STUCK FAST IN THE CHIMNEY.

The Ludicrous Predicament of an Incar tious Nergo Thief

Atlanta Constitution. PALMETTO, February 16 .- A ludicrous attempt to commit burglary occured here last night. A negro named Bob Nalls spent some time yesterday afternoon in the store of Mr. F. Hopkins, and decided on his plan to get in the store last night. So when night came he went to the rear window in the store and broke out the glass, but failed to get in because of the iron bars across the window.

He then conceived the idea of going down the chimney, so he climbed up or the awning and from there to the top of the house, which is only one story high He then to rid himsef of all encumbrance and make himself as small as possible stripped himself of every article of his clothing, left them on top of the house and slipped himself into the chimney but the chimney, instead of being or with the old-fashioned large flue and large, open fireplace, was one built for grate in which to burn coal, and had a very small flue and throat, consequently when Nalls got about two-thirds of th way down he stuck.

He could neither go down or up, there he stuck from 12 o'clock till day. He yelled and sung, but could get no help until parties went in the store to make a fire in the morning, when he made his ence known to keep a fire from being built under him. They got a couple of negro men to go on top of the house and let down a rope, which the thief got hold of, and they pulled him out, when he had the appearance of being covered about a quarter of an inch thick with soot. He made a full confession, waived commitment trial, and went to jail.

THOSE QUADRUPLETS

Are Carefully Guarded From Prying Eye

by Order of the Doctor.

Mrs. M. Newton, of Everson, near
Scottdale, who gave birth, a few days ago, to four perfectly formed girls, is still the talk of the town. When Dr. A. J. Rogers made his visits there Friday a large number of ladies braced him to le them go in also and take a view of the quadruplets, but he refused. The history of the Newton family is interesting. Mr and Mrs. Nowton are of Irish birth, both having been born in Cork, Ireland, where they became acquainted and were man ried. Shortly after their marriage they emigrated to this country and located at Everson, where Mr. Newton get work in the mines, and has been there ever since Mrs. Eliza Newton is the mother of two boys, three girls, more properly nine, with the quartette of girls born yesterday morning.

She is about five feet two inches in stature, fair complexion, and is moderately educated.

Mike Newton, who is an out-and-out Irishman, is five feet eight inches in height, weighs about 150 pounds and is only an ordinary looking man. His hair is inclined to be sandy. By hard work he has secured for himself a little home in Everson, and unless som thing unforeseen takes place he ha now an opportunity to make large sums of money. It is understood he has already received flattering offers to place the four girls on exhibition, if they live, and there is now every prospect that they will,

and remain healthy.

Mrs. Newton herself is one of the twin daughters of her mother, who lives in Ireland. She never had more than one child at a birth before yesterday morning Dr. A. J. Rogers, their physician, said after he made his visits to-day that the mother and children were doing well, and the inference drawn was that they would surely live. He said they resembled four peas, and you could not possibly tell them apart, as even the lines on their faces and their heads are exactly alike. They are very lively, and when they cry you think you will meet with McGinty's Rev. Lambing christened them yesterday, and after they had been named, Mrs. Newton herself could not distinguish them by their names.

Dr. Rogers will not admit anyone to see them for ten or twelve days yet, when is expected the danger line will be The doctor is quite confident of

bringing them through all right.

Legislature will likely be petitiond to make a provision for the Newton family.

Evergreen Nurseries,

Of Evergreen, Wisconsin, claims to be the largest nursery of the class in America. It now contains several millions of small Evergreens, comprising some fifty varieties, and about the same number of Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs. These Nurseries now serve about three thousand customers annually, whose orders range all the way from one dollar to one thousand dollars or more each. A stenographer and type-writer is employed for the correspondence. During the dig-ging and packing season twenty-five to thirty men are employed and about fifteen to twenty are required to take care of the trees during the growing season. Nurseries are making a specialty of plants to be elected; he's got the right views for Evergreen Heages, and have several millions ready for sale, of three or four of the most popular varieties.

Their prices on Tree Seedlings are much below any others we have seen. It will pay any of our readers thinking of planting an Evergreen Hedge, or any other ornamental trees or shrubs, to send a postal card to these nurseries asking for their Catalogue.

Hon. A. A. Barker, who is new so journing in the South, writes a lengthy letter in the Cambria Herald.

Prince Bismarck is a miller, a paper maker, a brickmaker, an ironmast coal miner and a brewer.

LOST ILLUSIONS.

This is the fairy forest of my dream,
Where heroes rode in glittering armo
And the tall trees in the pale moonshin
To whisper tales of long ago, to-night

Methinks the flowers are hushed in sleep, nor see The mystic symbols which upon the moss The white moon casts through yonder swaying tree— Where I in solitary search must cross.

It is the same old fairy forest still;
But where are all the heroes dressed in gold?
And where the nymphs who beckoned me until
I thought them real—ere yet the world was old?

I seek them now, but they elude my quest:

Lost dreams of youth and faith are ne'er re

Lost dreams of John
stored;—
For I myself am he whose hands did wrest
The substance from the visions I adored.
—Felix N. Gerson in Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE SUBSCRIBER.

Phoebe Mumford came down to break fast one morning in very low spirits. There seemed no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed at last. Her father's mind failed more and more. Everything was forlorn and wretched. She had been gazing at a rose colored picture of the past to which distance lent enchantment. She saw her buxom, comfortable, loving mother; her young aunts, who petted her; a kind though grave father: a lover, Billy Barton, who adored her, and went away to sea and who had not been heard of since. There was a little misunder-standing that she was too proud to ex-plain. Now how gray and dull was life! The dear mother gone, and though doubtless she watched over her daughter, human eyes cannot see those loving angels. The aunts married; one in Cali fornia, one in Colorado, one in Canada. with families of their own. The father changed, since the terrible illness that followed his wife's sudden death, to a trembling, querulous shadow, who requited all her love and tenderness by finding fault with her for her having

moting fault wife fer for her having been born a girl.

"If I had a son," he used to say, "things wouldn't go to rack and ruin while I'm poorly. It's the only fault I ever found with your good mother, that she had a girl instead of a boy."

"Poor father! he used to be so different" Physics would see to be self-timed."

ent," Phœbe would say to herself: "and But still, when a woman finds herself unappreciated, her heart must ache.

A son never would have made the feeble old man so comfortable, waited on him so patiently, spared him so much. The "bound girl," little Hannah Jane, from the poor house, was bright and tractable, but there was still much so do; all woman's work, though: nothing that could keep the heavy mortgage from fore-closing, or the man who farmed what land there was left "on shares" from cheating them unmercifully; wothing

that brought money in.

Phoebe felt that, and it pained her more than the thought that her thirtieth birthday was close at hand, though no woman ever lived who did not shrink from that thought with a shiver of

Wiping the tears away, Miss Phœbe left the table and took up the newspaper —a big New York paper full of politics which she read to her father every day and which was almost his only pleasure She glanced down the column of deaths and marriages, and saw there no name that she knew. She read an account of the appearance of the sea serpent at the shore near a certain hotel, and of a frightful murder that made her blood run cold. She read the wise words of the weather prophet, who predicted a rising barometer, and glanced over the advertisements. "Spinkins' electric collar button, warranted to cure everything," offered testimonials from kings and warriors, and tempted her to go down and buy one for pa—or would, had she had the money to throw away on a cornel investigate.

DOBBS & CO., on receipt of ten cents and a stamped and directed envelope, will send to any lady or gentleman directions how so make a for-tune at their own homes.

She was not much impressed by this magnificent offer. But here was some-

thing:

WANTED in our office, a lady of education and refinement, a good talker, who has read a great deal. Salary \$50 per week. Apply at once is person. Church member proferred.

COZZEN & CO.,

No. — street.

"Dear me!" cried Phœbe to herself,
"flfty dollars a week! I think I am re-"Htty dollars a week! I think I am refined. I certainly have had a good education. I read everything I can get to read. I am a church member. If I could not the place, I could go to business regularly like a man, give pa most of the fifty dollars a week, save

the place, perhaps, and certainly buy the electric collar button." Visions of her father restored to health and vigorous old age; of the mortgage paid off; of herself kneeling at her father's feet while his hands rested on her head and said: "My daughter, I no longer regret that God never gave me a son, since he sent me you," rushed through her mind. She slipped from the big horse hair covered arm chair, and, kneeling before it, hid her face in its great dimpled back, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, prayed to be helped. And when she arose it seemed to her that a strong, unseen hand led her; that there could be nothing to fear

or dread: nothing before her but success or dread; nothing before her but success. She gave her father his breakfast with many smiles, and faily laughed when he said: "Now, if you were a boy you could just go along with me to the polls and vote for Puflingham. I want that man about property. But you're a girl, poor thing—a girl."

Little he knew what was in her mind. She read the political articles through and had just time to catch the train, giving Hannah Jane directions for the

"If I get the place, old Mrs. Williams must come and live here," she said to herself, as she walked. "I'd feel perfectly safe then, and she'd be glad to have the spare room and her board."

A fresh color was on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her eye as she stepped into the car. She wore her very best things—precious and well saved—but

she must look her best. And she did: for hope is as great a beautifier as fresh bonnet strings, and when reaching No. — street she climbed the long and rather dirty stairs until she reached the office of Cozzen & Co., with a hopeful

heart.

The door of the room stood open. The opposite roofs were visible through the unshaded windows. Some girls stood at a table folding pamphlets; others sat at another directing envelopes. Behind a barricade of walnut desk and iron railing sat a portly gentleman, bland, and wearing a good deal of white hair, from which a pair of round, black eyes, and a very round nose, blackened at the nostrils with snuff, peered out and gave him the appearance of one of those poodles. the appearance of one of those poodles which belles of years ago were fond of carrying about with them,

carrying about with them,

Another lady, with downcasteyes, was gliding from the room; and another woman, with rather a coarse manner, tossed her head in indignation as she pushed past the first.

"Poor things! they have applied for the place and have not got it," said Phoebe; but she could not feel sorry.

The portly gentleman arose behind

The portly gentleman arose behind his railings as she looked toward him, and bowed.

Walk in," he said.

"Walk in," he said.

Phoebe also bowed politely.

"Your advertisement"—she faltered.

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, "I unlerstand. We have had throngs of la-

derstand. We have had throngs of la-dies here. H'm! Sit down."

"I do not know what your position is, sir," said Phœbe, feeling very brave— almost like the son her father had al-ways wished for, she thought: "but I can do my best. I have an education. I am a church member. I read a great deal. I think I can talk a little on a subject I understand. And amongst so many books"—she glanced at the shelves -"I certainly should find the employ-ment congenial; only I must go out of town every night.

town every night."

"That would be very easy," said the gentleman. "You could arrange your hours to suit yourself. You are exactly the person we want. I see in your face that expression I look for in vain in so many faces—intelligence." The gentleman gave a little leap on his chair and spread his banks alward. "Viventier." man gave a little leap on his chair and spread his hands abroad. "Vivacity!" He repeated the action. "And with a fine personal appearance. You are the very woman we need. I speak in a purely business way. We must think of these things. You suit us."

Could it be? Could it be? Pheebe trembled with joy. Fifty dollars a week—her dreams realized—her father happy! Meanwhile the gentleman arose from his seat.

"This," said he, taking a thick volume from a shelf, "is the volume."

Phoebe looked at it with a happy smile

and waited for more

"Have you ever taken subscriptions?"
asked the gentleman.
"No," said Phœbe; "but I"——

"Ab, yes, you will be very successful, I am sure." said the gentleman. "We give you a list of streets, numbers, names of residents. You call with the book; of residents. You call with the book; ask to see Mrs. So and So, or Mr. So and So; send up your name; your card is preferable. You rise when the person enters; say 'How do you do, Mrs. So and So? I feel that you would be interested in this work and called to show it to you.' You then talk in such a manner that the person subscribes for the book.
On receiving the money we give you the

percentage. You see?"
"Yes," said poor Phœbe, who, under the revulsion of feeling, was on the verge of a fainting fit. "Yes. It is like the man with 'Dosem's Family Medicine,' and the other books, who comes to our house sometimes. But you give fifty dollars per week?"

dollars per week?"

"Fifty, dear madam!" cried the man, laughing and rubbing his hands gayly.

"At ten cents on each book you can easily get a hundred subscribers a day six hundred a week; sixty dollars for the six days' work. With your mesmeric power-I see it in your eyes-you will nake more

Poor Phœbe began to feel better. would be terrible work; not at all what she supposed: but-anything, anything

"This is a specimen copy," said the gentleman. "You buy this little book for your names. It has a pencil attached; twenty-five cents. And you leave one dollar deposit for the book."

me dollar deposit for the book."
"Is that necessary?" sighed Phoebe.
"Well, we exact it of all," said the
miable Mr. Cozzen. "What would you
ave? We can't make exceptions; we have? should offend others."

took the book and walked away, glancing at the outline of her "beat," which was

The book was a collection of receipts poems and fun from old jest books. had also many patent medicine adver-tisements bound between its covers, and four or five portraits of "beauties" with their heads on one side and a simpering

smile upon their faces.

Poor Phœbe! she hoped against hope as the street car took her up town, and still cherished much more of that comexpected, when her feet touched the red hot flagstones of Fifty-seventh street, and the tall residences stared down at her with half their doors closed with those wooden barriers that say to all who look, "Family gone to Europe," But yet there were steps that might be climbed, and Miss Mumford climbed them patiently.

She saw a sweet, old lady, who beamed on her and said:

"We've such a large library now, we can't really add to it. There's not room in the house for another book."

in the house for another book."

She saw a sarcastic lady, who said:
"Greatly obliged for the attention. It
is a wonderful book—wonderful, but I
couldn't understand it. I have to read lighter things. My brain, you know, won't bear too much." She saw a decided lady, who said:

"No, no, indeed! oh, no!" and opened the door

She saw a contemptuous young lady, who simply shook her head, and rang for a footman to "show this person out.

Then she saw a grandpapa with a dyed mustache and an eye glass, who was gal-lant and offensive. Then she received many "not at homes" from angry ser-vants, who knew her errand well, and felt that they had been troubled to open the door unnecessarily. After many long, hot, wasted hours she found that her next number was a drug store, and entered it, thankful for its cool shadow. She was hot, thirsty, wretched. She longed for a glass of the ice cold soda water, but had only a little change,

which must serve for fares, in her pocket. She stood before the counter a peated her little story—her talk the book. The druggist smiled as he glanced at the volume.
"I vould not half such drash in mine

"You vaste your dime mit a book like dis.

"It seems worthless to me," said poor

Phoebe, sighing.

'You get dook in, like some oder beoples, mit dem rascals," said the German.

'You look dired, madame, and not vell.

A customer, who had been looking at her, threw down the price of a tooth brush he had bought, and seizing his purchase, followed Phœbe out of the

"Let me see your book, madame," he said. "Very nice; I'll subscribe. Give me your book, I'll write my name and

He did so. Phœbe thanked him, and tried to read it, but the letters danced before her eyes. Her head was so hot, so heavy, she must go back to Mr. Coz-zen's, get her dollar, give in her subscription, tell him that she had failed. Sche would feel better after she had rested, she thought—better. How kind that man had been. But he subscribed for her book—she knew it well—out of sheer pity: as one gives alms to a beggar.

She was in Mr. Cozzen's office again. He looked at her out of his bush of white hair. His black eyes and black nose more poodle like than before.

She had wasted her day, risked sun-stroke, failed in her effort, and crushed her hopes. What did he care, if he had her hopes. What did he care, if he had one subscription more? A book agent was almost sure to get one, and hundreds toiled over the earth every day with the same results.

"Very foolish to give it up so," he de clared. "The first day never counts. I have ladies on my list making a hundred dollars a week who got no subscribers on the country of the country dollars." the first day, and— Oh, your dollar Yes, yes! And here is your percentage ten cents. But you ought not to despair when you have secured the name of Capt, Barton on your list. Well, good-

day."

She was gone, threading the streets that led to the ferry. The boat first; then the train. Was that the train coming? What a roar! How black it was! She staggered, but she did not fall to the ground. Some one caught her in

his arms.
Out of darkness, out of rest, out of strange communion with her mother in another world, Phoebe floated back to life again. A woman sat beside her and fanned her.

"She's all right now," said a voice of the family doctor order. "Only faintness; not sunstroke.

Then peace again; and waking, much "My poor father!" she sighed. "He must be so terrified! Some one has been so kind; but let me get to my father at

"All in good time," said the motherly

woman at her side.
"Your father won't be anxious, Phee
be," said a man, and her only subscriber stepped where she could see him. "I found your name and address in your little note book. I went and told him you'd be home to-morrow. You don't

emember me, Phœbe?"
Phœbe smoothed her dress and sat up on the chintz couch and looked at the speaker.

"You subscribed for my book," she

"But before that," said the man. "Before I had a beard and went away to sea with no hopes of being captain. Don't you know Billy Barton, Phœbe!"
"Oh!" cried Phœbe, "Is it you?"
"I tbought I knew you," said Capt.
Barton. "I followed you, wondering if I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So

I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So

I was there when you fainted." He took her hand and held it and lifted it to his lips before he put it down. "The same sweet girl," he said, softly.

"Good night. Peggy will take good care
of you. Every one who falls sick at this
hotel knows Peggy."

By next morning Phoebe was well

again, but Capt. Barton insisted on seeing her home 'What did pa sav?" she asked. "Are

u sure he was not worried?"
'He said," replied the captain, with a

smile, "that girls are never to be de-pended on, and that if he had had a son e never would have cut up such Phœbe felt the tears rise to her eyes.

"The old gentleman is very much broken," said Capt. Barton. "He does want a son as well as daughter; don't you think so Phœbe?

When he said that, he looked like the Billy Barton of the long gone times. A few months afterward he asked the tion, adding:

And so it came to pass that Phœbe, in stead of ending her life as a solitary spinster, married a man who loved her The mortgage was paid off the old place, and the farm was no longer managed on shares. And the old gen-tleman, what with freedom from care and luxurious living, grew stronger and brighter in every way; much fonder of his daughter, too, as in the olden time. So that one day when Phœbe Barton came down to breakfast and sat waiting for those other two, and thinking of the day with which this story be-

gins, she laughed softly to herself and And I'm really the happiest woman in the world today, I believe, after all."

—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Led-

MY OLD UMBRELLA.

Old friend, neglected there you stand Behind my closet door, Behind my closet door, out've really grown too shabby now To carry any more. round your rusty frame the silk In faded splendor elings, While numerous little genteel daras To view the sunlight brings.

I need the space you occupy
Within my small domain:
And yet to throw you out, I think,
Would give me mental pain.
Some sad and pleasant memories
Eneircle your gaunt form,
Outside of times you've sheltered in
From sun as well as storm.

Yes, many a trainp, old friend, we've had In rain and pleasant weather; To weidings gay, and funerals sad We've often gone together. And when with merry friends I've climbed The mountains—you as prop Helped me to triumph o'er the rest By gaining first the top.

When fin a crowded car I've gone,
And could not get a seat,
Twis your crook'd handle held the strap,
And kept me on my feet.
But far above your usefulness,
One memory sweet I see,
'Tis this—'neath your protecting shade
My John proposed to me.
—Elsie Hackling in Good Housekeeping.

Patti's High Notes

A writer in The London World says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in con-certs: "I have all my life had a weak-ness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not had the weakness to allow what is not their business, so I am going to betray a secret of the trade to the lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an in-sight into affairs discussed by everybody, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter. From all sides, I bear of the greadiness of Muse all sides I hear of the greediness of Mme. Patti, the exorbitant prices she asks, and how she does not care whether the peo-ple in whose concerts she sings are ruined so long as she receives her money. The fact is this: Mme Patti receives for every concert in the Albert hall £700—an enor-

mous amount, no doubt.
"Now let us see as to the ruin of the people who engage her. The expenses of the hall are about £100, other artists £200, advertising, etc., say £150; whole-forms £1,150 to £1,800 costs. whole-forms £1,130 to £1,800 costs. The receipts of this first year's concert were about £1,700, of the second over £1,800, and the third will probably be still larger—that is to say, £500, £600 and £700 profit. I know that once in a concert in which she sang the expenses were a little over £1,200 and the receipts £2,143, with £15 alone for the profit of the concerns £2,143, with £15 alone for the profit of the concerns £2,143. with £153 taken for programme books. These are figures, not opinions. I have known what is perhaps still more astonishing. One evening the fog was so thick that I was reflecting whether I should go to the hall, imagining that Mme. Patti, whom I had to accompany. would not go. I went, however, after all, by the underground railway, and the receipts that evening left over £600 profit."

A Persevering Prisoner *Perseverance will accomplish everything." I had these words for a writing lesson once and I shall never forget them. It is a great-thing to have perseverance. severance. There was once a man who was shut up in a dangeon with walls 200 feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone. He had no tools except a pair of scissors his brother had sent him in a loaf of bread, but he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said that he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon with the scissors and escape if it took him a hundred

He had been digging about a year when the governor pardoned him and the jailer brought him the joyful news. But they couldn't get him to leave the dungeon. He told the jailer that he had undertaken to dig his way through the wall and escape in that way, and that he was going to stick to it, no matter how long it might take. The jailer urged him to give it up and walk out of the door, and even offered him \$10 to give up his dangeon to a new lodger, but nothing could induce him to change his mind. So he staid in the dungeon and dug away at the wall for forty-seven years, and every six months he had to pay a big bill fer damages to the jail, and he finally died when he was half through the wall. This shows what a strength of the transfer of the strength of the wall. splendid thing; perseverance is, and that e all ought to persevere.—W. L. Alden

Tupper's Egotism.

Sir G—— D——, a personage not un-known to fame, once encountered the late Martin Farquhar Tupper on a Clyde steamer, and was accosted by him in these terms: "I perceive that I am not the only distinguished man on board." Mr. Tupper smiled not as he spoke, Mr. Tupper smiled not as he spoke, being quite in earnest and, indeed, wishing to pay Sir G—— what he conceived to be a high compliment. This little incident occurred on deck. Presently Mr. Tupper went down into the cabin, but before doing so handed his umbrella to before doing so handed his umbrella to a young lady, a perfect stranger, to take care of it for him. "Young lady," he observed to the astonished recipient of the umbrella, "you will now be able to say in after life that you once held the umbrella of Martin Tupper." Same smileless expression as before. The story is told of Tupper that one evening he attended a dinner party after having lost his portmanteau in the afternoon, and at the table, when he had talked a great deal about his loss, a wit, who was great deal about his loss, a wit who present interrupted him by saying: present interrupted him by saying: It had lost my portmanteau, Mr. Tupper, I, being an ordinary man, should have been justified in boring a dinner table with my grief. But you, Mr. Tupper—your philosophy is proverbial."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Usual Result.

Mrs. William Snyder, a Des Moines woman, got the hammer to drive a nail nto the kitchen wall the other day, and after three minutes' work she fractured the baby's skull, broke the hired girl's nose and nearly put out one of her own eyes. A man might as well try to turn the heel of a sock,—Detroit Free Press,

The Old Loctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it. hence the increased demand for Altera-tives. It is now well known that most

"We have set A Salamanays or for over the very and niways are for over the very and niways are for over the very and niways." T. McLean, vargist, A research to be the

"Ayer's mathems continue to be the standard remedies in spin of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayor & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOW IT WORKED.

Good morning Jack ! why I haven't

Good morning Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth."

"Well Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels the most noble thing in life is to go straight to the devil."

"Not so bad as that, I hope: at all events you didn't go that way you are looking far too happy and hearty."

"Thank goodness, no! or rather, thank Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I was first yeard and then half convinced."

I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."

"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper, but

medicine."
"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style, as you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I fin ished the bottle in about two weeks, and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change off and try the

I determined to change off and try the new style.

"Well, how did you like it?"

"You told me your wife preferred th new style, I believe; well, I must say I agre with her. I like the old style very much but the new is a finer, smoother, more expensive preparation."

"I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so, and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."

costly preparation."
"Well, that dosn't concern us Who "Well, that dosn't concern us Who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes when they were only billous? No matter! I was only going to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they, couldn't be good if they tried."

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of billousness, headache and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bitters, what a happy world this would be!"

"I should recommend the new style."

"I never go back on the old style."

"I should recommend the new style."
"I never go back on the old style."
"Well, they can pay their money and take their choice. for both kinds work ad-



The Great Blood Purifier

and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within thirty

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A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all those knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate paying ment, and those having claims against said est tate to present them duly authenticated for set themen to CATHARINE BAKER, Horner street, City. Administratrix.

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