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MEDFORD, FRIDAY, August 28, 1896.

GERMS IN THE DUSTPAN.

The Sweepings of the Carpet Contain Many Dangers to Health.

To those who know the true inwardness of things the sight of a housemaid brushing a dusty carpet is suggestive of many evils. The death of Pasteur has reminded the world of what is constantly present in the thoughts of medical men—namely, that while micro-organisms are the great producers of disease, dust is the great carrier of micro-organisms. Now that we know these things, it is distressing to find how little our knowledge is put to practical use, and to see old customs still unchanged, old habits which we know to be destructive carried on, and to find the housemaid on her knees, with her brush and dustpan, stirring up dust to the detriment of every one, and breathing germs laden particles to her own destruction. It needs but a small amount of common sense to see that if carpets must continue, a thing greatly to be deprecated, they should be rubbed with a damp cloth rather than brushed, and that if, in deference to prejudice, they must be brushed, this should be done by a covered American sweeper, with plenty of damp tea leaves. Of all ways of removing dirt from a carpet the worst is by the use of the ordinary short brush, which involves the housemaid kneeling down in the midst of the dust which she so needlessly creates, and drawing it into her lungs with every breath. For ordinary household use something like linoleum, something which can be washed with a wet cloth every morning, would seem to be the best covering for floors; but if carpets must be, and it is impossible to teach the present generation comfort at the expense of future risks, at least let us remember that carpets may be washed even where they lie; that, till the day of washing comes a closed sweeper is far better than a brush, and that the worst form of brush is one with a short handle.—British Medical Journal.

A DAY IN BED.

May Be Indulged In with Profit by Tired Housewives.

If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, over-worked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laid up on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole day in bed seems absurd to the tired mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.—Chicago Chronicle.

Length of the Amazon. The Amazon is 3,994 miles in length, rising within 70 miles of the Pacific ocean and flowing clear across the continent.

Cures Talk "Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; operate to take, cure, and easy to operate. 25c.

BREAKING A BIKE.

BY FRANK H. BENSON.

When Horton said he had no trouble learning to ride a bicycle—just got on and rode right off—I believed him. Some people are too prosaically clever to ever half enjoy life, and Horton belongs to this class. I do not. When I became possessed of a brand-new "bike," I knew I was going to have trouble, and I knew myself therefore. I was not mistaken. I did have trouble.

Horton said he would come over and help me learn to ride. That's the trouble with clever people. I knew how Horton would help me to learn to ride. All clever people adopt the same methods. He would lead the wheel out into the smooth road with an air of supreme mastery, steady it for me to mount, and, having enticed me to a seat on the treacherous machine, deliver himself in this wise:

"Now, take good hold of the handles—no, not too tight—they won't get away—just grasp them lightly but firmly; now put both feet on the pedals—steady now—don't be afraid, and—keep your balance." Then he tips the machine over to an angle of 75 degrees, gives me a start, and away I go. Now a bicycle that's well trained and knows it's mounted by a man who is its master would just as likely go at an angle of 75 degrees as any other way—I know because I have since taken pains to experiment. Not so a green and stubborn wheel that conceives it to be its duty to take the conceit out of a novice. Such a machine must be ridden exactly upright, both feet must sit exactly the same on the pedals, the handle bars must be grasped just so, and a thousand precautions must be taken that would cause that same wheel to feel insulted a month later.

That's why my machine don't go the way my clever instructor had calculated. Instead it makes one or two miserable wobbles, turns into the only rough piece of road in the vicinity, shakes itself uncomfortably a couple of times, and then smashes into the ground with a force entirely unwarranted by the degree of momentum it has attained while comparatively upright.

Then my friend comes up with a look of pained surprise on his face, as though I'd been going through all these maneuvers on purpose to disregard his instructions. He shows me just where the course I have pursued is diametrically opposed to his directions. Particularly he remarks that I must endeavor to keep my equilibrium. I thank him, perhaps facetiously, because a vigorous fall is not calculated to improve the temper, and remark that if he had only suggested that before it he gets offended and I trouble. Then he gets saved all the trouble. A policeman comes up and tells me to get on my feet.

This time I am tired and disgusted. My knowing instructor is perfectly cool, but much more disgusted than myself. He insists that I am about the worst pupil he has ever seen. Then he discovers that he has an engagement and must leave. I thank him presumably for helping me with the wheel, really for going. As he disappears from sight I take the wheel back to the house, slam the door on it viciously, and seek a place where I can rest and reflect.

Maybe I did Horton an injustice, but that's about the way I imagined that he would help me to learn to ride. I told him I didn't think I'd have any trouble; besides I had almost decided to make my first trial at night. This moonlight-ride idea of mine was one I had thought of long before I purchased the wheel. I love the moonlight. To me it seems most singularly fit that love-lorn youths should swear "by your pale moon." There is no truth in Luna. She lies, she flatters and exaggerates. And yet we all must love her, for her falsehoods are of kindness. She draws the veil of charity over our shortcomings. The crude, unsightly nooks and crevices the sun, truth's mighty ally, delights to show, she passes by or touches with soft romantic light that makes the very things we most dislike by day at night seem beautiful. There is no stretch of nature's handiwork so mean, so rough and so devoid of charm but, touched by this divine magician's power, may be transformed into a fairy land.

I take my wheel out into the broad avenue that passes the house. The moonlight shimmers through the leaves of the tall poplars that align the road. A gentle breeze makes the leaves rustle and dance. The tall trees quiver; and, save for the rubbing of the branches and the soft murmur of the winds, all is silent. A sovereign feeling of independence possesses me. The world is sleeping. I am alone with nature and the delights of night are mine. I mount my wheel triumphantly and start down the vista that stretches before me. My wheel skims like a bird over the smooth road. I emerge from the tree-lined avenue to an open country, where broad grain fields stretch away into the hazy distance. The deceptive moonlight lends to the waving grain the appearance of a vast lake. My eyes drink in the beauty of the scene, and the fresh, bracing atmosphere fills me with a peculiar intoxication. I throw back my chest, drink deep the airy nectar. I feel as though I would like to scream, sing, anything to vent my exuberance—

Horton said I couldn't learn to ride at night. I'd be everlastingly obstructed into chuck-holes and other obstacles, and if I didn't break my neck (which didn't so much matter), I would probably cause the bicycle irreparable damage. That's the way with Horton. Whenever I get any particularly attractive idea he always spoils it with some of his practical suggestions. Now, if his suggestions were not practical it wouldn't be so bad. I don't a bit mind suggestions from friends, when I can show them the utter folly of acting upon them, but it is not so with Horton. Whenever he makes a suggestion I have

learned by experience that that particular suggestion had better be heeded. I never forgive him for spoiling my plans but I find it prudent to act on his advice, so this time I sadly put away my idea of making my first trip on a wheel a nocturnal one. I must face the ordeal in the cruel veracity of sun light.

I never could quite understand how every one in the neighborhood found out that on that particular day I was going to make my first attempt at conquering the unruly spirit of a soulless mechanism. It was after nightfall when I reached the wheel home. I thought the secret was my own and all things seemed propitious to a quiet contest between the wheel and myself, in which I should have won the laurels before the neighbors were apprised that the battle was on. To further insure this result I had for several days studied the manners of veteran riders, especially when leading their wheels. I flattered myself I had this pretty near perfection. As I led the wheel out to the street I even stopped to examine a spoke critically, in precisely the manner I had seen an expert do the day before. It was in vain. The audience was in waiting.

The prospect, as I looked up and down the street, appalled me. Every door and window seemed to have its occupants. Women waited patiently on front porches. Men lounged lazily over front gates. I don't believe that there was a house within four blocks that didn't have a man about it. And then—horrors! the street seemed infested with small boys. The small boys know instinctively at what particular time and place a man is about to make a fool of himself, and he usually manages to be on hand to add zest to the performance. His comments on such occasions are not original, witty or wise, but are woefully effective.

I believe I am a brave man. I once voluntarily acted as judge of debate in a young ladies' literary society, and I stand ready, for a sufficient inducement, to be one of a committee on awards at a baby show. Nevertheless, this once I was frightened. Not at the wheel. I had an affectionate contempt for that airy-looking skeleton of wood and steel, but I object to being stared at, particularly when I feel as if I am going to make an exhibition of myself.

I put one foot firmly on the regulation hopped along on the other, in the usual style and stepped up. Now, I am certain that I had that wheel balanced all right. I had raised myself with extraordinary care, and if the wheel had been a steady-going machine of a year or so's service, it would have been all right. This was a new wheel, though, and its chief characteristic was concentrated villainy.

That's why, just as I got my foot well off the ground and was putting my self-dependence on the step, the thing lunged over. I expected to see the wheel broken to pieces, but it was not injured. It had a mission to perform; yet, and could not afford to break until it had accomplished it. That mission was to preach to me the doctrine of the total depravity of inanimate things.

After picking up the wheel I looked around at my audience. I hardly expected applause, but thought I might reasonably look for mirth. I was even prepared to laugh heroically with them, but not a smile was visible. They all seemed interested, but not amused. They were reserving their merriment. The next time I had better luck. I succeeded in getting on the seat. This made it more interesting for the spectators, because when the wheel lunged, ran around in circle and then collapsed, the situation was a good deal more ridiculous. As a source of amusement I saw it was going to be a success. After this fall, the men who had been lounging on the front gates sauntered up to where I was. The small boys, who had been viewing operations from a respectful distance, also drew around me. I was at the flood-tide of my misery.

I no longer regarded the bicycle as a soulless thing of steel, nickel and wood. It was a treacherous and emphatically animate monster to be put down at any cost. I grasped it savagely, placed it roughly in position and mounted. I had forgotten the audience. The men advised, the boys jeered and the women laughed; I heard, I saw, but did not heed. I was mad. I was going to do or die, and several times the chances seemed greatly with the second alternative.

At last I got the wheel to go around. A thrill of joy went through me. I saw the landscape slip by. I felt myself passing rapidly through space. The crowd which I had feared I now disdained. I was leaving them far behind. I felt that until that moment I had not known life. The hitherto existing relation of space to time was radically altered. It was almost as though a new world had been opened to me, and chief among all my delights was victory. On I spun over the fine country road; at last I was master—

I ought to have noticed that gravel bed. Exaltation is a good thing in its place, but its place is not astride a brand new wheel. I picked myself up laboriously. The wheel was only partially ruined. Just a matter of bent pedals and cramped handle-bars. I was a good deal worse used up myself, but that didn't matter. I had conquered the wheel, and henceforth I knew I would be master of that or any other wheel; and I am—Outing.

Science Hints.

Layman—I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs. Great Scientist (proudly)—I have. Layman—Have you found a remedy for any of them? Great Scientist—Well, no; but I have succeeded in finding good, long names for them all.—N. Y. Weekly.

In the early years of the present century there were in the world 33 tons of silver to one of gold.

A Prayer For the Queen.

Years ago there was a quaint old parson who ruled with a high hand (impossible now) in his parish. Only recently was he taken, at a very advanced age. He had a kind sympathy with his sovereign, grown old like himself. In Scotland the sovereign is prayed for in church in words chosen at the discretion of the officiating minister. That ancient priest was wont to say, every Sunday: "Lord have mercy on the queen. And now that she has become an old woman, make her a new man." I may venture to say that the individual interested in that very sincere petition thought it an extremely good one. It was better by far than when a bewildered youth, who had wholly forgotten the terms in which he was to utter the national prayers, after having named the sovereign, stood a space in awful silence, the congregation all gaping; then in desperation burst forth, "May she not be a wicked woman!"

There was a quite different kind of queen, for whom in certain kirks the prayers were once omitted. The elders waited on the ministers, and said that all the congregation desired that the unhappy person in question might be prayed for. And indeed it is inconceivable that any one who could pray for her husband should have had any difficulty in praying for any human being whatever. "Oh, yes," replied the minister; "I'll pray for the queen, if you wish it." Accordingly, on the next Sunday, the expectant flock listened to if they did not quite join in the remarkable words: "Lord, have mercy on the queen. Pardon her numerous and highly aggravated sins."—Longman's Magazine.

Born Criminals.

Born criminals no doubt there are in plenty, just as there are born greengrocers—that is to say, men and women whose circumstances and associations from birth have been such as to impel them toward a career of dishonesty, just as other men's opportunities and limitations lead them to a livelihood by a green grocery.

Born criminals again in another sense there are—that is to say, men born with stronger passions or weaker wills than the majority of their fellows—but these again can scarcely be said to constitute a criminal type, for whether their natural characteristics will lead them into crime or not is, after all, if you examine the matter closely, almost entirely a question of circumstance. Placed in certain circumstances, the man whose temper is rather worse than the average, whose fear of the law is rather less, whose instinct for honesty is rather weaker, will fall into crime. In other circumstances, if he is free from the temptations caused by poverty or is restrained by the influence of his friends or his family, he will remain a respectable member of society. In a word, we shall be inclined to believe, till evidence to the contrary is produced, that the difference between those of us who are confined within jail walls and those who retain their freedom takes its origin more often from a difference of circumstances than from any very marked difference of character at the outset.—Contemporary Review.

Jowett's Sarcasm.

Professor Jowett's comments on the young men in Balliol often took the form of crushing sarcasm. "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you," he once said, "perhaps too highly, but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself." After a lengthy survey of one's person, as if one was some rare animal, he has been known to ask of the instructor, "Mr. A. is an intelligent young man, is he not, Mr. Y.?"

In 1786 congress provided for the issuing of four coins—a \$10 goldpiece, a dollar of silver, a 10 cent piece and a copper cent.

The invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 women.

The English language is spoken by only about 125,000,000 persons, while the Chinese is spoken by over 400,000,000.

Cancer Of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease. Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.



ST. VITUS' DANCE

A Nervous Disease Characterized by Involuntary and Purposeless Spasms.

It Occurs Most often in Girls; is Often Hereditary, but Articular Rheumatism and Scarlet Fever Predispose to it.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.

Notwithstanding the poor results with us, Thanksgiving is none the less a day of rejoicing. Many charities have been dispensed and through numerous instrumentalities the necessities and sufferings of many a worthy person have been relieved. Absent members of households reunite at the old homestead and gathered around the festal board recount the incidents that have taken place and the various blessings that have been vouchsafed them, since they assembled at the last annual meeting by the same fireside. It is a time for memory and for joy. Among the countless families of Chicago there is perhaps, not one to-day that feels a deeper sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Collier, of 4904 Armour Avenue.

Mr. Collier, who is the electrician at the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad shops in this city came here from Hamilton, Canada, a little more than nine years ago accompanied by his wife and little daughter, their only child Etta, then aged four. Little Etta was a bright and beautiful girl, but not a very robust one. For the last few years she had been somewhat ailing, but her condition was not such as to create any uneasiness in the minds of her parents, who almost idolized her. In the school she was regarded as one of the brightest scholars of her class and was the little over two years of age, her intellect was phenomenal. She was possessed, however, of a very nervous temperament which is frequently the case with children of her advanced intelligence. Early in the month of June last, owing to a sudden fright, she was thrown into violent spasms, to recover only to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. The consternation of her parents may well be imagined.

Of course the best physicians were summoned at once but their efforts to restore her to her normal condition were devoid of result. She continued to grow worse, her appetite wholly failed and commencing with her right arm her whole right side and lower limb became limp, numb, and useless and what little nourishment she was able to take had to be administered by others. To add to the seriousness of the case she was unable to obtain any sleep whatever.

It was while in this deplorable condition hovering between life and death with all the prospects of a premature grave before her, that one day on returning home from his duties Mr. Collier found awaiting him a newspaper, which an old acquaintance in Hamilton, his former place of residence, had sent to him by mail. In the local columns he read of the case of a certain person he had known years before having been permanently cured of the complaint of which his own daughter was now suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He had often heard and read before marvellous accounts of the efficacy of this remedy but as no names were given he was personally familiar with the case he read it with interest and disbelief the statements. But here before his eyes was apparent evidence from one he knew. He therefore lost no time in making assurance doubly sure and as soon as he learned that the story was absolutely true, he lost no time in procuring the Pink Pills for his suffering daughter. This was on the 15th of September. Prior to this date and after consulting doctors of different schools of medicine, he had taken her to the Homeopathic Dispensary where her case was discussed by all the members of the faculty who unanimously declared in the presence

of the class that there was no longer any hope to be held out as it was a malady which in this instance at least was incurable. It was therefore with a feeling of utter despair that Mrs. Collier first began to administer the Pink Pills.

She says a perceptible change came over the little one before even the second box had been emptied and how after having used six boxes her health is entirely restored. In the early part of her illness her intellect was very much clouded. She had become extremely dull of comprehension hardly realizing the meaning of words when addressed. Seen to-day in the cheerful home of the Colliers on Armour Avenue, she is the personification of health. Her nervousness has entirely disappeared, her intellect is bright, keen and active, her strength has returned and the roses in her cheeks attest to the complete recovery of her bodily health.

She is now ready to resume her music lessons and as soon as the schools open after the holidays she will again take up the studies which she so suddenly left off on that eventful June day. The sister-in-law of Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Lewis, who was present at the interview emphatically confirmed all that Mrs. Collier has said regarding the past and present condition of little Etta, adding that a famous physician in Hamilton invariably recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases as this and many others. Mrs. Collier herself has for a number of years been a constant sufferer from a female complaint which so far has baffled the skill of the doctors, and during a period of less than six months her husband has expended two hundred dollars in fees for medicine. She has now begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and while it is too early to announce a cure in her case she feels so much improved as to express the belief that her physical troubles will shortly be of the past. These are some of the reasons why the Collier family return thanks on this our national day of praise and festivity.

The above is a correct statement of facts concerning my little daughter and myself. Mrs. A. COLLIER. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of December, 1896.

DAN GREENE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists. Thousands of boxes have been disposed of. This was one of the few remedies which was not cut in price during the recent drug war. This fact shows that the price is within the reach of all. Their cures are positive and permanent. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, nervous prostration and "that tired feeling," which is a result of the latter. It also is a permanent cure for all diseases resulting from vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, erysipelas, skin diseases; diseases peculiar to women, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. The pills build up the general health, thicken the blood and send it coursing through the veins with renewed life. And one very peculiar thing about this remedy is that there are no unpleasant after effects. Thousands of former sufferers are now rejoicing to know that they are cured. Children may take them with perfect safety. These pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. The public should beware of fraudulent imitations, as many unscrupulous medicine companies have been making far inferior imitations.

Advertisement for a windmill or similar device, featuring an illustration and text about 'CUT PRICES' and 'WINDMILLS'.

Advertisement for 'My Bread Rises to Explain...' featuring an illustration of a loaf of bread and text about 'That absolute cleanliness attends its every condition...'.

Advertisement for 'Pastries, Cake and Confections...' featuring an illustration of a baker and text about 'Resulting in purity and wholesome given to lunches for socials and parties'.

Advertisement for 'WILSON, THE BAKER...' featuring an illustration of a baker and text about 'Resulting in purity and wholesome given to lunches for socials and parties'.

Advertisement for 'SWAYNE'S OINTMENT' featuring an illustration of a person and text about 'ABSOLUTELY CURES' and 'ITCHING PILES'.

Advertisement for 'Wanted—An Idea' featuring an illustration of a person and text about 'Who can think of some simple thing to give you wealth?'.

Large advertisement for 'GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC' featuring an illustration of a child and text about 'MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS FIGS' and 'IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.'.