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Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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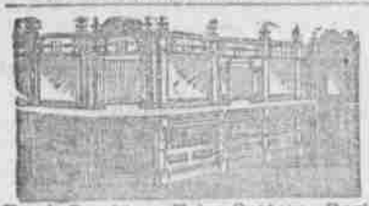

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Q. M. Co., 862 Broadway, New York.

CAUSED BY A RAG WHEEL

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

Abner Pierce Employs a Man Named Watts to Make Him a New Rag Wheel and Things Are Stirred Up Generally.

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As this account pertains mostly to the rag wheel of a sawmill, there may be people who will think I ought to know what a rag wheel is, and be able to throw a good deal of interesting light on its origin and history. Fortunately, I don't know anything about it. A rag wheel may be some part of the floor of a sawmill or adapted to its roof, or only something to keep the boys from fooling with the saw. I know nothing about it. I only know that this is a sad account to write and that I, like the public, would much rather that some one else would do it.

The owner of the sawmill in question was Abner Pierce. He was a man who was fond of hunting foxes, and kept eight men employed about his farm and mill. The rag wheel becoming impaired and unsafe from age or wear, or both, needed replacing, and he employed a carpenter from a place twenty miles distant to make a new rag wheel.

The carpenter who came twenty miles to make a rag wheel for Abner Pierce was a stranger to that gentleman. His name was Zebulon Watts. He brought a man with him to do the work, volunteering to attack the bossing of the job single handed and unaided. Watts was mentally and physically remarkable. He was not a worker, but a designer. He could plan work for any number of men to perform, and stand around handy to see that they did it. He was a man fond of the law, and when a party refused to pay him for work his delight was almost hysteric. He then sued them, plead his own case, covered everybody with mud and retired defeated. He could not help but think a man was trying to beat him in an underhanded manner if he paid him cash down without equivocation of any kind.

Physically he was not adapted to heavy labor. He was about five feet nign and about four feet square. He wore a Shanghai overcoat, which rather impaired the natural outlines of his figure, and a huge cap made from the fur of a horse, with a forepiece that stood straight out like the step to a stagecoach. It may be mentioned in passing that Mr. Watts didn't know any more about a rag wheel than I do, and the information the assistant possessed on the same subject was considerably hampered by limits. But while I am painfully aware of my ignorance, it never for an instant occurred to Mr. Watts that he didn't know anything about the matter.

He took charge of the manufacture of that rag wheel with all the confidence in the world, and laid his plans, and made his estimates, and set the man to work getting out the stuff, and walked around with his hands in his pockets, and talked about religion and the legislature.

And so day passed into day and time rolled on.

On the evening preceding the close of the job Pierce, as was his custom, had all his help, including the carpenters, in the large, old fashioned kitchen. It was a cold November night, and a large and very grateful fire roared and snapped in the yawning fireplace. The men sat there until 10 o'clock talking about fox hunting and public schools and then retired to their respective couches, each man drawing off his boots and leaving them in front of the fireplace. In a short time the house was as quiet as a pot of paint, and the flicker of the dying fire created fantastic shadows among the eleven pairs of boots.

At 2 o'clock one of the men was awakened by a glare of light in his eyes, and bounding to the window saw that the mill was on fire. The alarm was at once given. Pierce heard it, and was the first in his clothes. Then he darted for the kitchen to get his boots. He was a man of great nervous susceptibility, and not at any time unpleasantly particular about his language. It was very dark in the kitchen—so dark that but a dim outline of the walls could be seen. But he was in a hurry—there was no time to strike a light. He made a plunge for the first

boot he could reach, tried it part way on, discovered it was originally made for another man, flung it across the room and swooped down on another. No better success. Threw that and swore. Grabbed another. Swore again. Made several attempts to get his foot into the third boot. Foot kept slipping outside. Threw that and swore again. Fourth boot had no straps to it. Dropped that at once.

Then he tried some more; kept trying them as rapidly as he could find them, and all the time his property was being licked up by the dreadful flames, and the perspiration was rolling into his eyes, and his feet were smarting under the exertions they were forced into, and all the while he kept pouring forth the most ridiculous cursing anybody ever heard, and finally, in a perfect shriek of profanity, he dashed out of the house in his stocking feet, and across a cornfield full of bristling stubble, and shed woolen yarn and blood at every jump.

He had barely got out of the kitchen when the men came tearing in, crazed by excitement and looking for their boots.

"Smitten Washington! where is my boots?" shrieked Watts. And then following the example of the others he dropped down on the floor and began to feel around for them. Then ensued a scene that beggars all description. Ten men in a dark room, spasmodically and insanely endeavoring to get into a pair of boots belonging to other parties, and each one carefully flinging the wrong boot straight ahead and snatching for another, and swearing and screaming all the time, and hopping around on one foot and bumping one another over like so many unhappy and incurable maniacs. Some two or three secured a boot apiece and started for the mill; others went unprotected, while old Watts, with a presence of mind that was truly remarkable, gathered up an armful of them and went bounding across that corn lot with the speed of an alligator.

All possible agencies were used to subdue the fire, but it had such headway that the prospect was dubious enough. Mr. Watts carefully deposited his new Shanghai coat on a pile of slabs, and seizing a pint pail that had been used for drinking cider from, dashed recklessly down the bank to the creek, and in a few minutes returned with the pail half full, and madly dashed the contents over Pierce and then hurried back for more. But all efforts were of no avail. The fire fiend marched on without interruption, and in an hour the mill was destroyed. Sorrowfully the party turned and limped home. Mr. Watts went for his coat and was somewhat startled to find that the fire had even attacked the pile of slabs, and in its insatiate fury had completely devoured one tail of the coat.

Then Mr. Watts lifted up his voice and carried on like a pirate.

It is not necessary to state that the rag wheel went up with the flames. It so went. Mr. Watts returned home with his man the next day, and in the seclusion and sacredness of the domestic circle made out his bill against Pierce.

Pierce refused to pay it. Watts was delighted. Pierce said that the wheel was but a piece of botchwork. Watts said he would make him prove it. And—and he did. The suit went against Watts. He argued and plead and perspired and pranced around, but it was no use—a venial judge decided against him.

Then there was another unfortunate phase to this remarkably painful affair. Not another piece of cloth could be found in town to match that ravaged coat. Unceasingly did Watts parade the stores of his native heath, but in vain was piece after piece of goods compared to the unsinged tail of that coat. Nothing would match. The surviving tail was a peculiar green, and the nearest approach to it was a peculiar blue, and so Watts had to get it, because he couldn't afford to lose the coat, and, besides, the one tail was becoming a trifle monotonous to the public.

The new repairs created quite a sensation at first among the neighbors, but it gradually wore off, and whenever he appeared with his rainbow tails and that coarse fur cap with its threatening forepiece they merely observed, "Hallo, here comes the Jack of Clubs."

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
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It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

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A PERFECT GUIDE TO HEALTH AND MANHOOD, Containing a Complete Treatise on the CAUSES and CURE of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored, How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS of Body and Brain, absolutely Infallible HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a Day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Bound, sealed, with full particulars, (plain envelope), FREE. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Oft in the Stilly Night

You've heard the wailing 'round you; Wind Colic and baby were the combination. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure is the specific. Sample bottles free at C. J. McCarthy's or J. M. Hillan's drug store.

The man who needs a newspaper the most is generally the first to stop it.

Alva's Brazilian Specific Co.:—I wish to bear my grateful testimony to the virtues of your magnetic cure for King's evil. My brother, now nine years old, born scrofulous and afflicted with swellings, sore eyes, etc., in spite of doctors and blood purifiers, kept growing worse, his health being completely broken. His neck was full of lumps—one large one, a running sore—and he was deemed incurable. One month's use of the Queen's Cure, to the astonishment of everybody, drove away the lumps, healed the sore, and cured the eyes.
He has never felt or appeared so well in years, and we feel that his lifelong gratitude is due you for your wonderful medicine, for which we cannot be too thankful.
Respectfully,
MRS. JENNIE WYE,
225 West 27th st., New York.
Sold at Kirlin's Drug Store, Ferguson House Block, Shenandoah.

The next large gathering in town will be the annual teachers' institute.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: A. Alphonso Hemphling, of Butler, Pa., swears that upon his word was speechless from St. Vitus dance. He tried great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, and J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., was gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gaetjens, of Vistula, Ind., was cured of 10 to 15 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, insomnia and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottles, and free books of marvelous cures, free at C. H. Hagenbuch, the druggist, who recommends and guarantees this unequaled remedy.

A good way to avoid quarrelling with your wife is to do as she tells you.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills
Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily restore Headache, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 50 doses, 25cts. Samples Free, at C. H. Hagenbuch's drug store.

The man who builds castles in the air has no use for a corner lot.

Sudden Deaths.
Heart disease is by far the most frequent cause of sudden death, when in three out of four cases is unsuspected. The symptoms are not generally understood. These are: Pain in the right side, short breath, pain or distress in side, back or shoulder, irregular pulse, asthma, weak and hungry spells, wind in stomach, swelling of ankles or dropsy, oppression, dry cough and smothering. Dr. Miles' illustrated book on Heart Disease, free at C. H. Hagenbuch, who sells and guarantees Dr. Miles' unequaled New Heart Cure, and his Restorative Nervine, which cures nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, effects of drinking, etc. It contains no opiates.

The planning of holiday trips is occupying the minds of many.

Oh, What a Cough.
Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves you can afford for the sake of saving 75 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. Full explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Sold by druggist on a guarantee. You can't afford to be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by C. H. Hagenbuch, N. E. corner Main and Lloyd streets.

County institutes are being held in various sections of the state.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold. It does invariably cure the worst cases of coughs, colds, and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough, cold or sore throat, we ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your lungs or chest are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by C. H. Hagenbuch, N. E. corner Main and Lloyd streets.

A woman may be headstrong and yet not so strong minded.

The worst danger about neglecting a Cough or Cold is Consumption. We can assure our readers that no medicine equals Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Try it. Trial bottles free at Kirlin's drug store.

An Ornamental Stove.

The idea is just suggested that an ornamental stove be put in the market; not merely an ornamental article, but one that is artistic—one that will adorn as well as comfort the home circle. It is a good idea, and has our hearty support. In fact, we are anxious about it. The stove has no nobler friend than the editor of this paper—no one who has given it such careful, intelligent study; no one who has so faithfully tried to understand it. So we feel a peculiar right to speak out. The article from which we gather the suggestion says that there is no reason why there should not be a costly stove. We don't exactly understand what is meant by this. Every stove we have had anything to do with was costly enough. But perhaps the writer refers to the marked price. If so, we coincide with

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P. J. CLEARY,
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Large and first-class stock.
All Demands of the Trade Supplied
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A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Do You Know Which Is the Lighter End of the Stove?

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A reader who is recently married writes us, asking which end of the stove is the lighter. We really wish we knew; but we don't. A stove is very deceiving; and one has to become well acquainted with a new one to find its points of advantage. Our friend should not be too hasty in taking hold of a stove. A stove that is to be moved should be visited in the still watches of the night before, and carefully examined by the light of a good lamp. The very end we thought the lighter may prove the heavier (in fact, is extremely likely to); or it may be that the lighter end is the most difficult to get hold of and hang on to. It is a very distressing undertaking to carry a half ton of stove by your finger nails, with a cold-blooded man easily holding the other end, and a nervous woman—with a dustpan in one hand and a broom in the other—bringing up the rear and getting the broom between your legs. In going up stairs it is best to be at the lower end of the stove.

Going backward up a stairway with a stove in your hands requires a delicacy of perception which very few people possess, and which can only come after years of conscientious practice. If you are below you have the advantage of missing much that must be painful to a sensitive nature. The position you are in brings your face pretty close to the top of the stove, and, as no one can be expected to see what is going on when thus situated, you are relieved from all responsibility and thought in the matter, with nothing to do but to push valiantly ahead and think of heaven. Then above you is the carman, whom you do not see, with his lips two inches apart, his eyes protruding and his tongue lolling on his chin. And it is well you don't see him, for it is an awful sight. But the chief advantage of being below is that, in case of the stove falling, you will be caught beneath it and instantly killed. Nothing short of your death will ever compensate for the scratched paint, soiled carpet and torn oilcloth, and no man in his senses, and with his hearing unimpaired, would want to survive the catastrophe.

Mrs. Cobleigh Calls Her Dog.

A cow got into Cobleigh's yard Friday morning and stepped around among a dozen heads of choice late cabbages which that gentleman had cultivated with considerable care and pride. Mr. Cobleigh was not at home, but Mrs. Cobleigh saw the animal and became very much excited over its presence. It was desirable to get it off the premises as speedily as possible, but Mrs. Cobleigh was painfully limited as to facilities. She was afraid of a cow, and did not dare venture close enough to it to make a clothespole serviceable. She had heard that a dog was an efficient agent in the dispersion of a cow, but there was not a dog about. But a bright thought struck the lady. She would pretend there was a dog just back of the house, waiting to rush with terrific ferocity upon the marauding beast. So Mrs. Cobleigh set to work, leading off with an earnest whistle, with the following flattering result:

"Fvew-w-w, fvew-w-w-w—oh, my, Here Tiger, here! Fvew-w-w, fv—what shall I do? Here, Ponto! here, Carlo; Fvew-w-w-r-s—oh, my gracious! Fvew-w—bite him, Jack! Bite him, Bulh Fvew-w-w-w—oh, dear! oh, dear! Go way, you nasty thing. Scat, I say!"

Mrs. Cobleigh was terribly excited. The cow looked up and smiled.

"Go away, you hateful object!" she screamed, "or I'll have you torn to pieces. Here, Gyp, seize him! Fvew—fvew—fvew! Bite him, Ned! Sick him, Pete! Fvew—fvew-w-w-s-s! Oh, gracious, goodness!" And the exhausted woman sank down on the doorstone, her face the very essence of despair; while the exertion of her vocal organs in producing the whistle had covered her chin with spray. During the progress of these tactics seven dogs had gathered in the vicinity and were now starting through the fence at Mrs. Cobleigh with all absorbing interest. But the woman, unconscious of their vicinity, continued to breathe heavily and to look at the cow; while that animal leisurely chewed on the cabbages and pensively took in the surroundings.

He Found Out.

A scholar in one of our schools being asked a rather difficult question, hammered at it awhile without any success and then pettishly inquired, "Am I hot or cold?" A moment later he was quite hot.

J. M. BAILEY.

To test this hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and dry and examine it carefully. Make a similar test with French Dressing and Paste Blacking.
Wolff's ACME Blacking
Makes any kind of leather
Waterproof, Soft and Durable.
Change a Pine Table to Walnut.
A Poplar Kitchen Press to Antique Oak.
A Cane Rocker to Mahogany.
See what can be done with 25c. worth of
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CAUTION.—TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?
If it is a matter of economy, with purchasers or wear thereof, to buy the best kinds of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and you want the most shoe for your money, you should buy one of this grade over any other make, for it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.
$5. 00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes costing from $8.00 to $12.00.
$4. 00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at a popular price; equals shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00.
$3. 50 Police Shoes, Farmers, Railroad Men all wear them. Examine this shoe. Extra fine calf, smooth inside, stylish, easy fitting shoe, carries shoe without a superior at any price.
$2. 50 Boys' School Shoe is the best shoe ever offered at this price. Examine it.
$2 25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.
Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are unequaled for wear, and give better satisfaction than any shoe sold at these prices. Examine them.
Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best fine dress shoe in the world. Also equals French imported shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00.
Ladies' $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for misses are the best fine dress shoes in this country. Stylish and durable.
Custom Work and Repairing is done by the best workmen, and our prices are the lowest for first-class work. Shoes sent by mail or express to any part of the country. Postage free. Catalogue free upon application. Name what paper you saw this in.
Beware of dealers who have shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom of each shoe.
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