

HOW TO KEEP PLEASURE.

With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an effect or antithesis which we have to contend in the form of aches and pains.

She bought a pretty parcel Of an entrancing shoe; But dared not take it in the sun, For fear that it would fade.

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted.

"Do you take time in exchange for subscriptions?" asked the editor of the country newspaper.

THEY GEMMA FOR BREAKFAST.

Criples

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism.

Made Well

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Just as Good" never yet equalled

S. J. & M. VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Simply refuse the "just as good" sort. If your dealer will not supply you we will.

American Type Foundry Co.

Electrotypes Stereotypes...

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the world. In wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two or three times as long as any other grease.

WHO CARRIES THE LARGEST

Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber Supplies and Bazaar Goods? Why, don't you know?

MRS. WINSLOW'S SCALDING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all druggists.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF

DRUGS AND DOCTORS. THE ONLY CURE FOR COLIC, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION.

SEEKS AFTER TRUTH.

DENVER WATCHMAKER TO DWELL WITH NATURE FAR FROM CROWDS.

Will Travel in a Novel Wagon—Hidden Seats Will Be Fathomed—Such the Eastern Mysterics Have Learned on Tibet's Lofly Heights.

Elisha Lane of Denver has just started out on an expedition so novel that the paltry quest of Diogenes for an honest man is child's play compared with it.

Mr. Lane's mission is "to wrest from nature her secrets," and he philosophically proposes to go about this task by "putting himself in harmony with nature."

To this end he has had built a house wagon in which he will travel from Denver clear through to southern California, halting by the way wherever the lip of heaven, the brawl of mountain streams or the songing of winds in primeval forests seems to be telling the secret of which he longs to become possessed.

This latest seeker after truth will not, however, travel alone. He will be accompanied by his wife and three little children, aged 5 years, 3 years and 10 months, respectively.

The itinerant home for this family cost \$750, and it will be drawn by two horses. It is 12 feet long, 6 feet wide and 6 feet high, and is made of pine boards 2 1/2 inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, placed vertically.

Under the driver's seat is a tool box, the space beneath the body of the wagon is to be used for storing household goods, and at the rear is a feed box for the horses. The entrance is at the rear through a door of polished oak with glass panels, and the interior is quite in keeping with this handsome entrance.

The floor is handsomely carpeted, the portieres are hung on bronze rods, the walls and ceiling are artistically papered and the two windows, 20 by 24 inches each, are provided with dainty lace curtains.

Across the front end of the wagon an oak seat runs which becomes the support for the head of a bed, which is released by a spring from its position in the wall. A bed similarly devised is at the left of the door.

By careful economy in space, this room also contains a tiny chiffonier, a plate glass mirror, a washstand, a folding writing table with drawers and pigeonholes, and a stove, the ashes of which will be dropped to the ground through a sort of funnel.

Every detail of this conveyance was planned by Mr. Lane himself, who is a man of about 31 years and a watchmaker by trade. He was born in Bowling Green, Ky. He married Miss Carrie MacFarland of Leavenworth, Kan., and lived in Kansas City until July last, when he removed to Denver.

In order to sustain the material man on the way to the wellsprings of "Hidden Truth," Mr. Lane will halt from time to time in mining camps and in small towns, and take heed of time by mending watches and selling eyeglasses.

Another Little Kipling. The little Kiplings continue to multiply in Vermont. Now there are two.—Boston Herald.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes.

It is in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the best informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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WILL BE HIS OWN FATHER.

How Judge Scott Will Be Affected by Ex-President Harrison's Marriage.

Ex-President Harrison's brother-in-law, Judge J. N. Scott of Port Townsend, Wash., at a social gathering the other evening discovered very unexpectedly that he was about to become his own father.

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PREHISTORIC INDIANS.

Remains of a Remarkable Race of Men Found in Florida.

Early in December Frank Hamilton Cushing of the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian institution; Wells M. Sawyer, an artist and photographer of the art department of the United States geological survey, and Carl F. W. Bergman, museum expert of the United States National museum, completed arrangements to visit Florida, with the intention of making an investigation of the Shell keys and ancient reef settlements of Charlotte harbor, and the very interesting mounds at Naples, about 150 miles south of Tampa.

A camp was established at Finley's Hammock, or Hope Grove, a few miles north of the Anclote river, where, under the direction of Mr. Sawyer, a number of interesting discoveries were made.

In the mounds the burials were numerous, and although some hundreds of such burials were encountered the remains were so affected by age as to render it almost impossible to preserve them. By very careful treatment a large collection of skulls and other portions of skeletons, interesting for study, were secured. The skulls are in many respects remarkable, possessing features that are apparently unusual.

This is especially the case in reference to the great narrowness of the temporal regions, the prominence of the brows. A study of this collection will probably definitely decide to what group of Indians these people were allied.

All of the remains are prehistoric. The find is necessarily large on account of their peculiar burial customs. A remarkably representative collection of all of their various arts of life in pottery, stone and bone implements and ornaments was found.

IN A SMALL BOAT.

Captain French Plans to Circle the Globe in That Manner.

Captain Adolph French, who left Milwaukee in the 40 foot schooner yacht or spruce Nina, which he built himself, April 26, 1894, for the voyage across the lakes and across the Atlantic, has returned. He says he is the only man who ever made the entire passage across the Atlantic in a small boat absolutely alone.

AT A MALAY PICNIC.

A JOLLY DAY OF SIMPLE PLEASURES IN THE JUNGLE.

Old and Young Mingle Together and Are Happy—No Tiresome Advance Preparation of Food—How Fish Are Captured and Cooked For the Banquet.

Of all picturesque sights a Malay picnic is one of the prettiest. With the first dawn of morning the start is made. Nothing as yet can be seen distinctly. A few saffron arrows of light are thrown up in the eastern horizon, and distant mountain heads begin to glow.

Simultaneously a stir arises in the village, and gaping villagers of all ages begin to issue out from their graceful atap houses and make toward the place of rendezvous. By the time the party has gathered, some 20 minutes, the horizon seems to explode, a wide rush of orange light spreads near and far, and the great hot sun comes up, panting.

Then follows the most delicious hour of the day. A hundred hues of green are brought out into shining relief, every deep leaf becomes a prism in which rainbows float. The jungle life awakens into its morning palm, brilliant birds twitter and coo together seeking the early bug, gorgeous butterflies come forth to dry their spangled wings on leafy shrubs, while far in the jungle often the hoarse, guttural, fearsome growl of the Malayan tiger sounds bass to the chorus.

The picnickers are now under way. Before them is a march of six or seven miles through virgin jungle and open spaces of country. That will consume some two or three hours. Some of the females are mounted upon elephants—if there are any well to do families in the village. They sit very gracefully on their lofty mounts and enjoy the ride, if we may judge from their faces and frequent peals of laughter.

Most of the party is afoot. They are in holiday costume. A finely woven sarong of cotton or silk forms the lower garment of men and women alike. The sarong is many hued and the most graceful of garments. It consists of a piece of material of suitable length sewed together at the side, both ends being open. The upper end, in wearing, is tucked neatly and tightly together with the hand and held securely around the waist by a belt. Sometimes these krosangs, or belts, are richly jeweled and worth as much as 3,000 silver dollars. But we shall not get that sort at a picnic.

The upper garment of men and women alike is a cloth or cotton jacket (kabala). Instead of buttons the women use for fastenings a number of gold or silver brooches. The men largely affect brass buttons. Over this jacket the females wear another sarong, which is made to meet over the head, and serves the damsel as a shade, and when she pleases as a veil. The feet of all are protected by a kind of wooden sandal. All these garments are loose, are a poem for harmony of colors, and there is no fold that does violence to beauty and grace.

This is a poor enough picture of our picnic party, or 70 or 100 Malay men, women, boys and girls passing, joking and laughing along their pleasant way. The braves carry some spears and parangs, in case a tiger or leopard should be met. The bulk of provisions and curry spoils. The bulk of provisions and curry spoils. The bulk of provisions and curry spoils.

Our outing party now feel that they have gone far enough and they may halt, no matter just where—for everywhere is lovely—so long as they are in the vicinity of a mountain and its water pools. So a pool is chosen as one likely to contain in its black depths a sufficiency of good, fat fish. The men at once prepare to dynamite this pool, or else throw the fish paralyzing turo root into the water. Then 20 men leap into the pool, while a number of women are stationed at the shallow and lower end to catch the escaping finny tribe. Ah, no big fish are caught! They must be lying dead or benumbed at the bottom of the pool. And now the boldest swimmers dive in and far down. They search the bottom, they even thrust their hands into the water filled caves of the rocky sides. One by one the divers come parting up. Some of them grasp in each hand a great, shining, silvery fish. What luck! Two fish at a time, each 10 or 15 pounds. Then the stolid Malay relaxes, he shouts, he praises Allah, and the whole camp becomes a scene of rejoicing, as the spoil is flung alive into the pot of already boiling water, or squirms grilling, roasting, frying, on ground fires kindled by boys and girls as the prey was being taken. Rice is also prepared, and before long the whole party is seated around the green banquet board, enjoying fish as you like it and curry and rice such as only the Malay housewife can concoct. The joysome meal finished, the party betakes itself to smoking, chewing betel and telling stories, under all of which influences it is not surprising that the next scene is a general siesta, which lasts till about 3 o'clock, when the old man of the party wisely observes it is getting late and it is time to be starting back. Night must not overtake them, or they may meet Stripes or Spots, out also for a picnic, and vastly preferring fresh meat to fish.

Ingalls in a Fox. "Speaking of lawyers fessing in court," said Chief of Police Spill, "one of the most violent affairs I can remember occurred about 20 years ago, and John J. Ingalls and Judge C. G. Foster were the principals. I was sheriff at the time, and a man was being tried on some kind of a criminal charge. Foster was acting as county attorney, and Ingalls represented the prisoner. Ingalls and Foster became involved in an argument about some point of evidence, and, after jawing each other for some time, Ingalls finally called Foster a liar. Foster was at one end of a long table and Ingalls at the other. Foster grabbed a huge ink fountain and threw it at Ingalls, hitting him in the breast and splattering ink all over judge, jury and all kinds of legal papers. The late Nathan Price was judge, and he fined them \$50 each. They apologized next morning, and their fines were remitted.—Achtion Globe.

Corbett Was in Luck. Corbett had a little disagreement with the fireman in a theater, and—well, it's a good thing for him that he didn't have that championship belt with him.—Chicago Post.

SOUTH AFRICAN RULER.

Judge Steyn, the New President of the Orange Free State.

Judge Steyn, who has recently been elected president of the Orange Free State, was chief justice of that country before his elevation to the office of the presidency. The position had been filled by the late F. W. Retz.



JUDGE STEYN.

Judge Steyn's election is considered a Boer victory, as his candidacy was endorsed and promoted by President Kruger, of the Transvaal. Dr. Jameson and his mid into the South African republic had the sympathy of the outlanders, or non-Boschmen, of the Orange Free State. Steyn stood for the conservative or Boer interests, and his election shows the tide is flowing against British domination in this part of Africa. He is an able jurist, a good statesman and a strong man. The country over which he will rule is an independent Dutch republic in South Africa. On the south of it is Cape Colony, on the west Griqualand, on the north and east Natal and on the east. Its area is 48,326 square miles. The total population numbers 207,503, of whom nearly 80,000 are whites. The government consists of a president and a council appointed by the volksraad. The country is divided into nineteen districts, with a "landrost" to each appointed by the president and confirmed by the volksraad. The volksraad is a legislative body elected by the adult white burghers, half of the body vacating seats every two years.

Women at the Helm. Among the curiosities of the Russian dominions is a group of communes in the government of Smolensk, surrounding the convent of Besjukow, where not only do women vote, but where they practically do all the voting and office-holding.

As the returns from agriculture are very meager in the district, and there are large towns not far away, the male inhabitants of the Besjukow neighborhood emigrate to these towns early in spring to find work, leaving few but women and children at home, and not coming home to attend to the little matter of voting.

Inasmuch as the women have to do all the farm work as well as the household in this singular community, it does not seem strange that they rather insist upon holding the offices, and not assigning them to such old men as may be about. Furthermore, it is said that they have for a period of several years managed all the public affairs of the Besjukow district so well that the men are quite content to abandon the tedious work of government to them.

Sometimes when the "head woman" of the joint communes is presiding over a public assembly of women to pass upon important financial and other concerns, certain of the men have been known to come home for the purpose of merely looking on and admiring the method of procedure—or else of heartily felicitating themselves upon being rid of so bothersome a duty.

People Who Patronize Banks. There is one savings bank here which keeps an accurate record of the calling of its depositors. During the last year there was only one actor on the list, while there were 1,892 tailors; there was but one editor, while there were 725 laborers; there was but one boarding house keeper and 337 peddlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, cigar makers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, lawyers or policemen.—Chicago Tribune.

Not in One Instance, Anyhow. "My wife is a woman who is very hard to please." "She has never given any evidence of it."—Detroit Free Press.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Company. Dear Sir: You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco you buy. One bar of soap free with each pound, whether 10 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day.

Yours very truly, BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

TO ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

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ANOTHER GRATEFUL FAMILY.

Mr. Miller Considers Paine's Celery Compound a National Blessing.



There is no spring remedy equal to Paine's celery compound. It has lifted thousands from beds of sickness. It does what nothing else ever did for the sleepless, the dyspeptic, and the despondent—it cures them once and for all. Here is a testimonial from E. A. Miller of Columbus, O., accompanying the photograph of his family.

"For two years past I have been a constant sufferer with severe nervous headaches, oftentimes being compelled to go to bed, when my business necessitated my personal attention. Last week my physician recommended Paine's celery compound. I have taken now four bottles, and have not suffered with headache since. This government, in my mind, should pay the discoverer of Paine's celery compound a sum of money sufficient to keep him and all his relatives in luxury during their natural life."

Mr. Miller is the son of Dr. J. D. Miller. His wife is the granddaughter of the late Gov. Lucas of Ohio. Mr. Miller's praise of Paine's celery compound is equalled by that of thousands of others who owe their health and strength to this greatest of all remedies.

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