prepaid, shipped in plain package, no marks to indicate contents. If not satisfactory when received, return it at our expense; we will return your \$3.20. Such Whiskey can't be ha

REPERENCES: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; Sta Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any of the Ex. Co' THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 226-232 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio 309-311 So. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo We guarantee above firm will do as it agrees.-En

"I do not feel the confidence I would like to in that young man you are engaged to," said Ethelinda's father. "He talked about nothing

Father and Son-in-Law.

but the stock market while he and I were together." "Yes," answered Ethelinda. "He's a little worried about that conversation himself. He says that if you don't know any more about stocks

have to support the entire family." -Washington Star. Ambition.

than you appear to, he's liable to

My happiness would be complete With what I have if I Could know that no one else below The sky had more than I, and no One else stood quite as high. -Chicago Record-Herald.

To remove a troublesome corn or bunion: First soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm (wice daily; rubbing vigercusly for five minutes at each application. A corn plater should be worn for a few day, to protect it from the shoe. A a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism. Pan Balm is unequaled. For sale by Middleburg Drug Store.

Had a Lovely Time. He-Did you enjoy the concert, dear?

She-Very much. I sat next to Mrs. Ganabout, whom I hadn't seen for years. We had a nice long chat.-Tit-

Willinge Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well known villege blacksmith at Grahamsville. Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little sun, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so bad have the attacks been that we have fear ed many times that Le would de We have had the doctor and many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent dose when the croupy symptons appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled. There is no danger in givin this remodel for the control of medy for it contains no oplum of other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by Middleburg Drug Store.