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NEWPORT.

The Aristocratic Resort Where the Astors and Vanderbilts Represent the Dominant Element,

And Where the Summer Residents Live Almost Altogether in Their Own Cottages.

The Problem of What Constitutes Rest Causes a Separation of Husband and Wife.

NEWPORT, R. I., August, 1888.

Henry Clews tells me that he is the only Wall street man who can get away from his business. He is not the only operator who has a summer residence at a distance from his office, but he believes that he is unique in being able to stop thinking about his money affairs whenever he chooses to enjoy himself in spending some of his money. He has one of the finest villas here, and it is connected by private wires with Wall street, and yet he declares that the telegrams do not distract him from the social things that are almost constantly going on in his house.

"See that man and his wife," Mr. Clews said, indicating a couple who sat a little distance away on the veranda. "The young lady is a bride of a year. Her toilet is fash-

HARD AT WORK.

ionable, and its details must necessarily be matters of considerable concern to a feminine mind. She is artfully alert, also, as you can plainly see, and you might conclude that she is foolishly depriving herself of the ease and comfort which she might obtain by greater laziness. Nevertheless, she is having a right good time, while it is her husband who is hard at work. Oh, I know he doesn't look it. He is fat enough to be jolly, his clothes are loose and a little slouchy, he is lazily puffing a cigar, and apparently he is thinking of just nothing at all. But for a fact he is not resting in the least. His brain is laboring hard. He is a Wall street operator, and his head is as busy now as though he sat in his office in New York. That sort of man gets no good out of a summer resort. As for me, on the contrary, I can read a telegram of no matter how much consequence, send whatever reply is necessary, and then instantly dismiss the matter from my mind. It is a lucky thing to be constituted in that way. Otherwise I couldn't begin to get the worth of my money that is invested in this summer home."

Then Mr. Clews told about a couple who had come to Newport on their bridal tour, and who were heard one day in violent altercation in their room at the hotel. They had seemed to be such a happily mated pair, and so very tender in their fresh matrimonial relations, that people who overheard the row were astounded. It subsequently transpired that the quarrel was over the question as to what meant rest at a summer

A DISCUSSION AS TO WHAT CONSTITUTES REST.

resort. It had arisen while they were making their toilets for the afternoon. The husband insisted that a quiet smoke in an easy chair at the window of their own apartment was the desirable process, while the wife was as sure that comfort could only be obtained by dressing elaborately and lounging with the rest of the fashionables at the Casino. The controversy become bitter, and it has ended in a separation, the angry bride going home to her family, while the bridegroom remains at Newport to smoke alone in the manner that suits him best.

Newport has been lazy enough in all conscience up to the present week. That is usual through July. The swell residents seem to come here tired out by their winter and spring gayeties in town, and for several weeks they remain inert; but that period of rest is followed by a general arousal, such as has taken place to a considerable extent this week.

Ward McAllister has just arrived. He is not of so much importance in himself since his downfall as a dictator of the famous four hundred in New York, but his presence is an indication of social enlivenment, for he always seeks the liveliest places of fashion.

A more interesting arrival is that of Orme Wilson, the husband of William Astor's daughter Carrie. This is the first visit by them to Newport since they were married, several years ago. Other Astors have been dwellers here every summer, but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have gone to quieter places. Their reason for absence from Newport was poverty. Of course they had plenty to eat, drink and wear, but affluence to their mind

TIRED OUT.

meant a million and no less. Mr. Wilson had no notion of trying to accumulate that sum in business, but he was free to express his desire. William Astor has given $500,000 to his daughter, and Mr. Wilson has, partly by inheritance and partly by gift, come into possession of an equal amount of property from his family. Therefore, with the requisite million to maintain a satisfactory establishment, the Wilsons have come to Newport. They have taken possession of a house included in the present

from Orme's father, and will give some fine entertainments this month. The place used to be the summer home of Gov. E. D. Morgan of New York, and it has been lavishly furnished for its new occupants. The old war Governor made this villa the place of memorable festivities, and there was always a flavor of politics about them, along with a great deal of art and literary talk, so that the assemblages became notable in their

day. It is not likely that the Wilsons will distinguish themselves in those ways, but they will give a series of dinners and balls extending through the summer and well into autumn.

There was a ludicrous failure to start the dancing of the season at the Casino too early this month. The managers provided first-rate music, a good supper, and all the other requisites for a brilliant sum-

MRS. FRED VANDERBILT.

mer ball, but the swell people had not yet awakened from the laziness already mentioned, and they went to the Casino that night to the number of less than fifty, of whom not four people could be secured for a lancers. The few who would gladly have danced disliked to do so under such circumstances, and so the waltzes, too were disregarded. The band played through the programme, but not a foot was stirred to dance. But this week a second endeavor resulted in success, and, although the belles and beaux were still tired, they managed to get through a few quadrilles and waltzes. I have tried to sketch herewith an example of fair fatigue. She was the belle of that ball, and she was quite lovely in a dress of artful white simplicity. Languor was her characteristic for this occasion, and, almost beyond the limits of gentility, she half-reclined on a sofa between dances and yawned behind her lazily handled fan.

The Vanderbilts are here in considerable force already, and I make a drawing of the socially famous Mrs. Frederick K. as she appeared at this dance. She wore a low and sleeveless bodice of striped material, quite the London style, and in connection therewith a skirt of contrasted white. This Mrs. Vanderbilt, you will remember, is an anglomaniac, but she is a bright and charming woman, nevertheless, and it is easy to for-

LOUIS LORILLARD.

give the eccentricities which she so bewitchingly indulges in. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will arrive in a few days, and other members of the family will come at the same time. They are expected to fill altogether four fine villas of Newport, and to do their social duty in the matter of entertainments.

Newport is peculiar in itself as a summer resort. Here are to be found in a preponderating proportion people possessing great wealth not of their own accumulation. At Long Branch and Saratoga one finds the hotels filled largely by the families of men who have wrought out their own fortunes. On every hand are pointed out heroes of financial success. Persons with good memories for faces and histories will give to you interesting sketches of the business careers personified in sight. But at Newport the Astors and Vanderbilts represent the dominant element. A hundred other names could be given, unfamiliar to the public, but not the less standing for inherited riches. Therefore this is a place to excite envy and all uncharitableness in the mind of an unenriched observer. For example, here is a man who certainly is not handsome, although well enough looking, and whose yachting costume, consisting principally of a white flannel cap, coat and shirt, does not help him to be distinguished in appearance. But for a single glass screwed into one eye, and always to be taken as a

ON NEFARIOUS BUSINESS INTENT.

brand of social superiority, he might easily be mistaken for a hired mariner. The lady who leans on his shoulder, in a manner publicly forbidden to others than wives or sisters, is clad in a yachting dress of a prettier style. If you happen to be an anarchist, this is the man you will desire to blow up with dynamite, for he possesses three millions of dollars, not one of which he ever earned. If you are inclined to forgive such an offense against equality, you can easily do so in this instance, for the man is good-natured, popular and really not to blame for having drawn an enormous prize in life's lottery. This is Louis Lorillard, who got a good portion of the immense wealth of Catherine L. Wolfe, the eccentric and benevolent old maiden who turned her New York residence into a storehouse of art, and whose summer place here at Newport was for many years one of the finest. The latter property was included in Louis Lorillard's inheritance, and Miss Wolfe set aside four hundred thousand dollars for its maintenance. So the Lorillards are pretty well fixed for hot weather.

While we are in the way of portraiture, let me insert two persons who came to Newport on nefarious business intent. They sat across the table from me at the hotel for several days, and I didn't doubt that they were the Italian count and countess that they represented themselves to be. But they turned out to be adventurers, and their intention was to swindle some of the Crœsuses of Newport. Exactly what their scheme was will never be known. It failed before being tried. Evidently, they did not know the peculiarities of the place. Hotel life makes a very small showing here. The summer residents live almost altogether in their own cottages, and are quite inaccessible to strangers. This predatory pair supposed that they could make hotel acquaintances and then fleece them. They had done so to some extent at Saratoga by means of worthless checks and other familiar devices. Learning that Newport was the especial resort of very rich people, they concluded that this was a good field for their operations. By a week's work they got no nearer any desirable victims than to see them drive past, or to gaze at them across the lawn of the exclusive Casino. Finally they tried a forged letter of introduction, but the trick did not win, and they have to quit Newport poorer than they came, except in experience.

The showiest visitor who fails of welcome by the cottagers is a blonde young woman, with bright-yellow hair, who drives a yellow horse attached to a yellow phaeton. She is like a golden goddess in a golden chariot, and that is the means she takes to command attention. To that extent she is a glittering success, but just how she gets satisfaction from being looked at, and never spoken to, is one of the summer puzzles of Newport.

KAMERA.

CHRONOLOGERS have divided the time between the creation and the birth of Christ into ages. First age (creation to deluge) 4004–2349 B. C.; second age, to the coming of Abraham into Canaan, 2348–1922; third age, to the exodus from Egypt, 1921–1491; fourth age, to the founding of Solomon's temple, 1490–1014; fifth age, to the capture of Jerusalem, 1014–588; sixth age, to the birth of Christ, 588–4 B. C. We are now in the seventh age, according to this chronology.

MATRIMONY IN THE WILD WEST.

A WYOMING WEDDING.

The couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the old squire, who said:

"Feller-citizens, this yar man an' this yar woman have appeared before this court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and furevermore. All in favor o' me proceedin' as authorized by law say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, no."

Nobody said "no."

"The motion is carried unanimously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip your fins." The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly sw'ar thet you'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? Thet ye'll love 'er, and pervide fer 'er, an' treat 'er square an' white, accordin' to the rules and regulations sot down to govern such cases in the laws o' the United States, so help you God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time; thet ye'll nuss him in sickness and be square to him in wellness; thet ye'll be to him a good, true, honest, up and up wife, under the penalty prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do ye swa'ar this, so help you God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, an' legalize ye to remain as such now and furevermore; an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your souls, and bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

TYING THE KNOT IN NEBRASKA.

A newly elected justice of the peace, who had been used to drawing up deeds and little else, was called up to marry a couple in haste. Removing his hat, he remarked: "Hats off in the presence of the court." All being uncovered, he proceeded: "Hold up your right hand. You, John Makin, do you solemnly swear, to the best of yer knowledge an' belief, that you take this woman to have and to hold for yerself, yer heirs, executers, administrators, and assigns, for yer and their use forever?"

"I do," answered the groom, promptly.

"You, Alice Evans, take this yer man for yer husband, ter have and ter hold forever, an' you do solemnly swear that yer lawfully sized in fee simple an' free from all incumbrance, and have good right to sell, bargain, an' convey to said grantee yerself, yer heirs, administrators, and assigns?"

"I do—I do," said the bride, doubtfully.

MARRYING IN ARKANSAS.

The bridal party moved with steady steps and stately grace to a position in front of the magisterial altar. 'Squire Barry arose, code in hand, and cleared his throat for a grand splurge into the regulation marriage service. Slowly and with unusual emphasis he pronounced the words until he reached the closing clause, "I pronounce you man and wife." Before the magic words had fallen from his lips the bride groom gasped, "Hol' on dar, boss; lem me kiss dis gal!" Then began a scene that caused the crowd to roll upon the floor with laughter. Brown met with violent resistance from "dis gal!" who evidently had no undue fondness for public osculatory exercise. A regular scuffle ensued, the finality of which was that Brown got Adeline's head back against the wall, and their lips met with a resounding smack. All was over.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Dogs.

When Mrs. Burnett was a child her family lived in Tennessee. There they had—as she expressed it—"colonies of dogs," many of them disreputable ones, that came and asked to stay, or stayed without asking—any way, to insinuate themself into the household. One of these was dubbed "Pepper," because of his touchy, contradictory disposition, which led to habits and ways that were sources of great amusement to the children. He followed Mrs. Burnett's brother home one day, and intimated that he had come to remain. He pretended to be a dog who was highly strung and sensitive, and that these traits had not been appreciated where he came from, but the children soon discovered that his sensitiveness was but temper.

The moment he was reproved for improper conduct, he went out of the front door and trotted home to the other family, who lived about four miles away. The children would stand on the piazza to watch him till he was out of sight. He had a long hill to trot over, and the intolerant scorn expressed by his tail and little hind legs, as he jogged along, never deigning to cast a glance behind, showed in the most scathing manner that, in his opinion, the family he had turned his back upon were people of no refinement of sentiment whatever, and could not be expected to understand the feelings of a dog of real delicacy. He always went away when lectured, and probably came back when the other family did not approve of his actions, because he kept running away and coming back for a year or two, finally, however, deciding that the children were worthiest of his continued patronage.—*Gertrude Van R. Wickham, in St. Nicholas.*

Bloom in Kentucky Cheeks.

We invite such of our Northern contemporaries as are dissatisfied with the complexion of their girls to come out to Kentucky, where the roses of our sweethearts' cheeks are perennial bloomers, always warranted to wash, and, paradoxical as it may sound, while their tints cannot be extracted, albeit they somehow rush over him whose lips come in contact with them as though they were a whole summer rainbow twining about him and making a Maypole of his spinal column—a rainbow in sooth, one end of which rests in the gardens of the Hesperides and the other in a jug of sugar-house molasses. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*

An Emersonian Shoe Store.

Miss Waldo—Have you any light rubbers suitable for summer wear?

Dealer—Yes, miss; here are some sandals. This part protects the sole, and this little strap going over the shoe——"

"Is the over-soul. What a nice idea! I'll take three pairs, please."—*Puck.*

HUMOR.

A DEADLY blow—blowing out the gas.

OUT on the fly—Noah's dove.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE champion bicycler no doubt calls himself "the champion of the whirled."

VISITOR—Do you love the piano? Lady—No, I prefer death by electricity.—*Siftings.*

THE reigning belle at the seashore is particular about her sun umbrella.—*Orleans Picayune.*

MUSICAL stars ought to be able to interpret the music of the spheres.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE witness who was testifying in an oil-well case was urged to tell the "hole" truth.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

LONDON sportsmen are trying to reform the English horse races, but they find it a turf job.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"POOR childless wish!" exclaimed Fogg, when Fenderson spoke of his wish being father to his thought.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NEW poet talks of "Two Ways of Love." He could fill a volume by writing of the different ways of divorce.—*Lincoln Journal.*

SOCIETY, what there is left of it in the city, is done up in Mother Hubbards and wanders about like an unlaid ghost.—*Kansas City Times.*

E. BERRY WALL publicly confesses that he is very adverse to notoriety. That is as plain as the nose on an oyster's face.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IT is no excuse for the negro who is caught in a melon patch after midnight to plead that he did not know the farmer's gun was loaded.—*Boston Courier.*

LITTLE BESS—Fred I'm to write a composition on dogs. Tell me something about dogs. Master Fred—Well, fleas are always about dogs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUNG wife—My dear, why do they call the places where you get help intelligence offices? Young husband—I suppose, on the doctrine of contrarities—the lucus a non lucendo principle—because they are depots for stupidity.

OLD lady—I hope, sonny, that a nice-looking little boy like you had nothing to do with tying the kettle to that poor little dog's tail. Sonny—No, indeed, I did not, ma'am, but (rapturously) gimminy, didn't he git over the ground fast!

"WHAT is a college commencement, papa? What do they commence?" "They commence to speak their little pieces, but forget what they intend to say. If they don't forget it when they commence the audience forgets it when they finish."—*Arcola Record.*

CUPID'S GEOGRAPHY.

When we are far apart, my love,
The world is very wide;
But it assumes a different shape
When we are side by side.
For then 'tis so diminished
That our rooms attic view,
We half imagine it was made
Just large enough for two!

—*W. H. Hayne, in Life.*

ANXIOUS mother—I am so worried over our boy. He and another little boy tried to catch onto a wagon driven rapidly through the street and he could not run fast enough to get hold, but the other boy managed to jump on and then, my dear, our son, our dear little son, just stopped and began yelling "cut behind," just like a little imp, and all because he couldn't catch on and the other did. What shall we do with him? Husband—We must send him to college, my dear. He'll be the able editor of a great party organ some day.—*Omaha World.*

The Jackals of Calcutta.

Kind friends had warned us, Mr. Bamford writes in "Turbans and Tails," ere we retired to sleep the first night in Calcutta not to suppose that there was anything the matter if we should hear the cry of the jackals. But for that warning I do not know what our feelings would have been when, awakened from our sleep by them, we heard a pack pass close to the house. It seemed to us as though the conscience of the whole city had unbarred the portals of hell and put a trumpet in the hand of every liberated fiend. I had presumptuously imagined that familiarity with the concerts of London cats would enable me to sleep through the jackals' efforts. But, though the cat has undeniable power, he can never hope to reach the top notes of the jackal. This latter, indeed, lacks the conversational variety of the more domestic animal. He confines himself mainly to one tune, which begins in a semi-apologetic low note, then ascends a little, still with a suspicion of apology and explanation that he did not mean to make quite so much noise but could not help it; and then the flood gates are open, and, seeming to say that he does not care, he yells with ecstatic abandon. Terrible as a "wandering voice" of the night, the jackal appears a poor creature should he be come upon in his own proper person by day. True, his teeth are to be respected, but that is because, like all carrion feeders, his bite is more or less poisonous. He is himself a sneaking coward, useful, however, beyond description. No system of drainage will enable Calcutta to dispense with its natural scavengers, and of these the jackal is among the most efficient. Peering into dark corners, and with a nose keen to scent out what has escaped even the crow's bright eye, little as that seems to miss, he fills a special place in the sanitary economy of the city of palaces.

Is This True?

A story which has probably never been in print is told on the authority of Henry Wilson as to how Grant succeeded in getting the resignation of Postmaster General Jewell of his Cabinet. The story runs that Grant and Jewell were alone together, talking over matters, when, without any previous suggestion of the subject, the President said to his Cabinet adviser: "Jewell, how do you suppose your resignation would look written out?" Jewell, thinking the question a pleasantry of Grant's, said he would write it and see. "All right," said Grant, "you just take some paper and write it down and see how it looks." Jewell wrote and handed the paper to Grant. The latter looked at it a moment and then replied: "That looks well. I will accept that." He was in earnest, and Jewell was out of the Cabinet.

His Own Fault.

"This is about the slimmest dinner I ever sat down to," he said, as he surveyed the table; "but I s'pose I ought to make certain allowances."

"Yes, John," replied his wife, "if you would make certain allowances you would have no occasion to quarrel with your food."

An eccentric woman named Bridget Shelly, who died in San Francisco recently, was known as "The North Star," on account of a huge red star of cloth which she wore sewn on her left breast. She imagined that she was the polar luminary, but in other respects was rational.

A new use has been found for the district messenger boy. The waiters in a down-town New York restaurant went on a strike recently, and the proprietor rang for a number of boys, and thus temporarily supplied the places of the waiters until others could be engaged.

She Fell—He Tumbled.

It was on a corner.
On a public, icy corner.
As I approached it from one direction an angel approached it from the opposite.
I mean an angel in female clothing—$14 hat—sealskin sacque—$8 boots—and such a face and form!
As we were about to pass she fell.
There was no bag of sand business about it, but she simply uttered a little shriek—a very little one—tossed up her right arm, and then gracefully settled down in a heap, with one foot and ankle peeping out from under her dress.
I'll be hanged! I'll be hanged if it wasn't the most graceful thing in the books—the prettiest, sweetest, daintiest fall ever seen in public!
Quicker'n chain lightning I made up my mind to marry her. I had fully determined never to marry a woman who slipped down like a bow-legged quadruped and made herself an object of ridicule to the public.

Months passed.
So did I.
My love never grew cold. She took occasion to fall again—this time off a step-ladder in the back yard as we trained a climbing rose.
Gracious! but how beautiful! She didn't go down with a swoosh and a kerplunk, but descended like a bird—slowly, gracefully, quietly, properly.
After that I hastened the marriage day. I had long ago determined never to marry one of those women who kick the step-ladder through the back fence as they take a tumble.

We were spliced. My happiness kicked the beam at two thousand pounds.
Inside of a week she threw a clock at me. Next day she went into a mad fit and kicked two panels out of a door, and several panels out of me. She tried to saw me in two with a case-knife. She sought to explode a can of tomatoes under my chin as I slept. She stole my watch and pawned it—she plundered my wallet—she placed a torpedo in my path, and she fled with a man who was selling patent blacking—three packages for twenty-five cents, warranted not to raise any dust or spot the carpet.

Let 'em fall!
I stand one very icy corner and wait and grin and anticipate.
I cachinnate and chuckle. I am heartless. Let 'em fall gracefully or otherwise. Let 'em descend like feathers, or with a bump which shakes the earth. Let 'em scramble on all-fours, mad and chagrined, or let 'em remain in graceful position until some soft-hearted fool rushes up to extend a hand.
I am there, but I am immovable, implacable, unrelenting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Workers in Petroleum.

The petroleum industry gives employment to a large body of laborers. In 1880, according to the census report, there were 2,111 skilled and 8,784 unskilled workmen engaged in producing oil, and 9,869 persons in refining it. There are about 20,000 wells in the entire oil field, but many of them are small pumpers, and one hand can attend to several of them. After the completion of the derrick and the arrival of engine and tools, four men are required to drill a well. These men receive $3.50 per day. The common well-tenders, pipe-men, and the like, receive $50 per month, or from $1.75 to $2 per day. Coopers and carpenters get about $2.50. In refineries skilled laborers receive $3 per day, and stillmen, or common workmen, get about $1.75.—*George R. Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.*

At the 14th of July fete in Paris, one Frenchman carried about a star spangled banner, and shouted: "Hurrah for the real Republic!" He was drunk.

Frank Williams, a miller of Greensboro, Georgia, was bitten by a moccasin the other day. In the mill is a trough in which corn is kept. There is a small opening in the trough, and Mr. Williams, while standing near, saw a rat run out of it. In a second more he felt a sharp prick in the center of his hand, and instantly imagined he had been bitten by a snake. Camphor and other antidotes were applied, and Mr. Williams experienced no further inconvenience from the bite. The trough was moved and the corn taken out, and a monster moccasin found in the bottom. The snake was killed.

One Huolarinen, of Helsingfors, Finland, was during his life believed to be on friendly footing with the devil. His will leaves all his land and property to that individual, and the authorities of Finland are much troubled about what to do.

The Agonies of Lumbago.

EAST RIVER NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK, March 10, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Last October I had a very severe attack of lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable; the folks suggested ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief; I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable Plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them. W. S. PHILLIPS.

Six factories in this country now turn out Web printing presses.

A Young Girl's Grief

At seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health impaired by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels, and other organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Thirteen Chicago millionaires made their means in dry goods.

Better than a Hero.

"What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of gun-powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?" "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

Thus far the watering place season has not been a success.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Among the recent imports were 75,000 campaign buttons.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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