A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

As Mrs. Tucker, erect, white and rigid, drove away from the *tienda*, it seemed to her to sink again into the monotonous plain, with all its horrible realities. Except that there was now a new and heart-breaking significance to the solitude and loneliness of the landscape, all that had passed might have been a dream. But as the blood came back to her cheek, and little by little her tingling consciousness returned, it seemed as if her life had been the dream, and this last scene the awakening reality. With eyes smarting with the moisture of shame, the scarlet blood at times dyeing her very neck, and temples, she muffled her lowered crest in her shawl and bent over the reins. Bit by bit she recalled, in Poindexter's mysterious caution and strange allusions, the corroboration of her husband's shame and her own disgrace. This was why she was brought hither—the deserted wife, the abandoned confederate! The mocking glitter of the concave vault above her scoured by the incessant wind, the cold stare of the shining pools beyond, the hard outlines of the coast range and the jarring accompaniment of her horse's hoofs and rattling buggy wheels alternately goaded and distracted her. She found herself repeating 'No! no! no!' with the dogged reiteration of fever. She scarcely knew when or how she reached the *hacienda*. She was only conscious that she entered the *patio*. The dusty solitude that had before filled her with unrest now came to her like balm. A benumbing peace seemed to fall from the crumbling walls—the peace of utter seclusion, isolation, oblivion, death! Nevertheless, an hour later, when the jingle of spurs and bridle were again heard in the road, she started to her feet with bent brows and a kindling eye, and confronted Capt. Poindexter in the corridor.

"I would not have intruded upon you so soon again," he said gravely, "but I thought I might perhaps spare you a repetition of the scene of this morning. Hear me out, please," he added, with a gentle, half deprecating gesture, as she lifted the beautiful scorn of her eyes to his. "I have just heard that your neighbor, Don Jose Santierra of Los Gatos, is on his way to this house. He once claimed this land and hated your husband, who bought of the rival claimant, whose grant was confirmed. I tell you this," he added, slightly flushing as Mrs. Tucker turned impatiently away, "only to show you that legally he has no rights, and you need not see him unless you choose. I could not stop his coming without perhaps doing you more harm than good; but when he does come, my presence under this roof as your legal counsel will enable you to refer him to me." He stopped. She was pacing the corridor with short, impatient steps, her arms dropped and her hands clasped rigidly before her. "Have I your permission to stay?"

She suddenly stopped in her walk, approached him rapidly, and, fixing her eyes on his, said:

"Do I know *all* now—everything?"

He could only reply that she had not yet told him what she had heard.

"Well," she said, scornfully," that my husband has been cruelly imposed upon—imposed upon by some wretched woman, who has made him sacrifice his property, his friends, his honor—everything but me."

"Everything but whom?" gasped Poindexter.

"But me!"

Poindexter gazed at the sky, the air, the deserted corridor, the stones of the *patio*, itself, and then at the inexplicable woman, before him. Then he said gravely, "I think you know everything."

"Then if my husband has left me all he could—this property," she went on rapidly twisting her handkerchief between her fingers, "I can do with it what I like, can't I?"

"You certainly can."

"Then sell it," she said with passionate vehemence. "Sell it—all! everything! And sell these." She darted into her bedroom, and returned with the diamond rings she had torn from her fingers and ears when she entered the house. "Sell them for anything they'll bring—only sell them at once."

"But for what?" asked Poindexter, with demure lips but twinkling eyes.

"To pay the debts that this—this—woman has led him into; to return the money she has stolen!" she went on rapidly, "to keep him from sharing her infamy! Can't you understand?"

"But, my dear madam," began Poindexter, "even if this could be done——"

"Don't tell me 'if it could'—it *must* be done. Do you think I could sleep under this roof, propped up by the timbers of that ruined *tienda*? Do you think I could wear those diamonds again, while that termagant shop woman can say that her money bought them? No If you are my husband's friend, you will do this—for—for—his sake." She stopped, locked and interlocked her cold fingers before her, and said hesitatingly and mechanically, "You meant well, Captain Poindexter, in bringing me here, I know! You must not think that I blame you for it—or for the miserable result of it that you have just witnessed. But if I have gained anything by it, for God's sake let me reap it quickly, that I may give it to these people and go! I have a friend who can aid me to get to my husband or to my home in Kentucky, where Spencer will yet find me, I know. I want nothing more." She stopped again. With another woman the pause would have been one of tears. But she kept her head above the flood that filled her heart and the clear eyes fixed upon Poindexter, albeit pained, were undimmed.

"But this would require time," said Poindexter, with a smile of compassionate explanation; "you could not sell now, nobody would buy. Your are safe to hold this property while in actual possession, but you are not strong enough to guarantee it to another. There may still be litigation; your husband has other creditors than these people you have talked with. But while nobody could oust you—the wife who would have the sympathies of judge and jury—it might be a different case with anyone who derived title from you. Any purchaser would know that you could not sell, or, if you did, it would be at a ridiculous sacrifice."

She listened to him abstractedly, walked to the end of the corridor, returned, and without looking up, said:

"I suppose you know her?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"This woman. You have seen her?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"And you are his friend? That's strange." She raised her eyes to his. "Well," she continued impatiently, "who is she? and what is she? You know that surely?"

"I know no more of her than what I have said," said Poindexter. "She is a notorious woman."

The swift color came to Mrs. Tucker's face as if the epithet had been applied to herself. "I suppose," she said, in a dry voice, as if she were asking a business question, but with an eye that showed her rising anger—"I suppose there is some law by which creatures of this kind can be followed and brought to justice—some law that would keep innocent people from suffering for their crimes?"

"I am afraid," said Poindexter, "that arresting her would hardly help these people over in the *tienda*."

"I am not speaking of them," responded Mrs. Tucker, with a sudden sublime contempt for the people whose cause she had espoused; "I am talking of my husband."

Poindexter bit his lip. "You'd hardly think of bringing back the strongest witness against him," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Tucker dropped her eyes and was silent. A sudden shame suffused Poindexter's cheek; he felt as if he had struck that woman a blow. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily, "I am talking like a lawyer to a lawyer." He would have taken any other woman by the hand in the honest fulness of his apology, but something restrained him here. He only looked down gently on her lowered lashes, and repeated his question, If he should remain during the coming interview with Don Jose. "I must beg you to determine quickly," he added, "I already hear him entering the gate."

"Stay," said Mrs. Tucker, as the ringing of spurs and clatter of hoofs came from the corral. "One moment." She looked up suddenly and said, "How long had he known her?" But before he could reply there was a step in the doorway, and the figure of Don Jose Santierra emerged from the archway.

He was a man slighty past middle age, fair and well shaven, wearing a black broadcloth serape, the deeply embroidered opening of which formed a collar of silver rays around his neck, while a row of silver buttons, down the side seams of his riding trousers, and silver spurs completed his singular equipment. Mrs. Tucker's swift feminine glance took in these details as well as the deep salutation, more formal than the exuberant frontier politeness she was accustomed to, with which he greeted her. It was enough to arrest her first impulse to retreat. She hesitated and stopped as Poindexter stepped forward, partly interposing between them, acknowledging Don Jose's distant recognition of himself with an ironical accession of his usual humorous tolerance. The Spaniard did not seem to notice it, but remained gravely silent before Mrs. Tucker, gazing at her with an expression of intent and unconscious absorption.

"You are quite right, Don Jose," said Poindexter, with ironical concern, "it *is* Mrs. Tucker. Your eyes do *not* deceive you. She will be glad to do the honors of her house," he continued with a simulation of appealing to her, "unless you visit her on business, when I need not say *I* shall only too happy to attend you, as before."

Don Jose with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, allowed himself to become conscious of the lawyer's meaning. "It is not of business that I come to kiss the Senora's hand to-day," he replied, with a melancholy softness: "it is as a neighbor, to put myself at her disposition. Ah! what have we here for a lady?" he continued, raising his eyes in depreciation of the surroundings: "a house of nothing, a place of winds and dry bones, without refreshments, or satisfaction or delicacy. The Senora will not refuse to make us proud this day to send her of that which we have in our poor home at Los Gatos, to make her more complete. Of what shall it be? Let her make choice. Or if she would commemorate this day by accepting of our hospitality at Los Gatos, until she shall arrange herself the more to receive us here we shall have too much honor.,'

"The Senora would only find it the more difficult to return to this humble roof again after once leaving it for Don Jose's hospitality," said Poindexter with a demure glance at Mrs. Tucker. But the innuendo seemed to lapse equally unheeded by his fair client and the stranger. Raising her eyes with a certain timid dignity which Don Jose's presence seemed to have called out, she addressed herself to him

"You are very kind and considerate Senor Santierra, and I thank you. I know that my husband"—she let the clear beauty of her translucent epes rest full on both men—"would thank you too. But I shall not be here long enough to accept your kindness in this house or in your own I have but one desire and object now. It is to dispose of this property—and indeed all I possess—to pay the debt of my husband. It is in your power perhaps, to help me. I am told that you wish to possess Los Cuervos," she went on, equally oblivious of the consciousness that appeared in Don Jose's face, and a humorous perplexity on the brow of Poindexter. "If you can arrange it with Mr. Poindexter, you will find me a liberal vender. That much you can do, and I know you will believe I shall be grateful. You can do no more, unless it be to say to your friends that Mrs Belle Tucker remains here only for that purpose, and to carry out what she knows to be the wishes of her husband." She paused, bent her pretty crest, dropped a quaint curtsey to the superior age, the silver broid, and the gentlemanly bearing of Don Jose, and with the passing sunshine of a smile disappeared from the corridor.

The two men remained silent for a moment, Don Jose gazing abstractedly at the door through which she had vanished, until Poindexter, with a return of his tolerant smile, said. "You have heard the views of Mrs Tucker. You know the situation as well as she does"

"Ah, yes—possibly better."

Poindexter darted a quick glance at the grave, sallow face of Don Jose, but detecting no unusual significance in his manner, continued, "As you see, she leaves this matter in my hands. Let us talk like business men. Have you any idea of purchasing this property?"

"Of purchasing—ah no."

Poindexter bent his brows, but quickly relaxed them with a smile of humorous forgiveness. "If you have any other idea, Don Jose, I ought to warn you, as Mrs. Tucker's lawyer, that she is in legal possession here, and that nothing but her own act can change that position."

"Ah—so."

Irritated at the shrug which accompanied this, Poindexter continued haughtily, "If I am to understand, you have nothing to say."

"To say—ah yes, possibly. But,"—he glanced toward the door of Mrs. Tucker's room—"not here." He stopped, appeared to recall himself, and with an apologetic smile, and a studied but graceful gesture of invitation, he motioned to the gateway, and said, "Will you ride?"

"What can the fellow be up to?" muttered Poindexter, as with an assenting nod he proceeded to remount his horse. "If he wasn't an old *hidalgo* I'd mistrust him. No matter Here goes!"

The Don also remounted his half-broken mustang; they proceeded in solemn silence through the corral, and side by side emerged on the open plain. Poindexter glanced around; no other being was in sight. It was not until the lonely *hacienda* had also sunk behind them that Don Jose broke the silence.

"You say just now we shall speak as business men I say no, Don Marco; I will not. I shall speak—we shall speak—as gentlemen."

"Go on," said Poindexter, who was beginning to be amused.

"I say just now I will not purchase the *rancho* from the Senora. And why? Look you, Don Marco;" he reined in his horse, thrust his hand under his *serape*, and drew out a folded document: "This is why."

With a smile, Poindexter took the paper from his hand and opened it. But the smile faded from his lips as he read. With blazing eyes he spurred his horse beside the Spaniard almost unseating him, and said sternly, "What does this mean?"

"What does it mean?" repeated Don Jose, with equally flashing eyes, "I'll tell you. It means that your client, this man, Spencer Tucker, is a Judas—a traitor! It means that he gave Los Cuervos to his mistress a year ago, and she sold it to me—to me you hear—*me*, Jose Santerra, the day before she left! It means that the *coyote* of a Spencer, the thief who bought these lands of a thief, and gave them to a thief, has tricked you all. Look," he said, rising in his saddle, holding the paper like a *baton*, and defining with a sweep of his arm the whole level plain, "all these lands were once mine—they are mine again to-day. Do I want to purchase Los Cuervos? you ask, for you will speak of the business. Well, listen. I have purchased Los Cuervos, and here is the deed."

"But it has never been recorded," said Poindexter, with a carelessness he was far from feeling.

"Of a verity, no. Do you wish that I should record it?" asked Don Jose, with a return of his simple gravity.

Poindexter bit his lip. "You said we were to talk like gentleman," he returned. "Do you think you have come into possession of this alleged deed like a gentleman?"

Don Jose shrugged his shoulders. "I found it tossed in the lap of a harlot. I bought it for a song. Eh—what would you?"

"Would you sell it again for a song?" asked Poindexter.

"Ah! what is this?" said Don Jose, lifting his iron-gray brows: "but a moment ago we would sell everything for any money. Now we would buy. Is it so?"

"One moment, Don Jose," said Poindexter with a baleful light in his dark eyes. "Do I understand that you are the ally of Spencer Tucker and his mistress—that you intend to turn this doubly betrayed wife from the only roof she has to cover her?"

"Ah, I comprehend not. You heard her say she wished to go. Perhaps it may please me to distribute largess to these cattle yonder; I do not say no. More she does not ask. But *you*, Don Marco, of *whom* are you advocate? You abandon your client's mistress for the wife—is it so?"

"What I may do you will learn hereafter," said Poindexter, who had regained his composure, suddenly reining up his horse. "As our paths seem likely to diverge, they had better begin now. Good morning."

"Patience, my friend, patience! Ah, blessed St. Anthony, what these Americans are! Listen. For what *you* shall do, I do not inquire. The question is to me, what I"—he emphasized the pronoun by tapping himself on the breast—'I, Jose Santierra, will do. Well, I shall tell you. To-day—nothing. To morrow—nothing. For a week, for a month—nothing! After, we shall see."

Poindexter paused thoughtfully. "Will you give your word, Don Jose, that you will not press the claim for a month?"

"Truly, on one condition. Observe! I do not ask you for an equal promise—that you will not take this time to defend yourself." He shrugged his shoulders. "No! it is only this. You shall promise that during that time the Senora Tucker shall remain ignorant of this document."

Poindexter hesitated a moment. "I promise," he said at last.

"Good. Adois, Don Marco."

"Adois, Don Jose."

The Spaniard put spurs to his mustang and gallopped off in the direction of Los Gatos. The lawyer remained for a moment gazing on his retreating but victorious figure. For the first time the old look of humorous toleration with which Mr. Poindexter was in the habit of regarding all human infirmity gave way to something like bitterness "I might have guessed it," he said, with a slight rise of color. "He's an old fool; and she—well, perhaps it's all the better for her!" He glanced tenderly in the direction of Los Cuervos, and then turned his head toward the *embarvadero*.

As the afternoon wore on, a creaking, antiquated oxcart arrived at Los Cuervos, bearing several articles of furniture, and some tasteful ornaments from Los Gatos, at the same time that a young Mexican girl mysteriously appeared in the kitchen, as a temperary assistant of the decrepit Concha. These were, both clearly attributable to Don Jose, whose visit was not so remote, but that these delicate attentions might have been already projected before Mrs. Tucker had declined them, and she could not without marked discourtesy, reject them now.

She did not wish to seem discourteous; she would like to have been more civil to the old gentleman, who still retained the evidences of a picturesque and decorous past, and a repose so different from the life that was perplexing her. Reflecting that if he bought the estate these things would be ready for his hand and with a woman's instinct recognizing their value in setting off the house to other purchasers' eyes, she took a pleasure in tastefully arranging them, and even found herself speculating how she might have enjoyed them herself had she been able to keep possession of the property. After all, it would not have been so lonely if refined and gentle neighbors, like this old man, would have sympathised with her; she had an instinctive feeling that, in their own hopeless decay and hereditary unfitness for this new civilization they would have been more tolerant of her husband's failure than his own kind. She could not believe that Don Jose really hated her husband for buying off the successful claimant, as there was no other legal title. Allowing herself to become interested in the guileless gossip of the new handmaiden—proud of her broken English—she was drawn into a sympathy with the grave simplicity of Don Jose's character—a relic of that true nobility which placed the descendant of the Castilians and this daughter of a free people on the same level.

In this way the second day of her occupancy of Los Cuervos closed, with dumb clouds along the gray horizon, and the paroxysms of hysterical wind growing fainter and fainter outside the walls; with the moon rising after nightfall, and losing itself in silent and mysterious confidences with drifting scud. She went to bed early, but awoke past midnight, hearing, as she thought, her own name called. The impression was so strong upon her that she rose, and, hastily enwrapping herself, went to the dark embrasures of the oven-shaped windows and looked out. The dwarfed oak beside the window was still drooping from a passed shower, but the level waste of marsh and meadow beyond seemed to advance and recede with the coming and going of the moon. Again she heard her name called, and this time in accents so strangely familiar that with a slight cry she ran into the corridor, crossed the *patio*, and reached the open gate. The darkness that had, even in this brief interval, again fallen upon the prospect she tried in vain to pierce with eye and voice. A blank silence followed. Then the veil was suddenly withdrawn, the vast plain, stretching from the mountain to the sea, shone as clearly as in the light of day; the moving current of the channel glittered like black pearls, the stagnant pools like molten lead; but not a sign of life nor motion broke the monotony of the broad expanse. She must have surely dreamed it. A chill wind drove her back to the house again; she entered her bedroom, and in half an hour she was in a peaceful sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Who Struck Billy Patterson?

I did!

I am an old man now, and the sands of life are nearly run, and I cannot be far distant from that traveller whence no bourne returns, and I have decided to make a clean breast of the whole matter, especially as nothing further is to be gained by lying. Do you happen to have a quid pro quo about you? Thanks.

Yes, *I* struck Billy Patterson!

You see we were boys together, him and me. We went to the same district school in the back woods of Troy, N. Y., and we both loved the same girl; her name was Helen, too; no, it was Helen Jones, come to think of it. We swapped chewing-gum and pocket-knives, and played hookey at recess. I loved Bill like a brother. You know how brothers generally love each other. I was the very boy history tells about who gave his chum the brown side of a russet apple and said: "Bite bigger, Billy." I mean it sarcastic like. Billy didn't bite any bigger because he couldn't; he got away with the whole apple at the first mouthful.

Strange what large aches from little oak-horns grow. Billy and me quarreled. He said my skull wasn't any thicker than a sheet of brown paper; I told him it was as thick as his, and thicker too; he threw a paper wad that hit the master. Then he said I done it! Then I turned—even a worm will turn and I wasn't no worm—and yelled that his sister had red hair!

To my dying day I shall never forget the look he gave me! It was full of concentrated lie; he squinted and that made it worse. It hit me on the left shoulder, and thrilled my being, then it glanced off into my boots.

(This is a figure of speech. I was barefoot.)

I struck him then in self-defense. It was a hard whack just behind the ear, and I rather guess Bill saw more stars than he had names for in his astronomy. I heard the master say in a voice of thunder:

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"

I held up my hand. The master told me to rise. I rose. Then, with the unblushing effrontery of youth and a glance of malignant triumph at the sniffling Billy, I answered in the language of history:

"I cannot tell a lie, sir; *I don't know.*"

This late confession is hastened by the article in a recent issue, which assumes that Billy Patterson was *baldha Pathan* a sun-god of some ancient order. Billy might have looked like a sun-flower with his carroty top-knot, but he acted like a son of a gun and hadn't the first principles of even a heathen god. This is his true story that I'm telling now, so help me John Rogers, and the oldest inhabitants of Troy can vouch for it. I never knew what become of Billy.

How Fish are Spread.

In looking over the most recent faunal lists of this portion of the country, writes Dr. C C Abbott in his forthcoming "Rambles About Home," I find that much of our zoological literature is somewhat amusing. By a preconceived notion of what should be the geographical distribution of the fishes, and other animals as well, these "systematic" writers gravely assert that in such a river such a fish is found, but that it never wanders either to the eastward or westward. Perhaps originally this was true of our rivers, as the river itself determined the range of specific variation that has ultimately come about; but no river could retain all the species that originated in it. There are too many possible ways by which fish can be safely transported long distances for us to assert that none of them have operated in stocking a neighboring stream with species not native and to the manner born. There is undoubted evidence on record of whirlwinds gathering up immense numbers of minute fish and landing them miles away. These showers of fishes, frogs, and even salamanders, are not unknown, even if they are uncommon; and strange would it be if all such wind-transported species should fall upon dry ground, and never into the water. Fertilized eggs, too, can likewise be blown a long distance even over low ranges of hills which sometimes separate river valleys, and so give rise to a race of fishes that previously were unknown in the locality. Eggs, too, might readily adhere to the mud that often clings to the feet of wading birds, and would thus be gently replaced in a distant river, miles away from that in which they were deposited by the parent fish. The present extensive system of canals also has tended to mingle the ichthyic faunas of our various river systems. And when all these possible, probable and actual conditions are considered it need excite no wonder if in any one of our rivers or its tributaries we now find occasional individuals of unsuspected species.

Origin of Men of Genius.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Rabelino was the son of an apothecary; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer, son of a tallow-candler and soap boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. Daniel De Foe was a hosier and the son of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot. Edmund Halley was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashby-de-le-Zouch. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

A Hero of the Rockies.

Long before Horace Greely had made himself famous Hank Monk was a hero among the heroes of the Pacific coast. He was, perhaps, the first man to use the short double-barrel shotgun, which Wells-Fargo's messengers made famous in their bloody battles with stage robbers. The facts are Hank Monk was such a reckless driver, that, while every one was proud of the honor of having once crossed the Sierras with him, no treasure messenger was willing to make a regular thing of it. For it was universally conceded that it was only a question of time when Hank Monk and his now famous "Tally-ho" stage, along with his six horses, would be tumbled from the heights into one of the innumerable gorges that lay yawning under his narrow span of road around the mountain peaks.

It was the ingenuity of Monk that introduced the short double-barrel shot gun. But he did not carry it under his cloak with cock lifted and finger on trigger. Nothing of that sort; his hands were too full of the ten or a dozen reins for that. He simply had the gun pointed down on the side of his leg, with the muzzle just peeping through the sole of his heavy boots. And no one was permitted to know of the presence of this arm at all. It was known that he carried his bowie knife down the back of his neck so as to be in easy reach when he pushed back his broad hat to get a good look at his enemy; but the novel famous shot gun no one knew anything about; no, not even after he had twice been attacked and had thrice beaten off the robbers. I am told that the first time he used this weapon he stopped the stage, and was slowly handing down the treasure box to the leader, when, getting his leg in range, he emptied a load of buckshot into the robber's heart. A second shot into the crowd of surprised robbers and he dashed away with all his desperate speed down the mountain. And even then no one knew who fired the shots. The robbers believed it was all the work of the passengers inside the stage.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juice of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitues.

It is stated that some enterprising Yankees have adopted the Piute dish of grasshopper soup, as a delicacy. It ought to make a good spring entree.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Are shrouds classed as kilt suits?

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Volatic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

What is the difference between the proprietor of a cattle train and a sea captain? One ships his steers and the other steers his ship. Hence these steers.

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

The credit system has its drawbacks in business, but in truly good newspapers it is highly approved. It is a wise paragraph that knows its own father.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

"No," said an old lady, "I'm not one to talk agin my neighbors, or say anything behind their backs. Now, there is Mrs. Brown, she who lives over in the corner house. I may not like her very well, still there is no reason why I should run her down. But I do feel miserably sorry for poor Mr. Brown and the children."