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Table with columns for dates, times, and destinations.

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HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVERS, TIRED FEELING, GENERAL DEBILITY, PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES, IMPURE BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, FEMALE INFIRMITIES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. The Genuine is Trade Marked and Crossed Red Lines.

STEKETE'S NEURALGIA DROPS, SURE CURE FOR NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, HEART CORRECTOR, OR PAINS.

Valuable Testimonials.

HOW SHE CURED HIM. Mr. Prentice took great pride in his poultry, and so it was that he stopped in the kitchen to contemplate once a fine pair of fowls which his wife was just commencing to prepare for the evening meal.

GEORGE S. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, - Mich.

Notice to the Ladies! Dr. E. S. Dodd & Son.

"ONLY A GIRL," BY ETHEL EBERHART. Close the door carefully—mute the tread, Drop the curtain around the little bed; A pale mother's sleeping, ah, give her rest, She has fresh roses upon her white breast, She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death.

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Her superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is the cream of the cream, and is the most perfect of all baking powders.

She Hit Him Hard. One of our "boys" whose prospects for keeping out of the matrimonial noose are favorable—in fact he has been dragging along in the single state of blessedness to these many years, and is said to have proposed, and proposed in vain, to at least half the girls in town—was loitering around a fancy goods store recently, looking at the pretty things and their lovely neighbors.

Queer People Across the Line. You have only to cross Niagara river to find Old English ways of thought. The Bishop of Niagara is his Lordship, and you will hear the natives of Fort Erie talk of their lively neighbors on this side as "the Americans," just as if they didn't live in a part of America themselves.

Over 4,000 jugs of whisky were shipped in two days, during the holidays, to prohibitionaries in Alabama and Mississippi, from Mobile.

A Handsome young woman about twenty-five years old called upon a Baltimore undertaker the other day and had her measure taken for a coffin. The next day she offered the undertaker \$200 to bury her.

Death has played a dirty mean trick on this town, says an Arizona paper, "The sneaky old man and his bearing off the only bartender who knew how to mix a Tom and Jerry to circulate through the system."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Potter, of New York, who is noted for the assistance she has given to needy women, intends to form a club of young ladies in California and sending women there to engage in silk culture.

Dr. Merriam, of North Adams, Mass., visits his patients in a sleigh made for his great-grandfather in 1493. It is still strong, although the wheels have been constantly used by several generations of the Merriam family.

Den Benton, the bigamist arrested at Atlanta for having five wives, said he had registered a vow that he would have twenty-five wives.

Young men of Philadelphia who desire to do the right thing carry their pocket money in a case made of two silver dollars, hollowed out and fitted together so deftly that they can be distinguished from a sound coin only with a microscope.

Miss Emily Eleanor Woodward, aged twenty years, of Greenwich, England, died recently of lightening. She had eaten a hearty supper, and hurriedly dressed herself to go out. The pressure around the waist, combined with over-exertion, caused death.

The great steel gun being made for the government approval by the Pittsburg Steel Casting Company was cast Wednesday. When completed the gun will weigh five and one-half tons. Its total length is 193.53 inches; the velocity of the projectile is to be 2,900 feet per second, and the pressure in the chamber 11,000 tons. It is the largest gun ever cast from Bessemer steel, and the importance of the experiment lies in the fact that a gun of this make can be made for about \$3,000. It will be ready to fire in the same size would cost at least \$2,000.

In the way most women manage horses there is something that causes the average man to believe that Providence does protect us. A lady stepped into her sleigh, on Wabasha-st, the property of a "horrid brute" and "stupid animal" started.

There is a clock on exhibition at the San Francisco Mining Bureau which is very curious in construction, and, though over 200 years old, keeps excellent time. It is enclosed in a long oval case of iron. The clock is wound up daily by pulling two small weights, which are attached to a cord and move a larger and heavier weight so as to touch the works. This clock was the property of the miller's household for over one hundred and fifty years.

A Boston Newspaper man says that the reckless and ignorant way in which country girls find themselves into the vortex of city life is remarkable and startling. The girl who reached Boston without a friend, and asked what she expected to do, said: "I don't know; but I supposed there might be some hotel near the station where I could go, and they would take care of me." Another, showing fifty cents, all the money she had, said: "There, that's all the money I have got; do you suppose there is any money to-night for that? I suppose I am sure to get work to-morrow." Others have said: "Oh, we are going to ask some one at the station what we should do." It is proposed to establish a society to protect such foolish young women.

The Rev. Mr. Mantore, of Chicago, was a barber before he became a preacher. One of his first duties after he was ordained was to baptize a child. He fastened his hand in the water bowl he laid it on the child's head and then his mind reverting to his old calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and, turning to the astonished mother, said: "Shampoo?"

Starting a Balking Horse. I was attracted yesterday by a considerable gathering of people in a downtown street, occasioned by a balking horse which even the policeman himself could not persuade to "move on". All kinds of plans were tried. First, about a dozen men shoved the wagon behind; but even then, by firmly planting his fore feet, he determined to resist progression, although, thought the breaching would burst. An old piece of cloth was then carefully tied over his eyes, and after a short pause, he was requested to proceed, but he stood still, and the crowd jeered. Next a rather consequential person came forward, and, standing on tiptoe, so that he could reach the horse's ear, whispered into his ear something which evidently thought would have an instantaneous and marvellous effect; but the animal was peep to this siren, and the consequential person slunk off, pursued by the carousers of a bonchick. The driver was now in a rage, which vented itself in blows and imprecations. But just as he was passing from this condition into one of stony despair, a well-dressed fellow wearing a dark suit, unadorned except for a pocket square, stepped into the shafts, and after leading across the street and back, rebarnessed him and handed the reins to the driver, who drove off without the least trouble. The expedient was simple, but effective, and it suggests what, I believe, the true philosophy of the balking horse. "The effort should be not to overcome his fixed idea of standing still, but to supplant that notion by diverting his attention to something else."—Boston Post.

Leap Year. Rules at a leap-year party: 1. Ladies will sit for ten minutes promptly at 8 o'clock. Those who keep their escorts waiting, and are consequently late at the party, will be treated for the remainder of the evening as wallflowers. 2. The gentlemen will be expected to behave in the most lady-like manner. 3. Gentlemen are to bring to the ball a fan, a corsage bouquet, and smelling salts. 4. The gentleman whose bouquet is not crushed in the first dance will be considered a failure. 5. No gentleman shall cross the floor without a lady attendant. 6. If a gentleman goes for a glass of water unattended, he will be considered a failure. 7. At once decide him out of order, and compel him to be seated. 8. Gentlemen are expected to be languid, to drop their handkerchiefs as often as possible, make frequent calls for water, and to appear to be in a state of collapse. The ladies who have been snubbed at dances heretofore will claim the greatest number of dances, and those who have been snubbed by well-will the gentlemen severely alone.

A Boy With Eyes Open. The other Sunday a zealous young lady was speaking to the boys in the presence of her mother, a very distinguished man. She had exhorted them to be good and studious, to avoid bad company, profanity and other demoralizing things, and closed her little exhortation with a prayer.

I want you to be good boys and do all these things that I have asked you to because I love you all." "I know you love me most," a small boy in the front row said.

"Well, who is it, Johnny?" asked the lady. No doubt she suspected some accusation of partiality among the boys which she would have been glad of an opportunity to rebuke.

The boy pointed his small, grimy finger at the young clergyman.

"Him!" he shouted.

The young lady's interest in charitable work is said to have declined visibly for some little time.—Boston Transcript.

Brides Who Perch in Trees. Among the Lolos of Western China the custom is to perch the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambering on the tree, assailed on all sides by bushes, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her to the altar.

The Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but contiguous compartments. At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her woeer, while the women of the party are busy with the people's impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he begins to raise the curtains.

The Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—Blackwood's Magazine.

How the Rich Help the Poor. Some of the girls who come up to Vassar are as helpless as babies. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brush their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and started during the week with a few dollars. She was paid by a kind relative, but she was penny for dress, car-fare and a thousand and one little incidents she must earn herself.

Soon after she arrived the following announcement appeared on her door: Gloves and shoes neatly mended for ten cents each.

Breakfast brought up for ten cents. Hair brushed each night for twenty-five cents a week.

Beds made up at ten cents a week. That little freshman made just \$150 the first year and that paid all her expenses and a good part of her tuition fee.—Vassar Girl's Life, New York Journal.

Reckless. A Boston Newspaper man says that the reckless and ignorant way in which country girls find themselves into the vortex of city life is remarkable and startling. The girl who reached Boston without a friend, and asked what she expected to do, said: "I don't know; but I supposed there might be some hotel near the station where I could go, and they would take care of me." Another, showing fifty cents, all the money she had, said: "There, that's all the money I have got; do you suppose there is any money to-night for that? I suppose I am sure to get work to-morrow." Others have said: "Oh, we are going to ask some one at the station what we should do." It is proposed to establish a society to protect such foolish young women.

Since that day all Kate's girlish dreams of "love in a cottage" have been more than realized, and when Charley Adams speaks of cooks, he says: "I don't know of but one woman that can beat my mother; that's my wife."—Exchange.

The Rev. Mr. Mantore, of Chicago, was a barber before he became a preacher. One of his first duties after he was ordained was to baptize a child. He fastened his hand in the water bowl he laid it on the child's head and then his mind reverting to his old calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and, turning to the astonished mother, said: "Shampoo?"

