

SHE DON'T MEAN IT, YOU KNOW

When the sweet little girl you have learned to adore... Refuses her smiles to bestow...

HER WANT OF LUGGAGE.

BY EVA MONTEITH.

Henever I find a woman who can travel without a thousand and one packages, baskets, shawls and bundles...

It was just like good-natured John Reed to grumble and scold, and do twice as much as was asked...

He had three romping, laughing school-girls under his charge, and so completely had they loaded him down with luggage...

At the last moment a gentleman called Mr. Reed and asked if he would be so kind as to take charge of his sister...

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edge of women, either society belles or school girls, was tallly different to the ways of this little woman...

"Now, Jack, it's unfair to get a fellow excited this way. Who is this mysterious 'she' and what shall I wear the willow for?"

"I hardly know. It is the only one I have, and it is promised; but I will have some more soon."

"I have, and it is promised; but I will have some more soon. I promised it to my uncle in exchange for his, which I wear in my locker."

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enough last year, and now you want four women to look after."

"But I don't. I only want one of you, and her 'traps' won't worry me, I promise you."

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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Miss Lilywhite's Party. "May I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?" But Grandmamma shook her head...

"Oh, dear! I wish it would stop raining!" the window looking out, with his face pressed closely to the pane.

"But Bertie had not been long in the Land of Fulfilled Wishes before he was heartily sick of it and inquired of every one how to get away."

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they were driving along: "I wish my dog Bolla were here!" Instantly a huge black Newfoundland dog landed in the midst of the party...

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MINOR MISCELLANEA.

The carpenter is perhaps the most successful boarding house keeper on record. President Cleveland has accepted an invitation from the Librarian Society of Philadelphia to be present for a brief time at its banquet on the afternoon of the 17th inst.

Colonel Blanton Duncan, the well known Kentuckian, has discovered the mistake of the Millerites in predicting the end of the world some years ago. It was simply a miscalculation.

Wolsten's spelling-book has had a circulation of over 500,000 copies. Mrs. Ellen Wood, the authoress, left personal estate to the value of \$29,000.

Is that of a man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick headaches, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart?

They are raising peaches two inches in circumference, at Dootsonville, Ark. What can be more disgraceful, than to see a man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver...

ROYAL GUINER mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood, Free Pills at Drugs, and Groceries. Remedies are cured by frequent small doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sick Headache. Is one of the most distressing affections, and people who are its victims deserve sympathy. But the great success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing sick headache makes it seem almost foolish to allow the trouble to continue.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DISPEPSIA. It will cure the most aggravated cases of indigestion, flatulency, heartburn, acidity, and all the troubles that result from indigestion.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury and other poisonous ingredients.

DRUNKENNESS CURED. Safe and Sure Remedy. Send \$1 to J.O. BALINO, Box 299 Key West, Fla.

FREE HERBRAND FIFTH WHEEL. Latest Buggy Improvement. HERBRAND CO., Fremont, O.

FREE Grab Orchard Water. Byspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation. A Remedy for all Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.

Pierce's Peppermint Cure. The Original. Bileless Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, etc.

SICK HEADACHE. Bileless Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, etc.

\$500 REWARD. Offered by the manufacturer of Dr. S. J. Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

Untold Agony from Catarrh. Prof. W. H. Haysler, of the famous mesmerist of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh."

Constantly Hawking and Spitting. THOMAS J. RICHMOND, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am a great sufferer from catarrh for three years."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh. ELI ROBERTS, Rungun P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old."

Great Starching and IRONING POWDER. HOW TO WASH AND IRON. The art of starching, ironing and washing brought to perfection in "Rough on Dandruff."

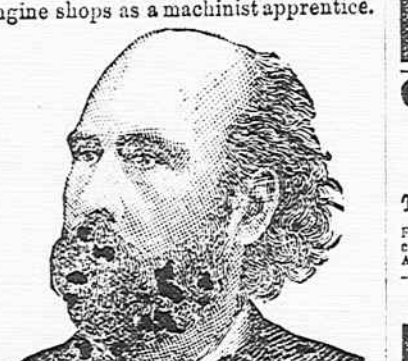
DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE. Has absolutely cured tens of thousands. The only Asthma Cure and Remedy for Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc.

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GERMAN DICTIONARY. 624 PAGES FOR ONE DOLLAR. A first class dictionary gotten out at small price to encourage the study of the German language.

BEAUTY WAFERS. Is the truthful and significant motto of the new Beauty Wafers. Most highly recommended by the New York Herald and other leading newspapers.

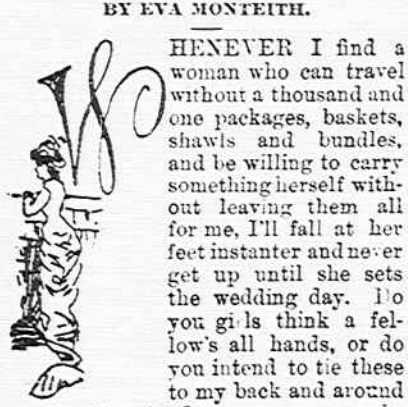
FRAZER AXLE GREASE. BEST IN THE WORLD. Sold Everywhere. Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatism Remedy.



AN ARCTIC HERO. George W. Melville, of the Engineer Corps of the United States Navy, recently appointed by President Cleveland to succeed C. H. Long as Chief Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy and Engineer-in-Chief of Steam Engineering, was born in the city of New York, Jan. 10, 1841.

Three years later, in July, 1861, he was appointed as assistant engineer in the navy and was soon ordered to duty with the Flying Squadron, serving first with the Dakota and then on the Santiago de Cuba, under Wilkes.

Before the day was over Bertie found that it is sometimes very inconvenient to have one's wishes granted immediately. Some children invited him to go take a drive with them, and oh! how much trouble they had! One boy named Peter suddenly exclaimed as



my shoulders? O, women are a nuisance, anyhow!"

It was just like good-natured John Reed to grumble and scold, and do twice as much as was asked, and do nobody ever minded him more than to say, "Now, Jack, you don't mean that."

He had three romping, laughing school-girls under his charge, and so completely had they loaded him down with luggage that he had grumbled and fussed ever since they had started, much to the amusement of the young ladies who were used to his ways.

At the last moment a gentleman called Mr. Reed and asked if he would be so kind as to take charge of his sister, who was on her way to the city to take a position as teacher in a large school there.

He was listening intently to what Miss Carlton said, but when she ceased turned to Effie's side with some jesting remark about an entirely foreign subject, and when the girls had a chance to tease him about "this lady who had no luggage for him to carry," he only answered in his solemnly ludicrous style, "Time will show, time will show."

After a time the day grew hot and the way dusty, and tired and worn out the girls lost their liveliness and were content to lie back among the cushions and sleepily let the time glide away.

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But as the weeks lengthened into months, and the months rolled away, the distance seemed to lengthen between them, and the girls who watched with intense interest the wooing, used to laugh and tell him he did not know how to court a lady.



dragged by. He came occasionally, always the same old kind fellow, and yet they felt a change they could not describe. He was more quiet and still, and yet at times when with Miss Carlton he seemed to forget his troubles and for awhile was the same romping, scolding "old brother," as the girls generally called him.

seemed to avoid him, but when she was in the parlor, she took but little part in the conversation. The school term wore to its close, and the girls, chattering and wild as a lot of magpies, surrounded John and pleaded with him to go home with them and have a "good time," and wonder why he glanced hastily at Miss Carlton and answered, "I'll go up home with you, Effie, but I cannot stay."

On the train and off for home again. No scolding from John this time, though he had enough to carry to break down a pack-horse. He gathered up everything in his reach and stretched out his hand for the gray shawl, neatly strapped, as he remembered it a year before, and though the owner attempted a protest, he made no reply, but took it with the rest.

"Well, Jack," retorted Effie, "if you could have us all what would you do about our 'traps.' You made fuss



While I'll just push the stone of sin 'em all fall in."

And he does—Life.