

WALBAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOME JOGULAR JINGLES.

Revolt of the Babies.
DEAR MOTHER EDITOR—We little children ask your aid To help us in our very righteous up to date crusade. We crave your ready sympathy, because we think it plain No "fit-bit" of humanity can plead to you in vain.

The inconveniences of life are terrible to us, Poor victims of conventional, unnecessary fun. Supporting, sir, you asked a friend to share your weight of woes, And he called you "chickabiddy" with unmeaning "catch-a-bow!" Well, that was how we're treated when for sympathy we cry, Or else we have to listen to a puerile lullaby. Ridiculously silly, with such grave defects of style, That, were it not so painful, 'twould provoke a baby's smile.

You may guess such shocking twaddle most mortally injures us, The acutest of intelligence faints and falls and drops. If you feed us on such very unimaginary slop, We'll have a very weakening effect upon the mind. The acutest of intelligence faints and falls and drops. If you feed us on such very unimaginary slop, We'll have a very weakening effect upon the mind.

Then when our nurses with us pace the verdure of the park, In the confidential company of military sparks, We think that cavalry line, most certainly debar, Those sparks from choking us with smoke from twopenny cigars.

Then the culinary principle on which our food is dressed, Is really too absurd to be in common words expressed. Monotonous fluffiness that marks our bill of fare Is far more irritating than our parents are aware.

We wonder how papa would like to take his evening nap On nothing more substantial than a small tu-reen of pap, And how would our big brothers like on end-and-end sleep to feed, And pass their leisure hours away without a single weed?

No banquets were invited to, no fashionable ball; We know not pleasures of the play, delights of music hall; But every day and all day long we hear the hoarse chime, With no congenial company to help to kill the time.

And so, dear Mr. Editor, we hope you'll heed our plea And help us to a higher life, more varied, fresh and free. "Strong meat" is all we ask for, as we sound the war's alarms And sign ourselves yours faithfully as well as **RAVEN IN ARMS.**

The Season.
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, Noting of course an exception or two; Notably when I said home as requested, And pushed the lawn mower the rank, tough grass through.

Ought by my father when stilled in the greenman, I gave vent to language to print quite unfit, Grabbed by the collar and dragged to the woodshed And for days intervening unable to sit. The rusty lawn mower, the evilgen lawn mower, The meanest lawn mower that ever I knew—**DETROIT TRIBUNE.**

When Our Wives Vote.
I'm going to the caucus, John, Don't you go away, But cook must come, for I suspect We'll need her vote today.

Now, when you've made the bed, John, And dusted all the rooms, Go out and do the marketing, But don't buy meat at Vroom's!

Last caucus his wife belted And said: "You're a fool, John, And I'm going to the caucus, John, Don't you go away, But cook must come, for I suspect We'll need her vote today."

Take a Day Off.
Hills—they look so purty woff, Set a feller wishin, Kinder think I'll take a day off An go fishin.

Heartreading.
Across the aisle I see her kneel, While her pure thought to heaven wings, There is a sign upon her brow Of worldly care or temporal things.

HE POSED AS A BAD MAN.

Had a Right to Be Lynched, Maybe, but Not That Way.

"There isn't any kind of doubt that One Ear Dodge was an all round nuisance and infernal annoyance to the boys and maybe had a right to be lynched, but it doesn't seem to me that I'd have lynched him just the way they did," said Orrin Boyes of New Mexico. "It may be, too, that they didn't intend to lynch him. But, anyhow, he was lynch, and I say, and I say, and I say, that it wasn't done exactly right."

"Dodge wanted to pass as a bad man—the worst kind of a bad man—but he wasn't, and that's what made him so unpopular. He couldn't originate anything bad at all. He could steal a horse or run off cattle, but he did it in the regular commonplace, sneaking way that every Indian thief does it, and not by some stroke of genius that would have marked him as a chap worth envying. He could fill himself with rum on the slightest provocation, but even that never brought any spark of smartness out of him."

"He was a second hand bad man. He was simply a copyist. He carried this to such an extent that he even tried that hackneyed, played out, discarded bit of cowboy playfulness that was once looked upon as fixing at once the title of bad man on the cheerful chap who tried to be a reviver of drink liquor he didn't want. Dodge made an effort at this trick one night at Lordsburg. Instead of the tenderfoot tremblingly swallowing the liquor he laid hands on Bob. He took his revolver away from him and then good naturedly wiped one of the would be bad man's ears off with his hand with his hunting knife."

"After that Bob lost caste faster than ever. He became known as One Ear Dodge, and he got lots of hints that folks around there only wanted one thing to make them perfectly contented and happy, and that thing was One Ear Dodge's perpetual absence. But he wouldn't take his own advice and to be a bigger nuisance than ever. There was a big cattle ranch just over the line in Old Mexico, and one day a lot of stray cattle came strolling in among us. The Mexicans showed that they belonged on the Mexican ranch. One Ear Dodge had been unusually disagreeable for a day or two and was wandering around, ugly and broke. When the boys saw those cattle the strays were, they said it was a good thing to get One Ear to drive them back to their owner. The matter was suggested to him. "Steer anything in it?" snorted Dodge. "Big reward in it, of course," was the reply.

"The upshot of it was that One Ear got on his pony, rounded up the strays and started with them for their owner's ranch. After he had been gone an hour or so one of the boys said, as if he had just happened to think of it: "One Ear will have to drive them cattle onto and across that Mexican range before he gets to the ranch, won't he?" "The reply was that he would."

"If any of them Mexican ranchers should see him doing it they might think it looked suspicious, mightn't they?" "Naturally they might," was the reply. "But maybe they won't see him." "That was all there was said on the subject just then. One Ear Dodge didn't come back that day nor the next. Along toward night the next day some of the boys came to think of it: "One Ear will have to drive them cattle onto and across that Mexican range before he gets to the ranch, won't he?" "The reply was that he would."

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TWO SWEETHEARTS.

The eyes of Liette are like miniature seas, With ripples that laugh, and willows that weep On the shore, and the low bending boughs of the trees, and the soft shadows that creep At night near the ocean edge, fashioned to fret A saint into sinning—the eyes of Liette.

The eyes of Marie were designed to derange The minds of weak mortals. There is something about Them so sweetly pathetic, as deep and as strange As two holes in the night where the stars are pulled out. How can I choose then, which shall it be— Laughing Liette or little Marie!

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NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the eyes between us and the grave. Here poly-scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have allied themselves in furnishing us a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an invaluable blessing to the elderly. It cures all the ailments incident to the stomach, troubles with the kidneys and lungs are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectively counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly tonic, increases the appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

For that matter, all first boy babies are princes, and princes of all first a general thing, too.

"JUDGE."

This comic paper has some inimitable cartoons. But no one of them is more forcible than this testimony of its proprietor, W. J. Arkell, to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. He writes:

"JUDGE BELINDA, Cor. Fifth Ave. and Eleventh St., New York, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief. In my opinion these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

W. J. ARKELL.

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE: The progress of decay.

James—So Smith gave you a cigar? B—Yes, but I was in luck; neither of us had a match.

There is more starch in this section of the country than all other disease put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a fatal disease, and prescribed local remedies, but by constantly trying to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven that it is a constitutional disease and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one dollar for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

High—Figs is prospering, isn't he? Hatch—Oh, yes; he's got now to where he can see his butcher.

Use Emeline Store Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of a HERNIA, or a matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure of TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the possibility of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, disease of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife. STONE, large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting. STRICTURE, also removed without cutting. Abundant References, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent in plain envelopes, 10 cts. (stamps). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

ELYSIUM.

ELYSIUM is a special department giving the arrivals and departures of persons of known charitable tendencies.

At the Liverpool street (London) terminus of the Great Eastern railway, on a recent Wednesday, all the passengers arriving and departing by the local train service only were counted, and reached the enormous total of 92,456 persons.

Mothers, Antifermentine

Preserves fruit without heat. Antifermentine Cider, Milk, Butter, Catsup, Pickles, Etc.,

Scott's Emulsion

The Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bown, N. Y. All Druggists.

CURE THE BEST COUGH SHLOH'S CURE

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Indigestion, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPPAC

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END

DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.

Three doses only. Try it.

Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Moore's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has no equal. It is the best cough remedy. Sold everywhere. See.

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A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE

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