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If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

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Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

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There were 3,134,934 Packages of HIRES' ROOTBEER sold in 1894, which made 15,675,735 gallons, or 313,494,700 glasses, sufficient to give every man, woman and child in the United States, five glasses each—did you get your share? Be sure and get some this year.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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I am selling the above paints at $1.50 Per Gallon, at which price they are decidedly the cheapest paints on the market, one gallon of them covering nearly as much surface as 1½ gallons of other makes. And remember they are sold strictly on a guarantee.

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Wretched. Could Not Eat or Sleep.

L. R. TERRIGO.

"STOCKTON, N. Y., June 28, 1894. Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y. *Dear Sir:*—About 2 years ago I became bilious, sallow, dyspeptic and my system was generally run down. Lost appetite and flesh. Could not eat or sleep well, and had palpitation of the heart—in fact I was so wretched and unnerved that on several occasions my friends thought I would not live till morning.

Two bottles of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic produced a complete cure."

Blood and Liver Dr. Fenner's Remedy and Nerve Tonic NeverFails.

It is a Sarsaparilla-Mandrake-Prince's Pine Alterative, Nerve Tonic and Restorative Compound.

CERTAIN AS THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

Physics from blood, liver and tissues all worn-out particles and impurities, without weakening but strengthening instead, and Restores the Nerves. Cures Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Breath, Skin Diseases, Old Sores, Dizziness, Scrofula, General Debility, etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sample free.

Mother! Keep your child's stomach and bowels healthy with Dr. Fenner's Sennatorin. The best laxative and corrective known.

Dr. Fenner's Soothing Syrup. Allays irritation and gives refreshing sleep.

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Dr. Fenner's FAMILY (Salt Rheum) Ointment. best for all humors, Piles, Sores, Cuts, etc.

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$8 VERY BEST

Twice the Price

Would not buy a better set of teeth than we make for $8.00. A smaller price would make perfection impossible.

Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality—the best.

Extracting, 25c. With Zono or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Platina, $1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold Crowns, $7.50.

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Reader, did you ever take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" Everybody needs take a liver remedy. It is a sluggish or diseased liver that impairs digestion and causes constipation, when the waste that should be carried off remains in the body and poisons the whole system. That dull, heavy feeling is due to a torpid liver. Biliousness, Headache, Malaria and Indigestion are all liver diseases. Keep the liver active by an occasional dose of Simmons Liver Regulator and you'll get rid of these troubles, and give tone to the whole system. For a laxative Simmons Liver Regulator is BETTER THAN PILLS. It does not gripe, nor weaken, but greatly refreshes and strengthens.

Every package has the Red Z stamp on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

GUILTY.

Yes, I am guilty. I confess my crime,
And yet it passes all belief
That I should stand before you and confess
That I am what I am—a thief.

It was premeditated too.
By day and night I plotted long and deep
And planned how best I might secure
The precious thing I longed to gain and keep.

And my temptation was so great!
In you I saw my dream of perfect bliss.
You were so lovely, so divinely fair,
What wonder is it that I stole—a kiss!

But I confess, and I am penitent,
I would not cause a single moment's pain;
If you insist, the treasure I'll restore—
I will return it o'er and o'er again.

On bended knee your mercy I implore.
Oh, do not banish me for life,
But in your inmost heart imprison me
And be yourself my jailer and—my wife.

—Henry W. Stocker in St. Louis Republic.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

It was so hot that the blue gum leaves fairly sizzled, so hot as Pete Oberlin looked across the road from his shanty the outlines of the Oasis saloon and those of the combined postoffice and grocery seemed to waver and dance in the furnace current rising to the glaring, brazen sky. Hot as it was outdoors, it was still more like an oven in Pete's little one room hut, for the fire was blazing, and Pete, coatless and vestless, was overseeing a frying pan of bacon and a mess of boiling potatoes.

The appetizing odor floated out of the doorway and spread over the neighborhood. It was distinctly noticeable as far off as the row of lopped eucalypti beyond the saloon. At the foot of one of these trees lay what at first sight seemed only a bundle of rags, but a closer inspection revealed a shock of black hair and glimpses of a brown parchment skin that indicated a human being. Gradually as the welcome aroma penetrated the creature's befogged brain the heap of rags stirred and tossed, and finally uplifting bodily resolved itself into a very dirty and torn blanket surmounted by a hideous, bleary eyed countenance. The old hag, for it was a woman, sniffed at the wandering fragrance, trying to catch its direction, and then staggered unsteadily across the road to Pete's cabin.

"Hello, there, Wawaga! Gettin over yer spree?" greeted that gentleman easily.

"Umph! No drunk. Injun hungry," remarked the visitor.

Pete, laughing good naturedly, replied: "You wait. I'll give you a bite pretty quick now."

The old woman squatted on her heels by the stove and greedily eyed the preparations for the feast, while Pete kept his own optics steadily on his cooking to forestall any possible burning. The squaw's gaze roved around the room, finally pausing at the shelf behind the stove, upon which stood a cheap alarm clock and a big black bottle. Here it remained fixed until Pete looked at her once more, whereupon she announced in her quavering croak:

"Ole Injun heap thirsty."

Pete laughed again. "Go along out ter ther pump then," he said.

But Wawaga's eye was still glued to the interesting object before her. Soon Pete himself went out to the pump, pail in hand. Immediately the bundle of rags by the wall stretched up a lean arm with the quick and stealthy motion of a pouncing cat, and seizing the bottle poured the fiery contents down through the brown parchment throat.

Such an unearthly howling and yelling as followed this successful thievery! Pete dropped his pail and came running in, to find his guest doubled up in agony and rolling around on the floor screeching like mad.

"What in thunder's struck her?" he cried, but just then catching sight of the black bottle still clutched in the Indian's skinny claw his blank look turned to a wide grin. He dropped on the nearest box, slapping his thigh and chuckling, "My eye, ef the old fool ain't drunk that ther quart o' kerosene!" The terror stricken screaming redoubled, while the man watched the poor wretch's antics in ecstasy. "Guess it'll teach her ter quit meddlin," he muttered gleefully, but as the moments passed he began to realize that the matter was serious, for the creature's contortions grew awful and her anguish too great for amusement.

Pete's grin faded insensibly. He scratched his head thoughtfully, grumbling: "Don't know as I want the old gal kickin the bucket right here and now, but what in tarnal creation's a feller goin ter do fer her? Oh, gosh! I know." He bolted across the road, sending up a choking cloud of powdery soil, and burst into the store. "Say, Ike, you got any mustard?" he demanded. "Old Wawaga's done drunk all my coal oil, and I guess it's goin ter kill her. Don't yer hear that screechin?" Ike Dempsey, roused from his midday nap, rubbed his eyes and stretched himself, then rising deliberately from the cracker barrel and thrusting his quid into one cheek drawled lazily: "Waal, now, where's the hurt of the ole sot do gin us the shake? Oh, doan't be in er rush, maow. I guess ther's a can er mustard around somewher's." Reaching a long lazy arm under the counter, he clattered among his possessions and brought up a fistful of yellow brown dust. "This here nuff? Never mind payin." In two minutes more Pete Oberlin laid violent hands on the rolling heap of agony in his cabin and sternly commanded, "Drink this here." She drank it. Then the frontiersman dragged her bodily outside the shanty and left her alone with her misery.

After some time Pete returned to his patient, bearing a tin plate with a generous share of his dinner. He presented this with a flourish and grinned sympathetically as the morsels of food disappeared.

When the shadows of the blue gums stretched long and gaunt to the eastward and a mellow pink flushed the tops of the grand, distant mountains, a tipsy and squalid old squaw in tattered blanket trailed slowly up the dusty road through the foothills, and for six months neither Ike Dempsey nor Pete nor even Pat Grogan at the saloon saw any more of Wawaga.

When Pete Oberlin reached up to the shelf behind the stove that night and after feeling vainly around in the darkness struck a match and examined the surface, he let forth a volley of oaths that would have shocked the ears of a mule driver, finishing up wrathfully with, "Wish I'd let the old thief die and be d——d to her afore ever she got away with my hand carved brier wood pipe."

* * * * * *

Week after week Pete Oberlin, in his capacity of mail carrier, jogged over the dusty plain, wound in and out through the foothills, with a stop here and there at the ranches, and climbed over the ridge to the fort on the reservation, always the destination of the biggest part of his budget.

After the early rains had carpeted the bare brown hills with green and given a glossier tinge to the mournful bark stripped eucalyptus he began to hear ugly rumors on his trips from farmhouse to farmhouse. There had not been an Indian outbreak for 20 years in that section, but some disquieting influence was hard at work on the redskins. Some said the Indian messiah was coming, others that one of Geronimo's lieutenants had been sowing this excitement among them. Be that as it may, there was watchful anxiety at the fort and a growing feeling of danger in the breasts of the neighboring ranchmen. Every bit of this came, of course, to the ears of the mail carrier, and in the snug barroom of the Oasis he would regale a little knot of cronies with highly colored tales of the secret dances, the weapons and war preparations to be seen in wild nooks in the hills if a white man knew where to look for them. Yet for all these notes of warning no one dreamed of an actual dangerous uprising.

One soft winter's night when the damp laden rain wind blew heavily from the south and the low hung cloud blanket shut out every wee ray of starlight dark mounted figures met in a sheltered hill basin—10, 20, 50, they gathered. Then in single file, with muffled hoofs, they wound away from their prison. Several hours later as the mischievous band stealthily made its way out on the plain a stunted figure in a ragged blanket shrunk silently into the bushes to let the cavalcade pass and then emerged once more from her cover and struck into a swinging trot in the rear of the swift moving riders.

A faint angry flush of dawn peeped over the somber mountains as the redskin braves surrounded the few scattered buildings composing Rush Station. A dog barked in the rear of the saloon, and in response a sharp report sent a shudder through the chill morning air. With a howl of anguish the poor beast rolled over in the dust. At the crack of the pistol the half dozen men in the shanties came tumbling out from different doorways. Not one was more than half dressed, but each one had snatched up his rifle. What odds are six men against 50? As the hastily wakened settlers stumbled out from their cabins a leaden hail rattled around them. Two of their number fell, struck off at once by the raiders.

"Injuns, by the tarnal heavens!" cried Ike Dempsey, and the four remaining defenders, now very thoroughly aroused, drew quickly back into the store and blazed away from this cover at their murderous assailants. They had ammunition in plenty and spare guns. Ike's wife put her two little sobbing children into a big box in the center of the building, as the point that was farthest from danger, and herself filled the hot, smoking rifles. The fusillade was thick and fast, and bullets flew in through the openings. Pat Grogan's right arm was shattered, but he rested his gun on the window and fired away vindictively. Poor Smith was shot through the lungs and fell in a dying condition. Mrs. Dempsey took his place, handling her rifle deftly. Time and again some sharp howl of anguish told of a well directed shot at the half concealed, sinister foemen.

Morning was advancing. Perhaps by this time the flight from the reservation was discovered, and soldiers were coming to help them—if only they could keep the red devils at bay awhile longer. Vain hope. Black Wing, chief of the raiders, had also thought of the soldiers. He concluded it was time to make short work of these sharp sighted marksmen who were picking off his companions. There came a sudden, fearful yelling, a swift rush and retreat of moccasined feet, then the pungent smell of smoke and the ominous crackling of the fire licking up the dry boards. The heat became intolerable. To remain was sure death from the destroying element.

"We must run for it, boys!" cried Pete Oberlin. "The door of my shanty stands open, and ther ain't no Injuns inside it."

The shot riddled portal was flung wide. With the two little lads in the middle the forlorn hope sought a new refuge, their guns speaking death in the passage. Ike Dempsey fell in his own doorway, shot through the brain. Pat Grogan fell in the roadway, and at the same moment the brave who had shot him reeled and toppled down from his saddle. With a horrible sense of sickness Pete saw a savage horseman bury his tomahawk in the woman's head and then snatch up one of the children and dash his skull on the doorstone. The other little fellow slipped from the hand that grasped at him and stumbled over the cabin threshold, barely escaping a bullet. A sharp whistle cut the air. Pete felt a stinging pain in his shoulder and fell to the ground unconscious.

With an exultant shout at the destruction of this last enemy the savage band swarmed from their places of attack and hastily entered the buildings, stowing away whatever was easily portable and making sad havoc in Grogan's stock of liquors, but they were not yet far enough from the reservation to allow themselves a long stop. The store was burning fiercely. To force his unruly following to hurry Black Wing fired the saloon with his own hand, the wooden frame blazing like tinder. One by one the sheds and shacks were ignited. Three or four wretches, with fresh, gory scalps dangling at their belts, rushed over to apply the torch to the only remaining building—Pete Oberlin's shanty. A young brave stumbled over the inanimate form in the pathway, and with a whoop of delight waved his keen blade over the thick black locks. Just as he stooped to his victim an odd, long drawn cry arrested his arm in its motion. A wild and dust covered figure sprang into the blood crazed circle, pouring out a torrent of guttural abuse and lamentation that somehow commanded attention.

The old woman—for it was Wawaga—bent above the prostrate man, waving off the armed braves, and felt for the faintest of heart beats. Then raising herself to her full height, shaking back her snaky hair and with a rude, powerful majesty she commanded in her own tongue:

"Go while yet you have time. Before the morning has ended the soldiers will be on you. The man still lives. He is mine. Do not touch him. You have the scalps of the others."

Wawaga was one of the mothers of the tribe, and her words had weight with the warriors. Black Wing mounted his pony, and all of his raiders did likewise. In the light of the gray, cloudy morning a wild procession scurried over the plain and away once more to the mountains, where they could find secret hiding and for months elude their pursuers while they kept the whole country in terror with their thieving, burning and killing.

When Pete Oberlin, lying in his own bunk, opened his eyes on the dim scene, lighted by the flickering fire, he thought he had gone through a horrible dream. Kicking off the covers, he sat up with a vigorous jerk, but the sharp pain in his shoulder made him grind his teeth in agony. At the same moment he became aware of a dark figure crouched in one corner holding a bundle of white. His sudden motion and muttered exclamation stirred the quiet watcher. Stumbling to her feet, she bore her burden to the pallet and deposited it beside him. "Him live, lil boy," she announced gravely. Pete sank back beside the sleeping child with a choking sensation, half thankfulness for their escape and half horror at the suddenly conjured picture of the boy's murdered mother and brother. He remembered how he was wounded. How had they, too, escaped scalping? How came Wawaga there? Were the redskins still at the station? If so, he must use the greatest caution. Perhaps they had kept him for torture. The woman anticipated his queries. "Injuns gone. You go now 'fore come back." Pete stared again upright, maintaining his position in spite of the shooting pain and dreadful dizziness.

"Which way shall I go and how?" he asked eagerly. "I must take little Jim. Did them raskils git all ther hosses?"

"White man keep still. Wawaga get poney," and the old woman drew the tattered blanket around her and slipped noiselessly from the room, leaving Pete to his own busy thoughts. She was gone but a few seconds before she glided in again, muttering: "Him ready. You go fort. No find Injuns."

Pete felt sick and faint. He wondered how he could keep himself and the drowsy child on the animal's back over the many miles of rough road that lay between them and safety. It was impossible to remain in their defenseless position, so he must make the effort. He could not imagine how the squaw had dismissed his assailants, and he expected their return with darkness to finish their programme of vengeance.

Wawaga herself carried out the boy. "No touch, arm hurt," she said, motioning away the wounded man. Very gently she lifted the tiny figure, stilling its fretful wail and coaxing him to wake up and ride on the pony. She led the way and Pete followed. As he stepped out into the dusk his heart swelled at the utter devastation. Only the scorched row of gum trees marked the site of Rush Station beside his forlorn little cabin.

With a good deal of wrenching and pain Pete clambered into the saddle. The squaw lifted the boy before him. The man gathered the bridle into his useful hand, encircling the child with the same arm. Before he put spurs to his horse and set out on his perilous journey he leaned down toward the stunted and squalid hag at the horse's head, saying hoarsely: "You're a good un, Wawaga! I'll do as much fer you if ever I git ther chance."

"Ugh!" grunted the old woman. "Squaw no good. Heap good white man no let ole Injun die. All even now. Here—ole squaw take um. No good, b'long white man." She thrust a black something into his hand, and turning stolidly around re-entered the desolate cabin.

Pete Oberlin buried his spurs in his animal's flank, and the beast sprang forward past the heaps of smoldering cinders and the blasted row of gum trees and headed straight for the mountains. In his unwounded hand with the bridle Pete held his long lost brier wood pipe.—Gertrude B. Millard in Argonaut.

His First Visit to Church.

It was his first visit to church, and his big brown eyes watched everything. He saw the newcomers drop their heads on the pew rails in front of them as they entered and in a moment raise them again.

"Why do they put their heads down?" he whispered to his older sister, who was with him.

"They say a little prayer," she whispered back.

"But they don't talk," argued brown eyes, not convinced.

"No, they think," explained the sister, and "Shall I think a little prayer?" was the next question.

"If you like," was the reply, and the big brown eyes were shut, the small hands folded and an earnest little face dropped against the rail.

In a moment or two the head was raised, and the little fellow crept back on the cushions.

"I tried to think 'Now I lay me,'" he whispered, "but I had to talk it, 'cause the words wouldn't stay down in my stummick. Will God care?" he finished anxiously.

No, brown eyes, God will not care. Of all who bowed heads in his sanctuary that morning was there one whose soul was so honestly trying to pray as yours?—New York Times.

Why Blackie Wore the Plaid.

Dr. Donald Macleod, in Good Words, tells a story about Professor Blackie. Professor Blackie frequently staid at Dr. Macleod's house in Glasgow. One night, says the doctor, we were sitting up together. Blackie said in his brusque way, "Whatever other faults I have, I am free from vanity." An incredulous smile on my face roused him. "You don't believe that. Give me an instance." Being thus challenged, I said, "Why do you walk about flourishing a plaid continually?" "I'll give you the history of that, sir. When I was a poor man, and when my wife and I had our difficulties, she one day drew my attention to the threadbare character of my surtout and asked me to order a new one. I told her I could not afford it just them, when she went, like a noble woman, and put her own plaid shawl on my shoulders, and I have worn a plaid ever since in memory of her loving deed."

Signal Lights.

That signals of lights may be seen at a greater distance if the flashes follow one another at irregular intervals has been conclusively shown in a series of experiments made by M. Henry at the Depot des Phares. A revolving drum moved by clockwork and illuminated by a light placed at the axle was used, the surface of which was pierced by 60 holes. The speed of the drum and the brightness of the light were varied, and some of the holes closed at regular and irregular intervals. The chief difficulty found was in bringing the observer's eye back to its normal condition after each experiment.

A Lucky Man.

Featherstone—I've just been out hunting with a friend, and he's the luckiest fellow I ever saw.

Miss Palisade—He was successful, was he?

Featherstone—No, but the doctors were. They only had to probe for the bullet once.—New York Herald.