

German Syrup

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a few doses and I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future, as a few doses had given her relief." @



HEADACHE!

Of all forms, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains, Migraine, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVE TONIC. It does not contain opiates or any other dangerous or habit-forming ingredients. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and its action is purely restorative. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system.



A Tonic and A Pleasure:

That's the happy combination found in

Hires' Beer

You drink it for pleasure, and get physical benefit. A wholesome, refreshing, appetizing, thirst quenching drink.

ANDERSON'S ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENT BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY. Will cure without medicine all weakness resulting from indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, and all other ailments of the head, neck, and back. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system.

MOTIVE POWER ENGINES

These few parts, and are simpler than any other kind of gas engine known. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it will run. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and its use will result in a complete restoration of the system.

J. M. Needham, HOUSE PAINTING, KALSO-MINING, PAPER HANGING, NATURAL WOOD FINISHING.

CATARRRH

Who's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Remedy to Use, and Cheapest.

HEZ'S ELOPEMENT.

A few days ago I received a most unique epistle through the mail, of which the following is an extract: "Hez has fatch home Peggie, and air a-livin with her at the Fork. I think he is gittin kured of his bashfulness." These lines, crudely written and with words misspelled, are the sequel to a little drama from real life which fell under my immediate observation, and with this preface I will relate it here.

Several months ago there was a curious pair of moonshiners confined in the Atlanta jail, serving out a sentence. In my daily visits to the jail I used to spend a great deal of time watching them. They were not ordinary moonshiners, in actions at least. The other moonshiners referred to them as "Hezekiah Sniggletree and his pup," and that's who I found them to be later on.

This odd couple did not mingle with the crowd of prisoners who were continually gossiping away the hours. They always sat apart, talking together and apparently enjoying each other's companionship greatly. The elder of the two men was a heavy fellow of about fifty years—a typical mountaineer, with flowing red hair and hair of a dark color. The other was some thirty years his junior, but he had the same features and the same build. The only difference between them was that one was younger and his face was free from the heavy beard which covered the face of the other.

Day by day I watched this strangely assorted pair with interest. One day the older one, who had noticed me watching them, beckoned me to come over to where the two were sitting alone. I went over.

"Don't you write for the papers?" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"A little," I replied.

"Well," said he, the twinkle becoming more pronounced and communicating itself to his features, "I want yer ter write up Hez."

"What about Hez?" I asked.

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his juvenile companion.

"Do yer see that boy?" he asked. I saw the boy. "Well," he continued, "that's the bashfullest cuss in creashin'."

He brought his open palm down on his big fat leg to give emphasis to the assertion.

Hez shuffled about uneasily, his face was red as a beet, and he seemed to be hunting a place to reprove his big, awkward hands. He uttered no protest to his father's statement.

"Hez," his father went on, speaking to the sadly discomfited youth, "I'm agoin ter tell."

The boy's embarrassment increased.

"No, don't pap," he pleaded feebly.

"I am," the senior Sniggletree continued, with firmness. "I'm agwine ter spout the hull bizzness ter this feller, and he'll put you in ter papers. And he chucked gleefully at the prospect of getting Hez into the papers. Hez only groaned.

"Go ahead," I urged, "and let's have it."

Sniggletree senior, by way of answer, dived into his capacious pocket and drew forth a big plug of tobacco, and after biting off several ounces and expectorating several times very copiously, he told me his story, or rather the story of Hez.

She played sad havoc with the hearts of the mountain youths who came to know her. In her simple homespun frock, with her wealth of golden locks caught lightly together by a ribbon, and allowed to fall in luxuriant masses over her shapely shoulders, she made a pretty picture to look upon.

It was a long way up the ravine road where the Baskins lived to the distillery, and every day Peggie would carry the noonday meal to her father and brothers at their work. Hez would steal glances at her, but he never ventured to speak to her more than saying, "Howdy'e, Peggie!" The heart of a youth like Hez Sniggletree is very susceptible to feminine charms, and it was only in the natural course of things that the bashful youth should completely lose his heart to the fair Peggie.

When Hez's love for Peggie began he could never tell. It "jes grow'd on him," he said, and he awoke to the consciousness that he was in love one fine morning. How many hundred times did he plan to speak to her, and how many hundred times did his resolution fail in her watchful presence.

But finally his consuming love made him bold. One day at the distillery, while Peggie was waiting for her father and brothers to finish their dinners, Hez ventured up to Peggie and said in a trembling voice: "Peggie, you air purty a plume."

"Oh, Hez, you tease!" she exclaimed, and Hez was frightened out of his wits. To add to his confusion, James Baskins caught sight of him and bawled out:

"En, ha, ha, look yonder. Hez is makin love teres. That do beat ye!"

Covered with confusion Hez rushed out to his work, and for three whole weeks he would not even look at Peggie on her visits to the distillery. But all the time his love was growing warmer, and one day he grew bold again, when all eyes were turned away.

"Peggie," he said, in a pleading tone, "I'm agoin ter walk down the ravine with you."

She blushed prettily and laughed moderately.

"Well, you air a stunner," she declared.

He was doubtful what was meant by that, and he debated mentally for a moment whether it was wise to go with a young lady after having received such a criticism as that, but he determined to go.

He walked along beside Peggie for quite a distance in silence. He wanted to say something. The words choked in his mouth.

"Peggie," he said finally, getting his breath very rapidly, "when I told you you wur purty as pinkie I meant it."

"Oh, Mr. Hez!" she exclaimed, in a shocked tone, and then she burst out laughing.

Hez stopped stock still in the pathway before her. There was a hurt look on his face, and he fumbled nervously with his hands.

"See here, Peggie," he said reprovingly, "yer orten ter laugh at a feller like that. I meant it—I—I—Peggie, you know what I mean?"

He stammered hopelessly; she laughed more and more.

"Peggie," Hez continued solemnly, and placing his big hands across his stomach, "I am all broke up in here about it. I can't sleep for thinking of you. I—I want—you—say, Peggie, will you have me?"

"Peggie," he said, "I'll tell you—we'll elope!"

Peggie was horrified.

"What, run away?" she asked.

"We'll elope ter Gilmer county," Hez continued, "an get married, whar they don't know us. I know Tom Giddens over thar, an we'll elope ter his house an marry."

Every woman has a spark of romance in her composition. Every woman likes to do things that smack of romance, and this mountain beauty was no exception. She finally yielded to Hez's plans for an elopement. On the following Sunday afternoon they would elope. Together they would go over into Gilmer county and get married among people where there was no danger of being teased.

There was no reason on earth why Hez Sniggletree and Peggie Baskins should run away to get married. Their parents looked upon their union with favor. They regarded it as probable, although they had never observed the first evidences of courtship. They would have accepted the announcement of their marriage with delight. But in the face of these facts Hez deliberately planned an elopement.

He walked over into Gilmer county to prepare his friend, Tom Giddens, for his arrival on the following Sunday and to make the necessary arrangements. He was desperately in earnest and he considered this elopement absolutely necessary.

The Sunday afternoon which Hez had elected for his elopement was as pretty as a poem, and Peggie was at the trying place promptly, looking as "prety as peaches" in a new frock. Hez, like McGinty on his noted descent to the bottom of the sea, was dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Side by side, this pair turned into the rocky country road, leading across the mountains to Gilmer county—eloping. All through the afternoon they trudged over the rough road, and just as the sun was setting gloriously behind Lost Mountain they came in sight of Tom Giddens' home.

Tom Giddens and his wife had arranged a warm welcome for the bridal couple. A number of their neighbors had been invited in, and the Harbushell minister was on hand to say the ceremony.

The reception was a little more than Hez had bargained or hoped for, and he secretly wished that he had instructed Tom not to have any one around. Head Peggie sat down in the corner together, and all eyes were turned upon them, and all questions directed to them. The minister had to talk to them, and everybody else pined them with questions. Hez began to think that eloping was not what it was represented to be.

As long as he lives Hez will remember the marriage ceremony. He will remember how he stood in a stupor in the middle of the door, beside Peggie, feeling the keenest misery and hoping that the earth would open and swallow him up. It was agony to the poor fellow.

But when the ceremony was over matters became worse. Everybody pressed upon them.

"Kiss the bride!" yelled a half dozen youngsters.

"He's ashamed to kiss'er!" they yelled derisively. Everybody was laughing. Hez felt like murder. He did not know what to do or say, and the youthful humorists, bent on fun, grew louder and more boisterous that he kiss the bride.

Confused, crestfallen, miserable, agonized, Hez pushed aside the crowd.

"Let me git out!" he said, and in one bound he reached the door.

Once outside, his one idea was to get away. He never thought of returning to be tortured by that crowd. He found his way to the big, open road and fortunately struck out in the direction of his home.



When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to recommend some brand of Smoking Tobacco, we unhesitatingly pronounce

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

to be the best in the world. Many times imitated, but never equalled. Get the genuine. Made only by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C.

Met His Brother and Died. In the midst of the cannon's roar our regiment, the Thirty-ninth New York volunteers, received orders to take the right flank, and my section was in the front.

Among my section were Germans, Italians, Spaniards and Frenchmen. One German was named Schultz.

The Union armies were situated so as to fire into the enemy's ranks from the side, and thereby endeavor to check their advance. As already stated, my section formed the front of the right flank, and the boys were doing splendid work as the enemy was advancing to make their final effort to break the ranks of our men.

Suddenly I saw a man of my section advance toward the enemy's lines with outstretched arms, and at the same time crying at the pitch of his voice, "Mein bruder, mein bruder!"

The brothers met between the opposite ranks, and in the midst of the fire embraced one another. Then both came running toward our ranks.

I told Schultz to take his brother to the rear as a prisoner and hand him over to the provost guard. It was foolish of me to do so, but I felt inspired by some magical power to urge him back, but he declined to go, and all urging was of no avail; consequently his brother went to the rear without an escort. Schultz worked hard and fast loading and firing his musket. He loaded his musket about five times, when suddenly he turned to me, holding his hands to his heart, muttering, "Joe, I must die." He fell to the ground and was dead.—New York Recorder.

A Sensible Hint. A lady school teacher in Boston, who is rather proud of her profession, the reverse is not pleased at having her occupation thrust forward when she meets strangers.

At length the hostess presented a young man, adding to the introduction, as usual, "Miss Faneuil is one of our school teachers."

The gentleman bowed, but Miss Faneuil said: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Allen, but I did not catch what the gentleman's business is."

"What his business is?" repeated the hostess in perplexity.

"Yes," Miss Faneuil said, "I thought it only right that this acquaintance should start fair, and as you told him my employment it seemed only fair that I should know his."

The point was understood and taken good naturedly, but the teacher was no longer introduced in her professional capacity.—Youth's Companion.

A Justice's Court on Muleback. "Once when Niles Searls was district judge up in Nevada and Sierra counties, the late Judge Belden and I were on opposite sides of a case which was to be argued before him."

He hit the road in a trot, and once in it, he increased his speed amazingly. Down the road with streaming coat tails and open mouth this crowd flew like the wind. Down hills, up hills, over level places, through forests, over branches, this discomfited and dismayed husband dashed at a clipping pace. He never stopped to think: the idea predominant in his mind was to get away.

BREVITIES

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Ex-Speaker Reed and some of the supreme court justices read modern French novels with considerable avidity.

Mr. Blaine is once more a grandfather and Mr. Walter Damosch the proud father of a bouncing young daughter.

Count Caprivi, the German chancellor, previous to his "cure" at Karlsbad, was weighed. He turned the scale of 196 pounds.

Colonel Crawford, who died a short while ago in Atlanta, was buried in his Confederate uniform, which was a faded old suit full of bullet holes.

Westminster abbey is so crowded with monuments that there is only room for two more celebrities, and the choice will be Gladstone and Tennyson.

Baron Fava has resumed his diplomatic position in Washington, though it is more than probable that, with a desire to soften asperities all round, he will soon be removed to some European court.

The autographs of nearly all the English kings from Henry VI (1450) to George II, and the kings and queens of England since the second George, are contained in the remarkable collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker.

It used to be the boast of Vishnegradski, Russian minister of finance, that he could always be found at his desk at any hour of the day and far into the night. It is commonly conceded that it was this practice that shattered his health.

The earl of Ranfurley, who has temporarily forsaken his Irish seat, Danganagh park, County Tyrone, has purchased a large tract of land in the irrigation colony at Mildura, south Australia, where he intends to start as a fruit grower on a large scale.

John Boyd Teacher, of Albany, is an indefatigable collector and a rare judge of ancient books and manuscripts, his private collection of black letter volumes, scarce editions and original letters and autographs having few equals in this country. He owns the second best copy of the first folio of Shakespeare now in existence.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES. The English admiralty authorities will send to Chicago models of a number of modern English war vessels.

The H. C. Frick Coke company, of Pennsylvania, has decided to make a complete working model in miniature of its entire plant.

The German "village," for which the exposition authorities granted a concession some time ago, will occupy a space 235 by 780 feet on Midway Plaisance.

A topographical map of the Gettysburg battlefield and models of the Centennial exposition and of Independence hall will appear in the Pennsylvania exhibit.

The Ecuador commissioners have had constructed a fac simile of the famous palace of the Inca Perca, the ruins of which stand near the city of Quito, and will exhibit it at the fair.

The horticultural display at the World's fair will be bewildering in extent and marvellous in beauty. The exhibit will possess great scientific and educational value, but to the ordinary visitor its ornamental features will be the most striking.

The New York exposition board is planning to show in its state building an exhibit illustrating completely the art history of the state. An effort will be made to have every New York artist, painter, sculptor, etcher and engraver of talent, from the earliest record, represented.

Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, the celebrated dealer in wild animals, will take to Chicago his entire collection of trained and wild animals; also his collection in natural history. The wildest beasts living, together with domestic animals, will go through all sorts of performances.

THE NEW YORK RACKET

Comes in this week with the largest lot of goods it has yet received, consisting of Table Oil Cloths, Turkey Red Damask, fine Cashmere Shawls, Silk Mitts, Overalls and Denim Coats, Paris, box wood Frames, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks, Hair Cutters, Ladies' gents' and children's Hosiery of all kinds, Ladies' Vests from 10c to 50c, of good quality, as good as sold elsewhere at much higher prices. Corsets, black and white, Hamburg Edgings, Embroideries, Lace, a large assortment of Ribbons, all widths, Garter web, Dress Stitches, Combs, Suspensives of all kinds, and many other articles in our line, all of which we can sell cheaper than they are usually sold, for the reason that we buy for cash, at the best and cheapest houses in New York and sell at a very small profit for cash only, saving from 10 to 50 per cent. on many articles.

Tickets

FOR SALE TO OMAHA Kansas City, St. Paul, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, East, North and South, PULLMAN SLEEPERS, COLONIST SLEEPERS, RECLINING CHAIR CARS AND DINERS.

W. H. HUBBERT, Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. Agt. 24 Washington St., PORTLAND, OREGON

\$500 NEWBORN

Le Richard's Golden Balsam. Cures Cholera, first and second stages. Sores on the Legs and Body; Sore Ears, Eyes, Nose, etc. Cures all the most difficult cases of Cholera, Typhoid, Dysentery, Biliousness, Catarrh, Diarrhea, and all primary forms of the disease known as Cholera. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Le Richard's Golden Spanish Injection. Cures all the most difficult cases of Gonorrhoea, Inflammation of the Uterus, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Le Richard's Golden Pills. Cures all the most difficult cases of Constipation, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the bowels. Price \$5.00 per Box.

Le Richard's Golden Ointment. Cures all the most difficult cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Price \$5.00 per Jar.

Le Richard's Golden Syrup. Cures all the most difficult cases of Coughs, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Le Richard's Golden Elixer. Cures all the most difficult cases of Stomachache, Indigestion, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

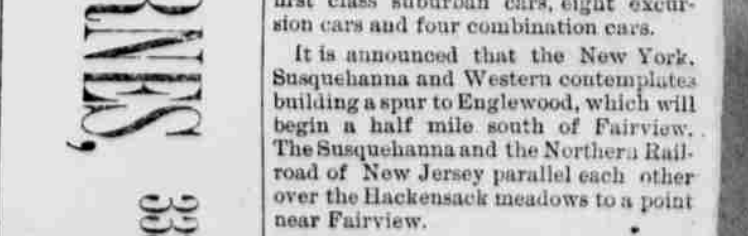
Le Richard's Golden Tonic. Cures all the most difficult cases of Weakness, Nervousness, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Le Richard's Golden Liniment. Cures all the most difficult cases of Sprains, Bruises, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Le Richard's Golden Cream. Cures all the most difficult cases of Skin Diseases, etc. Price \$5.00 per Jar.

Le Richard's Golden Ointment. Cures all the most difficult cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Price \$5.00 per Jar.

Le Richard's Golden Syrup. Cures all the most difficult cases of Coughs, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.



For those complaints take Simmons' Liver Regulator. It keeps the stomach and bowels in perfect condition, and thus prevents any of the above ailments from coming on the system, or, if there already is it will drive them out, no matter how strongly rooted or long-standing, and thus will again have good health and be happy.

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