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A LODGING-HOUSE keeper in London named Foy, who was so poor that he had been able to get excused even from rate-paying, received from the hands of his dying wife the gift of her stays. After her death he cut them up and discovered over $600 secreted in them. He gave his wife the most elegant wake ever seen in the neighborhood, and while he was under its influence a man named Fryer stole the balance of the money from him. He had Fryer arrested, and in the police court the story of the hidden treasure came out.

A KERN County, Cal., farmer states that last June he sowed 800 acres of land with Egyptian corn. Last October he harvested 300 acres of it, obtaining thirty-six stacks, or about two tons per acre. Into the remaining 500 acres 800 head of cattle were turned, and in about a month they had trodden it all down so that it looked like a field of harvest-past cornstalks, but the ground was covered almost white with the threshed out kernels. Twelve hundred hogs were then turned in, and they are said to day to be the finest, largest, laziest and fattest hogs in the State.

WHEN the Omaha tribe of Indians was broken up by their own consent, to take land in severalty, Miss Alice Fletcher was presented with the "sacred tent," which was the very embodiment of all that they revered under the old order of things, and this is now deposited in the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass. Quite as significant a relic has now been presented to Miss Fletcher by the Nez Perces. The pipe of war and council, which has been used in all the tribal deliberations for over thirty years, the one which was gravely passed around when the tribe made their last outbreak, has now been given to Miss Fletcher, with due ceremonial and impressive statement that she had destroyed its significance, because they were no longer a tribe, but citizens of the United States.

A PHILADELPHIA paper, in writing that Henry M. Stanley, when he lived in Omaha in 1867, fell in love with an actress, who jilted him, remarks that now Stanley is a woman-hater. This statement the great explorer's friends indignantly deny. Although Stanley is not a married man, he gives no evidence of hatred for the other sex. In fact, one of the best friends he has is a Philadelphia woman, toward whom he entertains feelings of the greatest respect, if not of positive affection. Just before he plunged into the jungle in his search for Emin Bey the last message he sent to any one in the civilized world was to this loyal friend, and she was among the first to receive word from him when, not long ago, he reappeared, with his knowledge of the mysteries of the great African continent augmented by his recent discoveries.

THE dinornis of New Zealand and the epyornis of Madagascar were among the existing birds until so recent a period that it has sometimes been doubted whether they are yet extinct. Joly states that the height of the latter was about 16 feet, while its eggs were equal in capacity to 6 ostrich eggs, 148 hens' eggs, or to 50,000 humming birds' eggs. One of the eggs measured at Toulouse was 20 inches long and 9 inches wide, with a shell from 1 to 2 lines thick, and it could contain nearly 2 gallons of water. A still larger specimen has been described by Saint-Hillaire. An egg of the dinornis measuring 10 and 7 inches is recorded.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and consider it the best blood medicine I have ever taken. It builds me up, makes me sleep better, gives me a good appetite." MRS. A. P. LEIGHTON, Portland, Me.

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100 Doses One Dollar

P N U 12 '90

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CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A. HAY-FEVER

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$20 Picket Fence Machine for $10.00. Guaranteed. Thousands in use. Freight paid. Circulars free. S. M. Garrett, Mansfield, O.

SUGAR-COATED FALSEHOODS.

Is Mendacity a Feminine Failing?

"IS difficult to conceive of a woman whose means are practically limitless beating down a tradesman, and yet I know of an instance where one of the women in a certain family disputed the price of a dress that a costumer was making for her to wear to a fancy costume ball. The point in dispute was a matter of five dollars, relating to some detail of the costume. The costumer explained that it was impossible for him to deduct this amount from the bill, and would prefer not making the dress to doing so.

"But in my case I should think you would be especially reasonable in your charges," said the woman.

The costumer looked at her in astonishment. Of all women in New York he considered that this one might afford to pay what she was asked for an article.

"I don't think I quite understand you," he responded to her remark. "Why should I make cheap terms for you, my dear madam?"

"Because," replied the lady, "when it becomes known that I am having my costume made here many of my friends will come to you."

The costumer could not see the question in this light, and the discussion ended by the lady deciding to take her work elsewhere. In the meantime her two children were having a little trouble together in another part of the room.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the mother of one, who was crying bitterly.

"She stole my five-cent piece," sobbed the little girl, indicating her sister.

The mother secured peace by restoring the money to its rightful owner, and promising the other a similar amount if she would be very good until they got home. As the family went out to its elegantly appointed carriage, the costumer said:

"Well, I guess that I'm glad I'm poor."

Now that I have struck into a critical vein, let me moralize briefly on the melancholy fact that mendacity is a common feminine failing. Men have a contempt for small lies. They may perjure their souls to any extent for a suitably large stake, but they would certainly feel ashamed to make the untruthful assertions that women will indulge in, not only on the slightest provocation, but often without a shadow of necessity.

It is but just to the feminine sex to say, however, that gain is not always the cause of their lack of veracity. It seems rather that the habit of wandering away from the truth is a kind of constitutional defect—a flaw in woman's nature. She lies not so much from malice aforethought as because it becomes more natural to her than to make a plain, unvarnished statement. Moreover, she is compelled by her own sex to do so. Women resent the attempts of reformers in this respect. There are certain lies, they argue, that society demands shall be told. They are recognized formulæ, and to offer the truth in their stead would not only be extremely unpalatable to the majority, but would without question bring about a state of affairs which must inevitably wreck the whole social system. It is often the anxiety to keep themselves up to the standard fixed by the unwritten laws of their "set" that further leads women into the crooked paths of mendacity. But all the same, the knack comes readily enough to them. Their tongues utter "taradiddles" glibly enough, whatever be their cause; and then there are, besides, so many of these sugar-coated falsehoods told daily that need never be uttered at all, and which may be said to come under the head of feminine petty immoralities.

There are no subterfuges that the gentler sex will not practice by means of the facile falsehood to secure "something for nothing," such as theater tickets, entrance to exclusive entertainments or similar shows. They will, for such coveted prizes, mendaciously commit themselves to almost any extent, and with a wholesome disregard of detection that positively appalls the male friend whose aid is sought at these times. I remember on the occasion of a famous ball it was stated that society matrons had absolutely steeped themselves in untruths in order to get invitations, and I can believe it. When such matters are at stake, truth stands but a poor chance, and having been once sacrificed, moreover, is not easily reinstated, for "he who tells a lie will inevitably be forced to invent twenty more to maintain it," and thus it comes about that veracity, which at best is but lightly esteemed in feminine circles, gradually ceases to hold any important place in the female code of morality.—*Jennie Dean in Chicago Ledger.*

Very Busy.

A man stepped across an upper hall in a great office building in Chicago, and entering a room, said to an absorbed real estate dealer.

"Say, have you got time to go out?"

"No, not now."

"I think you ought to."

"Why so?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No."

"Haven't you seen the afternoon paper?"

"Haven't had time to look at it. Contain anything of unusual interest?"

"Well, rather. It announces the fact that the south end of this building is on fire."

"Suppose you telephone down and see how the fire is getting along."

"I did just now—telephoned to your Brother Dick."

"Whose Brother Dick?"

"Yours."

"When did he come to town?"

"About two years ago."

"Oh, yes, now I remember. And you say that you telephoned to him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Said the fire was spreading. Suppose we go out."

"No, not now. My lease expires at six o'clock this evening, and as I cannot get a renewal at the old terms, why, I purpose to stay here as long as I can at the old rate. Excuse me, please. I am very busy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AT a recent meeting of the Western Microscopical Club, of London, Prof. Stewart remarked that while we expect to find the ears upon the head in the larger animals, we look in vain for the same arrangement in the lower invertebrate creatures. Many of these, like the scallop, have no head; others, like crabs and lobsters, have their ears placed on their horns or antennæ; others, like the green grasshopper, have the ear on the foreleg; others, like the fresh-water shrimp, have it on the tail. In fact, it would seem that in these lower forms of life, whose origin was long anterior to the evolution of man, Nature was feeling her way and making experiments as to the future positions of the sense organs.

BILKINS—Why don't you hire a cashier?

Jilkins—I'd rather have my cash here.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS, 1890.

MR. EDITUR: We hednt ben thare only 4 days when Joshua kim home; he sed the Capting sed hed let him go, seeins his folks hed kim to see him. Willam Henery was tickledern a little dog stuffed with fresh pork when he go back.

"Naw we kin go a fishin," ses he. And so the next day we packed up the childern and sum cole vittles an went to the crick.

Joshuas wife an I want a goin fishin enny, so we tuck our croshay work along an set by the vittles an let Willam Henery an the widder an Jushua do the fishin.

"I'll bet I ketch the first fish," ses the widder. "You'd orter, you've hed axperience enurf a ketchin men," ses William Henery. "Hey, I've got a nibble," ses he, but jest then the widder hit him a whack with the fishin pole.

"Ouch!" ses he: "Jemima crickets! now you've skeered him off. Let up, kaint you," ses he; but she hit 'im agin, an this time the fish hook cot in his pants an scratched him a little, an he hollered sum more, an we hed to cut the hook out, coz the pants—not Wm. Henery, an it lef a purty good sized hole, an he tole her she'd got to mend it, an thay jawed aroun considable, an by thet time Joshua sed twan't no use to stay thare no longer, fur the feesh wus all skeered off.

"An I hed a nibble when Sal swatted me," ses William Henery, about's or more mad.

"Well, I'll larn you who youre a talkin to," ses she, an we picked up our plunder an went down the crick a considable ways furder threw the bush, an Willam Henery tore a hole in the back of his shirt, an the widder snagged her dress, an by thet time we wus thare.

Thay all kep tolable still at fust, an Joshua's wife an me wus a havin a reel nice visit, when Willam Henery hollered out, awful excited: "I've got a bite; kum an help me pull him in! Hester Ann, he's a reglar whale," an he just fairly danced fur joy. Joshua helped him an thay halled in a cle boot, an the widder hollered an laffed, and purty soon she cot a punkin seed. "Hey, goody, good!" ses she, "I knowed I'd ketch the fust one," but just then Willam Henery cot another, so thay wus even; an thay hed to go an hunt up sum more frogs, which thay wus a usin fur bate.

Willam Henery cot 2 frogs an the widder didn't ketch enny, but he woodn't giv her nun. Purty soon I seen her a sneekin up behind him, an thinkses I to myself, "she's a goin to push him in to the crick," and I wus jest a gettin reddy to warrant him when he give the awfullest yell I ever heerd, it nere about friz the marrer in to my bones.

"Ow! Yow! Ouch! Holp! I'm snaik bit," ses he. "He's a crawllin down my back. Ow! I'll leve you all my propperty, Hester Ann," ses he, a jumpin aroun; "the spotted heffer is Ben's, tho—ouch! he bit me agin—an you won't marry agin rite off. Yow!" an afore any of us cood git to him he jumped in to the crick. I thot then he was crazy fur sure, but he happened to jump into a spring of ice cold water an he jumpped out agin purty suddent an tuck threw the bresh, an the cows rolled thare tales over thare backs an bellerd an run, an then he kim a runnin back an ses, "Ive kim back to dye by yure side, Hester Ann. I am a goin fast. I dont feal no pain now," an he rolled his eyes awful! "I shuddent think you wood," ses the widder, "fur it wus only a frog!" an she laffed fit to kill. We went back to Jousha's purty quick. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOFER.

An Astonished Dog.

A singular electric-wire accident was seen the other day at Boston. The attention of the passers-by was attracted by the barking of a red Irish setter to an English sparrow which was perched upon an electric-light wire high above the beast's head. The animal had evidently been amusing himself in the fruitless sport of chasing the bird, and when it had taken refuge on high had endeavored to get

MORE THAN HE EXPECTED.

some consolation out of yelping lustily. The day was windy and the wire swayed to and fro, the sparrow apparently enjoying its swing, until in a fatal moment the tail of the bird came in contact with another wire near by. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the unlucky sparrow came tumbling down stone dead at the feet of the noisy dog, who was so astonished at this sudden turn of affairs that he did not offer to pick the creature up, but simply stopped barking and stood staring at his prey in astonishment.

Fooling the Butcher.

Butcher—Dot Mr. Wiseman is von fool. He come to me and he give me dose handsome new steel yards, vot dose rusty old vons I use so many years. He says he collect bricky-brack.

Customer—How long had you used the old steel yards?

"I sell meat mit dose steel yards dwenty-five years."

"Mr. Wiseman is a customer of yours, I suppose?"

"Yah."

"Don't you know that the older steel yards get, the weaker the springs become and the less meat they give to the pound."

"Mein cracious! Dot Mr. Wiseman is von scoundrel!"—*New York Weekly.*

Wise by Experience.

Mr. Case (who has married his typewriter)—Well, my dear, I suppose I must be looking around for somebody to take your place in the office.

Mrs. Case—Yes; I have been thinking of that. My cousin is just out of school.

Mr. Case—What's her name?

Mrs. Case (sweetly)—John Henry Briggs.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Query.

What would you do if you had a wee tease,
Asking you daily such questions as these:
"Mamma, does God simply turn down the light
Just when he guesses it's time to be night?"
"Are flowers made out of a butterfly's wing?"
"Why do the trees put their clothes on in spring,
And then when cold winter comes get all undressed?"
"How does the robin get blood on his breast?"
"Will Santa Claus answer that letter of Zeb's"
"Are bicycles made out of big spider-webs?"
"Does the man in the moon smoke while looking about?
And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs out?
And the stars, are they just the wee sparks he lets drop?"
"Do cat-tails grow up from——" But here I will stop
And ask you again, will you tell, if you please,
How you would answer such questions as these?

Christmas Tree in the Graveyard.

"I saw an act of remembrance in Spring Grove on Christmas Eve that was as beautiful as it was novel," said a gentleman Sunday. "I was walking on one of the avenues in the northwest section of the cemetery when I noticed two little girls planting a small evergreen tree close by the side of a tiny grave. This seemed to me to be an unusual thing, so I paused and watched their movements. After succeeding in making the tree stand, the children next proceeded to trim it with strings of pop-corn, glass balls, candies, and other things used in the decoration of Christmas trees. This was followed by the production of a large assortment of toys, little bags of candies, etc., which were also fastened on the tree, and the candles lighted, presenting a strange sight indeed, in such a place as Spring Grove. It was the children's idea of remembering their little brother, who lay in the grave beneath the Christmas tree, and who, perhaps, was one of the group of merry-makers gathered around a similar tree the year before, as the heap of earth looked as though it had been freshly dug. An officer of the cemetery stood at a respectful distance watching the children at work, but did not disturb them until the hour for closing the gate arrived, when he told the little ones in a tender voice that he must take them away. After a long, farewell look the children reluctantly left the spot and were soon lost to view among the thousands of monuments and trees."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Thirsty Travelers' Tree.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water flask and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like it," said the native, laughing.

The European saw no signs of springs or water; but the native conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of a forest, with straight trunks and bright green broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf stems, at the point where it joined the tree with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spurted out, which the European caught in his water can, and found cool, fresh, and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken supper, the native who had spoken went on.

"This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the travelers' tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."—*Missionary Herald.*

Rover and the Baby.

Across the street from my study window is a dog. His name is Rover. He is a spaniel, with curly, auburn hair, and with ears long and shaggy. His eyes are large and hazel. He often sits on his haunches when looking down the street, holding up his fore feet like hands bending at the wrist. This is owing to a lame shoulder, for he gets tired when standing as dogs usually do, and sits up like a man for a change now and then. But Rover has attracted my attention in another way more particularly. Once or twice a week he sets up a cry or howl which is most piteous to hear. He lifts up his head in his cries, and they tell me the tears fall from his eyes on some of these occasions. What is the cause?

Before long Rover sees something coming on the sidewalk in the distance. He pricks up his ears and trots off toward it. He is more and more excited. The wag of his tail and the change of voice show this. The wail has become a bark of joy. It is the baby carriage he sees, inside of which is baby Clara, a year old. And now they meet—the precious little passenger and Rover, who greets her with many a kiss. He accompanies her to the house with many demonstrations of joy. There is no more wailing that day. The cup of happiness for the dog is full, and this remarkable affection is reciprocated, for the baby, in her own way, greets and talks to the dog. She looks for him, and delights in his coming. It is certainly very interesting to see this attachment, and it might well be a lesson to some of us of the biped race.

Wanted to Compromise.

Lawyer—But you made a statement exactly contrary to the one you now make, only a moment ago.

Witness—No, sir; I did not.

Lawyer—What do you mean?

Witness—I mean that you are telling a falsehood.

Lawyer—In other words, that I am a liar?

Witness—Yes, sir! That's it, exactly.

Judge—Hold on, here, hold on; we can't have this.

Witness—But, your Honor——

Judge—We can't have it, I say. I shall fine you five dollars for contempt of court.

Witness—All right, Judge. Just make it twenty-five and I'll give him a licking right here.—*American Commercial Traveller.*

THERE is death in the dictionary; and, where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also; and we get a potted literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees.

A RECENT writer states that in many parts of the United States unprovided with water-power it would be not only possible but profitable to use wind power for milling. In European countries wind-driven flour mills, even of considerable extent, are no uncommon sight; and one firm is said to have a mill operated by steam and another operated by wind, and to have found the latter the more successful financially. To get the best results, this author asserts that the mill should have a capacity of 150 to 200 barrels, and would need a wind wheel at least 85 or 90 feet in diameter, which should not approach nearer than fifteen feet to the ground.

"Fair Play"

Is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh in the head, or for bronchial or throat affections, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) and if taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only *guaranteed cure.*

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The flag was restored to its position at Fort Sumter April 14, 1865.

For washing *flannels*, Dobbins's Electric Soap is *marvelous.* Blankets and woolens washed with it look like *new*, and there is absolutely no *shrinking.* No other soap in the world will do such *perfect* work. Give it a trial *now.*

The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A postoffice in Fulton county, Pa., bears the brief and unromantic name of "Sis."

The "Flowers That Bloom

In the Spring," fragrant and fresh in their vernal beauty, are welcome indeed after winter's long and cheerless reign. The birds also, with their merry roundelays, the balmy breezes, the running brooks, and the far-reaching meadows robed in velvet green—all these charm every sense and fill the soul with gladness. But there is something that is more welcome in spring than flowers and birds and breezes, running brooks and meadows green, and that is a medicine that will gently purge and cleanse the Blood of the fatty and noxious impurities that have collected in it during the winter and give it pure and wholesome and in proper condition for a long hot spell. Such a medicine is Peruna, the great Blood Purifier and Tonic. Take it in time and tone your system up. It will fortify you against the most debilitating effects of the heat. Don't forget Man-a-lin, also, for your Bowels. $1 a bottle each.

New Eng and is having no lack of quarter-millennial anniversaries nowadays.

They have stood the test of time—"Tansill's Punch" America's finest 5c. Cigar.

Watch for "Murray" Buggy adv. next week.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Pope Favors
Convalescents
from the Influenza
with exemption
from Lenten
rules (1890).
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Restores
Strength and Vigor.
Take it
now.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
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ASTHMA CURED FREE by mail to sufferers. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

TREES Root Grafts—Everything! No larger stock in U. S. No better, no cheaper. PIKE CO. NURSERIES, Louisiana, Mo.

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

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