A Written Guarantee goes with them.

Quick Makers, Superior Cookers, Powerful Heaters.

Time Savers, Money Savers, Trouble Savers.

Ask for Peninsular and take no other.

For Sale by J. G. POWELL.

A KANSAS farmer purchased a cultivator for his wife, and insisted on a large operation so that she could do the most of the work in the harness. After the ladies had been dug out of his log and the cow buried, he said: he guessed she had better school with the steers as a

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Turnham & Son.

THEY met between Italy and Brazil to believed to be due to dishes of macaroni ages instituted by the former, which have been very seriously repudiated by the latter.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany

Mr. Jacob Eckmann, who is in the employ of Messrs. Hoffman & Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, for I knew from experience it was the best medicine that could be had for Kidney Troubles. I refer to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has always done the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by F. P. Rainey, Druggist.

Degenerating.

N—I do not see better appreciated than those that are made unwittingly by sober minded men. An English journal relates a story, in point, of a sober minded man being Mr. John Burns, a very serious member of the House of Commons. He was speaking in a prohibitionist strain about what he felt to be a great falling off in the character and standing of that august body. "Since I came into this house, four years ago," he said, "the confidence of the people in it has much diminished."—Lynch's Companion.

Few Die of Old Age.

Only 300, persons in 1,000,000 according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,700 succumb to grief, 21,000 to measles, 7,500 to appendicitis, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 40,000 to scarlet fever, 12,000 to whooping cough, 300,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to7 rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Big Four to St. Paul.

On account of the 20th. Encampment G. A. R., at St. Paul, Minn., September 1 to 4, the Big Four Route will sell tickets at ONE CENT per mile from stations on its lines. Tickets good on or after August 30 and 31 and Sept. 1, good returning until Sept. 15, with privilege of extension until Sept. 30, 1896. See nearest agent for particulars as to rates, etc.

An exchange says: "For those who believe in the falsity of the number 13 the following account of a recent railway accident may carry some comfort: There were thirteen cars thrown from the track, thirteen tons of coal were scattered over the ground, thirteen bales of hay in the wing, thirteen bullocks are in the hill; there are thirteen partially burned on the shield, thirteen bent engravings, thirteen stove lamb, and thirteen letters in the word 'quarter dollar.'"

"Lunacrine. It is hateful."

"I don't think so. I think it stupid!" then saying that she was somewhat indisposed, she left me. "Why does it disagree that I should not rate for Lunacrine?"

"Have I to be present?"

"Well, if I read poetry I want Alfred to be there, and not join his mother when I get to Paris."

"Then I suppose they forced a quick and firm step on the manly walk, and a young man came upon them.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said he "I have just learned that Albert is here and I have come to claim bonds."

An old negro came to Chew's mind; he was the one who had been sent to look for me when I had lost my way, and he left the two young men together and hastened to the cabaret that Albert was a very nice cousin, and might make a very good husband, and that Albert was a well, he was a very good looking man, and that there was a great deal of difference between the two.

"You seem to be a charming girl," said Albert.

"Oh, yes, but the lonely a school girl!"

"Well, what are the one for but? Spoiled out of school and not a woman yet, I should say. Why, I am told you have not looked at a ball for two years!"

"How can I know?"

"I was told so."

"Then you give an old man to your friends? Will you tell my best year?"

"Why, I am told you will be twenty next year."

"Is that true?" he asked, turning to Mlle. Clara's governess. "Is that true? Is a good one must not at 20? Is it a good one? Are governesses not absent young, I think I might make a living in this world. Do you not know what many import one day? I have plenty of time to wait for them."

"I think your cousins deserves better than that, can you engage to me in love with her?"

"What! Love at first sight! I do think Clara is pretty, but—plenty of time—plenty of time! Besides, I am not in love with Clara, who listened with pleasure to the compliments of her cousin whose career he claimed to be with her, and she thought him so witty that she quite forgot the existence of the poor governess.

In the meantime she was hoping that he would propose before going back to Paris, but the last day dawned, and he had not said the least word about marriage. She hoped till the last hour; then, all the last minute.

The last day she remained and said: "Good bye, mademoiselle governess. I will write to you, and send Monsieur's works, as I promised."

She plucked up courage and said to him:

"Is that all you want to promise, Albert?"

He understood what she meant, but would not promise more, and as his eyes rested on the clock he said:

"Good-by, cousin; the train is leaving—I must run."

The life of a student, especially that of a student who does not care for his lessons, is not a bed of roses.

There comes a time when he gets tired of books and lectures.

Albert was in one of his dark days. Examinations were near, and he had passed not even under his pillow his Code Napoleon. Every time he opened it he found himself in the middle of a dream—he had spent with her. Then he was in the country, and the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and he was walking gaily at their thoughts, and romantic ideas filled his head and heart. Then came failures.

There is a knock at the door, the servant brings up a letter to him. It is from Clara.

His dreamings were interrupted, and he threw down his books, and, with a heavy sigh, he opened the letter.

Clara is to be married, and in a week, and he is expected to attend the wedding.

"And whom does she marry, I wonder?" exclaims he; "some common fellow, no doubt, with plenty of money, but not. I must go there and stop it. I will not lose her. I will not!"

He knew later he started with a hundred francs in his pocket, and arrived at the scene of his happiness.

Clara met him at the garden gate. Her face looked pale, and her eyes red, as if she had been crying. Albert thought that she was sorry to see him, and that her heart was not in the marriage. Poor Jack would not speak to her, and she was afraid to look at him, for fear he should read in her eyes that she was not in love with him.

The wedding breakfast was over, and Albert and Clara were left alone in the garden. Jack had gone to the stables to see the horses, and the two, loaded with fruit, sheltered by a beautiful shady grove. Then at Clara's favorite seat, here she used to read to him, and here he used to read to her the works of Lamartine, a very favorite author of Clara's. Lamartine is very romantic, and Albert was still in love with Clara, and this was summer, and the fragrance of the flowers and the scent of the leaves acted on her poor governess, and she thought of the happy days that she had spent with Albert, and of the happy days that might have been.

Albert was sitting on the seat, I was near him, and he was looking at her face. He gave up in a passion of weeping, and she was in a paroxysm of sorrow, and

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Cut this out, and bring it with you to the

: : Mercury Office.

GOIN' HOME TO MARY.

Birds seem alright all the way
Goin' home to Mary.
Roses as a mother's day
Goin' home to Mary.
Sweet the music ringing time
With the bells that merrily chime;
Happiest man they lives when I'm
Goin' home to Mary.

For away for smile I see,
Goin' home to Mary.
How it lights the way for me,
Goin' home to Mary.
There to grow more sweet the dove,
In a cot with roses over,
Where I'll live and die in love
Goin' home to Mary.

Then the wife some patient dear,
Goin' home to Mary.
Will my every wish anticipate sweet,
Goin' home to Mary.
Soft coos sinister to my ears,
Goin' home to Mary.
Then we all the world' says she,
Home with love at' Mary!

Blow the lights for evening,
Goin' home to Mary.
Blow the lights for evening,
Goin' home to Mary.
For her sake my toil is sweet,
For her sake my heart is true,
I'll do a fair honest love for her
Goin' home to Mary.
—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE TRAIN CANNOT WAIT

He is just 21, with golden hair and gray eyes—large gray eyes that look just as well as he has red lips; her figure, though a little frail, makes one think that she is a goddess. Her eyes are dark, her hands and arms are those of a child—she not still a child? Close by, in a cot with white curtains, lies a little girl of about 18 months.

Albert is more portiest than a mill in the country. It does not disturb the silence of the air with its monotonous noise, as the steamer does, its noise strong and regular, is like an accompaniment to the other noises of the wind, and of the trees, and of the birds. Albert had been there only for a few days after her arrival the whole house was quiet, making and receiving calls, dinner parties, theatre parties, lawn tennis; the days were not long enough for all their pleasures. Then all was quiet at the mill.

Albert, who was a great sculptor, the calls were spread over with snow, and the trees, loaded with fruit, effectually kept the mill closely guarded. Then