

A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

I was deeply stung by this insolence, all the more so as it was impossible in the circumstances to resent it as it deserved. "So would you be short-winded if you had been four months at sea, and gone through what I have gone through," I said, warmly. "But wait—" "You forgot where you are and to whom you are speaking, Amyas," interposed the queen, severely. "Remember that Mr. Erie is our guest; and as for shortness of sight—well, sharp eyes are quite compatible with a shallow mind."

right hand, Field at her left, and old Tom sat opposite young Fane. The boatswain did not seem to be enjoying himself much. He was not used to ladies' society, poor fellow, and detested cold water. I am sure he would have preferred a meal of lobscouse and plum-duff on board the "Diana," washed down with a glass of half-water grog, to the finest refection anybody could set before him. The Queen tried in vain to set him at ease and draw him out. She only succeeded in overawing him. But she made one more effort. "Won't you take an orange, Mr. Bolsover?" she said, offering him one with her own hand. "It is a very fine one, grown in my own garden, and picked by myself."

compromise their safety. Besides, who knows? he may be persuaded to remain with us and give our commonwealth the benefit of his knowledge and experience; and you must admit that we are sadly lacking in many things. If isolation has great advantages, it has also serious drawbacks. But to my story. You must have already guessed, Mr. Erie, that we are the descendants of the 'Hecate's crew; indeed I just now told you that Commander Fane was my great-great-grandfather. The 'Santa Anna' struck against those very Painted Rocks through which you so marvelously threaded your way—

COME! COME! COME!

DR. TALMAGE SOUNDS THE GREAT GOSPEL INVITATION.

A Sermon Preached in the Brooklyn and New York Academies of Music Which Caused a Great Awakening. BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night when service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house, rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their salvation. Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come." Gen. 6:18. "Come." Revelation 22:17.

the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say—"Come!" "But," says someone, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedy on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house, or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coasts and boats that can hover unharmed like a petrel over the wildest surge, and when the life-boat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers? "But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No! No! You need believe but two things; namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things." Do you, really, believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death unto life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty? Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive! Are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackles? Will you stay in the prison of sin when there is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mound sin and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that heareth say 'come' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chiming in the towers of Amsterdam, or Ghent, or Copenhagen, can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come." Yea all the towers of heaven, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come. When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'Peace'?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says 'Peace'?" And all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says 'Peace'?" Then the messenger responded: "The Czar says 'Peace!'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry, "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me who says peace, I answer, "Christ our King declares it. My peace I give unto you." "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting Peace!

A HINT FOR NORTHERN TRAVELERS.

"Lapping" Books No Longer Pays on Southern Railroad Trains. "We don't lap any more books," said a chipper newsboy at the Central depot last night. "Truth is we lost so many that way till we just can't 'ford it.' I don't know for certain who first started such doings, but some of the boys say it was Bill McAfee on the Richmond and Danville road. Bound for Billy; he's always starting something he don't know nothing about. Old Billy is a leader for all that. The way that scamp can persuade the women into buying books is a sin and a shame. Ain't no use in talking; he can just do it; that's all. I heard some of the boys telling how about Billy's lapping of books worked the first day he fell on to the scheme. People looked wild when they saw the 'butch' throwing all sorts of books into their laps without asking a cent for 'em. 'Twas all Billy could do to hold in when the women would look up and smile and say 'thankee.' But they changed their tune when he passed through the car to collect 'fares' on 'em. Everybody was so interested reading the books that they wouldn't stop, and they flung out the little twenty-fives and fifties like shot out of a shovel. Some of the women didn't have the change, and they was mighty sorry they'd started to read the books. They'd blush and look like they wanted to borrow the funds. "Lapping" worked splendid them times, but she's changed now. People are in the habit of getting off with the books. We lost anything that way? No, sirc. Many is the one that's got off with my books, but I made it up on the next man. 'Twon't do to get left. "Talking about reading people, I've always been mighty successful at it. I can tell a preacher or a lawyer 'every fire.' Oh, yes, I always have bound books for their sort. I slipped one time, though. It was this way: The company had purchased a lot of cheap books, 'How to Cure Diseases of the Mind and Body,' and as they was a hard stock we boys was allowed double 'commish' on 'em. I had one left, and was mighty anxious to dispose of her. She was clean and neat, but she just wouldn't go. One day coming out of Macon, I espied a little dried up man, with shaggy hair and weak-looking eyes. He had the littlest hands I ever seen, and legs and feet accordingly. I set him down for a countryman. I made bold to tackle him. 'Here's the last one I have in stock,' I said to him. 'Better take it if you need anything of the kind,' I argued; 'this is the only one in print. Country people don't have to send for a doctor when they have this work.' The little man looked up at me sorter tired and said mildly: 'You little rascal! If you don't go away from me I'll throw you out that window.' I turned up my lip at the little old countryman and walked out. When we reached Atlanta the depot was crowded with people, and they kept up such whoopin' an hollerin' when the train stopped, I poked my head out to see what was the matter. Would you believe it, they had this little countryman by the hands, and looked like they'd go plum crazy about him. I got sorter uneasy, and I eased up to the conductor and asked him who the countryman was and he said: 'Look heah, boy, don't you know Gov. Alex. Stephens?' —Atlanta Journal.

BRIDGET'S DEAFNESS.

The Mistress of the Kitchen Too Much for a Census Man. "There are none so deaf as those that won't hear," and so believes a census enumerator, and the scene of whose joys and sorrows was West Chester street, says the Philadelphia Record. The cook in a certain residence, Bridget by name, was returned in the form that was left to be filled out as deaf, and no further thought was given to the matter. Sometime afterward, however, the enumerator called at the house to see Bridget, who was just at the time watching a pot which she did not want to boil over. The following conversation ensued: "Is your name Bridget?" "Sure, and I am in a fidget," said the cook, anxiously gazing on the pot. "No, Bridget," shouted the census officer. "Ah, faith, and I'm Bridget." "Are you deaf?" "Arrah, now, there's been no death in my family." "Not death, but deaf; you can't hear?" "Yes, it's very near, and if it boils it spoils." "Was your mother deaf, or your mother's mother?" "Smother is it you mane? Sure and ye can't smother a boiling pot." "Was your grandmother deaf?" fairly yelled the frantic enumerator. "Oh, and my grandmother isn't in it, no," replied the anxious Bridget. "It's mother's milk and musn't boil." "Were any of your ancestors deaf?" shrieked the official. "Faith, and I haven't any sisters. Oh, wirra, wirra, it's over. Get out, ye spalpeen; I haven't any sisters or brothers, but my milk has boiled over." The milk boiled over, and so did the enumerator. He gave up his inquiries about Bridget's infirmity and was out of the way. The problem remains to be answered what business is it of Superintendent Porter's employes if the members of Bridget's family are deaf or not.

Average Length of Life Sentences.

"Fifteen years is about the average lifetime sentence," says a prison physician. Very few convicts, though sentenced for life, serve more than that period. They die or are pardoned. "In the Missouri prison there are five holiday pardons every year granted by the Governor. One white and one negro convict are pardoned on the Fourth of July, and two white and one negro convict are pardoned on Christmas. The long termers get the benefit of this clemency. This I heartily endorse. If fifteen years does not reform a man fifty years will not." A New York contractor pays that city \$60,000 a year for the purpose of picking over the city's refuse, and makes a handsome profit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRINCESS BISMARCK.

The Wife of the Great Statesman of Germany.

If little is known in England of Prince Bismarck's private life, still less, says Mrs. Pereira, according to the London News, is known of the lady who for more than forty-two years has shared his home. The Princess Bismarck is described as the very model of a practical, methodical German matron, with an eye for every detail of household arrangement and economy, and a heart for the comfort and well-being of each housemate, from the highest to the lowliest. Weddings, it has been observed, not seldom give rise to other weddings. It was at the wedding of a friend that Bismarck first met Fraulein Johanna von Puttkamer. She was one of the bridemaids, and the stately lady made then and there an impression on the young baron which culminated in an offer of marriage three years later. The key to the princess' character is to be found, says the same biographer, in her words: "That my husband is a public character is a fact to which I often find it painful enough to resign myself. But as for me, my wife, what have I to do with publicity? I do not exist for publicity, but wholly and solely for him."

Concerning the Hand.

One of the most common signs of want of good breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to elegant repose, or if they spontaneously move it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captors he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude, and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times a bloody hand in the center of an es-cutechon should become the badge of a baronet of England. Carmencita, the famous dancer, can neither read nor write, but possesses a pair of highly educated feet.



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 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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German Syrup

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth.

Hereditary Consumption often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time.

DRINK LION COFFEE A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO. Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere.

VASELINE. FOR ONE DOLLAR sent by mail, we will deliver, free of charge, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts. One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade 15 cts. One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cts. One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice 10 cts. One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10 cts. One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented 25 cts. One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.

Chronic Coughs. Guaranteed to cure. The only cure for chronic coughs, whooping cough, and all other respiratory troubles.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youth's indiscretions, suffering from Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers.

PENSIONS! SOLDIERS. If you wish your claim quickly and successfully procured, address COL. BOYDEN, Pension Agent for the U.S.A., 57 Clark St., CHICAGO.

\$200.00 TO \$500.00 Cash balance 10 to 20 years at 6 per cent. annual interest, will buy a farm in Nebraska or Kansas. Partial payments permitted to suit purchaser.

AGENTS. Send for our "Copyrighted methods" and double your profits or salary. Day pay for spare hours at home. Particulars Free. THE ASSOCIATED BUSINESS PROMOTION AGENCY, 5 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

How to win at Cards. How to win at Cards. How to win at Cards. How to win at Cards.

How to Learn Modern Languages. Without cost. Address Linguist, Hartford, Ct.

FOR THE LADIES.

AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE CHARMING SEX.

Advice to Money-Making Girls—The Affable Woman—Connubialities and Household Hints.

Hundreds of thousands of girls have a great desire to make a little money, and I don't know whether to call it a laudable one or not. I am not a believer in girls going out into the world to work unless it is absolutely necessary.

With only the hope of making money your work will be worth little, and certainly not be worthy of consideration by noble minds or by the good God who watches over you day and night.

The Affable Woman.

If woman could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplacely daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world.

THE IRISH FAMINE TIME. Miss Kate bought her Indian meal and established a store in her kitchen, where meal was sold under the market price.

Excessive Perspiration. Many persons are troubled with excessive perspiration about the face and arms. A remedy for this is almond meal, or pistachio meal.

Stealing Women in Tonkin.

While in most parts of the world, except Africa, slave catching is becoming a thing of the past, the practice is still carried on to some extent in Tonkin in spite of the efforts of the French to put an end to it.

THE RESULT OF SCIENCE. Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory. An immense flume, four and one-half miles long, is to be built at Spokane.

There has lately been a plague of locusts in the province of Gizeh, Egypt. In five days the authorities destroyed six tons of them. Exposure to the sun is said to be fatal to their eggs.

A Hint to Young Women.

As a rule, grown-up girls have more spare time than is good for them. Many of the occupations they are accustomed to look on as the toils of their lives—fancy work, paying visits, practicing, etc.—are, as many married women and not a few girls could tell them, little more than healthful and pleasant recreations.

Let a girl, even if she cannot find time for self-improvement, give up novel reading for a time. She will find the deprivation will be far less than she would have imagined, and may console herself by reflecting that the taste for novel reading is easily regained.

THE POINT.

From a Catholic Archbishop down to the poorest of the poor all testify, not only to the virtues of ST. JACOBS OIL, but to its superiority over all other remedies.

PEOPLE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Senator Squire of Washington, has an income of \$10,000 a month. The Emperor of Germany is a photographer, like the Princess of Wales.

Henry James has dramatized his own novel "The American," his first effort in that direction. The play is in four acts. It was performed in Southport, England, recently.

William Castle, the ex-Christy minstrel and English opera tenor, is conducting a school for chorus singers in Philadelphia. Senator Carlisle's grandson and namesake, although only two years old, insists that his friends shall not call him "John," nor "Johnnie," but "John G."

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Don't worry; it interferes with the healthful action of the stomach.

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Garfield Tea.

Garfield Tea: harmless herbs, acts on liver, kidneys and bowels, creates an appetite, cures dyspepsia and constipation.

Tommy (surprised).

Tommy (surprised)—Why, papa, I thought one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee! Tommy's papa—This is a restaurant, my son. Take all the sugar you want.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection.

Who wins the eyes, wins all.

If you regard your APPEARANCES you will certainly use SAPOLIO in house-cleaning.

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in house-cleaning. YOU ARE JUDGED by your house just as much as by your dress.

LOST!

SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OF LIFE, BY HARD WORK AND WEAR AND TEAR—A SOUND, HEALTHY, CONSTITUTION.

NOTICE.

OWNERS CAN PREVENT FURTHER LOSS BY USING JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. Send it back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline."



In reading over the literary items of the week, I found not much to interest me, until my eye caught sight of an article headed "Jenks' Dream."

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DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

AND SUBSTITUTES. PATENTED JULY 30, 1889. DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT CURES ALL RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS, LUMBAGO, GENERAL AND NERVOUS DEBILITY, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE MUSCLES, TENDONS, AND BONES.

Body Discomforts caused by Indigestion in Youth, Age, or Marriage or Single Life. Sent to you by mail for certain complaints on 30 days trial. Send for particulars. DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUBSTITUTES.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address.

CORNS CURED.

For 10 days from date of this paper, a box containing a cure for the removal of corns, will be mailed FREE to all who promise to read my pamphlet on the humane treatment of Corns, Blisters, FROES, and all domestic animals. Afterwards the same will be mailed to any one in the U.S. or Canada. Sample of FROESFIELD'S Blisters, Corns and FROESFIELD'S Ointment, sent FREE to all who send for it.

\$525.

Agents' profits per month. Will prove \$100 net profit. New portable outfit, just out. A \$10 Sample sent free to all. W. H. CHIESTER & SON, 30 Bond St., N. Y.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL.

\$50 to \$100 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

FREDERIC E. WARD.

Produce Commission. 215 Deane St., N. Y. Write for particulars. Consignments solicited.

TACOMA.

\$1000 or \$10000 Carefully Invested here. TRAVEL ANNUALLY FROM TWENTY TO 1000. TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.

R.T. FORD.

LAWYER, 20 Dearborn St., Chicago, Con. Real Estate Cases. Specialties. Advt. Free. W. N. U. CHICAGO VOL. VI.—No. 4.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

15th Ward.

The following ordinances were passed. On motion of Ald. Bowler. Curbing, filling and paving Benzo street from Elston avenue to Lister avenue.

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DR. H. EHRLICH, Oculist. SPECIALIST OF DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. CHICAGO, ILL.

SMITH'S BILE BEANS. Cure Bilious Attacks. Use the SMALL SIZE (30 in. wide the bottle); THEY ARE THE BEST CO. YOUNG & BURK.

CAMP LIFE. HERE'S THE SLICKER. The one thing you'll always find in every cowboy's outfit when the goose on the spring round-up is a Fish Brand Slicker.

If You Have CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD BRONCHITIS Throat Affection SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

PIANOS and ORGANS. Ayres & Wygant Co., Props. "REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC".

SOVEREIGN BROTHERS, DENTISTS. CHICAGO. First-class work at reasonable prices.

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HISTORY. The Mammoth Cyclopaedia contains a complete and authoritative history of the great American Civil War, from the first bloodshed to the final surrender.

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JOHN DOLESE, ESTABLISHED 1866. J. E. SHEPARD. DOLESE & SHEPARD, Paving Contractors. Crushed Stone, Concrete Stone, Slab, Chinders and Limestone for Pav.

SALESMEN WANTED. Local or Traveling. to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed. Chase Brothers Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GRAND PREMIUM OFFER! A SET OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS, In Twelve Large Volumes, Which We Offer with a Year's Subscription to this Paper for a Trifle More than Our Regular Subscription Price.

The above are without question the most famous novels that were ever written. For a quarter of a century they have been celebrated in every nook and corner of the civilized world.

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ED. L. HUNTLEY'S \$10.00 SUIT and other HONEST GENTILE CLOTHING FOR GENTLEMEN. SACK OR FROCK SUITS IN SIZES 33-42 BUST MEASURE.