

THE WAYNE HERALD.

Twenty-First Year.

WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 3, 1896.

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WAYNE COUNTY NEWS

Events of the Week in the City and County as Gleaned by the Herald's News Gatherer.

Wheat 80 cents.
Oats 10 1/2
Corn 11 1/2
Flax 50
Butter 10
Eggs 15
Potatoes 20
Hogs, 2.45.

Useful presents at Book and Music Store.
A week of warm weather would be most acceptable.
A few gents' overcoats to close at cost.—The Racket.

Do you want a nice China Lamp at half price? Go to Orth's Drug Store.
Everything new in presents at Book Store.

Will Gildersleeve shipped a car load of cattle to Omaha today.

Next Sunday Communion services will be observed at the Presbyterian church.

Come in and take advantage of the big cut in prices in Winter-Capes. The Racket.

Set your cribs on rock—a fine car load has just been received by Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

Benj. Weilbaum sr. says there is too much silver standard about this kind of weather to suit him.

The social held at the residence of A. L. Tucker Monday evening was a decidedly pleasant affair.

Make yourself a Christmas present of a barrel of nice New York apples \$2.15 for a three bushel barrel. At Ingalls' Grocery.

Read the new ad of P. L. Miller this week, then go and look over his stock of groceries, chinaware, etc. P. L. will treat you right.

Mrs. Homer Shields departed for Ohio Tuesday where she will join her husband. She was accompanied to Sioux City by Mrs. A. M. Jacobs.

E. Ellis who has been in the employ Phil H. Kohl, informs us that he expects to go to Council Bluffs some time between now and January first.

The first quarterly conference of the M. E. church will be held next Sunday. Presiding Elder Hodgetts will be present and deliver the sermon Sunday morning.

C. P. Pufzier and Miss Anna McGill were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock Monday, November 30th, at the office of E. Martin, county judge, who officiated.

M. This, one of the oldest settlers in this section of the state, died at his home just across the line in Cuming county Saturday. The funeral was held Sunday.

A regular meeting of Casey Post, G. A. R. No. 5, will be held next Monday evening. Officers for the coming year will be elected and it is requested that every member of Post be present.

A. W. Chaffee received a ten gallon keg of apple jelly this week from Kendallville, Ind., sent by his father-in-law John Shifley. Mr. Shifley owns a large farm and orchard and each year sends Mr. Chaffee some of the fruit.

Eli Jones sold to Messrs. Campbell and Swanson northeast of Wayne, Tuesday, one of the famed Racine corn shellers of the latest make and the gentlemen are now ready to take orders from any persons desiring their corn shelled.

The writer received two large Havana cigars from Tower & Benschott this morning, each measuring ten inches in length. We received them because our judgment was that McKinley would have the largest majority of the popular vote ever given any President.

Miss Lulu Cook gave a very pleasant birthday party at Mellor's hall last Friday evening in honor of her cousin Miss Jennie Shutt. The evening was spent in playing progressive dominoes and various other amusements, and Miss Shutt was the recipient of a number of presents.

Sheriff Reynolds placed a couple of men in jail over night Monday night, having arrested them on suspicion. They were about town offering to sell pants at a very low price. The sheriff telegraphed to a number of towns to see if any one had missed goods, but received no reply until after he had released the men.

Walking along Third street, as the sun shines brightly, one of the most brilliant as well as beautiful scenes is presented. The trees though badly damaged, still retain the heavy coating of ice on every limb and the spectacle fairly dazzles one as the breeze moves the limbs backward and forward causing a myriad of sparkles as from a million diamonds—but they are not diamonds.

Ottumwa Quartette.

Yes, we sold out all our Xmas goods last year.—Utter.

L. J. Hanson advertises some good bargains this week. Read his ad.

There is still plenty of time to get that new Jacket at cost. The Racket.

Reduced prices on all Cloaks, Caps, Misses' and Childrens' Jackets. The Racket.

The ice men have commenced putting up ice. It is in fine condition and about a foot thick.

When looking around to find the best place to buy your Christmas presents don't forget Orth's Drug Store.

The Thanksgiving services at the Presbyterian church were not very largely attended on account of the stormy weather.

Byron Hoile entertained a few of his young gentlemen friends at a Thanksgiving dinner at the home of his uncle Mr. Dan Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Armstrong entertained a few friends at tea on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. C. Ezerman and E. C. Kuss.

A pleasant time to those present was the result of the social at the Presbyterian parsonage Thanksgiving evening, although the beans were lacking.

Earl Gibson, who is teaching at Apex came home last Thursday evening for a short vacation. He came down on horse-back and found it a long, cold ride.

The Woman's Home Missionary society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Ran Frazier tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. At five o'clock a ten cent tea will be served.

We neglected last week to mention the arrival of a new boy at the home of S. B. Short. The boy was born Nov. 24 and Sam wore the broadest Thanksgiving smile of any man in town.

Those entertaining at small dinner parties on Thanksgiving were: Miss Maude Tucker, Mrs. Chas. Beebe, Mrs. Walter Weber, Mrs. P. L. Miller, Mrs. Witter and Mrs. Dan Harrington.

See the new Holiday ad this week of John Harrington, J. G. Mines, R. W. Wilkins & Co., and Harrington & Robbins. Buy of the home merchants. Leave your money where it belongs.

Ottumwa Courier: The vocal duet "Excelsior," by Messrs. Peterson and Swirls, was awarded by all the first place in the rendition of musical numbers last evening. Their voices are of the same quality, blend well, and the gentlemen sing with wonderful finish and harmony. Wayne, Dec. 15th.

A number of subscribers have already taken advantage of our magnificent offer of The Weekly Inter Ocean, National Recorder, and HERALD, one year for \$1.35. You can get THE HERALD from now until January 1, 1897, the Inter Ocean and National Recorder, one year all for \$1.35. Come in and subscribe at once.

Monday evening another election bet was settled. Sam'l Davies won a fine roast of Fred Volpp and Frank Krueger and on the above date the said gentlemen invited about twenty of their friends to the Love hotel where the roast had been cooked in royal style and served by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Love. The Musical Union Orchestra furnished excellent music and the guests thoroughly enjoyed the festivities.

Prof. E. C. Day, Optician, of Sioux City, makes his next regular visit to Dr. Blair's office in Wayne, Monday December 7th to Saturday, inclusive. Persons having trouble with their eyesight or glasses should see him. Eyes examined for glasses free and glasses guaranteed. Children and complicated cases a specialty. Prof. Day comes to Wayne endorsed by all leading doctors of Sioux City and especially recommended by Prof. Kratz, Supt. of Sioux City public schools, also Dr. Wasson, dentist, formerly of Ponca. December 7th to 12th, inclusive.

The pupils in the Fifth and Third grades in the ward building for the term ending November 27, rank in scholarship, deportment and attendance as follows: Helen Pile 1st, Lelia Oimsted and John Ahern 2nd, Berdie Cross 4th, Bert Ellis 5th, Frank Wingert 6th, Ethel Brown 7th, Opal Oimsted 8th, Edward Weber 8th, George Wingert 8th, Hattie Weber 10th, Clyde Crist 11th, Frank Stanton 12th and Edna Neiman 14th.

Third Grade—Baker Eohart 1st, Nellie Dearborn and Myrtle Farr 2nd, Flora Cross 3rd, Myrtle Stubbs 4th, Willie Crossland 5th, Jennie Oimsted 6th, Jimmie Pile, Hazel Millard and Fife Norton 7th, Guy Chance and Jessie Danielson 8th, Jay Warner 9th, Linn Walker 10th, Roscoe Logan 11th, Verne Taylor 12th, Bert, Clyde, Lida, John Wingert 14th, Matthew Santiago 15th, George Jublin 16th. Mrs. Conn.

FOR RENT.

Good five room house.
Dr. H. G. LEISENING.

Ottumwa Quartette.
Novelties at Bookstore.

Fine apple cider from Glenwood at Brookings.

They are all New Goods at Book and Music Store.

If you want a corn sheller see me before you buy. Eli Jones.

Prevent disease by using Miller's hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.

Felt Boots and Overshoes of all kinds at lowest prices. Harrington & Robbins.

Watches, clocks, jewelry, fans, etc. repaired and warranted by Ingalls, the Jeweler.

We still have a nice assortment of Jackets. We offer a Big Reduction. The Racket.

A new stock of first-class, low priced, eight-day clocks just received by Ingalls, the Jeweler.

December 15 is the date when we will have the pleasure of listening to the famous Ottumwa Quartette.

It is about time to be ordering those storm windows. Leave your order with Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

The weather is pretty nice today and it will only require two more days like it to completely "do up" the ice and snow.

If you want a good corn sheller go and see Mark Stringer. He sells the "Keystone," one of the best shellers made.

If you are fond of mince pies just step into P. L. Miller's and get a jar of fine mince meat. He has just received some of the best mince meat ever sold.

C. B. Slater, who now travels for the famous Jacques K. C. Baking Powder Company of Chicago, is in Wayne today transacting business and meeting old Wayne friends.

Did you say apples? Well, it will pay you to call at Brookings if you want apples. He has many bushels which can be purchased at remarkably low figures. He also has many barrels of New York apples for sale at reasonable prices. You will find it to your advantage to see him before buying.

The Northeast Nebraska Teachers' Association met at Pender last Friday and Saturday and as usual quite a number of Wayne county teachers were in attendance. Among those attending we noticed Miss Anna Weaver, Jennie Mettlen, Anna Byrne, Miss C. Caffee, Della Cook, Miss Stewart, E. C. Park, J. M. Pile and W. W. Boner. The meeting was quite well attended considering the weather and many of the papers and discussions were entertaining and profitable. At the business meeting on Saturday Emerson was selected as the next place of meeting and the following officers elected: President, J. A. Fales; Emerson; Vice-Pres., Miss Wilson Pender; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Jennie Mettlen, Wayne. The next meeting will be held Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving, 1897. Otto Voget of Wayne, was also in attendance and assisted in entertaining the teachers through his musical ability.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Messrs. Wheeler and Burgess of Allen, entered the past week.

Mr. Paul, wife and baby, were visitors at the College this week.

Miss Daisy Woods of the class of '96, was up at Chapel Tuesday.

Messrs. Twelvig of Jackson and Miller of Pender, are recent arrivals.

Mr. Surber and Miss Brown, both of Wayne, entered school Monday.

Remember the Literary Friday night evening. All are cordially invited. 7:30 sharp.

Supt. and Mrs. Hancock of Stanton county, were guests at the College Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Miller and Mae Williams made us a pleasant visit from Saturday until Monday. They attended the reception.

New students are arriving daily. Last week Misses Russell and Chapin of Wayne, and Mr. Myers of Homer, entered school.
Bert Collins left for Cuming county last Sunday where he will teach a six month term of school. We wish him abundant success.
Prof. Haupt of Dakota county, came over to attend the reception last Saturday and remained at the College a few days looking over the work.
The management of the reception as given last Saturday shows that Prof. Pile and his corps of teachers deserve the many words of commendation given them by different speakers. All who have been under such instruction can well appreciate their efforts and also testify to the truth of the statements made that night.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY!

The Nebraska Normal Celebrated its Fifth Anniversary Saturday Evening.—An Excellent Report by Prof. Pile.

Five years ago the Nebraska Normal College was started with a membership of less than 10, with Prof. Pile as president. A greater portion of its first year's existence was spent in an old building on Main street and in the High school building, since which time the present College building has been occupied. At the end of the first year the attendance had grown to over 200, the average attendance for the year was 93. Saturday evening the fifth anniversary of the College was celebrated. Invitations were sent out and a large number of people were present at the opera house to hear the exercises.

The first number on the program was a piano duette by Misses Stewart and Hitchcock, after which Prof. Pile gave a general review of the work accomplished by the College. During the five years the total number of students who have been enrolled at the College was 1393. The average attendance for the first year was 93 and 10 students were graduated; the second year's average attendance was 191 with 17 graduates; third year 244 with 28 graduates; fourth year 248 with 39 graduates and the fifth year 241 with 34 graduates. The average term enrollment for the five years was 207 and the present enrollment is 208. 169 students have graduated from the institution; 32 from the Scientific department, 30 from the Teachers', 40 from the Business, 4 from the Music and 7 from the Eclecticatory. Considering the times of the past three or four years this is an excellent showing and one of which Prof. Pile and the citizens of Wayne should be proud. Prof. Pile also takes pride in the fact that nearly all his graduates have secured good positions, and many who have not graduated have been able to secure better positions by having attended the College. Each graduating class was represented by one of its members who made short speeches and each one spoke in glowing terms of the instruction received while attending the College. Short talks were also made by Rev. W. W. Theobald of this city and Prof. Haupt of Dakota City. J. D. King made a few remarks on behalf of the Board of Trustees. During the evening Miss Stewart rendered two excellent vocal selections, Otto Voget a violin solo, and Misses Pearl Reynolds, Edna Britton and Ethel Tucker a piano trio.

A large number of former students and graduates arrived Friday and Saturday to attend the anniversary.

Ottumwa Quartette, December 15th.

It is said that this is a republican winter and that it is a forerunner of better times.

Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co. have just been getting in a nice assortment of crib lumber.

The youngsters are having a great time sliding down the school house hill, and why shouldn't they?

Sam'l Winsor is the banker these days, that is he and the blacksmiths of this city. They have good business. In fact this is one of the old fashioned republican winters.

MARRIED.

McMANIGAL-LEUCK Wednesday, November 25, 1896, at the M. E. parsonage M. B. McManigal to Miss Maggie Leuck, Rev. H. H. Millard officiating.

The bride and groom are two of the most worthy young people of Plum Creek precinct. THE HERALD extends congratulations.

PUBLIC SALE.

Wait for the public sale of Poland China Boars on the 15th of December at my place. J. W. WHITE.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Supt. J. G. Haupt, County Supt. of Dakota county, was a pleasant caller Monday. He listened to recitations in each room in the building.

Work began again Monday after our Thanksgiving vacation and all teachers and pupils seem to be trying to do better work because of the rest.

Miss Porter, one of the teachers of the county, has entered the High school for work and gives promise of becoming a careful, energetic student. She is here for work.

The Seniors have postponed their entertainment one week and will give it on Friday night, Dec. 11th. They have a good program and are working hard to make the meeting a success.

The review class in English Grammar began work on Monday. They take hold of the work with spirit and will doubtless add much to their knowledge of the subject though the time is short.

On reaching the school house Monday we found that Jack Frost had attempted a joke on us by freezing up the steam pipes. He however, found an obstinate fighter in Mr. Jeff and by noon had retired from the field and all has been serene since.

Last week closed the first term's work and reports were sent out from the office intended to show each parent just what the pupils are doing. These reports should be carefully examined and in case there is any dissatisfaction confer with the teacher or superintendent.

CLOTHING HEADQUARTERS.



WORN BY COLLEGE BOYS AND STUDENTS EVERYWHERE...

At every great University in America, from Old Harvard in the East to Leland Stanford in the West, the H.S. & M. Clothing is worn and liked. It's the apparel for intelligent, wide-awake men. We have the latest Fall styles.

CLOTHES BEARING THIS LABEL ARE WARRANTED.



Our line of Suits and Overcoats was never so large and prices as low. Watch our windows for a handsome display of Christmas Neckwear.

HARRINGTON & ROBBINS.

PERSONAL.

P. L. Miller went to Winside this morning.

Judge Norris of Ponca, was in the city Tuesday.

Rev. Pearson of Wakefield, was in Wayne Tuesday.

Paul Nindel of Wakefield was in Wayne yesterday.

M. H. Dodge of Winside, was in the city this morning.

Bert Brown visited friends near Winside over Sunday.

Miss Clara Philleo went down to Sioux City Monday.

Frank Kruger transacted business in Winside yesterday.

The Misses Matthews returned to Sioux City Friday morning.

Henry Dennis of South Omaha, is transacting business in Wayne.

W. L. McCless of Chicago, is visiting with his sister, Mrs. P. M. Corbit.

H. L. Kimball spent Thanksgiving Day with his parents at Wakefield.

Jake Beckenhauer of Hartington, was in Wayne the latter part of last week.

Attorneys Welch and Fuller attended court at Hartington the first of the week.

Dr. H. G. Leisenring is enjoying a visit from his father and brother of Omaha.

Miss Gibson of Dixon, was the guest of Miss Mary Williams the fore part of the week.

E. F. Walden of Sioux City, is in Wayne transacting life insurance business today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Paul came up from Humphrey to attend the College anniversary Saturday night.

Miss Cole of Magnolia Iowa, who has been visiting with her uncle, D. C. Main, returned home yesterday afternoon.

Jno. Gribble and Dave Degan, employees of J. W. Perry of South Omaha, were in Wayne the latter part of last week.
Supt. Hancock and wife and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Myers came up from Stanton Saturday to visit friends and attend the College anniversary.
Mens' elegant black and blue Dress Overcoats at \$6.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$12.00 at Harrington & Robbins.
An absolute cure and positive preventive—Miller's Hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.
Mebus, the tailor has received the finest line of sample suitings in the city. See them before placing your order.
If you are going to build a corn crib, a chicken house, or a mansion, you will find just what you need at Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co's., and they will use you right too.
Have some photos taken at Craven's gallery to give your friends for Xmas presents. There is nothing nicer and you can get them now at less than half price. Come in early so we can have time to finish them before Xmas.
G. M. CRAVEN

INGALL'S GROCERY.

Just Try Some of Heinz's Mince Meat, Chow Chow and Olives. They are in bulk and you can get any amount you want.

Also have a Fine Line of Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Teas. Curtice Bros. Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

INGALLS' GROCERY.

AHERN'S FOR CLOAKS AND MILLINERY.

We can save you 25 per cent. on anything in the

ABOVE LINE.

We want to close out our entire line within the next 15 days.

AHERN'S, Wayne, Neb.

Christmas Novelties at Utter's. Fresh oysters at Hoover's restaurant. Utter sold all his Holiday Goods last year.
Fine apple cider from Glenwood at Brookings'.
CELERY! Three stalks for 10 cents. P. L. Miller.
See the Tepitz Crestware and China ware at Bookstore.
Canvas leggings for snow in all sizes Harrington & Robbins.
Cure disease by using Miller's Hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.
Old-Fashioned Buckwheat Flour—Guaranteed Absolutely PURE at P. L. Miller's.
Special prices in overcoats and suits between now and Christmas. Harrington & Robbins.

MANY BILLS PENDING.

WORK FOR THIS SESSION OF CONGRESS TO DO.

The Dingley Measure in the Hands of the Senate-Pacific Funding Legislation Likely to Be of Great Interest-Other Laws Wanted.

Little Legislation Likely.

Washington correspondence: It is improbable that the House at this session of Congress will dispose of much of the proposed legislation which encumbers its calendar. Little is usually accomplished at the short session, beyond the passage of the regular supply bills. The question of legislation for additional revenue for the Government has not yet been taken up by the House since the Dingley bill almost a year ago. If it should be impossible, or deemed inexpedient, to pass that measure through the Senate, there is a possibility that the proposal to increase the revenue by an additional tax on beer or the imposition of a duty on tea and coffee, may take tangible form, and, if so, such legislation must originate, under the Constitution, in the lower branch of Congress.

There are on the several calendars of the House 1,635 bills reported from the various committees, and the proportion which will pass at the coming session is not known. The private bills number 1,100, but there are also 256 bills on the calendar on the state of the Union and ninety-nine public bills on the regular House calendar. Some of these are of very great public importance, and those interested will no doubt do all in their power to secure action upon them.

Finance Committee.

The powers lodged in the hands of the Committee on Rules, which give its members control of the House program, will make that committee the practical arbiter of what shall be submitted to the House for action. That committee is composed of the present constituents of the Speaker, Mr. Henderson, of Iowa; Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; and Mr. McMillen, of Tennessee. The vacancy at the head of the minority of the committee which must be filled by the Speaker. The names principally mentioned in connection with the vacancy are Mr. Bailey of Texas, Mr. Catchings of Mississippi, Mr. Turner of Georgia, Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, and Mr. Dockery of Missouri.

The Pacific Railroad.

The bill which in many respects, is of most interest and which will press hardest for consideration is the Pacific Railroad funding bill. The bonds guaranteed by the Government are payable early in the coming year, and either an extension or a foreclosure stares the roads in the face. For eight years funding bills have occupied a good share of the attention of Congress. The present bill, of which Mr. Powers of Virginia is the author, was reported shortly before the close of the last session. Everything will be done by those interested in it to secure consideration. The friends of the Nicaragua Canal also are bending every effort to secure action on the bill reported by Mr. Dingley, which provides for a grant by the United States of \$100,000,000 of bonds for the construction of the canal.

The War Claims Committee.

The War Claims Committee, which showed fight on several occasions at the last session, promises to renew its aggressive action this winter, especially for the passage of the claims act under the Bowman act and the French spoliation claims. These claims—the former amounting to \$663,459, and the latter to \$2,785,316—were put on the sundry civil bill at the last session as a rider to the bill, but the bill was vetoed by the President, and they were then dropped. Mr. Mahon, who is chairman of the War Claims Committee, will also press the Pennsylvania border claims, which have been pending in Congress for years.

Other Legislation Proposed.

The Lord bill, to cure the abuses of the law relating to second-class matter, under which newspaper matter is transmitted at 1 cent a pound, and which has been the subject of much criticism of the Postoffice Department because of the advantage taken by the latter in various respects, will also be pressed, as will the Pickler service fusion bill, which occupies a favorable position on the calendar as a privileged report.

Among the other bills are the Wads-

worth bill for the creation of a bureau of animal industry, for the inspection of meat and the regulation of the transportation of live stock; the immigration bill, the Chickering bill, for ascertaining the feasibility and cost of a ship canal from the great lakes to the Thimble; several important public land bills; the bills for the admission of the territories, and many others of especial interest to particular localities. The extent of the important measures in the Senate which might come over to the House for consideration.

HOW A PATRIOT DIES.

Colonia Is Shot Like a Dog in Laurel Ditch at Havana.

There was another frightful scene in Laurel ditch, in front of the Cabana fortress, at Havana, Saturday afternoon just as the sun was falling in the sky, when a Spanish soldier shot a Cuban patriot dead. The victim, a fine, manly, heartless custom of dealing with prisoners of war was Antonio Lopez, Colonia, well known as a Cuban soldier since the very outbreak of the revolution. Colonia was a white man captured at Ybarra, in Matanzas Province, Feb. 24, 1895, the day of the outbreak, together with the mulatto journalist, Juan Guabarro Gomez. The poor fellow had been locked up all these long twenty-one months, hoping against hope, which at times passed into certainty that he would not be executed.

There were the same great cliffs, which crowd on one side of the ditch, black with the eyes of the Spaniards, and on the other side the high walls of the ditch, which is so narrow that four men can hardly pass through abreast. Once through the gate, Colonia gave a quick look around. In an instant his glance swept the cliffs above, and then fell to encounter that array of Spanish soldiers every where pitiless faces, a thousand to one. Two more steps he took forward, then raising his head proudly, he shouted distinctly: "Viva Cuba libre!" About to die, he begged them all.

As the words left his lips the officer of the guard, who had been waiting with uplifted blade sprang toward the man-

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON "THE DYING CENTURY."

The Marvels of the Nineteenth Century—The Money Power—Labor and Capital—The Great Deliverer of Nations—Vision of St. John.

Our Washington Dispatch.

Considering the time and place of its delivery, this sermon, Dr. Talmage is of absorbing and startling interest. It is not only national but international in its significance. His subject was "The Dying Century," and the text II. Kings, xx. 1, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your contentment I find cause only for cheerful prophecy, but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbuncle to the nineteenth century, now closing.

Consider the money power, so much denounced and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities and free libraries and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press, which at the beginning of the century was an ink-blotter by hand,

has become the miraculous manufacturer of four or five or six hundred the papers, sheets for one daily newspaper's issue. Within your memory, O dying century, has been the genesis of nearly all the great institutions of the world.

At London, in 1802, British and Foreign Bible society was born. In 1810 American Bible Society was born. In 1824 American Sunday School Union was born. In 1810 American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has put its saving hand on every nation of the round earth, was born at a hay-stack in Massachusetts. The National Temperance Society, the Woman's Temperance Society and the other temperance organizations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug. I have heard the wedding bells and the death knells of near a hundred years. I have clasped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies. I saw Macready and Edwin Forrest act and Edward Payson pray. I heard the first chime of Longfellow's rhythms, and before any one else saw them I read the first line of Bancroft's history and the first verse of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and the first word of Victor Hugo's almost untranslatable romance. I heard the music of all the grand marches and the lament of all the requiems that for high ten decades made the cathedral windows shake. I have seen more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat and roused all the halloos and roundelay and merriments you have ever heard and unrolled all the pictured sunsets and stary banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at. But ere I go take this admonition and benediction of a dying century. The longest life, like mine, must close. Opportunities never come back, as I could prove from a hundred years of observation. The eternity that will soon take me will soon take you. The wicked lie not out half their days, as I have seen in 10,000 instances.

The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the nineteenth century, inherited from the first century of the Christian era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns 100 smaller wheels, which are the years, and each one of those years turns 365 smaller wheels, which are the days, and each one of the 365 days turns 24 smaller wheels, which are the hours, and each one of those 24 hours turns 60 smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and those 60 minutes turn still smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion and pushes us on and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter night between the year 1900 and the year 1901, open before me, the dying century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read, "That which is not is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But over the central door I read, "That only is important which is eternal." O eternity, eternity!

My hearers, as the nineteenth century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because of the fatal horseback ride that Washington took out here at Mount Vernon through a December snowstorm, I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or spiritual arrival of the Great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen: "And I saw, and behold, a white horse! And he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

An intelligent foreigner is said to have expressed himself after the following fashion on the absurdities of the English language: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged, but when I came across the sentence 'The first won one one-dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up English and learn some other language."

Calcutta, India, is a great educational center, one of the greatest in the world. It has twenty colleges, with three thousand students, and forty high schools, with two thousand students. In the city there are altogether about fifty-five thousand English-speaking and non-Christian natives.

A man without enthusiasm is a poor friend, but he takes good care of himself.

This is the season when those persons who have never tried to get long for it.

As much bitterness and hate can be expressed in a word as can be fired out of a gun.

It is better to be able to suffer long and be kind than to be able to talk like an angel.

The man who says no to himself in nothing has the devil for a travelling companion.

The Christian who does not look happy when he gives dimes the polish on his gift.

The man who would have a large life, must work and pray for a large heart.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.

The slothful man can never find that sweetness in bread which God puts in it for the diligent man.

We often call upon God to take away our trials, when what he wants is to give us grace to stand them.

The devil almost gains our consent to envy, when he proves that nobody else is doing anything to make him go.

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The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the nineteenth century, inherited from the first century of the Christian era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns 100 smaller wheels, which are the years, and each one of those years turns 365 smaller wheels, which are the days, and each one of the 365 days turns 24 smaller wheels, which are the hours, and each one of those 24 hours turns 60 smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and those 60 minutes turn still smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion and pushes us on and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter night between the year 1900 and the year 1901, open before me, the dying century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read, "That which is not is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But over the central door I read, "That only is important which is eternal." O eternity, eternity!

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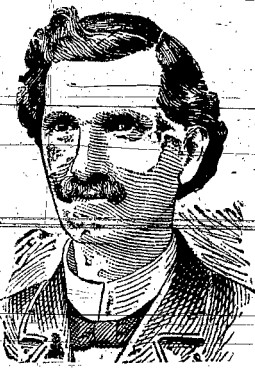
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Torturing Rheumatism

The busiest and most useful men are not always exempt from sickness. Especially are they liable to be attacked and completely disabled by that most annoying and painful ailment—Rheumatism. Men in all walks of life are subject at any time to be seized with this disease, and besides the great bodily pain, there is almost unbearable mental anguish at the thought of having one's strength and vigor gradually supplanted by a condition of utter helplessness. Under the effects of Rheumatism, the strongest men become the weakest, and the most useful are robbed of their usefulness.

Mr. J. A. LeSeur has lived in Atlanta, Ga., for years, and some of the prettiest residences and most substantial business blocks of that city are monuments to his skill as an architect and builder.



Mr. J. A. LeSeur.

But like many other busy men, Mr. LeSeur was overtaken by Rheumatism and soon his strength gave way to a condition of helplessness. This dread disease produced more agony, he says, than can well be described. "For years I have suffered with Sciatic Rheumatism and often felt as if a small piece of my spine had been taken out, also as if a fragment of bombshell had passed through my left hip. When I would sit down, I could not straighten up for several minutes, and then only at the expense of great pain. I could get absolutely no relief, though many remedies were tried. Someone recommended S. S. S. and I was almost in despair when I began its use. In three days, however, I was so greatly relieved that I felt very little inconvenience from the rheumatism. The disease grew less painful as I continued the S. S. S., and very soon disappeared entirely. S. S. S. also proved to be a fine tonic, as I now have more appetite, and feel better than ever before, in my life. I cannot say too much in praise of S. S. S."

Rheumatism is a condition of the blood which has always baffled the doctors and it is a peculiarity that those who once have it are sure to always be subject to its attacks from time to time. The reason of this is that the doctors are only able to give temporary relief, but cannot rid the system of the disease permanently. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only real blood remedy for real blood troubles, such as Rheumatism, Scrofula, Cancer, Eczema, Catarrh, Pteris, Contagious Blood Poison, etc. When S. S. S. once forces a disease from the system it never returns. Our valuable books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

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Yoke Fellows.

Many women work too hard. There is no objection about that. If they did not have Love for a yoke-fellow they could never endure the daily, hourly grind and drudgery of life. But they bear it cheerfully, sustained by loving thoughts of husband and children.

But when physical weakness or disease is added to a woman's burden it becomes altogether too heavy. No woman can be cheerful or hopeful who is dragged down by continual pain and physical wretchedness.

The special weaknesses peculiar to the feminine organism are comparatively easy to overcome if the earlier symptoms are given proper attention. But if allowed to go unchecked, they are liable to develop into serious, chronic complications.

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For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., where in conjunction with his staff of associate specialists, he has successfully treated many thousand cases of "female complaint."

No physician living has had a more extended opportunity to study this class of diseases in actual practice. No medicine ever invented has done for women what his "Favorite Prescription" has.

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CHAPTER XX

When Stamer came to the gable of the house next but one to the public house...

After a pause of two or three minutes, he stooped, slipped off his boots, slung them round his neck, and having hitched the crook of his heavy stick to a belt...

Then he unscrewed his ferrule and withdrew the tampion and unscrewed the handle of his stick, and was busy in the darkness for awhile with the weapon he carried.

He particularly wished to have a steady hand and arm that night, so he made up his mind that he would rest until five minutes to 12.

The wind would creep down the street until he came to the gable wall standing up over the roofs of the houses on which he now was lying.

At half-past 11 that night the private bar of the public house held about half a dozen customers, but it lacked the elevating presence of Oscar Leigh, who always gave the assembly a distinctly intellectual air.

A few minutes later, however, the spirits of these present rose, for Mr. Oscar Leigh came in, rubbing his forehead and complaining of the heat.

"I have only one or two. I must be off to bed," said Leigh. "Ten minutes to 12 by your clock, Mr. Williams; that means a quarter to right time."

"It is, I have heard, the most wonderful clock in Chicago," spoke an acquaintance.

"In Chicago! In Chicago! In the world, sir. It is the most wonderful clock ever conceived by man. Well, my time is up. Good-night, gentlemen."

He scrambled off his high stool and was quickly out of the bar. It was now five minutes to 12 o'clock right time. He crossed the street and opening the private door of the bar, went in, closing the door after him.

As he came out John Timmons turned into the street. He went on until he came opposite the window of the clock-room. Here he stood still, thrust his hands deep down in his trousers pockets, and leaning his back against the wall, prepared to watch with his own eyes the winding of the clock.

In less than five minutes the window of the top room, which had been dark, gradually grew illuminated until the light came full through the transparent oiled muslin curtain.

Timmons could see for all practical purposes as plainly as through glass. "There, Leigh, is a way," thought Timmons, "working away at his lever. Can it be he was doing the same thing at this hour last night? Nonsense. He was walking away from this place with me at this hour last night as sure as I am here now. I must be going mad. There, he is turning round now and nodding to the men at the bar. They said he did the same last night, and as I live, there's the clock we were under striking the quarter past again. It must be going mad. I begin to think last night must have been a dream with me. I don't think he's all right. I don't believe in witchcraft, but there's something wrong here. I'll watch this out anyway."

CHAPTER XXI
On Saturday morning about 6 o'clock

Timmons was resting on the high stool at his doorway. He had bought a morning paper on his way to business, and he now glanced over it casually.

"Last night, between half-past 12 and 1 o'clock, a disastrous and fatal fire broke out in the bakery establishment of Mr. Forbes in Chetwynd street. The top floor, where the fire originated, was occupied by Mr. Oscar Leigh, who has lost his life in the burning. Mr. Leigh was engaged in the manufacture of a very wonderful clock, which occupied fully half the room, and which Mr. Leigh invariably wound up every night between 12 and half-past 12."

"It is generally supposed that the eccentric movements of Mr. Leigh were the result of a fit or sudden seizure of some other kind, and that in his struggles some inflammable substance was brought in contact with the gas before it was turned out."

Timmons flung down the paper with a shout, crying, "Dead! Dead! Leigh is dead!"

At that moment the figure of a man appeared at the threshold of the store, and Stamer, with a scowl and a stare, stepped in heavily and looked furtively, fearfully around.

"What are you shoutin' about?" cried Stamer, in a tone of dangerous menace. "Leigh is dead!" cried Timmons in excitement.

"I know all about that, I suppose," said Stamer, and you shut up, if you don't want to follow him. I'm in no humor for your noise and antics. Do you want to have the coppers down on us?—do you, you idiot!"

"Who are you calling an idiot?" cried Timmons, catching up an iron bar and taking a few steps towards the burglar.

"You if you want to know. Put that down. Put that bar down, I say. Can you tell me who killed him? If you can't I can." He pointed to himself.

"What?" cried Timmons, starting back, and not quite understanding the other's gesture.

"Now are you satisfied? I thought you guessed. I wouldn't have told you if I didn't think you knew or guessed. I thought you knew, and that, instead of saying a good word to me, you were going to down me and give me up."

Timmons stepped slowly back in horror. "You!" he whispered, bending his head forward and beginning to tremble at every limb. "You! You did it! You did this, you Stamer!"

Stamer merely nodded, and looked like a hunted wild beast. He wore the clothes of last night, but was without the whiskers or beard. All the time he covered in the shelter of the shutters, he kept his right hand behind his back. He looked towards the opening, and then his round, bloodshot eyes went back to the rigid figure of Timmons. "I don't mind what you say, if you'll only speak to me, only not too loud. No one can hear us. I know that, and no one can listen at the door, without your seeing him. You don't know what I have gone through. I have not been home. I am afraid to go home. I am afraid of everything."

"You murderous villain!" "It's enough to drive any man mad. I'm been wandering about all night, am more afraid of my wife than of any one else. I don't know why, but I tremble when I think of her, more than of the police, or—or—or—"

"The hangman?" "Yes, you don't know all. When you do, you'll pity me. The poor, foolish dwarf!" "Yes, I was afraid he would betray us."

"Oh, villain!" "And I got on a roof opposite the window, and as he was working at the lever, I fired, and his head went so—and then so—and then so—"

"Stop it, you murderer!" "Yes, and I knew it was done. The clock! Yes, I knew the neck was broken, and it was all right."

"If you don't stop it, I'll brain you!" "Yes, and I got down off the roof and ran. I couldn't help running, and all the time I was running I heard him running after me. I heard him running after me, and I saw his head wagging so—so—so—"

CHAPTER XXII
Timmons uttered a wild yell, and springing away from the wall, fell to the

extreme end of the store, and then faced round panting and livid.

"Hark!" said the shrill voice of the man on the threshold. "Private theatricals, I see. I did not know, Mr. Timmons, that you went in for such entertainments. Don't you think, Mr. Timmons, that you ought to ring down the curtain, and that this gentleman, who no doubt represents the villain of the piece, should be put up and look after his breakfast?"

The prostrate man did not move. Timmons shuddered. He made a prodigious effort and tried to move forward, but had to put his hand against the wall to steady himself. Leigh approached Stamer and touched him with his stick. Stamer did not stir.

"Is there anything the matter with the man?" I think there must be, Timmons. What do you mean by running away to the other end of the place? Why, this man is unconscious. I seem to be fated to meet fainting men."

Stamer did not speak, but struggled slowly to his feet, and, assisted by Timmons, walked to the opening and was helped a few yards down the street. By the time Timmons got back he was comparatively well composed.

"Are you alone?" asked Leigh impatiently. "No, I am not." "I wish I could see you. If your friend were connected with racing I should call him a stayer. I came to tell you that I have just got back from Milwaukee. I thought it best to go there and see again the man I had been in treaty with. I not only saw him, but heard a great deal about him, and I am sorry to say I heard nothing good. He is, it appears, a very poor man, and he deliberately misled me as to his position and his ability to pay. I am now quite certain his ability to pay, in business with him, I should have lost anything I am trusted to him, or if not all, a good part."

"Then I am not to meet you at the same place next Thursday night?" asked Timmons. He had not at this moment any interest in the mere business about which they had been negotiating. He was curious about other matters. His mind was now tolerably clear, but flabby and inactive still.

"No. There is no use in your giving me the alloy until I see my way to doing something with it, and I feel bound to say that after this great disappointment I feel greatly disgraced altogether."

"What you mean, I suppose, Mr. Leigh, is that you do not see your way to going any further?" "Well, yes. At present I do not see my way to going any further."

"You went to Milwaukee yesterday. May I ask you by what train you went down?" "Two-thirty in the afternoon."

"And you came back this morning?" "Yes, just arrived. I drove straight here, and I was away from half-past two yesterday until now. You were out of Chicago yesterday from 2:30 until early this morning."

"Yes, until six this morning. Why are you so curious? You do not, I hope, suspect me of saying anything that is not strictly true?" said Leigh, throwing his head back and striking the sandy floor fiercely with his stick.

"I mean, sir," said Timmons, shaking his minatory finger at him and frowning heavily, "not that I suspect you of lying, but that I am sure you are lying. I was at the public house last night; you were there, too."

Leigh started and drew back. He looked down and said nothing. He could not tell how much this man knew. Timmons went on: "I was in the public bar when you came in. You called for rum-hot, and you went away at close to twelve o'clock to wind up your clock. I was out then and saw you at the window winding up the clock. I was there when the light went out just at half-past twelve. Now, sir, are you lying or am I?"

Leigh burst into a loud, hoarse roar of laughter that made Timmons start, it was so weird and unexpected. (To be continued.)

Incandescent electric lights are used to illuminate the eyes of mounted animals, bears, tigers and lions, shown by furriers. Here, obviously, a light with a flame would not do, while the incandescent light answers the purpose well and conveniently. The wire is run from the head down through the animal's body and out through one of its feet to a connection with the service wire of the store.

Incandescent lights are used in refrigerators, such as the ice-boxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers and the butcher. Their use in sidewalk show-cases is familiar; in dressing show-windows the flexible connection admits of placing the light where it is wanted with each new trimming of the window.

They are used in electric signs, some of which are permanent, while others are formed of letters that are movable, like types, so that the sign may be readily changed as often as may be desired. Electric numbers are made in the same way.

One may see a painter at work at night in a store, paint brush in one hand and electric light with the wire trailing away back of him—in the other, to enable him to see the better in some nook or cranny that he is painting. The incandescent lamp is used to light sidewalk awnings. The lamps are strung along a wire hung under the awning inside the awning; the wire and lamps are simply taken in when the awning is. Movable billboards are illuminated in the same manner.

WIND IN THE MOON.

We had slept with our horses grazing all through a blustering day. Boots and saddles had pouched, we waited for horse and away. The sun was down and over the grass dew had beaded the dew.

And shrill across the dusking world we heard the whip-poor-will call. We knew what the moon was doing, the leering moon in the east, calling, calling the master winds, luring them as to a feast, imprisoning them in her halo ring till the wildest gust grew tame.

And the stars were blown all out of the sky, like a flickering candle flame. An oldrich moon, all gibbous, gray, in a haze of heat and dew, shimmered there. A loud the bugle blew: Foot home in stirrup; hand on bill, we thundered down the glade.

And up the hill, where the brave-bluecoats stood massed to check our raid. We rode but a scant five hundred; they waited a thousand there. Yet we laughed as though 'twas the view hallo! at the trumpet's snarling blare.

Trot! Gallop! Charge! 'Twas a ringing arm, with the gibbous moon, aslant in the windy sky. Never a check when the gun fire broke as lightning from a cloud; Never a stay when screaming shell through front and rear rank plowed. On, up, over the bristling slope, a wedge of fire and steel.

We clef a way through the tough blue-ranks till we saw the captain reeling. Then we broke, and the leering gibbous moon unclashed the winds of heaven. In writing riot they leaped to earth, the pace of night was given.

Riven, smitten of lightning's sword and the thunder's hammer clang. As the riotous winds a Marsellaise of woe and ruin sang. With crash of forest and sweep of grass the storm chanted rose and fell. The earth was thrashed with a flail of cloud, aflame like the mouth of hell.

And we, who had fought so with a fight, bare breast against bare blade, Fell, gray or bluish, into kneeling ranks, locked hands and as wildly prayed. We had fought like men for honor, we prayed like men for life. Nor friend nor foe, but brothers all, there on the field of strife; Perhaps God heard, the storm was hushed, the moon rode high and white, and a soft as blows to-night. New York Sun.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

Johnnie Madison dwelt in Norman's Inn when he first came to London. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a canon's widow. It was at her desire that he set up his household goods under the three-worn gables of Norman's Inn; for there also dwelt a kinsman of the late canon's, Arkwright by name, who was always alluded to in the family as "a steady, plodding young man," and was supposed to live amid a picturesque litter of briefs and books; and the canon's widow hoped he might exercise a mildly restraining influence over Johnnie, being nearly twice his age.

Now the steady, plodding young man looked forward to his arrival with enthusiasm. He remembered Johnnie as a very liky schoolboy of phenomenal lung power and unprepossessing appearance, and felt assured that by now he should have developed into a rakish young man with a taste for small dogs and large neckties, and greedily given to entertaining noisy company; well-knowing that the chastened atmosphere of a cathedral town does not necessarily induce an affection for quiet living in the youthful breast.

Johnnie, however, proved to be a fresh-colored, amiable youth of 22, more plentifully endowed with muscle than with brain power, and with no apparent tendency to come immediately to grief amid what Arkwright would have called—his sometimes wrote for the papers—the shoals and quicksands of London life. He neither gambled nor drank, nor gave his mind too entirely to the lightly clad allurements of light opera. On the contrary, he read with industry as though already covetous of the woolstack, he danced and dined assiduously at houses of irreproachable respectability; and, in Arkwright's company, when he did not talk cricket he talked shop.

Then by degrees, when returned from nocturnal adventures, he began to favor Arkwright with many confidences regarding his attitude toward various members of the other sex; for Johnnie's affairs of the heart became at last alarmingly numerous. Not that he aimed at playing the part of Don Juan; but, being of highly inflammable material, his heart was successively ignited by a pleasing variety of damsels.

Fate brought him face to face with the one and inevitable damsel at last, however. Audrey St. Clair was a dark-eyed girl of 20, Johnnie thought her charmingly fresh and natural. Mrs. Leverson's ball was a rapturous occasion to him, and Mrs. Leverson's niece Audrey entirely dispossessed all other idols, from that date, of the pedestal upon which Johnnie had successively placed them.

Of Mrs. Leverson herself her elements said that she had been pretty; elderly gentlemen had been known to call her a fine woman, while young ones thought her "not half bad fun." She possessed an abundance of obviously dyed hair, a somewhat effusive manner and a faultless taste in dress. The late lamented Captain Leverson had indulged a taste for speculation, with disastrous results, and hence the few people who remembered her were surprised to find the widow when she returned from a long absence abroad so comfortably installed as she was in her house at Chelsea.

Johnnie she seemed to hold in high favor. He was allowed to take her and her niece through the gilded mobs of the picture galleries; he never failed to

appear at her "at homes," and he frequently made one at her theater parties. But, although he thought Mrs. Leverson "awfully kind, and all that sort of thing," she would have preferred to see her niece subject to less worldly influences than those brought to bear upon her.

In accordance with the fitness of things, he vaguely imagined she should always be dressed in white, wandering through sheltered rose gardens and indulging an amiable solitude for birds and dogs and poor old cottagers, a village Lady Bountiful in short. And to tell the truth the unconscious maiden would infinitely have preferred a more natural way of life, and her happiest moments were spent on her mare in the park, where Johnnie, leaning against the railing, watched her wistfully. He could not afford a horse.

He never told Arkwright anything about this particular flame of his. It was "Tommy Blake" who posted up the plodding young man in his youthful kinsman's affairs one afternoon at the club. "And both women seem dead nuts on your young friend," he said indignantly. "Pretty well off, I suppose?"

"He's worth precisely twopence half-penny a year," said Arkwright, with more figure of speech than he usually permitted to himself. Tommy raised his eyebrows as high as his nose permitted and said it was uncommon queer.

"And there was a sort of Indian prince—no end of a nabob, I'm told—wanted to marry the girl, and Mrs. Leverson sent him to the right about in double-quick time. And she is not the sort to feel shy about bowing down to the golden calf, either. Can't make her out."

"Perhaps she thinks her niece too young to marry yet," said the plodding young man. "She may be acting merely from a proper regard for her happiness."

"A proper regard for fiddlesticks," said cynical Mr. Blake. Arkwright was sitting up late one night to finish an erudite paper upon "The Ethics of Modern Drama," when Johnnie stole noiselessly into the room and sank into the easiest chair. Arkwright wrote to the bottom of the page and threw down his pen, thinking he had found an intelligent audience for a reading for his valuable essay. But it was no such matter. Johnnie was occupied with the drama of real life, and to judge by his aspect, seemed to imagine that he was cast to play principal tragedian in that entrancing piece.

"Oh, color, Johnnie!" said the elder man, tentatively. "No," he said, smoking savagely. "Feel doubtful about your 'call'?" "No, I think I'm pretty safe."

Arkwright stretched out his hand to reach his pipe. "By the way, here's a letter for you, Johnnie, from your mother. I have just received one from her myself."

Johnnie, however, made no attempt to take it, or he might have spared his friend the opinions he expressed concerning the station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call him.

"It's beastly, you know," he explained "I may hang on for years and never be nearer marrying than I am at the present moment. As for proposing to her now—as the mater said—it's decidedly low to get a girl to bind herself to any promise until one has decent prospects."

Arkwright reflected with a flickering smile that Johnnie had probably caught rather the spirit than the letter of his mamma's admonitions. However, it was a sign of grace that he remembered them at all, and he felt sorry for the woebegone youth.

"You're young to think of marrying yet, you know," he said. "Am I right?" he continued, after a pause, "in supposing—Blake is my informant—a certain Miss St. Clair has occasioned all this trouble?"

"Oh, if Blake has told you. And the aunt is awfully decent to me." "But you are not proposing to marry the aunt, is Miss St. Clair herself—is she?"

"Oh, well, a fellow never knows that sort of thing, you know, till he tries his chances," said Johnnie in a manner which betrayed that he thought he knew quite well that his affections were returned, as, indeed, they were, and Audrey St. Clair was far too frank to take any great pains to conceal it.

"Oh, Arkwright, what am I to do?" he said, pathetically. "Open your letter, Johnnie," he replied, and the tone in which he said it caused the wondering youth to obey promptly.

He looked seraphically happy till he remembered that he ought to look benighted. Johnnie's ship had come home just in the nick of time. He had always had shadowy expectations from his uncle, but he had been to pessimistic to count too much upon him. However, your god had claimed a victim, and the canon's widow hinted to her son that he had to some extent benefited by the event.

The reply of Leches was exemplified to Johnnie, when, after a decent interval, he returned to town the richer by \$22,000 a year, but, as he speedily found, minus Mrs. Leverson's god's graces.

Another was reigning favorite with her now, Lester, a picturesque but not very talented painter, who was deep in converse with Audrey when he made his reappearance. Mrs. Leverson greeted Johnnie without effusion. Audrey was more friendly, but inopportunistly asked him if he had seen Lester's latest picture. Johnnie's soul was already green with jealousy.

to treat him with as much indifference as she becomingly could. "Why does his quarrel with a chap for coming into a fortune?" said Tommy Blake, the close observer of human nature. "And why does he hang back when he must see that that little girl is over her ears in love with him?" But he found no solution to these problems. Johnnie sulked for a month. Then one afternoon he jumped into a cab, drove down to Chelsea, and Mrs. Leverson being alone, presently found himself blunderingly declaring that he would like to bestow his hand upon her niece.

The good lady looked very grave. "You are both young, you know, Mr. Madison," she said. "Her mother married very young and very unhappily. Perhaps that has set me against early marriages."

"But what has set you against me?" said Johnnie, reproachfully. "Nonsense, that is only your imagination." But Johnnie was not strong in that quality, so Mrs. Leverson was probably mistating the case.

Audrey was, on this occasion, ill and invisible. "She is too fatigued to bear any excitement just now. Come in three days' time," said her aunt, "and I will think over the advisability of sounding her on the subject in the meantime."

Three days later Johnnie came to Arkwright in a state of great perturbation. Mrs. Leverson had left her house, and Chelsea knew her no more. It was only by bribery and corruption that Johnnie discovered that she had gone to Scarborough, but probably would not stay there, her plans being unsettled.

"She'll surely write to you," said Arkwright. "But no letter came within twenty-four hours."

"We'd better go to Scarborough," said Johnnie's counselor. The truth lady was discovered by Johnnie in a stationer's shop on the very day of his arrival.

"Audrey was so ill the doctor advised instant change. In the flurry I forgot to write to you," she said, after a gasp of surprise. Johnnie decided in his haste that all women were liars, and asked when he might hope to see Audrey.

"You may come and call to-morrow morning—she may be better then. But I think it most undesirable, most undesirable that you should make any proposal to her yet, or entertain hopes that may be disappointed." Mrs. Leverson spoke with conviction, but deferred explanation, and Johnnie laid the matter before Arkwright.

The latter privately debated whether there was insanity or some other cupboard skeleton in the girl's family, rendering matrimony inadvisable, or whether Johnnie had been committing enormities that had come to Mrs. Leverson's ears but not to his. And he was the more mystified when, next morning, the unhappy lover came to him, pale and blaspheming, and told him that Mrs. Leverson had again fled before him, had left her hotel and a brief note to say that she was bound for the continent.

"What is Mrs. Leverson?" said Arkwright. "You never told me her credentials." "Widow of a man in the Carchester regiment; that's all I know," said Johnnie.

"Then we can consult Major Bagshaw, who is an old friend of mine. Look up the trains to Carchester, and don't pace about the room like that."

"Major Bagshaw, who was a bachelor, greeted his visitors cordially, when, on the following morning, they called at his quarters. He listened gravely while Arkwright told him the strange story of Mrs. Leverson. Then he cleared his throat and asked impressively, "Have you heard of Smaggs' cure for corns?" He looked from one to another for an answer.

"I know Smaggs," continued the Major, deliberately. "He's a very rich man, but a self-made one and one who has sufficient sense to know that his education has therefore been deficient. So he determined to give his only daughter every advantage that money can buy, and two years ago consulted me as to the advisability of intrusting her to a lady of position."

"To Mrs. Leverson?" gasped Johnnie. "For the sake of poor Dandy Leverson, I mentioned her name to him, and I knew he was involved in debt—evidently she is still. She was to receive £100 a month and all expense to take the young lady through Europe and to launch her in London. I was not aware that it was any part of the agreement that she could call Miss St. Clair—Smaggs changed his name—her niece, but that's a detail! I should not have betrayed confidence but for the strange account you gave me of Mrs. Leverson's behavior. Of course, she's in no hurry to see her niece married; £100 a month is not to be lightly lost; but she must be desperately hard up to play her cards like that."

"And what do you advise?" asked Johnnie. "Your feeling in the matter are not changed by my revelations?" "Of course not."

"Then with your permission I shall call on my fellow townswoman, Mrs. Smaggs, who is, of course, in constant communication with his daughter and put the facts before him. And I have no doubt he shall see the young lady here in a few days, but possibly his preceptor will prefer to rebuff away."

The canon's widow thought corn curing rather a plebeian trade, but was mollified when her future daughter-in-law was brought to her house.

And a lady of good position advertised that she is prepared to take charge of a young lady desiring an entrée to those exalted circles wherein she herself ably moves. A confidential interview can be arranged. Pick Me Up.

HALL'S Vegetable Seiffan HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

Apple Butter Like Grandmother's

The first thing to do is to secure some good sweet cider (apple cider), and boil it half away. This should be done the day before you expect to begin with the apples. I use a porcelain-lined kettle that holds five gallons. Boil it half away and let it remain in the kettle overnight on the back of the stove. The advantage of this is it is warm, and will begin cooking earlier. As soon as possible the next morning I begin and prepare the apples for sauce and put into the cider all it will hold. Fill the pot full to the top and as it cooks soft keep putting in more apples to keep the kettle full until it is quite thick, and let cook slowly and stir very often, as it will burn very readily if it is over too hot a fire. It needs to be cooked a long time I never finish mine in one day, simply move it back on the stove where it will not cook, but keep warm overnight. When it is done it will be cooked away considerably and thick and dark like a jar of marmalade. Do not sweeten until nearly done, as it burns more quickly, and by cooking away as it does it might be too sweet. Use white sugar and sweeten to taste. I use no spices, as I consider it spoils the flavor of the cider and apples. If they are used they should be of the very best and carefully added. This recipe keeps perfectly without being put up air tight. I put it in stone jars and tie a cloth over it merely to keep out dust.

—Practical Farmer.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The little round Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

It Belonged to Her Family.

A paper is responsible for the story that a lady, when showing a gentleman over her grounds the other day, was asked by him:

"Does not this plant belong to the begonia family?"

"The begonia family!" answered his hostess, budding up. "Certainly not, sir; it is ours, and always has been."

From Now Until Spring

Overcoats and winter wraps will be in fashion. If you are discharged temporarily while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

Pruning Potato Vines.

Acting on the notion that as pruning was good for fruit trees it would benefit potato vines, a citizen of Portland, Ore., clipped off the vines in a patch close to the ground, as soon as they were well up, and some of the potatoes grown there were, it is said, among the largest and finest found.

A superb girl, surpassingly lovely, skin fair as a lily, cheeks like roses, and why? It is because she uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists.

Cambric originally came from Cambridge, whence its name, and called from Calicut.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millsburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

To dream of an anchor indicates some unexpected success or good fortune.

If you have tried Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you have learned to use it all the time. You have found it soft on the skin, and it will get you clean. Because this wrapper is printed in red.

Scamper originally signified only "to go out of a field."

Miss Whitlow's Soothing Remedy for Children Suffering with the Croup, Reddened Throat, Whooping Cough, Wind Colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The word mob is a Latin word signifying movable.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

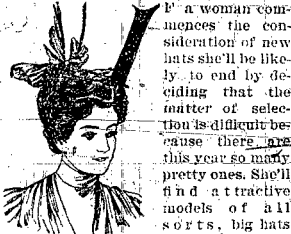
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

HINTS ON HEADGEAR.

HATS ARE OF ALL SORTS, LARGE, SMALL AND MEDIUM.

Picture Hats of Black Velvet Are Very Popular—Trimming of Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes and Laces Are Used in Great Abundance.

Millinery Modes. New York correspondence:



"A woman commences the consideration of new hats she'll be likely to end by deciding that the matter of selection is difficult because there are this year so many pretty ones. She'll find atractive models of all sorts, big hats and small, tailor-made, quaint, picture, conventional, enormous, little and medium. Adorable small hats are mere bunches of flowers, or a wing or so caught into a fringe of lace, velvet, satin or fur. The ever-becoming 'rain' is so modified that all the friskiness is out of it and all the jauntyness remains. A costume otherwise perfectly fitting may take a touch as unexpected and as striking as the flash in an opal by the addition of a saucy hat that is, perhaps, the only bit of color in the rig. If you have clever fingers you can risk making one of these dainty affairs 'out of a corner' left over from a collar," but you need clever fingers because all the hats of the season, including the many different kinds of small ones, seem to be put together with a purpose for all their apparent carelessness. The first hat of the drive shown to-day had that deceptive look of being thrown together, but



WOMAN'S BEAVER SHAPE.

or miss, when really it was very carefully planned! It had a closely braided crown of wired chenille and shot tulle, the latter being cut into strips with unhemmed edges and twisted in and out of the chenille. The brim was covered with a puffed drapery of green velvet that formed loops in back, and two large birds completed the trimming.

Almost all crowns narrow a little toward the top, and those that have high crowns often narrow a great deal. The one conspicuous exception to this rule is the type shown in the second picture, and it is one that is seen very often on the promenade. It is the season's variation of the English-walking hat, and is so great a one that the original is hardly recognizable. Its crown suggests the old-time bell shape, and the sides are wide and much rolled. In this example Nile green satin was disposed in pretty puffs on the brim and formed a bunch garniture at the left. Black ostrich plumes and a big white egret were rose from the center. The hat itself was black felt, and had a narrow border of black velvet. If you hat is a really fine and thick light weight felt, you will leave its edges unbound, so that its quality may show; that is a whim of this season. But whenever binding is used, it is almost always black, no matter what the color of the hat, and is either velvet or moire.

Picture hats run rather more to the fantastic than they have done of recent seasons, and are just so much less suitable for wear with costumes that



CHENILLE TOPPED BY PARADISE FEATHERS.

are not elaborately dressy. But while there are many of these, there are many more reasonable hats that are picturesque enough for the ordinary woman's needs. Ribbon wings, short feathers, plumes, flowers, lace and fur are all mixed on hats, even those which do not profess to be "picture" affairs, and it seems to be understood that while a hat may harmonize with a severe street gown, the general rule is

that the hat may follow its own course of color. That course may take it pretty well through the rainbow. Chenille hats are moderately dressy, and if made to carry some late wrinkle of the milliner's ingenuity, will be exceedingly serviceable. The most striking of these desirable hats in the next illustration. It was of wired chenille with a low, flat crown and wide brim. In such a manner that the upper part stood up, and the lower lay flat. At the left side this arrangement was counteracted with three plumes and a bunch of heliotrope flowers and velvet held up the brim. On the right was a full twist of velvet with a paradise egret.

Black and white appears with fresh effect in millinery, and there is a sud-



THE HIGHER CROWN THAT NARROWS.

don't forget for black velvet hats weighted with white. Such hats are found chiefly with wide white ribbon half hidden by a wide binding of black. The illustration explains a pair of still higher crowns. As a finishing touch there are catch pins of contrasting color. These hats are too showy for the best dresses that most of us have, but we can do the black hat wide-out the white safely enough. The shape on black hats' crown will take is shown in the fourth sketch. This hat was trimmed with a puffing of heliotrope around the crown, loops and flowers of the same shade being put in here and there among the tiny ostrich tips that lay around the brim. Heliotrope flowers held up the brim behind, and two black wings were put in back.

The woman that had her velvet hat last season made with a soft tan crown in this year making over such a hat by merely lifting up the crown, by binding it into a sort of collar of stiffly folded taffeta or moire silk, above which color the soft brim appears. As many as six or eight big soft plumes arranged in a sun-burst at the back of the hat, all the tips hanging heavily over the top of the hat make an approved trimming, and she that valiantly hangs on to her long plumes is counting herself lucky just now.

Rules are hard to trace in the small hats, as was indicated by a foregoing remark to the effect that many tiny hats look as if thrown together, but nevertheless many of the wee bits of headgear are very attractive. Here is one.



WHERE WIDE, FLAT EFFECTS PREVAIL.

In the concluding illustration, having a black velvet crown and a fancy brim of black and lettuce-green chenille. The trimming consisted of black silk roses, knots and bows of moss green velvet and black paradise egrettes. One rule that has rather general application in small hats is that the wide and flat effect prevails, but always relieved by an uplift of feather, quills or wings. While the ever-popular round hat with the closely rolled and mathematical brim is still offered, the toques that attract by novelty are irregular in shape. Many tiny hats with a bit of narrow brim have a ruffle of velvet set under the brim, the result being an effect of velvet rather than of the unbroken round of that hat's own brim.

The Dutch style of small bonnets, which is only suitable for the theater or a dressy reception, proved so becoming to many women that it is still worn, and always with quaint and stylish effect, but the newer theater small hat is rather elaborate, and though becoming when on, is likely when off to look rather too fussy and elaborate for the very strictest taste. Brilliant buckles and combinations of colors add to this effect, but, after all is said, the woman who cannot find a small hat to become her must be very homely.

Moire effects in silk, wool and velvet are decidedly the thing this season, and all the new flowered silks have a moire ground. Fullie in old-time patterns with stripes and broche pompadour bouquets is very much worn, and brocade silks woven with a metallic thread are revived, for evening clouds especially.

DISEASE AND WAR.

An Old Fight for Finds Disease Harder to Battle With than Armed Hosts.

From the "Cater City, Keokuk, Iowa.

A reporter called on Captain A. H. Evans, retail dealer and member of the firm of Chisbom & Evans Co., corner Main and Water streets, Keokuk, Ia., and knows for himself the statements made.

"At the breaking out of the Civil War," said Captain Evans, "I enlisted in the army, serving continuously from 1861 to 1865, in the Ninth New Jersey Regiment of 'old army'."

"You are identified with the Grand Army of the Republic, are you not, Captain?"

"Yes, I am a member of Torrence Post, No. 1, Department of Iowa, and served the Post as Commander during the year 1888."

"I am also Inspector of Grand Army Posts in the Department of Iowa."

"Your health appears to be such that it allows you to fulfill your duties and enjoy life better than most men of your age?"

"Yes, my health was never better than it is now, and I owe it largely to a medicine that is the medical marvel of the age."

"What is that, Captain?"

"I will tell you. Last winter my usual good health began to fail me. I suffered from dull feelings in my head, an inclination to shirk work, and a general feeling of lassitude. One day my wife was reading in a newspaper of a case similar to my own, where a gentleman had been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and prevailed upon me to try them. I did so, purchased a box at Metzger's drug store, 204 Main street, and began taking them according to directions."

"I began taking the Pink Pills in April and they cured me, and without the aid of a doctor."

"Do other members of your family use the pills?"

"My wife has taken them and pronounced them the best regulator for the system she ever used, and she has recommended them to all who will call on me."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they have never sold in bulk at less than the retail price) by address, Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y."

THE DOCTOR OF LONG AGO.

When People Were Bled and Filled with Medicine.

The doctor a hundred years ago and less was a more important personage than he is to-day. Indeed, he was second only to the minister and the judge. His general face, his engaging manners, the sincerity with which he inquired after the carpenter's daughter, and the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer, made him a favorite for miles around. He knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers fads pulled off their hats to him, and the girls dropped courtesies as he passed.

Sunshine or rain, daylight and darkness, were alike to him. He would ride the miles in the darkest night over the worst roads in a petting storm to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman or attend a child in a fit.

"The drugs were stowed away on the shelves of the village store, among heaps of shoes, Rohan hats, packages of seeds and ditches of bacon.

"The physician was compelled to compound his own drugs, make his own tinctures and put up his own prescriptions. His saddle bag was the only drug store within forty miles. Each spring the blood must be purified, the kidneys excited and the damsel who had fainted profusely bled. Large doses of gentian and manna, and rhubarb and molasses were taken daily. It is safe to say that more medicine was taken every year by the well than is now taken by the sick in the same time.

"Water was denied the patient tormented with fever. In its stead was given a small quantity of clam juice. Mercury was taken until the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth.

"An Easy Choice.

"You know that Michigan is one of the few States in the Union where capital punishment is forbidden by law," said Frank H. Hofsford, secretary of the Democratic campaign committee, "and the people are very tenacious of the good name of the State in that respect, and although some persons in every Legislature for many years have undertaken to restore the death penalty, the proposition has always been defeated. But the question 'bobs up serenely with every Legislature; there is an amount of oratory and long contests in each house of the Legislature.

"Some years ago an amusing thing happened while the debate on this bill was pending in the house at Lansing. Three able and landings representatives, who sat near each other on the right side of the house, made successively long and vigorous speeches on the question, all in favor of the hanging bill. When the last one took his seat a young man on the extreme left of the house rose quickly and said: 'Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege.' The gentleman will state his question of privilege," said the speaker. 'Mr. Speaker,' continued the young man, 'I want to inquire of our friends of the other side of the house which they think is preferable to be hanged or talked to death.' This statement was greeted with great applause, promptly checked, however, and turned against its author by a big-voiced member, who rose right back of the three offenders and called out, in a boiler factory voice: 'Well, if you're going to talk, we prefer to be hanged.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

In a Peck of Trouble.

A dentist of Chelsea, Mass., the other day was in a peck of trouble for a few minutes. When it was all over, though, the incident seemed laughable enough. The explosion of a vulcanizer in his laboratory tipped over an oil stove and caused that to blow up also. Burning oil ran down into a two-gallon can filled with kerosene. This fire-dentist seized and started for the bathroom. His wife was so excited that she fell into the bathtub, which was full of water. The doctor placed the blazing can on the floor, pulled his wife out of the tub, took up the can again and ran with it back to the laboratory, where it exploded with terrific force. The fire department had been summoned. When the firemen arrived the dentist showed them where the fire was. Feeling faint he started to go down stairs to get some outer air. The stairs were full of firemen. The dentist made a flying leap over their heads and when he picked himself up it was with a sprained ankle. The fire was put out and the dentist is now laid up for repairs.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mate appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic quins and undigestive sensations in the region of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam, is the case medicine which you require. Hasten to use it, or be troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

To dream of being dressed in white means success in your next undertaking.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad has just issued a 400-page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the entire territory lying along this line, in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned States, and is well worthy of a perusal by any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. Atmore, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

Combing your hair in a dream betokens success in love or trade, or both.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. It is sold by E. C. Cross & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him to be a perfectly honorable and reliable business man, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Wool & Cattle Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Welling, Knapp & Martin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Vegetable Seiffan Hair Renewer is unquestionably the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

Climbing a tree while dreaming means you will attain a higher political honor.

Hall's Vegetable Seiffan Hair Renewer is unquestionably the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

Ballot was once "a little ball." In many organizations ballots are still taken with marbles.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Is't so? Don't idle and ask, BUT USE St. Jacobs Oil for NEURALGIA, and you'll find out how quickly and surely it SOOTHES and CURES.

STOP! ... Don't Let ... Constipation Kill You!

Candy Cathartic Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

THE MOST WONDERFUL, RELIABLE AND EFFECTIVE MEDICINE EVER DISCOVERED.

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the most pleasant and most effective medicine ever discovered. They are sold by all druggists.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: W. L. RICHMOND & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Which costs most, a sick baby or a package of Pearlina? Without the Pearlina, there's always the prospect of sickness, and perhaps worse, for your baby or for any other baby. It comes from nursing bottles that are imperfectly washed. This is a source of infant trouble that can't be watched too closely. Pearlina will set your mind at rest. Nothing washes them so thoroughly as Pearlina. One of the largest makers of nursing bottles sends out circulars with his goods, recommending Pearlina for washing. He is wise, for milk in any form cannot adhere to anything, if washed with Pearlina.



"The Best is Aye the Cheapest" Avoid Imitations of and Substitutes for **SAPOLIO**

Sharp Twinges

Only the sufferer from rheumatism can realize the agony caused by this disease. It affects the joints and muscles, which become stiff and sore and cause constant suffering. The cure for rheumatism is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and neutralizes the acid which causes the aches and pains.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the Best of them, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or irritate the bowels. All druggists.

Webster's International Dictionary

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

Through revision of the unabridged, the purpose of this dictionary is to provide the most complete and authoritative work which is at all times up to date. It is a complete and reliable work, and is the most valuable of all the great dictionaries of the world.

The Cheapest of Gifts for Christmas.

G. & C. W. BERRILL CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

The Cyclist's Necessity.

A BOTTLE OF POND'S EXTRACT

Is the REPAIR KIT for all ACCIDENTS.

Unequaled for Quickly Healing Lameness and Soreness of Muscles, Wounds, Bruises, Stiffness, Rheumatism.

Rub thoroughly with POND'S EXTRACT after each ride to keep muscles supple, pliant, strong.

Try Pond's Extract Ointment for Piles.

Avoid Substitutes—Weak, Watery, Worthless.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 25 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

Cured by J. C. STEPHENS' LITTLE OIL.

S. C. N. U. 40-00

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Cured by J. C. STEPHENS' LITTLE OIL.

S. C. N. U. 40-00

You will Make A great big Mistake

If you fail
to call at the

STAR GROCERY

For anything in the
Line of

China and Glassware!

The Finest Line ever brought
to the City of Wayne.

Your Dollars

Whether gold, silver or paper, will
buy more here than ever before.
Come in and see our elegant line of

Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Cut Glass and Decorated Ware.

Yes, and we can also sell you some
of the very best of Fresh Groceries.

P. L. MILLER.

John Harrington

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Blankets,
Trunks,
Shoes,
Earthenware,
Fancy China Goods.

Just Received a Fine Line of

Fancy China

For the Holiday Trade.

John Harrington.

L. F. HOLTZ,

Satisfaction
Guaranteed. **Merchant Tailor!**

An Elegant line of Seasonable
Goods to Select from.

Shop First Door West of the State Bank.

The
Greatest
Holiday
Hit
Of all.

The realms of the best mar-
kets ransacked for the in-
dividual tastes of the people
of this vicinity.

All that is new novel and appropriate
will be found in our desir-
able selections of

Watches,

Clocks,

Jewelry,

SILVERWARE

Novelties, Etc.

And many other nice selec-
tions that we have not the
space to enumerate.

Come and see that

HOLIDAY BARGAINS

Do exist and that we
give them.

Mines, Jeweler.

HUNTER PRECINCT.

As you have no correspondent in
these parts we will try and send in the
news occasionally.

The farmers are not more than half
done picking corn and are very much
discouraged with the bad weather.

The ice storm of last week did an
immense amount of damage to trees
and also broke windmills for Mark
Jeffrey and Henry Kellogg.

Miss Fannie Skiles came home from
Norfolk where she is teaching, to spend
Thanksgiving with her parents.

Born, on Thanksgiving day, to Mr.
and Mrs. J. L. Stiner, a ten pound girl.
As the only other child they have is a
boy 15 years old, they feel that they
have abundant reasons to be thankful.

Nearly every farmer in this vicinity
is feeding one or more ears of cattle
and think it beats hauling ten cent
corn to market.

Look out for a wedding in this vicini-
ty in the near future.

HOSKINS ITEMS.

Don Shannon drove to Norfolk
Tuesday.

Miss Agnes Paul returned to her
home at Emerson on Monday.

Shannon & Son shipped three ears of
hogs Monday and one ear Tuesday.

J. Ziener went to Norfolk last
Thursday to try his luck at riding the
Odd Fellow goat.

The blacksmiths at this place are
kept very busy shoeing horses since the
sleet and snow of last week.

On account of the bad weather the
Ladies Aid Society postponed their
supper until some time in the near
future.

Last Monday Geo. Draveson's team
broke loose from where it was tied and
ran away. Leslie Baker caught them
however, before much damage was
done, and returned them to George.

Notice of Dissolution.

All persons are hereby notified that
the co-partnership existing in the city
of Wayne, Nebraska, between Frank
Kruger and Herman Mildner under the
firm name of Kruger & Mildner is this
day dissolved by mutual consent, the
said Frank Kruger will continue the
business of said firm and assume pay-
ment of all debts of said firm and all
debts due to said firm are to be paid to
him.

Dated Dec. 1, 1896.

FRANK KRUGER,
HERMAN MILDNER.

Buy your coal, hard and soft, of
Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

PROGRAMS.

Section No. 3, Carroll, December 12, 1896.
Recitation, The death of the flowers.
Classification of Country Schools, Mr. Boughn
Teaching Lan. and Gram. Miss Wadsworth
Biography of Bryant. Miss Griggs
Reading Circle Work.
Opening of the Mississippi—Everybody write
the narrative history.
French and India War. Miss Cook
Georgia and Pennsylvania. Miss Duncan and
Mr. Blakesley.
History lesson, pages 87 to 124.
Psychology. Mr. Jarwood and Miss Porter
Lesson pages 60 to 72.
Quotations from Bryant at roll call.
Current events—All.
Time of meeting 1 o'clock.
Mr. Robinson, President.

Section No. 4, School House No. 27, which
meets December 12, 1896, at 1 o'clock.
What should patrons reasonably expect from
teachers. Enola Caffee

Reading
a, Methods. Nora Larsen
b, Importance. Mrs. P. Westbanch
c, Model lesson for beginners, Maud Buskirk
History—Narratives from source study.
a, History of Maine through Colonial period.
U. L. Cunningham.
b, North American Indians. J. L. Killiau
c, French in Miss. valley. Eli McConougher
d, Cause of French-Indian War. Mar. Diltz
e, French-Indian War in West. Mary Busby
f, French-Indian War in East. Lily Busby
g, Life on the New Frontier. H. B. Masters
h, The Colonial Charters. Fred Woolston
Book Review. L. M. Lelsoaring
Psychology—First half of chapter on Intellect.
Alice Weaver.
Current events—Everybody.

Real Estate Transfers.

James Britton to Penny Elevator Co.
part no of sw 24, 18 25d. \$ 350.00
Henry Ley to State Bank of Wayne
lots 18, block 21, Wayne, Neb. 7000 00
Mary E Stubbs to F. G. Phillo, lots 7, 8
and 9, block 18, college hill, Wayne. 500 00
James Britton to Nelson Grimsley, a lot
30 ft. in front of waterworks city. 500 00
O. O. Whitte to Turner & Breuner, a
three cornered lot north of lot 6, in
Carroll, Neb. 100 00
Wm. E. Link to Karoline. Baum, lot 7,
block 18, Wayne. 150 00
A. L. Tucker to Tower & Benschop, a lot
150 x 310 feet in sw 1/4, 18-20-2. 1200 00
B. W. Wineland to Citizens Bank, lot 7,
block 7, Carroll. 250 00
C. D. Dillie to Geo. E. King, ne 1/4, 13-20-2 4000 00
B. E. Winland to Security State Bank, n
e. 1/4, 23-24. 3000 00

Sheriff's Sale

Dec. 3-5 w.

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed
by the court of the District Court of Wayne
County, Nebraska, on the 10th day of Novem-
ber, 1896, in an action wherein Wm. Harrison
Geo. Dillie, et al. plaintiffs, vs. Nelson Grimsley,
et al. defendants, for the foreclosure of a
mortgage on the real estate hereinafter de-
scribed and upon which the plaintiffs, Wm.
Harrison & Co., did, on the 19th day of Octo-
ber, 1896, obtain a decree for the sum of
\$1000.00 and \$3.70 costs of suit, with interest
thereon at ten per cent per annum, from the
19th day of October, 1896, and that said pre-
mises be sold to satisfy the same, which decree
is still in full force and unsatisfied, I will
hereby sell to satisfy said decree amounting
to \$1000.00 and \$3.70 costs of suit and accruing
interest, together with such other sum as may
be due from October 19th, 1896, the real es-
tate described in said order of sale to-wit:
The northwest quarter (nw 1/4) of section
five (5), township twenty-six (26), north range
five (5), east of the sixth (6th) P. M. in Wayne
county Nebraska, to the highest bidder for
cash in hand, at the front door of the building
used as a court house, in Wayne, in said coun-
ty, that being the building wherein the last
term of court was held, on Monday, the 4th
day of January, 1897, at the hour ten (10)
o'clock in the forenoon of said day, when and
where due attendance will be given by the
undersigned.
Dated at Wayne, Nebraska, this 3rd day of
December, 1896.
ED. HAYMONS,
Sheriff of Wayne County.

Have a Painless Method

Of extracting the dollars from
your pocket books, and if you
will just drop in and look over
my fine line of new

Furniture!

You will agree with me
that the prices are the
lowest you ever saw.

If you want to make a

Christmas Present

To any of your friends

You will find just the
Article you want; or if
you have any

Pictures to Frame,

Remember that I have all the
latest patterns along that line.
I have everything in the fur-
niture line and would be glad to
have you call and see me.

C. A. WATSON.

The Wayne Meat Market!

ROE & FORTNER, Prop's.

New brick west of the State Bank of Wayne on Second Street.

First-Class Meats Kept Constantly on Hand.

Fish and Poultry in Season. Also Dealers in Hides and Furs.

Attention!

Citizens
AND Farmers!

Your attention is called
to our large stock of

NEW LUMBER

The very best
kinds of

HARD AND SOFT COAL,

All varieties of Farm
Implements and Wagons.

A Beautiful Calendar for '97-FREE at our Office.

PHILLO & SON,

WAYNE, NEBRASKA.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

When in Wayne
Don't forget to call at

THE CORNER RESTAURANT.

The Best of Meals at all Hours.
Fruits of all kinds.

Come in and see us.

J. R. Hoover, Proprietor