

"And Don't Forget The..."

There are problems in arithmetic. That pale fellow's skills. And algebraic conundrums.

Just drop in Jubilee's place-and-hatch-the-riddle. You'll find a whole lot of fun.

When you're tired, go to the fair. There's a string around your thumb. And don't let it go.

She Married a Scholar. Oh, she said she'd never marry any Tom and Dick and Harry.

As a zealous decorator he preferred an alligator. To say the least, it was a bit of a shock.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER II.

Shirley had dreaded beyond all things the change from the train to the boat; but her mother seemed to have rallied wonderfully during the last few minutes.

away, thinking that he had never seen so lovely a face, and wondering what could induce her to travel in that way.

Notwithstanding Shirley's hopes, the crossing was not a calm one; the lamp in the ladies' cabin swung to and fro, the vessel cracked and throbbed and shook.

Many and many a sad thought came to Shirley's mind, as she crouched down on the floor by her mother's sofa, watching the still, pale face, which lay with closed eyes upon the pillows, by the light of the creeping lamp.

"You want anything, dear?" Shirley asked tenderly. "Only to tell you, Shirley," Mrs. Ross said.

CHAPTER III.

They had carried her with tender hands into the great hotel which adjoins the station, and had laid her upon a bed, and drawn back the heavy blankets for her relief.

had seen since she had left them; the land in which she had played as a child, but which she had never seen since she had left them.

Crucel to her! How had Scotland been so lovely to her? Shirley wondered dimly, and she recalled the scenes of her childhood.

"We are nearly there now," said Dr. Graham quietly, as they passed Chisholm; and his words fell upon Marian Ross's ears, and her dim eyes opened.

"All what, dear?" she asked eagerly. "All the sorrow and shame," said Marian Ross pitiously, the pale lips beginning to tremble.

CHAPTER IV.

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her brother had sat down on the side of an boat which stood high and dry, and had talked of England, and wondered why they knew so little of home, and had laughed and chattered with a sturdy old fisherman.

"Poor mother! It was the last time Shirley ever saw her face bright and smiling. An hour afterward she went softly into the sick room, and when she came quickly into the room, their father was lying quietly upon the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips parted in a faint smile.

"I cannot wake him," she said hurriedly; "and he is so cold. I think he has fallen." She bent over him again, touching his hands with one of hers.

On Wednesday James Stewart, of the Porter factory, three miles from Clarkesville, insulted the sister of Ben and David Crane.

How They Punished Him.

Last Wednesday James Stewart, of the Porter factory, three miles from Clarkesville, insulted the sister of Ben and David Crane.

The Gift of the Czar.

His Imperial Majesty Alexander III, Czar of all the Russias, recently presented the Czarna with a birthday present in the shape of a beautiful jewelled necklace.

Equal to the Occasion.

Faithful Servant—Please murr, some of the boarders is talkin' about the butter. Boarding-house Keeper—Impossible!

William Beach, Hanlan's Conqueror, Tells How He Did It. The recent exploit of Mr. William Beach leaves no doubt that he is the handiest man in the world with the sculls.

HOW HE WON.

December, 1889—Won Dublin's Handicap, Woolloomooloo Bay. March, 1891—Second Yeoman Regatta, won by Pearce.

THE LATEST AMUSEMENT OF SOCIETY.

"Donkey parties" have had a pleasant and successful run through one of the most cultured and genial social sets lately.

ITCHING PILLS.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching.

ALARMING CONTORTIONS.

Passenger (on street-car, alarmed)—Madam, do you feel a fit coming on?

THE ORIGINAL.

Pierce's LITTLE PEASANT'S LIVER AND BOWELS PILLS.

Beware of Imitations. Always Ask for Pierce's Little Peasant's Liver and Bowels Pills.

SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all other ailments arising from a disordered liver and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured by

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills.

In explanation of the real power of these Pills, we have a great variety of testimonials, many of which are published in our papers.

\$500 REWARD.

is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid.

Entold Agony from Catarrh.

Prof. W. H. HAUSSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Hatteras, N. C., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered from a very severe and distressing catarrh of the bladder."

Constantly Hawking and Spitting.

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2907 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I have suffered from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, of Columbia, Pa., writes: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and purchased a bottle. It helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and healthy."

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from the functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism.

Where Sugar Comes From.

"Where is the Island of Cuba situated?" asked an Antislavery school teacher of a small, rather forlorn looking boy. "I dunno, sir."

The Rebellion.

In the Northwest we have suppressed and our citizens can now devote reasonable attention to their corns.

Equal to the Occasion.

Faithful Servant—Please murr, some of the boarders is talkin' about the butter. Boarding-house Keeper—Impossible!

The Old, Old Song.

"Where is your home?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking stranger.

He Declined Responsibility.

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man.

New School of Morality.

"Mamma, Lili has been telling another fib! Say to her its very wicked for a little girl to tell fibs—that she must wait till she grows up!"

Notwithstanding the prevailing superstition regarding the number thirteen, we don't hear anybody kicking on the baker's dozen.

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