# THE STORY OF ULLA.

## Told at the Edge of the Northern Sea, and Written for This Paper.

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

We crept out by the green island of Thymnoes, where the white sheep were feeding to the water's edge, and past Goddo on our right, and the long, black shore of Bommels on the left; and so by many a green oeland and dark rock out into the spray and fresh salt wind went joyfully lurching the old Sea Wolf. The frothy pillow of the foam glittering under her prow, and behind the green wall of the Norway pines, and the gray rocks, and the sweet sea surge that tumbled forever at their feet and threw its white arms up as though, lover-like, it would enlace its silver fingers with the green hair of the nodding branches overhead. Down went our gallant shore, down peak, and pine, and point, and as the great black bosom of our mother sea opened to us, her firstling sons, proudly we turned our faces westward and each eye grew bright at thought of the plunder to come, and each heart beat high as we smelt the incense of fight in the strong breath of the sea. Oh! but I was proud as, my hand on the pulsing tiller that throbbed under the racing surges not less loudly than my heart, I stood by the high stern and led the wild, free song to Odin wherewith my gallant company mocked the waves—proud! Oh, the salt spray rises again in these old eyes of mine but to remember the fierce wine of life that usurped my blood and flew here and there in my young veins that day; this cold mind of mine burns again but to recall the ecstasy of the unfettered passions that then beset me; but to think for an ungodly minute on those splendid vistas of unbridled lust and cruelty and rapine which dazed my soul.

Well! it is over, and I do wrong even to remember. No more the salt wind takes the war song of Ulla, like a herald of death, to the land of the stranger; no more for him is the joyful rattle of the ranged shields clattering on his vessel's side as she stoops to the steep blue valleys of the midland sea; no more the old viking's plough shall turn that frothy furrow he did once delight in; no more the lovely smoke of burning thorps shall rise from Ulla's torch to Odin's footstool; no more his stern heart shall melt to pleasure as his vessel staggers homeward through the yeast and spume, and every swirl of the cold dark water spinning enviously against her laboring side tell of rich plunder hid within. It is over for me, but it was a noble frenzy while it lasted. All that noon of our setting out we plunged before a favoring wind across the salt water, and by the second evening the wave began to wear another color as the sea shealed up to the British shore. At the same time the breeze gave out with the sun and we took to our sweeps, and all night long under the starlight the Sea Wolf crept silently and secretly into the land. In the gray of the morning that followed a haze grew up and under the curtain of the white sea mist that lay soft and heavy as wool on the gently rocking sea we heard the sound of the waves beating on the dim North Umbrian shore. We approached as close as we dared, and then waited for the sun, rolling an idle hour or two on the smooth, long heave of the swell, and, in the dead silence, listening to the chatter of the wild fowl and the laugh of the kittiwake on the unseen cliffs; or the chafe and creak of an oar now and then in the rowlocks and the hiss of the water swirling gently against our sides. So still lay the Sea Wolf in the shadow of the morning mist that the shy grebes and speckled divers came paddling all about her and stared with eyes bead black with wonder to see the silver mist turn on a sudden into a painted hulk with ranked oars, and great damp sail aflap against the ruddy mast, and golden dragon head sniffing the chill morning air aloft, and grim warriors leaning on battle-ax and spear crowding her deck. And strange fish swam lapping round, and the swift gannet's white pinions stirred Hafdan's listless flag as she swept unheeding by through the milky haze. No man among us spoke until on a sudden the curling wavelets in the east sparkled with liquid fire, the hanging shroud of whiteness flushed with a yellow radiance, a strange, bright light shone through the green-crested waves, and as the free, sweet breath of the morning drifted down upon us, and each man drank of it deep and silently, the curtain of the night was lifted, and the yellow feet of the sun came striding over the black plains of the restless northern sea.

Silent and deep we laughed with pleasure, and my grim, stout fellows shook the mist-beads from their tawny lips, then—muttering a prayer to Odin—again the white water fretted under the stern of our ship and the long, slow dip of the oars fell with a pleasant sound on the calm of the morning. Round under the rugged knees of great cliffs crept the Wolf, so secret and swift that the speckled loons stood agape in rows to watch the golden dragon head go dipping by their lonely eyries, and the blue pigeon on her cavern shelf astride of her white eggs stood wonderstruck and forgot to fly—thus she went across the mouth of lovely bays and under grassy headlands and big bights fringed with endless lonely meadows and past fair estuaries where rank fields of westral crops were all awaste between neglected woodlands and southward constantly for many an hour, but nothing could we see to sack or burn. Noon came and went, and the warm sweat glazed the sinewy forearms of my gallant rowers until at last I saw them begin to turn their bronze faces over their hither shoulders and angrily scan the ruined shore and swear deep between their strong white teeth; swear at the Dane who had swept this fair country so clean, swear at Biorn Grimsar, and Hakonson the avaricious, and Inge the bloody, and Guthern of Hagbard, who had pillaged here last autumn and wiped out maid and matron, croft and cattle, and left nothing for any honest viking who came after them. Ay! it was sad, we thought, to see so sweet a country so void of life, and we pulled on southward for many miles, looking now on the sunny shore made by nature so rich and happy, and yet had nothing on it to burn or plunder, and then turning sadly to our piles of bloodless swords and battle axes, our empty treasure boxes and untenanted rows of iron fetters for the white ankles of fair British girls. We had roved on like this, cursing Biorn and Inge and Hakonson all the morning, and had seen nothing but the blackened ruins of a few villages upon the hillside, when, slipping by one lonely promontory, we saw upon the rocks a mad old woman, sad-eyed and lean and pinched, sole remnant of some pillaged English hamlet, who knew us for what we were upon the instant as she gathered her poor harvest on the beach and leaped upon a rock and cursed us fiercely out of the black reservoir of her despair and hatred, cursed us for pirates and tyrants, asked where were the two-yellow-haired girls we stole ten years ago, where her two tall sons, where her husband and her kin, and tossed her tangled locks upon the wind and yelled and cried until, as we crept by, Thoralf of Visund took a javelin from the heap upon the deck and mocked her. "Where, you foul old sea hag? Where? Why, down in hell. Go there and look." And

"THE JAVELIN FLEW AND TOO TRUE."

as he spoke the javelin flew, and, too true, struck its mark and pierced deep into the old crone's withered bosom, and with a scream of surprise and deathless hatred she spun round upon her heels and grinned and staggered and then plunged headlong into the sea at her feet, and as we passed her crimson blood was spreading in a great red pool upon the dark heave of the smooth flowing surf.

I know not whether it were true, as some among my comrades thought, that that thin old blood spilt so would bring us luck, but presently it is true enough we had another sign, for a raven came flying off from the land and circled round us and fell into our wake behind, and as the black wings of Odin's friend and messenger went flapping overhead a new spirit was born in my fierce crew. They stretched their hands to heaven and shouted with one voice a verse from out the raven war song, then down they went and with new courage stretched them to their oars until the red viking flag streamed bravely out astern and the shields rattled joyfully and the water lay in a white streak along the low-dipping gunwale of the old Sea Wolf. Cape and bay and headland slipped by. We had come into a better peopled country, when on a sudden a Dane who kept our fore-watch slapped his hand upon his thigh and cried: "A burgh! a burgh! and not yet plundered!" And there, following the point of his eager finger, we saw, three miles away, a strong hall upon a rocky promontory, with trees and meads about it green and fair, and sheep upon the hills and clustering huts below, all sweet and peaceful, and a little harbor—everything, indeed, that could glad a viking heart; and, truly grateful, we thanked the bird that had brought us fortune, and paused in a little creek to wait for nightfall.

All the afternoon the longship lay out of sight in the little cavern bay with cliffs, green-tasseled with hanging grasses, nearly meeting overhead, and below the smooth swell of the water heaving the long tangles of sea grass and weeds, and idly reflecting the stern faces and golden mail of that grim crew on board lolling about upon the deck or hanging over the loaded bulwark to watch the shining fishes at play deep down below. Who would have thought that pretty shadow listlessly rolling there on the heave of the wave was bent on such an errand? It was so still as we lay screened in the cover that you could hear the larks singing to themselves high up in the blue over the cliff grass, and the bubble and play of the water in the crevices of the rocks all round us; it was so still that presently this monotony grew wearisome to my fierce and heated spirit. I chafed and turned and impatiently watched the sun which seemed as though it would never set, until at last a happy idea entered into my head—I would go and spy this burgh we were to plunder, see how big and strong it was, how many men held it and how much profit we were like to come by in the venture. With this fancy in my mind I roused my handsome sleepy fellows, who, at my voice stretched their great limbs where they had lain sleeping on the rowers' benches or turned their eyes from gazing on the shining sea to look on one another and say "Ulla is mad! young Ulla Erlingson is wholly mad!" But I pointed out how the madness would vantage us, how greatly it would help us to know the lie and nature of the hold, how I could disguise myself so that my mother should not know me, and learn and see all I could and be back again with them safe and sound, "or by dangling on a gibbet above the highest roof gave them something new to fight for"—as Sarp of Reyr said—before the twilight fell.

CHAPTER V.

Like the brave fellows that they were, the bold fancy pleased them, and forthwith I was disguised as a ragged outcast, with a slouch hat and sorry coat and dirty-gartered legs, with worn wolfskin sandals; my yellow hair was knotted up and hid in my cap, my face was daubed gray and lean with ash and mud, and with a little paint good Vedrey put a sore or two upon my naked arms such as might come by want and long travel, and with a touch of red and green made to look most hideously new a long-healed wound or two I had upon my bosom. I seemed when it was done so miserable and lean and put so pitiful a whine into my voice and leant so heavy on my long ash staff that all my jolly vikings fell a-laughing, and laughed so loud they hushed the droning of the blue pigeon brooding on her eggs and started the shaggy, green-eyed sea crows from their rocky pinnacles a mile away, and then they rowed me to a landing, and with jest and sage advice sent me on my dangerous errand.

It was a sweet place, that English burgh. Even now, long years after, I, old and wrinkled, still dream in the winter nights of the warm incense of that afternoon, and how the grateful sun drew fragrance from out the earth, and how sweet the yellow meadow flowers did smell about it, and how the apples blossomed on the hanger; and then across my evening vision even now there comes the black reek of its burning thatch and the hot steam of the blood in the hall by the banquet tables—ay, I conjure again all these years after in restless slumber the shine of its many roofs a-basking in the April sun, the blue-eyed children rolling in frolic sport about the grassy court—the twittering love songs of the new-come swallows on the roof ridge—and then athwart my sleep the black column of avenging smoke leaps to the star-lit midnight sky, the cruel tongues of leaping crimson flame spring up, and the fierce, gasping cry of stricken men, the piercing shriek of women, and the low wail of butchered little ones affright my old and unstrung ears!

Ay, it seemed a sweet place that untouched, ancient English citadel as I hobbled out from the hazels and humble and decrepit as became me, craved its hospitality. All inland — stretching away into the dim blue distance—lay fertile fields and woods, shining greener than any other woods can shine, with brooks and streams between them flashing in the light, and splendid herds, enough to feast an army for a year, knee deep in the many colored grasses, and then all this richness swept round by the shore of a little crescent bay to here where on a gently rising promontory the prince's castle stood. It stood upon the very topmost flat of the hill, and was approached from below by a rough track fashioned of beams laid side by side, which circled up through the gorse and fern to its outer fence. Getting out upon that track I walked up the hill, secretly noting as I went each stock and stone of cover, and soon came to the first sweep of outer stockade. This was a great circle of pointed timbers sloping outward over a ditch from the crest of a tall earthen rampart—strong fence, indeed, and one that twenty men might hold against a hundred. I entered through the open gate of this and right in front rose another rampart and another palisade that made me sigh to look on—I had to walk half-way round the grassy flat between these two before I found a gate to pass the second timbers. But this latter entrance gained, it made me master of the place. Those two tall fences, strong in oaken timbers, mossy gates and iron rivets, shut in the whole hilltop, of which the other boundary was the sheer cliffs that dropped steep down into the sea below. And all this space was full of sheds and buildings, and huts and houses, and granaries of corn and stacks of fodder for the beasts, and corn for soldiers, and here a thrashing floor, and there a well with rope and bucket, yonder a row of ovens and a drinking trough and much else. Then came a grassy green and next, along the verge, a little aloof from all, the prince's house. A fine wide house it stood upon the crag, with terraces and courts, doors and windows, strong stone outer walls and timbered arches, a goodly place, indeed, with the sun shining on it, a good wind-cock twirling about, red fish-tail tiles upon the roofs, brass studs upon the doors, and a colonnade round it with wide projecting eaves supported by unsmoothed pillars of oak, to which solid oak logs made steps all round. Partly behind this was the strong place of the fort, a tall, rough tower of solid masonry rising sheer into the air on the very verge of the cliff from the more peaceful dwell-

"I ENTERED BY THE OPEN GATE."

ing places around, and grim and windowless frowning down 200 feet into the white surge that broke and thundered far below.

As I entered this burgh a few children were playing about upon the grass and some women were grinding corn in a stone mill at one place, while at another a young and fair serving maid was spinning flax upon the steps of the chief's house. A dog or two lay basking in the sun, and as they saw me and fell a-barking the damsel stopped her spinning, the corn mill came to a stop under the hands of the old crones, and the little ones fled to cover like a flock of startled partridges. But I looked harmless enough, a ragged fellow there by the gate, gaunt and humble, and presently seeing they were reassured I advanced slowly and begged of the younger woman in the meanest whine my wit could master a drink of milk and an oaten cake to stay my hunger. That fair foreigner got up and took me into the hall—and a splendid hall it was—and put me at the servant's tressel, then calling some others, set milk and bread before me. So I ate and drank and all the time kept counting the golden plates and ewers on the master's distant table and scanning his weapons or costly furs hung round the hall, and thinking how much my ship could carry home. Ay, and as each fair damsel filled my horn and platter, asking me in gentle civility the while of my home and wayfaring, little did she know that I was wondering how much she would fetch at the slave stakes in Throndjem market place, or whether she would scream greatly that night or no. Indeed, those comely, red-haired English maidens were so civil that had they not been barbarians and thus to us what the hinds of the valley are to the hill wolves and the speckled salmon to the gray ospreys I might almost have rued the red night's work that was at hand. But as things were, I should have blushed as soon to think myself compassionate as coward, and thus I laughed and chatted with them, and while I finished my bowl learned of those incautious women tongues that all the men were away inland; that the women and children from all round came in and the palisades were closed at nightfall, and saving some half-dozen herders there were to be no men in the burgh that night. I learnt that their master had a fair daughter, though I saw her not, as she was then spinning with her maidens in the turret; that the master was wondrous rich, but old and feeble, and thus, having learned all I hoped for, with a last quick look round the place, I rose to go. As I turned one gentle

"'FAREWELL,' SHE SAID."

maid put a silver penny that she had taken from a little store in the corner of her thread box into my hand. "Farewell," she said, "old man, and may the good God guide you; it ever grieves my heart to see one poor and hungry," and that penny was put out at good interest, for that very night, when the burgh was burning, I saved her from the brief wooing of Vidkun the rough, and, leading her to the foss, showed her the coin and, pointing to the dark shade of the thickets, let her go free and unharmed. Thus I rejoined my comrades and told them all I had seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### How Kilgore Secured Attention.

Representative Kilgore was the hero, on a recent Friday evening during the night session, of a mute but expressive scene. Mr. Kilgore had a little bill in which his interest was fully aroused, and in its behalf he asked the gentleman in the chair—who, it happened, was not Mr. Crisp—for how long a time he might occupy the attention of the House. The Speaker pro tem. gave Mr. Kilgore unusually good measure, telling him to go ahead, as an hour was at his disposal. The Speaker turned his attention elsewhere, and the House hummed away in its usual conversational fortissimo. Then followed a sudden silence, so out of the usual House style that the temporary chairman was astonished into elevating his eyes, only to find the members looking at Mr. Kilgore in silent amusement. There stood Mr. Kilgore sawing the air with his arms and performing all the gestures in the most complete oratorical textbook. His lips opened and shut as if yards of Congressional Record copy were issuing from between them. Mr. Kilgore was extremely animated, but not a sound was heard.

"What is the matter, Mr. Kilgore?" demanded the Speaker. "I told the gentleman from Texas he could have an hour to address the House on this measure."

"I know it, Mr. Speaker," smiled Kilgore, "but I thought the House would prefer a pantomine speech and it wouldn't disturb their conversation." The Speaker, according to Kate Field's Washington, had to impair his dignity with a smile, but evidently Kilgore knew best what the House appreciated, for when the vote was taken there was not a single dissent.

### Hours Were Too Short.

One day not long since an old lady entered the City Hall in search of the water-works office, says the Rochester Herald. A citizen who chanced to be leaving the building encountered the woman in the lower corridor and directed her to the floor above. She ascended the stairway and made straight for the City Attorney's office. In the outer room she met one of Mr. Kiehel's gentlemanly and urbane assistants, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is this the water-works office?"

"No, ma'am; that is right across the hall."

"Is the office open now?"

"Yes, but it will close in about a minute," said the polite officer, glancing at his timepiece.

"Well, then, I'll come again in the morning. Say, young man, what's the matter with the reservoirs?"

"I didn't know they were out of order; supposed they were full of water."

"Then why is it we don't get any water in our house?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Do you think they could tell me at the water-works office?"

"They might give you some information."

"What time does the office open in morning?"

"Ten o'clock."

"What, and closes at 3?"

"And closes at 3, ma'am."

"Well, it's no wonder we don't have any water if the office isn't open any longer than that."

JAY GOULD is pushing forward his sons into positions as directors of corporations with which he is connected, but he will never be able to make them the manner of man he is. One Jay Gould in a century is all this world can stand.

## HALF A MILLION IN ASHES.

### Big Wholesale House in Brooklyn Totally Destroyed by Fire.

The five-story brick building at the corner of Flushing avenue and Ryerson street, Brooklyn, owned and occupied by Wm. C. A. Jurgens, wholesale grocer, was destroyed by fire, with several of the adjoining buildings on either side. The loss will probably foot up to nearly $500,000. The Jurgens building was heavily stocked with flour and holiday goods. The fire spread to the buildings on either side of the big store, and a special alarm brought more engines. It was feared that the entire block would go, as the high wind was carrying large brands for half a block. The three-story building at 244 Flushing avenue, owned and occupied as a saloon and dwelling by Henry Beemler, and the building next to it, owned and occupied by George Tietjen, also a liquor dealer, were both almost totally destroyed. The firemen worked hard, but against great odds, owing to the high wind and intense heat. There are a number of tenement houses on the Hall street side of the block, and three of these caught fire. All of the families were removed to places of safety, some of them being sheltered at the Flushing avenue station. The buildings burned until daylight, when there was nothing left but the smoldering ruins. Mr. Jurgens says the loss will be about $150,000 on the buildings and $240,000 on the stock, fully covered by insurance. It is believed by the police that the fire was incendiary, and Thomas McCann, who was found in the building shortly after the fire started, has been arrested on suspicion.

## COMPERS IS RE-ELECTED.

### Final Session of the Federation of Labor Convention at Philadelphia.

The Federation of Labor Convention at Philadelphia adjourned after re-electing President Compers, Secretary Christopher Evans and Treasurer John Lennon. P. J. McGuire was re-elected First Vice President. For Second Vice President William A. Carney, of Pittsburg, who took an active part in the Homestead troubles, was elected by a large majority. Chicago secured the convention for 1893. President Gompers' salary was increased from $1,500 to $1,800 per annum. The salary of the Secretary was increased from $1,200 to $1,500.

Resolutions were adopted calling on all the local unions affiliated with the Federation to join the Central Labor bodies holding Federation charters, condemning the Rock Island management for its hostile attitude toward the telegraph operators; condemning the Baron Hirsch fund and its recipients; demanding restriction of immigration; condemning the system compelling waiters to shave off their mustaches, and favoring the eight-hour system. A resolution was unanimously adopted asking clemency for the imprisoned Chicago anarchists, Neebe and Schwab. The Socialistic scheme was condemned by a vote of 128 to 57. Resolutions in favor of woman suffrage and the exclusion of Chinese and Japanese were also adopted.

## WORLD'S FAIR CATALOGUE.

### No Necessity for Precipitating Trouble with Organized Labor.

A Chicago correspondent says that the pending controversy between the managers of the World's Fair and organized labor is unfortunate and apparently unnecessary. It grows out of awarding the contract to print the Exposition catalogues to a non-union printing establishment. It was a very large and desirable job, and seems to have been awarded to the highest bidder. As drawn up, but not yet signed, the contract provides that the printer of the catalogues shall pay the Exposition $100,000 in cash before May 1; shall deposit a certified check for $10,000 and bond for $150,000 that the work will be done; shall pay 10 per cent. of all receipts to the Exposition until the sales shall reach $150,000, after which the Exposition is to receive 20 per cent. of the gross receipts. The price offered for the job seems enormous, and the large printing houses of Chicago seem to have so regarded it, as none of them bid. The fact that the successful bidder is a non-union establishment raises a suspicion that it is run on a cheap plan and expects to make its profit by paying starvation wages and probably doing inferior work.

## WHERE IS DAVIS' BOND?

### Iron Hall Circles Worried Over Its Disappearance and Substitution of Another.

Iron Hall circles are exercised over what appears to be the mysterious disappearance of the bond of Supreme Cashier Davis, of Indianapolis, which was executed some months before the suit for receivership was filed. Local capitalists became his security and Davis deposited $30,000 to indemnify them against loss. The money proved to be Iron Hall funds, and for this reason was unsatisfactory. Some of the gentlemen were in favor of accepting the money anyhow, and this led to a disagreement, but those who favored it finally went on the bond. When the receiver began to look up the matter he was surprised to find that the bond had disappeared and another, it is charged, substituted for it. The latter was found to be worthless. When these conditions confronted the receiver he began to attach all personal property belonging to Davis, and every dollar that the latter was worth is now tied up.

### Chicago Club Sold.

The business of base-ball in Chicago has passed out of the hands of A. G. Spalding and his associate owners of the Chicago ball club. This announcement will be regarded as thunder from a clear sky in every city in America, but the negotiations by which the deal has been carried through have been pending for several weeks. The control of the business has been purchased by a new company called the Chicago Base-ball Club. The corporation has a capital stock of $100,000.

### Schurz for German Minister.

Berlin dailies are already discussing the probability that Carl Schurz will be the next United States minister to the imperial court. Among the radical editors Mr. Schurz stands in high favor; the high conservative and semi-official editors, however, regard the possible selection of Mr. Schurz as an unpleasant prospect.

ORDERS have been issued to execute all Mexican revolutionists captured on the Mexican side, within one hour after arrest.


### A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.


### Saxon Health Drinking.

Among the Saxons, when drinking healths, as many cups were drunk as there were letters in the name of the person complimented.


### A Herald of the Infant Year.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1893 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained, without cost, of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.


THE naivete of the Britisher can be seen in a letter to the Times asking that the German steamers running into Southampton shall be required to run slowly in the Solent, as the waves from the Spree recently swamped two boats lying on the beach and put two children in jeopardy.


### $100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.


ONE of the curiosities of Nashua, N. H., is a twin tree made up of a maple and an elm, which have grown together at a point about ten feet from the ground.


### Fine Playing Cards.

Send 10 cents in stamps to John Sebastian, Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt., C., R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago, for a pack of the "Rock Island" Playing Cards. They are acknowledged the best, and worth five times the cost. Send money order or postal note for 50c. and will send five packs by express, prepaid.


THE January (holiday number) of Godey's Magazine will be one of the finest specimens of periodical literature ever brought out. The frontispiece, printed in twelve colors, from a water-color painting by W. Granville Smith, illustrating the complete novel, "A Christmas Witch," by Gertrude Atherton, is a feature never before attempted. There are also many and brilliant features in this number. Every book-lover should have this issue of Godey's.


### Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two-cent stamp for a copy to Betina Circulating Library, 36 E. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

THERE are a large number of hygienic physicians who claim that disease is always the result of a transgression of Nature's laws. The proprietors of Garfield Tea are both physicians, and have devoted years to teaching the people how to avoid sickness by following Nature's laws. They give away with every package of Garfield Tea a little book which they claim will enable all persons, if directions are followed, to avoid sickness of all kinds, and to have no need for Garfield Tea or any other medicine.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.


THERE are plenty of people who go to base-ball games too late to get a seat who are honest, and yet they will stand watching.—Yonkers Gazette.


ASTHMATIC TROUBLES and Soreness of the Lungs or Throat are usually overcome by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—a sure curative for Colds.


THE weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—Zimmerman.


IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

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