California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

W. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California,
Analyst California State Board of Health, etc., etc.

No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

Ravages of the Influenza.

"Emperor Francis Joseph is suffering from la grippe." "Mme. Modjeska is prostrated from a severe attack of influenza." "Justices Brown and Lamar, of the United States supreme court, are confined to their rooms with severe attacks of la grippe." "King William, of Wurtemberg, is seriously ill with influenza." "Seventy cadets at Annapolis are down with la grippe." "Alfred Cellier, the composer, died today from influenza." "Major McKinley is confined to his bed with the grip." "Elizabeth McLaw cut her throat today while crazed with la grippe." "Mme. Janauschek is confined to her room with influenza." "The hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, his wife and daughter, are suffering from influenza." "Sir William Arthur White, British embassador to Turkey, died today from influenza." "Archduke Ernest died in Vienna of influenza." "The influenza is raging in the South Sea islands of the Pacific," says a Melbourne dispatch. "At Windsor, N. Y., while suffering from la grippe, William Trost committed suicide." "Archduke Sigismund died in Vienna of influenza. He was a cousin of the Austrian kaiser." "Von Bulow, the great pianist, is serious ill with influenza."

So run the telegraphic dispatches from all over the world.

An Anticorn Law Leader Dead.

Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor had so long retired from public life that the announcement of his death will recall an almost forgotten name. But in his active days he did splendid public service. He was an aggressive Radical when Radicalism was unpopular, and the weak and downtrodden had always in him an ardent and active friend.

As a member of the Anticorn Law league, a defender of Mazzini, a champion of the northern states during the American civil war, a determined opponent of the game laws, compulsory vaccination and grants to royalty, he did much to stir up public feeling on these subjects, and when, after a parliamentary career of twenty-two years, he retired, owing to ill health, the cause of reform lost an honest and outspoken champion.

Mr. Taylor was wealthy, but gave liberally, and he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance as a man who singularly sincere, unselfish and of earnest purpose, did much for the public weal.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Did More Than Was Expected.

For hundreds of miles in the vicinity of Lake Austin, western Australia, there has been such a prolonged drouth that crops of all kinds have suffered. A number of farmers combined to bear the expense of rain producing experiments and £600 was subscribed. Walter Murchison, a chemist, was engaged, and after a fortnight's preparation a series of explosions were followed in less than four hours by drenching showers.

The atmospheric concussions not only produced copious falls of rain, but had an utterly unexpected but equally desirable effect upon the rabbits. The thundering explosions killed tens of thousands of rabbits, which had for years preyed upon the crops.—Yankee Blade.

A Jury with Hard Sense.

From a town almost near enough to Philadelphia to be called a suburb comes a story of unique dispensation of justice by a jury from around about the vicinity. The case was one in which the prosecution was brought by a young woman against a young man. Despite the eloquent pleading of the lawyer for the fair one, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, and then proceeded to assess the defendant a fourth of the costs, the prosecutrix a fourth, the constable who arrested the prisoner a fourth, and the justice of the peace who sent the case to court a fourth. The judge remarked that that wasn't much of a jury for law, but it was strong in the way of common sense.—Philadelphia Record.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

To introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

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Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

N. P. N. U. No. 518—S. F. N. U. No. 565

On a Late Startling Event.

The late lamented Jeames Yellowplush in his happiest moments never surpassed a touch which we find in a recent description of a funeral in New York. Among those present was a gentleman who is not in any sense a public man nor a seeker of newspaper notoriety. He is a very rich man, however, and this fact evidently filled the observant Jeames' buzzum with awe and reverence.

"The young man," says Jeames, with bated breath, "whose wealth is computed at over fifty millions, stood an attentive, devout and sad participant in the obsequies," his "pale face, fringed just beneath the ears with tufts of black whiskers, wore a melancholy expression. He was attired in a neat fitting suit of black, black gloves and tie. He stood when the congregation rose, knelt when it knelt and sat when it sat. Throughout the long service he remained with set, saddened face, and most of the time with bowed head. Never once did he glance around to see who was there and not once did he exchange words with his pew companion."

Jeames was overcome. A gentleman behaved like a gentleman, and yet, strange to say, he is computed to be worth fifty millions of dollars! Evidently the awe stricken Jeames supposes that a man so rich might be naturally expected to wear a red coat and yellow breeches at a funeral, to rise when the congregation sat down, to sit down when it rose and to dance a jig when it knelt. That a rich man should condescend to be a gentleman evidently amazes Jeames, and with trembling fingers he records the wondrous fact, which is then placed within the possession of every friend of humanity for the insignificant sum of two cents. These are the things that inspire respect and admiration for a free and independent press.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost in an Abandoned Mine.

An old gold mine near Georgetown, Cal., long since deserted by its owners, is still visited by miners who take out an occasional grub stake.

Henry Fraser, an old Georgetown miner, went into the mine ten days ago to work a claim about a mile underground. He lost his candle and matches, and was unable to find his way among the hundreds of passages.

For ten days he was without food, water or light, and suffered untold agonies. His friends grew anxious at his long absence and started out in search of him. They immediately repaired to the mine and found him more dead than alive, about a mile from the mouth of the tunnel.

The mine is under an old river channel, and varies from 25 to 100 feet in width. This has been all worked out, leaving an irregular chamber from 10 to 14 feet in height, filled with rocks and gravel. To reach this channel Fraser had to pass through a tunnel 700 feet in length. It was only after tiresome search that his friends found him.—Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Thirteen Daring Young Men.

If thirteen young men—lawyers and physicians—who have just organized a Thirteen club in this city, can find a haunted house to meet in they will be most happy. The organization is nearly complete, the bylaws and rule have been drawn up and adopted, and the only thing lacking is the haunted house. If this cannot be found it is proposed to use the dead house owned by the town. Among the rules are almost everything superstitious people avoid. The president is to sit under an open umbrella during all meetings and at the quarterly dinners. A ladder will be raised in the room, and every member entering will pass under it. A crosseyed janitor will be secured, and one of the members whose hair is fiery red will be obliged to enter the meeting room first every time it is opened.

A skeleton will be seated opposite the president at every feast, and two black cats will be purchased and kept in the clubroom. Each member takes a solemn obligation to look at the new moon over his left shoulder, pass on each side of a post when two are walking together, walk between any couples who may be seen talking together on the street, and do everything contrary to the accepted custom. The meetings will be held on Friday evenings, and if any member has to make a journey he will start on Friday or the 13th of the month.—New Haven Cor. New York Sun.

Curious Tomb of a Kentuckian.

Several weeks ago Mr. James Golden, a well known lumber dealer of Hickman, Ky., died there and was buried with a strict conformity with the provisions of a remarkable will. He had while in health a strong fear of being buried alive, fostered probably by reading accounts of the few cases of this kind that are known to have occurred, and he determined to take no chances in that line that could possibly be avoided. He caused a tomb to be erected, and in that tomb had an opening left on the east side large enough for a man to pass through. This was covered with glass.

In his will he stipulated that a strong hammer should be placed in the casket with him, and that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down, so that if by chance he should be consigned to the tomb before his life was extinct he might, if he gained power to move, push off the lid and with the hammer break out the glass in the opening left for the purpose and thus escape a lingering, horrible death. His instructions were faithfully obeyed. Friends took it upon themselves to watch the tomb and be near in case the gentleman's fears should prove well founded and render him assistance. But death came with an unerring shot, and he still slumbers peacefully in his casket.—Columbus (Ky.) Forum.

A LOG CABIN SONG.

I know dat de weather is chilly and cole—
Be in time! Be in time!
Yet de jes'mine flower's bright as gole—
In its prime! In its prime!

Hit bloomin bright, hit bloomin light—
In its prime! In its prime!
For I plant it on a moonlight night;
See it climb! See it climb!

I brought it from de darkly swamp—
See it climb! See it climb!
I brought it from de chilly damp—
Be in time! Be in time!

I plant an name it for my beau—
Be in time! Be in time!
Hit wind aroun my cabin do'—
See it climb! See it climb!

If he should cease to love me true—
Be in time! Be in time!
Dat jes'mine hit would wither too—
In its prime! In its prime!

—Eli Sheppard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A TENDERFOOT.

"Speakin—of—tenderfeet," said Jim Harden, as with a critical air he packed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, preparatory to relighting that article—"speakin of tenderfeet reminds me of one I knowed oncet, sence which time I hev be'n a whole lot more respective in speakin of 'em.

"'Twas in the summer of 18—. I was then workin fer Ole Harvey Skerrett, who kep' store an run a ranch down at Three Forks, in th' foothills.

"Near Skerrett, 'bout two miles away, Ole Si Hendershott hed a ranch. He likewise hed 'bout th' purtiest an nicest darter thet ever wore millinery, an Si, he was proper proud of her, you bet. Moreovermore, all of us galoots 'round Three Forks was up to our back hair in love with her—plumb, tearin, wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That war Perry Roane, a young rancher from down th' creek 'bout ten mile. Perry, he cut us all out, 'thout half tryin, 'cause he was a big, han'some cuss an well fixed, besides havin been t' school lots when a kid. So he went in an winned—almost. That is t' say, he froze us out an kep' reg'lar comp'ny with Hetty.

"I guess 'twas all settled that they was t' be hitched some time or other, when 'bout May along come a feller from Boston with a letter to Ole Si from some relation o' his'n, an jes' camped right at Si's fer th' summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genooine fottygrapher, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper an pencils an colors in little lead squirt guns, an draws red, white an blue sunsets, likewise funny lookin trees an bowlders. He talked like a book an called all th' boys 'Mister,' besides saying 'Beg parding' if he didn't hear what ye said first time.

"Sure 'nough, we guyed th' chap lots at first, but Spenceley—that wuz th' tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned nice an pleasant an took a joke so easy, we all got t' likin him tiptop. All 'xcept Perry Roane. He hated him lots soon's he seen him. 'Cause why? Jest 'cause Spenceley was under th' same roof with Hetty, an he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad fer him, 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty wa'n't much stuck on him, anyhow, an had only promised t' marry him t' please th' ole man. Ye see Perry was a good deal of a bully, an drank considerable, an then there was an ole story 'bout his havin' skipped out from th' states, leavin a wife that died a little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Si. He had his eye on Perry's pile, an was willin t' take chances on makin Perry treat Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole man was a toler'ble dangerous cuss himself.

"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin sort of soft on Hetty himself, an 'most ev'ry day they'd go wanderin 'round th' country, drawin, an fishin, an so on, an in th' evenin when Perry come over t' set awhile he'd find Mister Artist there in th' settin room, cool as a cucumber an polite as polite, him not knowin that Perry had a first filin on th' calico. An Hetty, jest like any woman, 'njoyed it all immense.

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin, happenin t' be at th' store an meetin Spenceley there, he walks up an says t' him: 'See here, my pale faced an weak eyed consumptive. D'ye know whose toes you've been steppin on?'

"Spenceley looked at him kind of queer, but said he didn't know as he'd hurt anybody.

"'Well,' says Perry, 'it's my toes, and it'll pay you t' climb from under, 'fore something draps on ye. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendershott's company? Better find out and take care of yourself.' And Perry started t' go out, swaggering, but th' artist says, real sharp, 'Mr. Roane, I wasn't aware that I was interfering with you. If I am, however, and you don't like it, I'm sorry; but I wish you t' understand that nyther you n'r any other rowdy can bluff me one bit. D'ye understand?'

"Perry turned like he'd ben kicked. It was th' first time we'd ever heerd him sassed and we was looking for th' artist feller t' get bruised a whole lot. But he wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute and seen there was no scare there, so he jest turned and walked out, grumbling and cursing.

"Somebody hid, took a shot at Spenceley a few nights later, but he never kicked none, only come up t' th' store an blowed hisself in for a forty-four an took shots at a mark ev'ry day—jes' fer sport, he sez, but I kinder s'mised he was 'xpectin Mister Roane an him'd hev trouble in th' near foochur, which was c'rect.

"One day not longer arter this some galoot brung word thet th' 'Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an was chawin ev'rythin in sight—an, moreovermore, comin our way, an not fur off, nuther. Nope, we didn't wait none. Me'n an the ole man jes' tuk all th' dust in th' box, hid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an lit out fer Hendershott's t' tell them. Thar Skerrett leaves me, him havin th' fastest little mustang in the kentry, an goes on t' tell folks, ez many ez he kin.

"Wa-al, Hendershott's folks was ready, real sudden, only Old Si, he wouldn't go. Sez he: 'I hain't goin one foot. This here's all I've got, 'cept th' ole lady an Hetty, an I'm goin t' stay right here an hold it. Ef them wimmen hed me an no ranch they'd be wuss off nor nothin.' An thar Ole Si staid, an bundled me 'n th' artist an the women folks off fer Chloride quick. Th' wimmen was in a light waggin, little Jose, a Greaser kid, drivin, an two Greaser girls on th' back seat. Me 'n Spenceley rid the bronco back 'longside.

"'Long in th' arternoon, 'bout 3, we looked over south, an here come a feller on hossback, like a streak o' greased lightnin, throwin dust like th' very dooce—an back o' him, 'bout two 'r three miles, come 'bout a dozen 'r fifteen fellers—near as we c'd guess—also kickin up a big cloud.

"'Twas a good ten mile t' Chloride and we thought we was goners, fer of course we didn't s'pose them last fellers was nothin but Injuns.

"Spenceley set his teeth an looked at his guns, an so did I. Then he rid up t' th' waggin, give Hetty a six shooter, sayin somethin I didn't hear, and told th' boy t' make them mules fly. Then he come back whar I wuz an sez real quiet, 'D'ye think we kin hold 'em off long 'nough, Mr. Harden?' I guessed yes, but great Scott! didn't I wish I was outer that!

"Th' lone chap come racin up. 'Twas Perry Roane, whiter'n a gravestone. He didn't stop, only yelled 'Injuns!' an kep' on going, not stoppin t' say 'Hello!' t' Hetty in th' waggin—jes' kep' on, headed fer Chloride. Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled up an sez, 'Stampeded!'

"We waited, all ready for them Injuns, but when they come up th' blood sort of come back t' my heart agen, 'cause we c'd see a mile off thet they was white—surveyors an cowboys; some stampeded theirselves, we foun out.

"Things got quiet in a day 'r so, fer it happened thet Uncle Sam hed a lot o' sojers lyin in camp near Chloride, an th' way they kep' them Injuns movin back south was real lively.

"Wal, in a week 'r so up come Mister Roane, jes 'z big ez life, an ez chipper, an goes t' Hendershott's when th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out ridin. I reckon him 'n Hetty jes' hed a real lovely row. He hed th' gall t' tell 'er thet he was jes' ridin fer a doctor fer a sick cowboy, an hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an talked real rough t' the cuss, I reckon.

"'Bout 5 o'clock little Jose come ridin t' th' store in a hurry, an tole us he hed be'n listenin t' Hetty an Roane talkin, an all of a sudden he heerd a little scream. Nex' thing he seen Roane carryin Hetty outer th' door an puttin 'er in his buggy—she lookin like she'd fainted—an Roane druv off, an Jose lit out fer th' store, meetin Spenceley on th' way, an tellin him.

"Th' ole man an I guessed th' same thing—he'd doped th' girl with chloryform, 'r somethin', an lit out for Mineral Point, whar Eph Hines, a justice of th' peace, lived. I don't know how we come t' think of it; but I hed read o' sech things, an so had Si, I reckon. Lord, but th' ole chap looked tur'ble! He didn't say nothin, but he looked like he was thinkin lots, an it didn't take me'n him long t' git t' Mineral Point, fifteen mile—bad trail too. When we got near th' burg Ole Si loosened up, an ef he didn't cuss fer fifteen minutes I'm a jay.

"We rid up t' Hines', ready t' shoot, an Si kicked th' door open, an there, on th' floor, lyin tied han's an feet, was Perry Roane—an Spenceley, kind of flustrated, but smilin, riz up, an pointin t' Hetty, who was settin in a cheer, lookin kind of pale, sez, 'Gentlemen, let me interjuce my wife.'

"'Twas this way: Roane—he's doin time now—hedn't drugged th' gyurl, only gagged 'er, an, between thar an th' point, hed made 'er promise t' marry him an make no fuss, 'r else he'd kill him an her both—an he meant it. Hines was jest gettin ready fer th' performance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an caught 'im in th' gun arm, an him an Hines, who tumbled at oncet, tied th' cuss, arter which he ast Hetty t' marry him on th' spot, an she done it.

"No, I don't never play low on no tenderfoot."—R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Several Useful Aprons.

A convenient and pretty housekeeping apron is made of striped blue and white linen, with all the edges on the bib, belt and pocket of bias bindings of dark blue cambric. The apron is made long enough to nearly cover the dress and the skirt nearly meets in the back. The wide and high bib is fulled into a band at the top, and is held in place by a bias shoulder strap, piped with blue, that begins at the bib in the back and fastens to the corners of the bib in front with buttons and buttonholes. The skirt of the apron, instead of being gathered into the usual band, has a band that is shaped like a pointed yoke in front.

A charming little afternoon apron is of brocaded white China silk, with an applique border of heavy white lace across the foot and sides of the apron. The lace is carried up to a point in the middle of the front of the apron and gradually narrows on the side; at the top the silk is turned in and shirred, with a heading an inch wide. White or colored ribbon is used to fasten the apron. This apron is quite as dressy and useful when made of black China silk.

A bathroom apron, that a mother has found most serviceable when giving her little ones a bath, consists of a large square of flannel, heavy and twilled. The deep hem is feather stitched with silk, and has a spray of flowers in silks worked in one corner. The top is finished so that the ribbon run in it for a belt can be easily taken out when it goes to the laundry. A daintier apron is made from fine white lawn ties, with embroidered ends set together with German Valenciennes lace. A pair of the ties are used for the strings.—New York Post.

Lists of People's Names.

"We frequently have demands made upon us for lists of names that we are absolutely unable to fill," said a member of one of the business address companies of the city recently.

"It is, of course, an easy matter for us to supply the names and addresses of nearly every man engaged in any particular profession or calling in the country. We estimate that we can furnish about 600,000 names, if any one should want that number. It has, of course, been the work of years to collect these, and then they need frequent revision to bring them up to date.

"The orders that we are unable to fill are such as these. One day a man came in here and asked me calmly enough for the address of all the redheaded men in the country. Of course I was unable to help him, for there is no means known to me of collecting such information.

"The man's reason was that he desired to send circulars recommending a hair bleach that he claimed would, without injury to the capillary growth, act chemically upon the pigment and turn the same a dark brown. He assumed, of course, that red haired men were all sensitive of the fact, and would, if they could without injury, change its natural shade.

"That is but one of several cases," continued the man. "For instance, we have had an application for the names of all men having suffered amputation of the limbs. This came from a dealer in a newly patented composition for artificial limbs. A manufacturer of glass eyes once sent in for the names and addresses of men blind in one eye. We have had other requests of a similarly ridiculous nature."—New York Herald.

Dom Pedro's Garter.

Dom Pedro was a Knight of the Garter, having been invested by the queen during his visit to Europe in 1871. His death did not create a vacancy in the order, as, like other royal personages, he was an extra knight. It is probable that the Comte d'Eu will come to England in a few weeks in order that he may personally deliver up his father-in-law's insignia to the queen.—London World.

Boarding Lunatics Out.

An experiment is about to be tried in France where 100 lunatics will shortly be sent to the Department of the Cher and placed in the houses of farmers and other people who are willing to take care of them.—Galignani Messenger.

A whale recently captured in arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

The Russian government intends to construct a harbor solely for commerce at Poti, leaving Batoum as a strongly fortified point for military purposes only.

IS DYSPEPSIA A MYTH

A DISEASE NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO DEFINE OR LOCATE.

It May Mean Worry, Too Much Imagined Goodness or Twenty Other Things—Hard Workers and Rough Eaters Do Not Have It—Don't Blame It on the Stomach.

Some time ago we read something in one of our exchanges in which the writer held that it was all wrong that we should even for a moment entertain the idea that there existed such a thing as progressive physical racial deterioration, and this optimistic writer would make us believe that the generally accepted idea that we are fast becoming a nation of dyspeptics had no foundation in fact, but that, on the contrary, evidence would show that dyspepsia was much more prevalent 50 years ago than now.

We hate to undeceive any cheerful human being, but we cannot but feel that the optimistic writer is laboring under a fond delusion, which it is our unpleasant task to dispel. What is this disagreeable and ill behaved condition that renders the lord of creation so miserable, robs him of all spirit and makes him feel like the wicked and repentant Nebuchadnezzar as he crawled on all fours?

The discovery of the art of cookery may have given a larger list of food whence man might make up his bill of fare, and many imagine that the art has greatly contributed toward health and the lengthening of human life. There are many good reasons to make us doubt these conclusions. Primitive man living on grapes, berries, nuts and grasshoppers, with milk and honey for relishes and wild onions for appetizers must have been the very soul of optimism and health. Those evil genii, the distiller, brewer and cook, had not begun their interminable duel with the apothecary and the doctor, with poor, miserable man and his stomach for a battlefield, and primitive man was consequently not dyspeptic, gouty nor uremic. Has the stomach of man changed since those happy days, and what has the stomach really to do with dyspepsia?

It has been asserted, and not without reason, that the Caucasian has more endurance than any other race, and that in comparison with contemporary animals he excels in capacity for work and endurance. There is no doubt but that his stomach has endurance and capabilities that nearly equal those of the ostrich, rhinoceros or camel.

The Scotch highlander swallows his undersdone oatmeal porridge, feeling that its rawness will retard its digestion, and not compel him to replenish his furnace for many hours. On the same principle the Irishman swallows his national mess of potatoes "boiled with a stone in the center"—that is, only the outer layer of the potato being boiled at all—also an expedient learned by experience that a half raw potato will last as long as three well cooked ones. The French peasant makes his meals of a bread made of a mixture of peas, rye, beans or wheat flour ground up, husks and all, into one mass. This, with the addition of a little cheese of questionable age and some acrid wine, may serve for breakfast, dinner or supper. Now, what is of particular interest to us is the fact that none of the examples given are troubled with dyspepsia. It is well known that Ireland and Scotland present the greatest number of past centenarians, while for an all round long liver there is no nation on earth that excels the French.

The German can take down his regular government length or allowance of pea meal, sausage, sauerkraut, sour milk and home brewed lager beer, handle the flail all day and dance in his hobnailed shoes all night, filling in the interval with lunches of anything that comes handy.

The African stomach seems more to as similate to that of the ostrich or the rhinoceros. The amount required to satisfy the ordinary appetite of the son of Ham is something incredible. The more he eats the shinier his skin glows. We never knew one to require any pepsin even after a dinner of a 3-pound fish, a pound of roast, half a dozen eggs, olives, pickles, potatoes, beets, turnips and other things, with some dessert and coffee.

Evidently dyspepsia cannot be said to depend on overfilling the stomach with odds and ends as if it were a secondhand junkshop or some back yard swilltub.

By discarding the idea of stomach complication in any connection when treating dyspepsia we will be more likely to reach the true origin, cause or seat of the disease. Some cases have yielded up to exercise systematically employed, while others recover under a few days of absolute rest. The numbers of so called dyspepsias that are cured by the disappearance of business, domestic or social annoyance are nearly unlimited. An overdue note in the possession of a bottle nosed and beetle eyed creditor is more productive of dyspepsia than a meal of secondhand carpet tacks. In fact, it may be a safe thing to assume that in dyspepsia we had better look in the garret, closet or cellar of the dyspeptic's house, or among his business or social relations, rather than to his stomach for the solution of the difficulty.

With Americans dyspepsia has several factors. The silly habit of treating or being treated in the saloons is a fruitful source of renal disease, toxæmia, and resulting dyspepsia. There is no doubt that in our system of education we obtain a prolific source of dyspepsia.

There is one education that is sadly neglected in America—that of the palate or stomach. In the trying American climate man must either eat sufficiently or suffer the consequences of not doing so. Incomplete nutrition and consequent enervation must be the inevitable results of the meager diet on which too many of our people accustom themselves to live.

Another source of our dyspepsia is our civilized and enforced antipathy to all innocent and healthful amusements. To such as see only evil in amusements, dyspepsia—mental, moral and physical—must be a natural and incurable condition unless their natures are so intensely animal that they are unconscious of their loss on the same principle that a cannibal is unconscious of his nakedness.

A cheerful soul that believes in the wisdom of the Creator and is not at every turn thinking how much better he might have made the world, who now and then churns up the region below the diaphragm with a hearty laugh or sends a cheerful message to the solar plexus denoting that he is in harmony with God and nature, living in peace and good will with the rest of mankind—who is, in fact, an optimist and a practical philanthropic Christian—can never become a dyspeptic.—P. C. Remondino in National Popular Review.

Electricity for Deafness.

The extent to which electricity is being used in legitimate medical practice is rapidly on the increase, and many of the new devices for applying it have distinct merit. A recently invented apparatus for the cure of deafness comprises a battery, a belt, an electrode supporter on the belt, and shaped to rest on the ear, and connections between the electrode and the battery. This provides a convenient and efficient mode of receiving the current, which can be applied in finely graduated strength.—Exchange.

Mining 300 Tons of Salt Daily.

The immense salt deposit on Carmen island, Gulf of California, is being developed by a company which recently bought it for $500,000. The output is about 300 tons daily. Much of it will be sent to Mazatlan, to be used in the mines of Cinaloa for the reduction of refractory ores mined in that district.—New York Times.

Lothar Bucher, Bismarck's former private secretary, is preparing his master's memoirs. Bucher was a revolutionist of 1848. He is the author of some of the ablest political pamphlets of the day. He is said to be a man of wonderful ability.

A fund is being raised by the Danish students of Chicago for the purpose of erecting a monument to Hans Christian Andersen in Lincoln park.

TROOPING TO THE SASKATCHEWAN

Why are American farmers trooping into the Saskatchewan district of the Canadian Northwest Territories? The answer is simple. Settlers from the Eastern States are unable to find suitable unoccupied land in the Western States; the young men who were born and raised in the West look about for land and cannot find it near home, and of those who have land some have necessity for more. They want first-class farming land that does not require irrigation; they want rich grass land for their cattle, and they want it cheap. They find that they can attain such land in all quantities, some of it free and as much as they want at $3 an acre, and that as a settler need pay only a tenth of the purchase money down, with nine years to pay the rest, his land increases in value far above the purchase price long before his payments are due. And the men of Washington, Oregon and Western States see by the map that they have not far to go; that lines run up from the boundary at several points to Calgary and Edmonton, and that the lands to be acquired are along the line of railway and within easy reach of a station. It is no wonder therefore that there is a quiet but extensive movement among American farmers to get to this Northern Alberta country, and that the lands from fifty miles north of Calgary to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan and beyond it are very eagerly sought. In several parts, where two years ago only a small railway station marked the district, mixed colonies of Canadians and Americans have now established themselves.

The Phonograph and the Dumb.

Recent tests in the use of the phonograph in the deaf and dumb institute at Indianapolis show that it is useful in concentrating sound upon the drum of the ear, so that many pupils otherwise deaf can hear it. It is thought by the superintendent that he can by this means soon teach the use of their voices to many mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.—Exchange.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments bred and fostered by outdoor exposure; infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with hurtfulness; strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

Time is money, the say. And it has been noticed that it takes a good deal of money to have a good time.

IMITATORS AND IMPOSTORS.

The unequaled success of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS as an external remedy has induced unscrupulous parties to offer imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S. It is an absurdity to speak of them in the same category as the genuine porous plaster. Their alleged equality with ALLCOCK'S is a false pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists and thousands of grateful patients unite in declaring ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS the best external remedy ever produced. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and accept no other.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS act upon the whole system.

This is the season when the average summer rounder has reached his last resort.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TAY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the *only* medicine that's *guaranteed* to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments. In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't *cure* you, we'll *pay* you—$500 in cash!"

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER, 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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was recommended and it helped me. I have taken three bottles and am entirely cured and enjoy good health and a good appetite. I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES J. O'BRIEN, 306 Richmond Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills.

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on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

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S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.

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