(4)

## GIRLS RUN THIS TOWN

### MARCELLUS, MICH., IS ENTIRELY IN THEIR HANDS.

**Control Politics and Business—Shave the Living and Bury the Dead—Go to Lodge and Club Meetings While the Husbands Stay Home—Now They Want More.**

The new woman is in her sphere in the village of Marcellus, Mich., which, if signs and pretensions are verified, will soon be controlled by the fair sex.

Marcellus will go down into history as a town practically run by the new woman, who not only controls the management of the public schools, but also has a word to say in the conduct of its political affairs, and in the administration of its varied business interests.

The town has the distinction of having the only woman undertaker in the United States. There also resides in the village a female barber, and it is needless to say she enjoys a generous patronage. These women are master hands in their respective professions, and are possessors of comfortable fortunes.

The movement, which has attracted more than state attention, first assumed form in 1893, when the poor management of the schools of the place resulted in the election of two women members of the board of education.

This was the starting point of the new woman movement, and the masculine portion of the village was dazed by the audacity of their wives and sweethearts.

Next spring, it is officially announced, the new women, under the leadership of Mrs. J. Cromley, who is the prime originator of the movement, will attempt by the ballot to secure the abolishment of the sale of intoxicating liquors in the village.

Three saloons are now doing business, but the agitation, which has been persistent, threatens to wipe them out.

The time has come in the affairs of the town when the men have been forced to acknowledge themselves back numbers. In many homes domestic affairs have simply changed about. The women now go to the lodge, ride the goat, attend the meetings of town clubs, while the husbands remain at home to care for the infants.

The first woman to go into business was Mrs. Anna Walters, the wife of the resident undertaker. Her husband was taken ill at a time when business was exceedingly brisk. He was without assistance, and in despair turned to his wife, who was not slow in mastering the exacting requirements of the business, and the wants of customers were given equally as good attention as though the husband himself had performed the last functions for the dead.

The result of Mrs. Walters' practical acquirement of the rudiments of the profession will be a partnership with her husband in the business. She is a typical new woman, claiming that her sex is better fitted not only in the manner of conducting business affairs, but that it takes a greater interest in making them successful than the men.

Mrs. Melissa Decker is another woman whose success has been nothing short of phenomenal. It is she who trims the public whiskers. She wields the razor deftly, shaves with skill, and for nine years has found time to hold a chair regularly in her husband's shop, calling "Next!" in a manner that would do credit to an old timer. Her fame has extended far and wide, and in consequence the patronage of the shop has doubled the last two years.

A notable instance of the growing power of the new woman is the ousting of the male janitor in the United Brethren church and the appointment of a woman as his successor. He was declared by the official church board to be incompetent, and Miss Ella Wilcox, a pretty girl, got the position.

Marcellus, the only town in Michigan practically controlled by the wives and sweethearts of its former rulers, promises to inaugurate a new era in the state's history.—New York Recorder.

**Eighteen Hundred Years After Death.**

When the pick used by the excavator at Pompeii gives forth a hollow sound when striking the great bed of lava, care is immediately taken to open the cavity that is known to be near. Into this cavity liquid plaster of paris is poured. The cavity serves as a mold, and the plaster soon hardens. When the lava has been removed, the statue obtained usually proves to be that of a woman or man in the agonizing convulsions of death, the limbs contorted and the features drawn out of shape just as they were when the person was overtaken by the flood of redhot lava 1,800 years ago. —St. Louis Republic.


## Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

## Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla


## FIGHT ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

**An Engineer's Desperate Struggle With a Drunken Fireman.**

Crazed by liquor, Barney Long of Schuylkill Haven, a fireman on a Reading coal train, the other night attempted to murder the engineer and steal the locomotive.

The crew, with W. H. White as conductor, started from Port Richmond, where Long, unknown to the crew, took on several bottles of liquor. On coming up the line the engineer, noticing that the supply of steam was getting low, remonstrated with the fireman for his negligence, when it was seen that he was intoxicated.

The steam becoming very low, the engineer cut loose from the train at Monocacy, three miles from Birdsboro, and started for the latter place to telegraph for assistance. Fireman Long was then crazed by the liquor, and, noticing that the engine was running empty, he climbed on the footboard of the large coal dirt burner and started to creep into the engineer's cab to stop the engine. On the narrow footboard of the rapidly moving engine the fight began.

The struggle was fierce and the engineer grasped a monkey wrench and commenced striking the fireman with it. He was unable to entirely subdue him, and when Birdsboro was reached, the engineer saw that a switch was thrown and that they were running into a siding. The locomotive was stopped and the engineer ran back.

Then the fireman, seeing the engineer off the engine, reversed it, but fortunately the switch was thrown again in time and the only damage done was the running of the engine off the track. The fireman was seriously injured, and it is thought his skull was fractured by the terrible beating.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Mercenary.**

The mercenary fighting man is a person who seldom receives his due reward during his lifetime or his just meed of fame after his death. The character is one so alien to the age in which we live, it belongs so entirely to the days when fighting was the only occupation for a gentleman, that it has forfeited alike our study and our sympathy. Volunteers we understand, but mercenaries we do not. The world apparently has grown to think that fighting as a profession—the bare trade of arms unconsecrated by any sentiment of cause or country—is not a noble thing and should not, however ably and gallantly followed, be adjudged the highest praise.

Possibly the world is right, but we suspect that change of system in the training of fighting men has had far more influence than mere abstract humanity in creating this opinion. In these days of short service and swift wars the old type of professional fighting man has become extinct. In every country the recruit is forced through a soldier's education at high pressure and returned to civil life as speedily as possible that he may earn money to pay for the education of others. No man, unless he be an officer, devotes his whole lifetime to the military calling, and consequently the few mercenaries—the name is too ignoble for them—who are known to us in these later times are without exception officers—Gordon, for instance, Valentine Baker and Hobart. It was not so of old, when the rule was once a soldier always a soldier, and the only school was war. Then few men dreamed of rising to command except through the ranks, and many gentlemen preferred to stay all their lives in the ranks or at highest to carry the ensigns of their companies. Veteran soldiers were worth their weight in gold, and though by no means innocent of rapacity followed their calling from sheer devotion to it and thought themselves unlucky if they died in their beds.—Macmillan's Magazine.

**Color Blind.**

John Dalton, without whose discovery of the laws of chemical combination chemistry as an exact science could hardly exist, was wholly color blind. His knowledge of the fact came about by a happening of the sort which we call chance. On his mother's birthday, when he was a man of 26, he took her a pair of stockings which he had seen in a shop window labeled:

"Silk, and newest fashion."

"Thee has bought me a pair of grand hose, John," said the mother, "but what made thee fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting in them."

John was much disconcerted, but he told her that he considered the stockings to be of a very proper go to meeting color, as they were a dark bluish drab.

"Why, they're red as a cherry, John," was her astonished reply.

Neither he nor his brother Jonathan could see anything but drab in the stockings, and they rested in the belief that the good wife's eyes were out of order until she, having consulted various neighbors, returned with the verdict, "Varra fine stuff, but uncommon scarlety."

The consequence was that John Dalton became almost the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the subject of color blindness. — Youth's Companion.

**Sure of It This Time.**

"John! John!"

Mr. Billus ceased snoring.

"What's the matter, Maria?"

"There's a man in the house. Listen!"

"What?"

"I heard a heavy foot on the stairway. Listen!"

Mr. Billus listened a moment.

"I don't hear anything."

"I do. There—I heard it again!"

There was no response but a snore.

"John!"

Another snore.

"John Billus, are you afraid to get up?"

No response.

Mrs. Billus lay down again.

"If you can stand it to have the house robbed," she exclaimed wrathfully, "I can."

At the end of half an hour she spoke again:

"John!"

No answer.

"John Billus!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I was mistaken. There wasn't any man in the house. And there isn't any man in the house now, either. Hear that, do you?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Nobody Can Remember.**

Miss Willard says it is no longer considered a breach of courtesy to decline a drink in Kentucky. When was the experiment ever tried?—Louisville Commercial.

## TAKE TO WASHING.

### WHY THE CHINESE LIKE THAT BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY.

**It Is So Much Easier Here Than at Home In China—Washing In Ice Covered Ponds and Beating Out the Dirt With Stones For Very Small Pay.**

Among the thousands of Chinamen in this city few, besides the store and restaurant keepers on Race street, follow any other calling than that of laundryman. Consequently many Americans believe that the majority of China's millions are laundrymen, who, when not squirting water through their teeth upon shirts and linen, spend their time eating rats and puppies or indulging in the questionable enjoyments of the "flower boats." The truth is that the Celestial Kingdom's 450,000,000 of tea drinkers do a smaller percentage of washing than any other large country. What little washable clothing they wear is cleansed in the paddy fields near the wearer's home, and only the Europeans and richer class of natives require the assistance of a washman.

That important item of expense, the wash bill, is reduced to a minimum in China, where the European's clothing is eagerly sought by young and old male natives, who are glad to do up in first class order white shirts, white waistcoats or anything at all for 75 cents per hundred. This will partly explain why our Chinese residents prefer to do our laundry work to waiting on our tables or sweating on a farm, as the money received for ironing and finishing a single white shirt will support him two days in his native country. Another reason is that when at work behind his ironing board, breathing the close air of his little shop, he appreciates the one hundred and one conveniences that he could not afford in China. Tubs, hot water, self acting soaps and washboards have not yet been introduced in his native home and have never been thought of by the poor beggars doing up shirts at three-quarters of a cent apiece. There they stand on the low shores of a paddy field, ankle deep in the mud and ooze, and after soaking the clothes slap them against the smooth stones put there for this purpose until the dirt becomes loosened and can be rubbed out with the hands.

Within the limits of the American settlement of the treaty port of Shanghai are several ponds filled with from two to four feet of rainwater. In summer these ponds are used by the washmen and for irrigating neighboring paddy and rice fields, while in winter the ice accumulating is carefully preserved.

The Chinese themselves do not use ice for any purpose, the most refreshing drink to them in the hot spells being boiling hot tea without milk or sugar. Since the advent of the foreigner the Chinaman has found that it pays to preserve the scanty ice of Shanghai during the short winters. The icehouses surrounding the ponds are low structures formed of wood, mud and thick layers of salt hay, with the floors raised slightly above the level of the water.

Adhering to his general rule of doing everything directly opposite to us "barbarians," John Chinaman does not believe in allowing the ice to form three or more inches, but as soon as a thin skin has formed he breaks it up and pushes it all through the narrow openings of the storehouses. The breaking of this thin ice makes it necessary for the poor natives to wade up to the hips in the water of the ponds and with rakes and hooks manage the ice so that it can reach the storehouses.

But to return to the workmen, who must work and live in winter as well as in summer. Not having hot water boilers and other luxuries, he must resort to the dirty ponds no matter how cold the weather. The ice, broken in the center of the pond, is allowed to get quite thick along the edges, making it necessary very often for the washman to cut through it before he can immerse his washing. The stiffened linen is then slammed up against the smooth stone, which soon turns into a small mound of ice as layer after layer of water is thrown upon it. The native keeps his feet incased in a covering of old clothing, rags and hay, while around his body are wrapped one or more blankets. As he goes through his cheerless as well as soapless operation he is gradually covered by the ice, which forms as soon as the water reaches his clothing. Taking into consideration all the trouble, hardship and inconvenience the laundryman in the Flowery Kingdom is compelled to endure while rendering white the foreign devil's linen, he does it much better than his more fortunate brother in this country, who returns our laundry in such a careless and independent fashion, and who receives, after deducting rent and all expenses, eight times more pay in return.—Philadelphia Times.

"How do you like your new wheel, Miss Splurge?"

"Splendidly! Why, Mr. Pedleman, do you know, it rides so easily that half the time it seems as though it wanted to run away with me!"

"Perfectly natural it should, I am sure. If I had its chances, I would do so too."—American Wheel.

**TAKE CARE OF THE CHEST.**

**And the Rest of the Body Will Take Care of Itself.**

"Take care of your chest," says a physical culture teacher, "and the rest of your body will take care of itself. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised and your head, spine and shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parents and teachers used to be, 'Throw your shoulders back!' But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body. The chest is the seat of all things spiritual, elevated and ennobling. Bring it into prominence and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature.

"It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton, his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain worker, his head is sure to be thrust well forward; but if he preserves a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body.

"It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in this way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say, 'Oh, how happy I am!' with sunken chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good long breath when he says anything optimistic and brave, for if he doesn't he might just as well say 'Have mercy on us miserable sinners.' The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the 'blues' or like maladies than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scares away all the bugaboos of pessimism.—New York Sun.

**Glory Sufficient.**

The barber's trade is everywhere recognized as honorable, but The Commercial Bulletin tells a story of one man who had peculiar reasons for magnifying his office.

There was once a hairdresser in Boston who numbered among his patrons many gentlemen of the medical profession. One day, when operating upon one of them, he broke forth in great glee:

"Vat you dink, dagtor? I haf been to dot hospital, und while I vait to go up und cut a man's hair I see marple busts of de dogtors. Dere was Dogtor Storer und dere vas Dogtor Peegelow mit de vig I dress for him dese dwenty years, in marple. Dink of dot! Von of my vigs in marple!"

**EASY COME, EASY GO.**

The man who creeps along bent over, with his spinal column feeling in a condition to snap like a pipestem at any minute, would readily give a great deal to get out of his dilemma, and yet this is only the commonest form by which lumbago seizes on and twists out of shape the muscles of the back. This is commonly known as backache, a crick in the back, but by whatever name it may be known, and however bad it may be, 10 minutes vigorous rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil on the afflicted part will drive out the trouble and completely restore. It is a thing so easily caught, it may be wondered at why there is not more of it, but because it is so easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil may be the very reason that we hear so little of it.

The shanghai rooster's dull and sad,
And stands on one leg all the day;
What makes his lordship feel so bad?
Alas! He has no Easter lay.

**THE RACK, THE THUMBSCREW AND THE BOOT**

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.


STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
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 16th 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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TRY GERMEA for breakfast.


"I hear Jack Fortescue is ill. What is the trouble?" "He was frost-bitten." "While he was skating?" "No; he proposed to a Boston girl."


## Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of so years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

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Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

# SEC'Y CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

## Col. R. M. Littler Recommends That Best of Remedies, Paine's Celery Compound.

For ten years secretary of the National Better and Egg Association and since 1882 secretary of the Chicago produce exchange, Col. Robert M. Littler has been in constant demand as a bureau of information by correspondents who recognize Chicago as the commercial center of the country.

When such people as Col. Littler, State Treasurer Colvin of New York, Modjeska, the actress, ex-Minister to Austria John M. Francis, and hosts of other equally responsible persons volunteer testimonials as to the wonderful virtue of Paine's celery compound, no sick or suffering person can with any show of reason hesitate to make use of the great remedy that has made so many people well. Col. Litlter says:

"I have used with great benefit several bottles of Paine's celery compound and have recommended it to my friends. It is a wonderful spring remedy."

Go to the busiest lawyer, editor or business man of your acquaintance who has taken Paine's celery compound. There are hosts of such professional men in every city who would hardly spare you a moment's time for strictly business matters. Ask one of them in his busiest hours whether he can recommend Paine's celery compound, and ten chances to one he'll say: "Sit down. No matter about my being busy; always glad to praise Paine's celery compound."

That is the feeling among people who have been made strong and well by Paine's celery compound. They never feel happier than when they can persuade some man or woman who is out of health to try Paine's celery compound. Next to doing good to one's self there is a delight in doing good to others. There is no more enthusiastic body of intelligent men and women throughout the country than the great army of those who have recovered health by the use of Paine's celery compound.

The vast majority of diseases that end disastrously might be quickly and permanently cured if sick persons could only be induced to take Paine's celery compound. If women, burdened beyond their strength with household cares, would only take Paine's celery compound, when they feel that dispirited, enervated condition coming on, they would escape the martyrdom of backache, headache, disordered liver and heart trouble.

Insead of being thin, nervous and unhappy they would experience the joy of perfect health, sound digestion and quiet nerves.

Paine's celery compound is just the remedy needed by women who are in continual ill-health and spirits, seemingly well one day and almost sick abed the next. Their trouble lies plainly in the want of good rich blood, and plenty of it, and in the consequent famished state of their nerves. Paine's celery compound should be taken without delay. It will restore the health and stop every tendency toward a debilitated condition.

## Breakfast Cocoa

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

"Save My Child!"

is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it."

Three sizes, 25c.; 50c.; $1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

## WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

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FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP - FOR CHILDREN TEETHING - For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

## American Type Founders Co.

Electrotypers Stereotypers...

Cor. Second and Stark Sts., Portland, Or.

**Business Rush.**

Take a run over to London and there try to do business before 10 and 11 in the morning, and learn how impossible it will be, because the Englishman is thoroughly imbued with the idea that business is an incident of and not the sole aim and end of life. There is no nation of the world wherein work is regarded as it is with us; no other nation "lives that it may work," as we do. They "work that they may live;" they thoroughly live while they live. We toil and slave that we may leave money to those who, because of our very work, will not inherit the vital strength to properly utilize and enjoy it.

Individual exceptions might seem to negative our assertion, but we are not dealing with individuals, but our nation as a whole, and as a whole we fear not contradiction of the assertion that the great American nervous system is in a deplorable condition of prostration, and that this lamentable condition of affairs has been the direct outcome of our methods of work, particularly during the past 80 years.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buss Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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