

Don't Mind the Weather. There is one thing that does not mind the weather, and that is rheumatism; and one thing that does not mind rheumatism is St. Jacobs Oil, as it goes to work upon it and cures it right off.

A Town Without Dogs. Pish, Bohemia, is probably the only dogless town in the world. In consequence of a death from hydrophobia, the authorities ordered every dog in the place killed.—Chicago Tribune.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers"
To Paint the Laughing Sol.
And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood.—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well.—St. Louis, Mo., N. B. Sisk, 1574 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Foreigner's Mistake. The Foreigner—What a happy people Americans must be! I can tell that much by their spring, buoyant step.

The Citizen.—That ain't no sign. They're contracted the cake walk habit; that's all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Ultra Proper. "I did not imagine," sighed the dejected suitor, "that a woman could possibly be as particular as her mother is. She is ultra, fanatically, absurdly proper."

"What's the matter now?"

"She took pains to inform me this evening that she didn't even allow the gun to go out without a chaperon."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. J. CENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known J. J. CENEY for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. B. TRACY, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.
W. A. WALKER, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.
H. A. CATER, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.
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SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest corn-foot discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, itchy, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Miss Helen Gould has read law, and did so desire could pass the examination for entrance to the New York bar.

The poorer the family the latter the dog.—Athens Globe.

An Excellent Combination.
The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Solely by all Druggists.—Price 50c per bottle.

IMPRESSIONS.
The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye, Or a word exchanged with a passer-by; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street; And afterward life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest soul And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped Or a tender word is left unaided, And one there is who, his whole life long, Shall cherish the bread of a burning wrong.

A line that staves up from an open page, A cynic smile from the lips of age, A glimpse of loving seen in a play, And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

A friendly smile and love's embering spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark; A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow men And they pick up the thread of life again.

Thus come an act or a word or thought, But with unexpressed importance in thought, For small things build up eternity And blossom the ways for a destiny.

"EL CHATTO."
IN the house of "El Chatto," ex-bull-fighter of Madrid and present "torero" before the Mexican public, there was dire dismay, owing to the low state—the very low state—of the family exchequer.

"El Chatto" (meaning "the snub nose") had just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan dulce," asisted by his pretty wife, Donna Lolita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bull-fighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret.

A career that might possibly have been glorious had cut short by the selfishness of "El Chatto," who had loved her, married her, and taken her away from the old world to the new—the rich country of Mexico—where a bull-fighter was a prince.

Successful, feted, and honored in Cuba and afterward in Mexico, "El Chatto's" prosperity had not lasted long, for soon had come the edict that bull fighting in Mexico must stop.

This morning, the day before the bull fight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, investigation revealed one big piece and fourteen copper centavos. Not enough to pay coach hire even!

Here was a pretty mess; no wonder that "El Chatto" leisurely and calmly spoke every naughtily and lurid word that came to his mind during the next half-hour.

At last, out of breath, "El Chatto" paused and glared about him, as though in search of some one to fight. Donna Lolita smiled at him sweetly, removing the cigaret from her pretty lips as she murmured: "Have you finished, little Snub Nose?"

A shrug of the shoulders was her husband's reply.

"Then listen, O most worthless husband, for I have a plan—a plan most magnificent, thereby we will make a fortune—sufficient silver peso, one 50-cent piece, one 10-cent."

"This is how it is," she pursued, blowing a ring of smoke into her husband's face; "the impresario pay you little—very little—only a hundred silver dollars—is it not so?"

"Si, that is all—the pigs!" growled the torero; "and after this there will be no fight until 'holy week'—no more money!"

"Pues, then we will make more out of them—much more. Listen, marido mio; this is the plan.

The gloom clears away from the house of the matador; there continues rejoicing all that day. "El Chatto" and his pretty wife have a most joyous comedy, and afterwards lay their heads together on the subject of the morrow's fight and a special Spanish costume that Lolita is to wear—one of old Sevilla—all rose pink and Spanish mantilla, with a pink rose in her blue black hair, this latter being another of the mysteries; in Mexico few ladies ever wear the costume of old Spain—it is as much worn out, passe, here as the patches and powder and hoops of the revolutionary days are in Anglo-Saxon lands.

But why is she wearing it to-morrow? Unless, indeed, it is because fully fifteen enormously rich Spanish families have taken boxes and will be there? Perhaps that is it! Lolita wishes to be patriotic—that is what is the matter!

She purposely took a seat just behind the first barrier of the bull ring—not seven feet above the ground where her husband will kill his bull—so that she can see him better," as she says to an admiring Mexican fighter, who wishes her to go into one of the boxes.

In her Sevilla costume, the silk mantilla exposing just enough of her Spanish eyes and dimpled chin to make people want to see more, Donna Lolita is by far the most admired woman in the plaza, attracting attention even from the beautiful handerilla work that "El Largo" is going through with in the ring.

Many a rich Spanish lady up there in the boxes envies the loyalty that has induced the wearing of a passe dress, and many a Spaniard feels his heart grow warm and his eyes moist as, forgetting the little figure before his eyes, he can see another one of the old days in the old country almost identical; many a man forgets the fat, richly dressed Mexican wife at his side and goes back in heart to just such a girl, whether of Andalusia, of Seville, or of Madrid.

And seated alone in his box the prince of bankers, old Fraquinillo, drops his glass and sighs; perhaps if a girl like that who once had lived, instead of passing away from him during the first poverty-stricken month of their married life there in Barcelona, he would not now be a lone, triste man, without home, chick, or child—only the money.

She is trembling from her dainty head down to her tiny, silk-bowed Spanish slippers all the time that "El Largo" is torturing the furious, paving bull with his sharp aguderas. She clasps her hands tightly together, as, finally, string of the handerilla work—which she had, has been somewhat long drawn out, "on account of the matador," "El Chatto's" sudden sickness and faintness—the public of the sunny side begin to clamor for "El matador! Mate el toro! Que venga el matador! El matador!"

Too often we mistake companions for friends.

The gate swings open at last, and "El Largo" still teases the bull as "El Chatto" moves forward slowly, and bows first to the President and then to the public. In spite of his magnificent silver and violet costume, he looks deathly ill—his face is white and drawn, and under his eyes great black rings show, that extend almost half-way down his face.

But "El Chatto" is game, if he is sick—perhaps the presence of his wife inspires him with fresh courage, for he unsheathes his bright, keen sword, nods briefly to "El Largo," who gets out of the way, smiles once at Lolita, who is, beneath her mantilla, far whiter than he, then makes a tantalizing movement at the bull.

After all, no one can fight a bull as does the Spanish matador. At least, during "El Chatto's" splendid work of the next seven minutes that is what the people think. All of them are on their feet shrieking, some breathless with delight! Silver dollars and hats and flowers rain down into the ring, but "El Chatto" has no time to bow his thanks; he is too busy.

On her feet, as is everybody else, for that matter, Lolita is watching every motion, her heart beating in great leaps, and so excited and wrought up now that she has forgotten to feel afraid. Bull and matador are just underneath her, and twice her husband has glanced at her significantly; she is watching with her heart in her eyes.

One pass of the sword backward over the shoulder—now, then, Dios help-a-h-h!

For all in a second it happens; the matador, suddenly reeling after a fancy pass at the bull, has cast one agonized look up at his wife and fallen prone on the ground. The bull does not see, for the furious impetus of his last charge has taken him several feet beyond the matador.

But before the people have well seen that, there is a quick leap and a flash; a slight figure is in the ring, her mantilla is cast back, the pink rose has fallen into the dust; her tiny, white hands have caught up the sword. As the bull swings madly forward she meets him.

He is an enormous beast, and to be on a line even with his shoulder she has to rise on tiptoe. She does it. Her face is white and calm as the brute rushes at her, lowering his head. She springs forward and upward; the sword sinks out of sight in the bleeding shoulder—no faint passes for her! And the bull topples over on his knees, the blood gushing out in torrents. He is dying—dead!

The mantilla is trampled into the dust, the pink rose is now a faded, red-dried scrap, but the woman, her hands blood-stained and her face white as death, knows nothing about that. On her knees, sobbing like a baby, from overwrought passion and nervousness, she is holding her husband's unconscious head in her trembling arms.

As for the populace, they have passed from horror-stricken silence and terror into hysterical shouts, screams, applause, and even tears.

Over comes purses and dollars, and even jewels from the rich ladies present and masses of flowers. Amid shouts of "bravo," down it all pours into the ring. As for the great banker, Fraquinillo, who is so excited that he can hardly move—down goes his foot-ward with a message to "La Espanola!"

Not waiting to bow or to thank the people, so overcome is she with her tremendous success, Donna Lolita flies from the ring. It is all she can do to tremblingly thank the bearer of a check from the Banker Fraquinillo, who has filled it out for \$10,000. Bravo!

So that Donna Lolita's little plan worked well after all—so well that five days later she and her husband left for Spain, where, having added much more money to the banker's \$10,000, they have now retired and are great people.

And "El Chatto" says always that he owes his success to his esposa—which is not understood, naturally, by the Spaniards of Spain.—The Argonaut.

OVER SEVEN MILLION fans are exported in one year from Canton, China.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

When the railroad across Siberia is completed, it will be easy for a person to go from London to Japan in thirteen days.

The national hymns of China are of such extraordinary length that it is stated that half a day would be required to sing them through.

Band registered the hours during the middle ages. For this purpose black marble dust, boiled nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

An interesting test has just been made by a French woman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate she lived on that alone for sixty days and lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as near as possible with the solar year.

Swiss steamboat companies, to avoid disputes as to the age of children, have established measurement rules. Under two feet in length ride free; children under four feet four and dogs pay half fare. Traveling mothers do not like the rule.

The largest tin factory in the world is situated on Sulo Brant, an island in the Bay of Singapore. It turns out monthly 1,200 tons of tin, more than the product of Cornwall, and more than that of Australia. The ore comes from Selangor and Perak, in Malacca.

Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform worn on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colors.

An old-fashioned woman only calls the doctor in when her husband is sick, to keep the neighbors from talking; she thinks she knows as much as he does.

Too often we mistake companions for friends.

A Woman's Straight Sho.
Washington county boasts of the champion female rifle shot of Oregon. The other day three dogs were harassing the goats belonging to John Heiler, of Gates Creek. The owner was absent, but Miss Mary, his 18-year-old daughter, grasped a rifle and went to the scene of the chase. Upon her approach the dogs fled, but she brought one of them down, while it was running at full speed, at a distance of 170 yards.

Enjoying Wheat Land Rents.
Twenty Indians were arrested for drunkenness at Pendleton, Or., recently. The city jail has been crowded, and the force on the chain gang was decorated with gay-colored Indian robes. This was made the occasion for a "time" by the Indians because they had just been receiving their annual rent for wheat lands. It made the saloon-man's opportunity.

Activity at the Le Roi.
The Le Roi, the crack mine of Roseland, B. C., is being put into shape for the shipment of 300 tons per day. At the 800-foot level the ore runs from \$10.50 to \$28.10; at 700 feet, from \$14 to \$17, and the 900-foot level will soon be opened up, while new veins at lesser depths have been cut. Three hundred tons daily, the output proposed, at an average of \$17, would yield a profit of about \$5,000 a day.

Four Fine Horses.
Spaulding Bros., who have large contracts for cutting logs for the Oregon City paper mills, purchased of Mrs. Jackson, of Independence, recently, four large horses, which weighed, respectively, 1490, 1430, 1390 and 1518 pounds. The horse that weighed 1518 was a 4-year-old. The price was \$450. Their purchasers will use them in their logging camps.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.
Portland Market.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 57c; Valley, 58c; Bluestem, 60c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.30; Graham, \$3.65; superfine, \$3.15 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, \$4.45; choice gray, 41¢ per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$2.30; brewing, \$2.40 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$23; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16.00 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$8.00; clover, \$7.00; Oregon wild hay, \$6 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, \$5.00; seconds, 45¢ per 100; dairy, 40¢ per 100; \$2.50 per 100.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 12½¢; Young America, 15¢; new cheese, 10¢ per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 per dozen; hens, \$4.00; \$5.00; springs, \$1.25; geese, \$6.00; 7.00 for old, \$4.50 for young; ducks, \$5.00; 5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 18¢ per pound.
Potatoes—\$1.25 per sack; sweets, \$2.00 per sack.
Vegetables—Beets, 90¢; turnips, 75¢ per sack; garlic, 70¢ per pound; cabbage, \$1.25 per 100 pounds; cauliflower, 75¢ per dozen; parsnips, 70¢ per sack; beans, 30¢ per pound; celery, 10¢ to 75¢ per dozen; cucumbers, 50¢ per box; peas, \$2.50 per 100 pounds.
Onions—Oregon, 75¢ per \$1 per sack. Eggs—\$1.10; 1897 crop, 40¢.
Wool—Valley, 10¢ per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8¢ per lb; mohair, 30¢ per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 40¢; dressed mutton, 7½¢; spring lambs, 7½¢ per lb.
Hogs—Gross, choice hams, \$4.25; light and feeders, \$3.50; \$3.00; dressed, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, 3.50; \$3.75; cows, \$2.50; \$3.00; dressed beef, 5¢ to 6¢ per pound.
Veal—Large, 6¢ to 7¢; small, 7½¢ to 8¢ per pound.

Seattle Market.
Onions, 80¢ to \$1.10 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes, \$3.50 per sack.
Beets, per sack, \$1.
Turnips, per sack, \$0.75 to \$1.00.
Carrots, per sack, 45¢ to 50¢.
Parsnips, per sack, 75¢ to 85¢.
Cauliflower, 90¢ to \$1.00 per doz.
Celery, 25¢ to 40¢.
Cabbage, native and California \$2 per 100 pounds.
Apples, 50¢ to \$1 per box.
Pears, 50¢ to \$1.50 per box.
Prunes, 50¢ per box.
Butter—Creamery, 26¢ per pound; dairy and ranch, 15¢ to 20¢ per pound.
Eggs, 15¢.
Cheese—Native, 12½¢.
Poultry—Old hens, 14¢ per pound; spring chickens, 14¢; turkeys, 16¢.
Fresh meats—Choice dressed beef, prime, 8½¢; ovens, prime, 8¢; mutton, 9¢; pork, 7¢; veal, 6¢ to 9¢.
Wheat—Feed wheat, \$2.00.
Oats—Choice, per ton, \$25.50.
Hay—Puguet Sound mixed, \$7.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$12.00.
Corn—Whole, \$2.50; cracked, \$2.40; feed meal, \$2.50.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$25 to \$26; whole, \$24.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.50; straight, \$3.25; California brands, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$3.50; wheat, per barrel, \$3.40; whole wheat flour, \$3.75; rye flour, \$4.50.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$15; shorts, per ton, \$10.
Feed—Chopped feed, \$21 to \$22 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$17; oil cake meal, per ton, \$35.
San Francisco Market.
Wool—Spring—Nevada, 10¢ to 12¢ per pound; Oregon, Eastern, 10¢ to 12¢; Valley, 15¢ to 17¢; Northern, 9¢ to 11¢.
Millstuffs—Middlings, \$21 to \$22.00; bran, \$20.00 to \$21.00 per ton.
Onions—Silverkin, 50¢ to 90¢ per sack; Butter—Fancy creamery, 21¢ to 22¢; do seconds, 20¢ to 21¢; fancy dairy, 19¢; do seconds, 16¢ to 17¢ per pound.
Eggs—Store, 14¢; fancy ranch, 15¢.
Hops—1898 crop, 15¢ to 16¢.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$3 to \$3.50; Mexican limes, \$5.50 to \$6; California lemons, 75¢ to \$1.25; do choice, \$2.50 per box.
Hay—Wheat, \$15 to \$16.50; wheat and oat, \$15 to \$16; oat, \$14 to \$15; best hay, \$12 to \$13; alfalfa, \$11 to \$12 per ton; straw, 40¢ to 70¢ per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Oregon Burbanks, \$1 to \$1.50; river Burbanks, 75¢ to \$1; Salinas Burbanks, \$1 to \$1.10 per sack.
Tropical fruits—Bananas, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per bunch; pineapples, \$3.50 to \$4.50; Persian dates, 6¢ to 8¢ per pound.

STRONG STATEMENTS.
Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 55 Summer St., Didsford, Me.:
"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. MELBAE PHILLIPS, Leesington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:
"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERBELL, Powell Station, Tenn.:
"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION.
A Successful Enterprise That is Based on Merit.

A few remedies which have attained to world-wide fame, as truly beneficial in effect and giving satisfaction to millions of people everywhere, are the products of the knowledge of the most eminent physicians, and presented in the form most acceptable to the human system by the skill of the world's great chemists; and one of the most successful examples is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Unlike a host of imitations and cheap substitutes, Syrup of Figs is permanently beneficial in its effects, and therefore lives and promotes good health, while inferior preparations are being cast aside and forgotten. In olden times if a remedy gave temporary relief to individuals here and there, it was thought good; but now-a-days a laxative remedy must give satisfaction to all. If you have never used Syrup of Figs, give it a trial, and you will be pleased with it, and will recommend it to your friends or to any who suffer from constipation, or from over-feeding, or from colds, headaches, biliousness, or other ills resulting from an inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels.

In the process of manufacturing the pleasant family laxative made by the California Fig Syrup Co., and named Syrup of Figs, signs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal properties of the remedy are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinal laxative and to act most beneficially. As the true and original remedy, named Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The Company has selected for years past the leading publications of the United States through which to inform the public of the merits of its remedy, and among them this paper is included, as will be seen by reference to its advertising columns.

Permanently Cured. No other nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Dr. R. H. KLINE, 124, No. 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Of the houses in Paris, France, there are still 10,000 with 200,000 inhabitants that use well water.

For Lung and chest diseases, Pisco's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcutt, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Mrs. Virginia Key, a daughter-in-law of Francis Scott Key, is living quietly in Chicago at the age of 55.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Train robbery in Mexico is punishable by death. There has not been a train robbery in Mexico for more than a year.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush Street, American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

Miss Mabel Campbell, of Dallas, Texas, has succeeded in climbing to the snow capped summit of Mount Popocatepetl, of Mexico.

La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism.
"I have used your pills for the cure of La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and I can say that they have cured me of all these ailments. I can now do my work as usual, and I feel much better than I have done for some time. I have used your pills for the cure of La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and I can say that they have cured me of all these ailments. I can now do my work as usual, and I feel much better than I have done for some time. I have used your pills for the cure of La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and I can say that they have cured me of all these ailments. I can now do my work as usual, and I feel much better than I have done for some time."

Candy Cathartic
German science announces that everything needed to make a man weigh 150 pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of 1,200 hens' eggs.

While You Sleep.
Do not have too much air blowing through your room at night, or Rheumatism may creep upon you while you sleep. But if it comes, use St. Jacobs Oil; it warms, soothes and cures.

Weaving by Photography.
A scene memorable in the annals of the weaving industry was witnessed at the Vienna Technical Art museum recently. Herr Jan Scepanski, the famous young inventor, presented Emperor Francis Joseph with the first web produced by means of his new photographic process. The silk-woven Gobelin is made from a picture by Henry Raupach. It is about two square meters in size and gives an allegorical representation of homage to the emperor. The work contains 300,000, 000 crossings, 130 silk threads filling one centimeter. Two hundred square meters of pasteboard cards would have been necessary to produce this web according to the present method, and designers would have required many years to carry out the work. Now the designer is abolished, and the work was done in five hours. The emperor was struck with the marvelous plasticity and delicacy of the picture, which nobody would believe to be woven. Herr Scepanski demonstrated the process at the emperor's desire, and his majesty accepted the gift and congratulated the inventor.—London Chronicle.

The Sage of Barbary Says.
A glad hand often hides an itchin' palm.
When a man is hard up he is generally cast down.
The man with a pull is usually in the punch.
The prodigal son has always been a husky fellow.
Alcoholic spirits generally go before a fall.
The fellow with a grindstone is a lookin' for cracks.
The early bird is apt to make his first reappearance about Easter.
That man who always looked before he leaped probably didn't travel nights.—Chicago Democrat.

Kipling's Good Luck.
The first story that Kipling writes after his illness will bring a fabulous price. It will be sought as eagerly by progressive publishers as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is by all who suffer from stomach ills of any nature. No matter whether it is indigestion, constipation, biliousness or nervousness, the Bitters will cure it. It is an unequalled spring medicine.

A minister of Pulaski, Penn., has been dismissed by his congregation because he insisted in a sermon that the rainbow existed before the flood.

There was a young man from Lenox, Who held a patent on the war; The "best" made him rich, He recovered quite quick By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, contemplates another expedition, this time for the purpose of studying the criminal law of the West African races.

Good for Little Folks.
Don't torture the children with liquid and pill poisons! The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cascara Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c per box.

A St. Paul woman who died the other day left by will enough money to pay taxes on certain personal property which she had not returned to the assessor.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

There is a good deal of mutton nowadays tryin' to appear like wolf.

Schilling's Best
money-back tea and baking powder at Your Grocer's

An alliance between the French authorities and the German Emperor would probably lose but little time in earning the epithet "brilliant, but erratic."

FOR MEN ONLY.
DR. FOOTE & STAFF
161 ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.

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