Alkensy Consens.

Alkensy Cons

no of enny buddy thet wus more so than you."

"Tm proud o' yure conference," ses I, a wipin my specks an' tellin Willam Henery to go put up Begum, es Iled the way into the frunt room. "It's about Mary Hanner," ses she, arfter she'd got out her nittin' work, "she's thet on-happy, an' her man drinks an' abuses her, an' to think we made her marry him," an' Mis Perkins sithed. "Well, it's too bad," ses I, "but what kaint be cured must be ondured, an' she tuck him fur better nor worse, an' ef she finds him sum worse then she axpected why she ort to stick the titer to him."

"I wunt you to talk to her about it," ses she, a wipin her eyes on her apron es she seen Mis Purdy a cummin up the lane.

I promised I wood.

the lane.

I promised I wood.

"I've made up my mind," ses she, "to let my other gals marry who thay plese, an Ellie is a goin to take the Doctor, an Emmie an the minister is awful frenly, but don't mention it," ses she. An I sed I woodn't, an jist then Mis Purdy kim in.

"Whare's Willam Henery?" ses she, arfter she'd shuck hans an kissed me.

He jest stepped out with Ben a while ago.

"Well, is it so?" ses she.
"What so?" ses Mis Perkins an me

"Well, is it so?" ses she.

"What so?" ses Mis Perkins an me
to onet.

"Why, thet you folks air a goin to
sell out an go to Utah, whare he kin
marry Mis Boggs an be a Morning
alder," ses she.

"Land o love!" I gasped; "of all
things! Why, we haint never even
thunk o sech a thing."

"Well, it is quare how sech things
sturt," ses she.

"Is so," ses Mis Perkins. "What
kind o luck you hed with your turkeys
this year?"

"G, I didn't raise nun. Purdy sed
last year when thay et all the cabbig
thet thay shudent never not another
one cum on to the place, so I didn't set
enny this year."

"Thay be a dretful instructive criter," ses I.

"Yes, and to you fead your calves
this summer, Mis Perkins?" ses Mis
Purdy.

"No we let 'on have half the milk"

ndy.

No, we let 'em have half the milk."

Thet is the bes way, I think," ses I.

Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "but hed you

d thet Mis VanDyke hed a new

""

heerd thet Mis YanDyke hed a new bow?"
"No," ses we in a breth.
"Well, she hee; he's a ole tooth-pullin man. I don't s'pose the school marm' want him.
"I don't no, I'm shore; she likes to devil the widder," ses I.
"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "Jonathin Blodgerses air a gittin better o' the hoopin cough, now."
"I glad to hear it," ses I; an jest then Willam Henery cum a sneekin in, an fust Mis Purdy node he hollered "boo!" jest es lowd es he cood rite into her ear.

"O! you ole scalawag," ses she, s hittin him a lick over the back with her parasol un brakin it rite smack off'n the han'le.
"Goody good!" ses he, an run off an her arfter him, an he never quit till he hed opsot 3 swill pales an hurt his corns, then he baiged off.

I wus glad they didn't hev no scrummig. Yourn thankfully,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Showing His Sympathy.

A fourteen-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen, and a ragged scratch across his check, the blood from which he had wiped off on his shirt sleeve.
"Nicodemus," cried the parent, as he sneaked in, "have you been fighting aggin?"

again?"
"Nope," he sullenly grunted.
"Then what on earth ails your face?"
"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.
"Well, suppose she is, what's that got to do with your bunged up face?"
"I seed Jim just now," answered the boy, "an' he looked awful sad and solemnsome."

boy, 'an in recent and the commone."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what ter do, to make him bright and chipper like, an' feelin' so sorry for him, I jest went up an' let him hit me a few licks."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother. "Help him?" cahoed the boy in a surprised tone; "'course it did! Don't you think it'd make you feel good to bust a fellow that way, what had licked you every week for a year?"—[Atlanta Constitution.

Too implicit a trust should not be placed in extraordinarily low death rates, says a London statistician. It is frequently stated that the death rate of some particular place is but eight, ten or twelve per thousand inhabitants. A moment's consideration will show that such figures are fallacious, for a death rate of ten per thousand means either moment's consideration will show that such figures are fallacious, for a death rate of ten per thousand means either that every child born reaches the age of a hundred, or that the average age of all who die is a hundred. It is certain that there is no community in which svery child that comes into the world will pass safely through the many dangers that beset childhood, and therefore a death rate of ten per thousand must mean that every adult who dies is considerably over a hundred years of age.

SIJACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY
NEURALGIA

Instant Relief, First Application.
Boonville, Mo., Dec. 28, 1855.
I suffered dreadfully with neuralgic pains in head which affected face and eyes. I could not attend work. John dies in the marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one down that the procurers and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmast of St. John Mrs. JOHN KLEPPLE.

THE CHARLES A. VOBLER OL. Ballmore. MA.

THE CHARLES A. VOBLER OL. Ballmore. MA.

The course and the procurer of the procurent that works of the Postmast of Ceneral, make your turn in the aftered favor. Procurers and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your turn in the door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask procured to the procurers of the procurers and the give the next man a chance. There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.. Baltimore. Mc.

CENSIONS SURE FOR ALL or NO PAY AGONEY LOANED. MONEY SAVED. Wanted Agents everywhere to represent The Capital Savings and Loan Society. Provident Bildr. Phila

STORY OF A BUSY LIFE.

HON, JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMAS-TER GENERAL.

acteristics and Business Methods-His Wife a Woman of Tact.

OBODY likes a good story or joke better than John Wanamaker, and none can laugh with more heartiness, writes a Washington correspondent. The story of his early life is brief, and very much like the stories of the lives of other men who rise to fortune through the force of industry and their own ability. The present Postmaster General was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1838. When a boy he worked in the little brickyard owned by his father, and left that to enter a book store at \$1.25 a week. His next move was to Philadelphia, and he got there aided only by the sturdy legs that trudged over every foot of the way between Chambersburg and the city of white marble steps. In Philadelphia he married, and was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 bis father-in-law started him

Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 his father-in-law started him in a store which was the beginning of his present immense establishment. That is the story of his life. And it is as different from his present existence as the brickyard of his boyhood is different from the Postoffice Department of the United States.

The present family of the Postmaster General consists of that official himself, Mrs. Wanamaker, and the two girls, Misses Minnie and Lilly, the former a debutante of this season and the latter a sprightly young lady of 13. One of the sons, the elder, is in Philadelphia, while L. R. Wanamaker is in France representing the firm of Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wanamaker and her two daughters are in Washington.

The house occupied by the Wanamakers is not only historical but surrounded by memories of the most



MRS. WANAMAKER CRUSHES THE CUP. brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house

brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house was part of the old Frelinghuysen estate. The interior has been remodeled to a very great extent, and cost a good many thousands of dollars. The parlor is charmingly furnished, the prevailing tone being rather dark. Etchings, engravings, and bric-a-brae fill odd nooks and spaces, but the most beautiful pictures are where they should be—in the art gallery.

Her home and charity are Mrs. Wanamaker's chief pleasures in life. Although judicious through the force of the very instinct which prompts her gifts, she annually gives away a great deal of money directly or indirectly to the poor of Philadelphia. The chief characteristic of the woman is tact, a trait which, everything considered, she possesses in a most remarkable degree. A story is told of Mrs. Wanamaker which clearly illustrates this attribute. Mr. Wanamaker met one day a man whom he had known in years gone by and to whom he desired to show some courtesy, so he invited him to call on Mrs. Wanamaker. Now, this old friend was primitive in his ways and rather



THE WANAMAKER MANSION.

Crude as to social observances, so Mr. Wanamaker sent his wife word to make the caller as much at home as possible. As it happened, the caller made his appearance just as Mrs. Wanamaker was in the midst of an afternoon tea. When he saw what was going on a nervous desire to get out only increased his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set.

papers, and is at his desk at 8 o'clock, an hour before the department is open for business or the clerks have arrived.

Laid Over One Train "Put down room No. 52 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morn-ing," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mis-ciacinni hotal

sissippi hotel.
"Case of life and death?" queried the

over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to yon?"

"The life who is it to clearly catch on,"

"Come up stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door.

Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but those stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here—"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bawls out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 29 Judge Havens slips out with his revolver. Major Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and—"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"The it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular; and even if I get away at 9:30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending an ingger up to pound on the door."—

Neu York Sun.

A True Fish Story.

A True Fish Story.

A True Fish Story.

Nearly a year ago Fisherman W. T. Van Dyke, while pursuing his occupation off shore, invitingly threw out a fishing line with two well-baited hooks. Presently there was a jerk—the bait had "took." Van Dyke was hauling in hand over hand, when suddenly the tension ceased, and the line was gracefully and adroitly whisked into the boat minus both hooks.

Last fall Mr. Van Dyke in emptying one of his "pounds" of his over-night catch, discovered among his captives a "pig" fish and a sea bass united by a bit of fishing cord, which he readily identified as his own. A hook had penetrated the jaw of each fish, and, becoming imbedded there, the flesh had grown around their barbs and thus securely fastened them in position. Thus held together for nearly a twelvemonth they had coursed the briny in double team, held by a single twine, till death cut their thread of life in twain.

till death cut their threat twain.

The skeletons of this curious pair of accidental Siamese twins, together with the hooks and line which constituted their sole domestic tie, now adorn the walls of the fish house of Mr. Van Dyke on Ocean avenue, opposite North Bath avenue.—Long Branch News.

The Devil Broke Loose.



meighborhood to investigate a rumor to the effect that the devil had broken loose. No, it was not a political distribution with the negroes that the devil—the old personal fellow himself—had made his appearance in the community. He first made himself known by leaping over the fence into the country road, snatching up a horse that belonged to a highly respected citizen and pulling the animal in two. The next occasion of the old man's introduction was at a hog-killing. He seized a shoat, knocked down a justice of the peace with it, swallowed a chunk of fire and then went shouting through the woods. Shortly after reaching the neighborhood I learned that all the reports could be traced to a negro preacher, an old fellow who was regarded with extreme veneration. I called on him and found him in the woods engaged in prayer.

"I have been told," said I, "that you prayer.
"I have been told," said I, "that you

"I have been told," said I, "that you could give me some information concerning the devil that is now airing himself in this neighborhood."

"Ah, Lawd, chile, I does hope an' pray dat you won't talk ter me on dat subjeck. It's er awful time we's habin' down yere, an'lessen dar's some mighty tall prayin' somebody gwine ter git hurt powerful."

"Have you seen the devil?" I asked.
"I wush you wouldn't put me in de mine o' anything so awful."

"But have you seen hin?"

"Oose I has. Whut you come foolin' wid me dat way fur? How I gwine ter know so much erbout him ef I ain't dun seed him?"

"What does he look like?"

"I ain't got time ter tell you whut he do look like, sah. Da's so much erbout him ter I dat I wouldn't like ter un.

his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set, handing him the beverage with herown hand. Of course the first thing the visitor did was to break the cup, at which mishap he was rapidly dying of fright when Mrs. Wanamaker turned to him and said:

"These cups are so fragile that they are almost useless," and then turning, so as to be seen by all, said: "See how easily they break, and while speaking crushed the cup in her own hand into a dozen pieces.

But to return to the Postmaster General himself. There is about his office none of the exclusiveness that so often marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask you what you want or why you want it. You go in, wait your turn in the ante-room, and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your little speech, and then give the next man a chance. There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works harder or more hours a day than the Postmaster General. He rises at 6, breakfasts at 6:30, reads the morning

WISE AND UNWISE.

HALF fara_a mulatto Who kills all the dead letters? Miss

Direction.

EVER and anon turning over a new leaf—the cigarmaker.

If the world is a stage we suppose it is the sea that takes the heavy roles.

LUSHER—My dear, I think I will go out and get an opera glass. Mrs. L.—Better get a pair and not go out after the next act.

HE—They say it takes three generations to make a gentleman. She—Indeed! What a pleasant prospect for your grandson.

your grandson.

GUILTY conscience: Waiter (at the club)—There is a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early to-night. All (rising)—Excuse me a moment.

me a moment.

SMARTY—I wonder how the moon
manages to sustain her social status
among the heavenly bodies when she
gets full so often. Tarty—Oh, the
stars wink at her delinquencies.

stars wink at her delinquencies.

Teacher — Johnny, what do you think you would like to be when a man? Pupil—A school teacher. Teacher—And why? Pupil—Cos dad says folks don't need to know much for that.

The outburst of a hitherto patient boarder: "Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie, I draw the line.

"Now Purpley," in corard to ware.

"Now, PATRICK, in regard to wages, I'll give you \$30 a mouth with board, or \$50 without board." "I don't under

or \$50 without board." "I don't understand, sor; but I'll take \$50 a month and ate meself, or I'll take \$30 and lave me ate you."

UNDERTAKER (to new assistant)—Go down town and get a bier. Tell them to charge it to me. New assistant (to himself)—Gewhillikens! That's the kind of a man I like to work for. I'll make it two for luck.

JONES—Why, Phoebus, you surely cannot have whitewashed that back room in so short a time. You were to put on two coats of whitewash, you remember Phoebus—Yes, sah. I done put on bofe toggedder.

A DISTINGUISHED guest: Hostess—Wall, eldah, dinnah's all ready. I guese et yo' jes hitch yo' chah up to de tale, now—Host—Neb' min' bout movin'. Ike, jes' tek hol' dat en' de table, an slide it up to de eldah.

slide it up to de eldah.

Doctor—Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was quite sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake? "Oh, I used them in my blow-gun!"

PAPA's credit was bad: Stranger—little man, do you know where I can purchase some bed tick? Little man—They ain't no place in town, sir. "O, there must be." "Well, anyway, I heard pa tell ma that he couldn't get none."

SELF-ARRESTED prisoner—For heaven's sake, your Honor, send me somewhere where I can do some work. I'm dying from inactivity. The Judge—Who are you? Prisoner—I'm Chauncey Depew's cock, sir. He hasn't been home to dinner for four years.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

I pushed the wavy golden locks
From off her forehead fair,
And where a frown had lately been
A kiss I printed there.

I hold the tresses shining fair
As yellow buttercup.

Bo und to Have His Smoke,

There is a married man living up town who dearly loves to smoke. Before he married he promised, of course, as most men do, that the minute he was married he would quit smoking. And, of course, as most men do, within a month after the wedding he was indulging himself on the wedding he was indulging himself on the way down town. Of course, he had the odor of tobacco smoke about his clothes continually, and he tried to make his wife believe that it came from being where other men were smoking, but she would not have it. So he boldly confessed and hegan to smoke in the house. This, she declared, she would nat endure, and the poor gentleman was put to his trumps to satisfy his craving for the weed. As it happens, there is a police station across the way, and he bethought him that the officers might permit him to smoke in one of the detention cells. He applied to the captain and his request was granted. So every evening now he strolls over to the police station, goes to a cell, and smokes his pipe in peace.—[Buffalo Courier.

A Human Sandwich.

Fred Roberts, a workingman of New York, out of work, invited attention to himself the other day by walking along Broadway with this placard on his back: I am not Bret Harte, Berry Wall or George Francis Train; simply a married man, a street railroad employe out of work, who has used every means to find exployment. I do not wish to say anything against the circulation of the New York press. I am an earnest, hard worker, willing to do anything. Please do not stare at me, as I am modest. Yours very truly,

THE SANDWICH.

He was arrested and hauled to the Tombs, but was discharged on his promise not to display his sign any more.

--James Gordon Bennett's hair has turned white since he was last in America.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Now is the Time

To purify your blood and fortify your system against the debificating effects of spring weather At no other season is the blitter taste in the month incore prominent, the breath so offensive, the drowy dizzinoses so frequent, or that extreme treat feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, purify the modeline to build up the system, purify the plood, cure billiounces and headache, overcome that tired feeling and create a good appetite. The peculiar medicinal merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is shown by the many remarkable cures it accomplishes where others fall.

The Spring

He Mashed a Hat.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors. "Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got \$12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I didn't—"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

ing out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a \$12
bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, miss—but—"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call hin! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock \$50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, miss."

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh? Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't; you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled \$25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.—New York Sun.

A Change of Room.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a Congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I never would get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schoner of the same key. 'You was go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der moosks'."—Wavkinaton Post.

An edge-tool trust is the latest addition to that class of combinations. The projectors should remember that some tools cut both ways.

The Only Guaranteed Cure
For all blood taints and humors, pimples,
blotches, cruytions and skin discases of every
name and nature, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A certificate of guarantee from
a responsible business house warrants it to
benefit or cure, or money refunded.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

—The oldest editor in Ohio is Oran Follett of Sandusky. He is nearly 95 years of age. Watch for Murray's Buggy adv. next week -The ex-Empress Eugenie has taken to rriting poetry, said to be of excellent quality.

Would You Belleve
The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives
Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode
of advertising would prove ruinous if the
Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and
all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see
the excellent effect after taking the first dose.
Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep
in your home or room for immediate or future
use. Trial bottle Free at all druggists'. Large
Size obe and §1.

America's finest—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar. -Oakey Hall is now in charge of the London bureau of the New York World.

Six Novels Free, sent by Cragin & Co., Phila.
Pa., to any one in U. S. or Canada, post paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins's Electrical Scap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. This soap for sale by all grocers. -John Russell Young is on a trip with James Gordon Bennett, yachting.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

—H. M. Stanley's book, when it appears, will be publi hed in French, German, Italian, Czech, Nor-e, Spanish and English.

Czech, Nore, Spanish and English.

State of Onio, City of Toleoo, 18.

Frank Lucas County,
Frank Lucas Cou

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 76c.

—Rev. C. B. W. Gordon, editor of a religiou-paper, at Petersburg, Va., has resigned the pastorate of a church there because of a polit-ical sermon. Mr. Gordon is one of the most effective preachers in the South U 14

MAREL'S GRANDWA.

"The world is even as we take it, And life, dear child, is what we make it."

This is sense, even if it is not Shakespearean. Indeed, it is the opening schild, is what we make it."

This is sense, even if it is not Shakespearean. Indeed, it is the opening stanza of an anonymous poem. It was the sentiment of an old lady to her grandchild Mabel. And many a Mabel has found it to be true, and she has made her life a very look of the present of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmiess.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, Cheapest, -coated Pellet a Dosc. Cures Sick Head pation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, a to Take. One Tiny, Sugar-coated Bilious Headache, Constipation,

PISO'S CURE FOR Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. CONSUMPTION

Did Not Consummate the Sale. Did Not Consummate the Sale.

A grizzled old farmer with a shot gun put two swindlers to flight a few miles north of Mascoutah. His name is Henry Emmerich. He signed the old swindling lightning-rod contract mader the impression that he was getting his lightning rods for \$15. When he discovered the true character of his contract he took down his double-barreled shot-gun and waited for the party of the first part. He had not long to wait before the swindlers came prepared to put the rods on the building.

"Stop!" said Emmerich, as one of the agents started to enter. "You can't come in," and he backed the assertion

"Stop!" said Emmerica, as one "You can't the agents started to enter. "You can't come in," and he backed the assertion with his shot-gun.
"But," protested the lightning-rod man, "I have a contract to put up rods on your building, and I am here for that hurpose."

on your building, "that purpose."

"How much will it cost?" asked Emmerich.
Something over \$15," was the

"How much more?" said Emmerich.
"Well, sir, it will cost you \$630."
"I don't think it will," said Emmerich, decidedly, and he cocked both hammers of the shot-gun. "Now," he continued, "I will give you just five minutes to get off my place, and if you don't get I'll fill you so full of buckshot that you won't know what hurt you." you."
They fled.—Minneapolis Tribune.

March, April, May

when the Blood should be renovated with

the Months

Ayer's Sarsaparilla and the System fortified for the

change of Seasons. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

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And all Disorders of the Digestive Organs. It is likewise a corroborative, or strength and may be taken with great benefit in all Druggists. Price, 85.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's New Book on Living Europa de a second Debility. For Sale by Mel Debility. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 85.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's New Book on Living Europa de a second deposition of the price of the price

Ely's Cream Balm CATARRY COLD IN HEAD. HAY FEVER CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon. PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Successfully Prosecutes Chime. Late Frincipal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in hast war, it adjudicating claims, atty since.

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Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies
Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients per

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AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL



red, metallic boxes, ested with the control of the

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