Life of a Locomotive.

Some careful experiments which have been made in England prove that the life of a locomotive is about 500,000 "train miles." In other words, that a locomotive of the latest approved pattern will run 500,000 miles before wearing out so as to be useless. In making this run of 500,000 miles the fire box will have to be renewed three times, the wheel tires five or six times and the crank axles from three to five times.

In a Hurry.

Mrs. Howson Lott—The tax collector left a bill this morning. They have changed the name of the road in front from a street to an avenue and doubled the tax rate.

Howson Lott—By Jove! I'll pay that bill at once, before they make another change and call it a boulevard.—Judge.

The Editor's Little Joke.

The proprietors of the Scotsman had once to pay damages because their famous editor, Alexander Russell, in a leading article, called some local celebrity a "serpent." As the calling of "bad'" names is illegal in Scotland, Russell had practically no defense. Yet he made a fight, and on being worsted he went straight back to his office to attack the triumphant "serpent'" anew.

On his arrival, by a singular accident, he found on his table a pamphlet which the "serpent" had just issued. This pamphlet, then, he proceeded to make the subject of a leading article; and in it he presently noticed certain statistics which somehow were all wrong in their additions. So he quoted the statistics, pointed out their blunders, and then wrote:

"Thus, if Mr. —— is not a serpent, he yet seems to be a particularly bad adder."

Li Hung Chang's Sermon.

Here's a short sermon that the viceroy delivered to one pretty young woman who told him that she wasn't married. "A woman can afford to be capricious as long as she is young; but even American women, beautiful as they are, must eventually grow old. Time creeps on, even in the cases of the fairest, and when a woman reaches 40 years she will find she cannot make the conquests she did at 30. Every woman should get married. Marriage is her mission, and she will be happier with a good husband than alone, wandering about the world." Li can preach as well as he can probe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Speedily Changed Her Mind.

She was the college girl of lofty ideals and superior attainments, such as college girls have in their early days. When she left her family to rest in the mountains for awhile she said haughtily: "No; I'll not take an evening gown. And please don't put any of that paper-covered literature in my trunk. I have some philosophy to read and I don't intend to mix with the hotel people. Nature, my work and serge frocks are enough for me." Then she departed. At the end of four days her mother was startled by a telegram. It read: "Send two party frocks, a hammock and some reliable face powder at once."

Infant Mortality in London.

During 1895 7,527 inquests were held in London, an increase of 14 per cent on the number in 1894. One hundred and seven persons of the "subjects" died from "want, cold and exposure." Five hundred and seventy-two children were suffocated during the year by drunken or careless parents in bed.

Churchgoing Made Easy.

"This must be a pretty religious town, judging from the number of churches it has," said the traveler.

"It ain't that, mister. The people is so durn lazy that there had to be lots of churches set around handylike to git them to go to any of 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

Times are so hard that when honest people find lost money these days they keep it.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

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

DROPSY

TREATED FREE

Quickly Cured with Vegetable Remedies. We have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds of dropsical symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps for postage. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. Mention this paper and if you order trial return this advertisement to us.

WHEAT.

Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of references given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland Oregon and Spokane Wash.

SENT FREE To any address, our ..... Special Price List of HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

This circular is issued for the benefit of our country customers who cannot avail themselves of our Daily Special Sales. Send us your address. You will find both goods and prices right. WILL & FINCK CO., 818-820 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

PURE CURE FOR PILES

Blind and Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY. Dropsy treated free. A painless cure. Comforts and cures. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

Around the Hearthstone.

GOLDEN-ROD.

When the frost of the autumn was white
on the grass
And the leaves of the forest were red,
A lover went wooing a sweet little lass
Whose father forbade her to wed.
But he wrapped her about in the cloak
that he wore
And bore her away on his steed
From the cabin of logs with its ivy-hung
door
And its marigolds going to seed.

The branches were low in the path that
they went;
Through the heart of the wood it was
worn;
And though down to the horn of the saddle she bent
The plume from her bonnet was torn.
The brightest of yellow, behind them
'twas blown,
And fluttered a clew on the trail,
For the father who followed o'er stubble
and stone
In his eagerness, breathless and pale.

But whether the thrush was a wizard in
brown
Or the squirrel a fairy in fur,
When he came to the path turning into
the town
There was only a cricket astir.
Where the feather had fallen a blossom
arose
Like gold from the bushes and briers.
And still in the haunts of the aster it
blows
When the sumac has kindled its fires.
—Munsey's Magazine.

WITCH AND I.

Witch and I had a quarrel! Who is it that says it takes two to make a quarrel? Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunt Betsy Jane. Witch has a temper; so have I. She wasn't christened Witch. God fathers and mothers have much to answer for, still I never heard of their giving Witch as a baptismal name to a Christian child. No, her name is Julia Felicia, which is simply absurd. Fancy a little dark-eyed, bewitching five feet nothing having a name like that.

My name is John, and John I'm always called. Had I been christened Robert or Thomas I should have been called either of those plain, sensible names. There is nothing for the imagination to catch hold of in my face or figure. I'm not six feet in my stockings; I'm only five feet ten. I haven't "crisp, golden hair" and a "tawny beard." No; my eyes, hair and beard are brown, and for the rest I have nondescript features and good teeth. Moreover, as I said before, I have a temper, a vile one, and in all things, apart from my profession, am a born fool.

It was over a game of tennis that Aunt Besty Jane made us quarrel. Witch didn't play up and I "slated" her. I've "slated" Witch ever since I've known her, and I've known her since she was 10, so she ought to have got used to it. For the matter of that, she wouldn't have bothered her head about it if it hadn't been for my beloved aunt. Witch slates me ferociously sometimes, but it never makes any difference.

Well, it was at one of Mrs. Dougal's "at homes" that the row began. Witch, Miss White, Dougal and I were playing tennis. Dougal and Miss White were against us. As a rule Witch licks the other girl into fits, but on this occasion, for some reason or other, she missed nearly every ball. I was annoyed, and I expressed myself perhaps a little more strongly than I ought to have done, but I'm sure I said nothing one whit stronger than I've said scores of times without any offense being taken. Be that as it may, Witch refused to play any more and went and sat down by Aunt Betsy Jane.

I am a doctor, and soon after that someone fetched me away. It was a bad case, and I didn't get home till midnight. In the dining-room some cold meat and beer were waiting for me; so was a note from Witch. I ate a mouthful and drank a glass of beer, then I opened the note. For a moment I felt as if I had a knife in my heart. It was such a cruel stab. Witch—my little Witch—would have nothing more to do with me. My conduct at Mrs. Dougal's had proved to her that she no longer possessed my respect, and without respect love was not likely to last long, etc. She ended by saying that she would have returned my ring, but could not remove it from her finger, but that she would get the jeweler to cut it off to-morrow. I smiled a grim smile at the last sentence. I had no intention of allowing that ring to be cut off.

The lovely effusion puzzled me altogether. It wasn't in Witch's usual style. Naturally, a note of that kind coming from her would have run in this way: "John, I hate and detest you, and hope you'll keep out of my sight forever," or something like it. Well, I went to bed. I was such an ass that I never slept a wink all night, but I made up my mind what I would do. I got up early and made a good breakfast; then I went into the surgery, saw my assisant, talked over the cases and told him I should be away all day. After that I went to town, straight to Witch's father's office. He hadn't arrived, but his people knew me and showed me into his private room. He and I are great friends—always have been. So it was quite natural for me to go to him for advice, or, rather, to talk over things. When he came in he seemed rather surprised at seeing me, but after he had shaken hands he looked over his letters, gave some directions and then, looking calmly at me, said:

"Now, John."

"Can you spare me half an hour, sir?"

"So far as I know. Go ahead."

"Well, I'm making £5,000 a year and my practice is increasing."

"That's good."

"Don't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

"Certainly."

"You have no objections to our marrying next month, if she consents?"

"None. I have no wish that she should marry at all, but if she must marry, I'd rather she married you than anyone else."

"Thank you, sir, for saying that. I thank you very much," said I, gratefully, seizing his hand and wringing it hard.

"Just so," said he, removing it from my grasp and looking anxiously at it. "But why this fervor?"

I put Witch's precious epistle in front of him. He read it twice through attentively, put it down, and looking calmly at me said:

"Very interesting! But scarcely to be regarded as a prelude to very speedy matrimony, I should think."

"Ah, but it is, sir. A girl doesn't write a note like that and have done with it. No, she continues to write them. I shall [illegible] get a similar note [illegible] very [illegible]

did not sleep a wink last night. The practice won't stand that sort of thing long, you know," said I earnestly.

"You seem to have an accurate knowledge of women and their ways," he remarked dryly.

I allowed that speech to pass without comment. Comment seemed superfluous.

"If I might ask, I should like to know whom you would consider in fault in this little misunderstanding?" he asked.

"I am, sir. It stands to reason; I should not be so anxious if she were in fault," and then I explained the whole matter, finishing up with, "I can't remember exactly what I called her, but whatever it was I didn't mean it."

"I am not able to refresh your memory to what you said on that occasion, but I can tell you what I have heard you call her myself," said Mr. Druitt, quietly. And then he told me.

His tone was a revelation to me. Not that I'd call Witch anything worse than a "little fool." But I realize what it must have sounded like to the heavens, and to him, her father! I don't know how I looked, but I felt mean, cheap, worthless. Utterly so, I began to stumble out apologies. He waved his hand.

"All right," said he, "but you see your language is at all times forcible."

He is a wise man, so he said no more. He showed his wisdom therein, for I went at once to see Witch in a very contrite frame of mind. I was ready to make a mat of myself and let my darling trample on me if it should so please her, or to do any other extravagant thing, such was the depth of my humility. Still, as I journeyed Putneyward I wondered as to who could have stirred up the strife between us. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that Witch had seated herself beside Aunt Betsy Jane, and that Aunt Betsy Jane was her godmother and therefore licensed to interfere. I am not going to explain how Aunt Betsy Jane came to be Witch's godmother. I am not a lady novelist and therefore don't think it necessary to explain everything. It has nothing to do with this story; besides, I was only 6 years old when she was christened and wasn't consulted as to her sponsors. To be sure, it must have been Aunt Betsy Jane who suggested the letter.

When I arrived at the Cedars it was about 12 o'clock. If all went well peace would reign between Witch and myself in an hour. And if so I would take her off to Richmond, get a boat from Messum's, row up the river, come to anchor in a backwater I knew of between Richmond and Hampton and then make her name the day. But things didn't go well; they went exceedingly badly instead. When Amelia (Amelia is the Druitt's housemaid) opened the door and I inquired for Witch she said, gravely:

"Miss Druitt is not well, sir, but I'll tell her you're here."

Then she showed me into the dining-room. This was ominous! In the Druitts' menage it is customary to see people who come on business—dressmakers, laundresses, servants seeking places—in the dining-room before lunch. Amelia left me and went upstairs. I rapidly diagnosed the situation. I took out my pocketbook and wrote: "My darling, I shall wait in the old boat at the end of the lawn till you can see me," and then I signed it "John."

Amelia came back. "If you please, sir, Miss Druitt does not feel equal to seeing you to-day, but will write to you to-night."

"Exactly," said I, quietly. "Can you give me an envelope? Thanks. Give that to Miss Druitt, please."

The maid left the room and I went into the garden. At the bottom of the garden ran the river; chained to a post was an old boat. It was seldom used, as the spot was not picturesque, but it was secluded, hidden both from the house and from passing boats by thick, drooping willows. It was here that Witch and I had come to the conclusion that we could not live without each other. I sat down in the boat feeling very wroth with Witch and bitter against Aunt Betsy Jane. I would have given much to know if she were in the house at that moment. I thought out all I had heard of the days of her youth. I felt mean and spiteful. I rethought me of an old incident in her life wherein Aunt Betsy Jane had sailed very near the wind and had a narrow escape of social wreck.

I ought to have forgotten it, but I am not heroic. Both morally and physically I am commonplace. That is to say, if I'm struck I hit back, or try to. Would you believe it? I sat in that boat, except when I got up and stretched myself, until 8 o'clock! It was nearly dark, and when I heard the clock strike I swore to myself that if Witch did not appear before the chiming of the chiming of the quarter I would row the old boat down to the bridge, give a boy sixpence to bring it back, and—well, when Witch wanted me she might send for me. That was all!

It must have been very near the quarter when I saw stealing down the garden, her head and shoulders wrapped up in a white cloud, my Witch. At least I thought so at first. But I soon saw it wasn't. It was someone more kin and less kind. Nevertheless, as the form drew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms and kissed her. She had no breath with which to utter a sound. She could only listen to my ardent—far more ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch—expressions of affection.

"My darling!" I went on. "I know you would never have made such a little fool of yourself if it hadn't been for that malicious catamaran, Aunt Betsey Jane." The form within my arms struggled. I was holding her tightly or my face might have suffered. "But I'll tell you a tale, dear, about her. I'm the only living soul that knows, now old nurse is dead." You couldn't hear the form breathe, so still it was. I went on: "Aunt Betsey Jane is 45 now" -- the form wriggled—"about twenty-five years ago"—I could hear her heart beat. I relented—"No, Witch, I will not tell you that story! You have come to me and I can afford to pity Aunt Betsey Jane. She was badly used when she was young and she can't bear to see people happy now she is old."

The form muttered. I opened my arms. "Want to fetch something, dear. You shall. Only come back at once, or I shall feel like telling that old tale about Aunt Betsy Jane."

She scuttled off to the house and in a minute or two Witch came down the garden in a very dignified manner. I let her come right to the edge of the water and peer about. I knew she couldn't see me. Presently she said, anxiously: "John!"

My heart jumped, but I didn't intend to give myself away, so I simply said, "Well!" But she didn't intend to give herself away, either. She turned. Then I saw that I had my work cut our for me.

"Stay, Witch; I'm in the boat," I exclaimed in a tone of deepest entreaty, as I scrambled on shore. She paused. I caught hold of her hand. "Witch," I cried, reproachfully, "I've been waiting here for nearly eight hours and I'm so [illegible] to speak."

That fetched her! A woman will go cheerfully for hours without a crumb, do yards and yards of shopping on a halfpenny bun and think nothing of it, but let a man only say he missed his lunch and they make as much fuss over him as if he had suffered the martyrdom of St. Lawrence!

"You poor thing!" exclaimed my darling. "Come in at once and have something to eat."

"No, Witch," I said, faintly, but firmly; "you must forgive me."

"Forgive you! Of course I forgive you. I didn't know you had been here all that time. Do come in at once or you'll die. I know you will."

But I stuck to my guns and I didn't go indoors until I had made Witch promise that we should be married that day month. Then I consented to go in and work mighty havoc among the eatables.

Aunt Betsy Jane came to our wedding and made us a handsome present. Then she went to live with some friends in the North. I think the poor old soul had had some suspicion I knew her story, and so had tried to part us. She took my note from Amelia in the morning and kept it for that reason. My darling did not know I was in the boat until Aunt Betsy came in from the garden and told her.

But I have never told my wife a word. It isn't wise to tell your wife all the little peccadilloes of your friends and relatives.—St. Paul's.

RATS DISPLAY WISDOM.

Frustrate a Plot to Drown Them by Their Own Cuteness.

The employes of the Jersey City Printing Company have for a long time been troubled with rats. The rodents are of unusual size and are extremely bold. They are boldest after dark and think nothing of running over the feet of the employes.

Several cats were placed in the building with the hope that they would exterminate the rats, but the latter made it so warm for the cats that they were driven away.

Various schemes have been worked to entrap the rodents, but with little success. Finally Engineer August Krone hit upon a scheme that for a time bade fair to be just the thing. He secured an old zinc oil tank, about three feet in height, and then fastened on the edge a two-foot piece of board. Then he arranged the board so that it would swing up and down, with one end inside the tank. He placed a piece of bologna sausage, fastened with a rubber band, on the edge of the board which projected over the inside of the tank, and half filled the vessel with water. A few pieces of cheese were placed along the other end of the board to coax the rats on.

The trap was set where rats are thickest, in the basement, and in a few minutes a rat climbed upon the end of the board which protruded outside the tank and rested upon a support. The rodent ate the cheese and then went for the bologna. As it reached the bait the other end of the board tipped up, and the rat, with a squeal, fell into the water and was drowned.

"Oh, that's the trick," said the engineer, and his assistant said August had a great head.

Within ten minutes six more rats walked the plank, and then there was a remarkable display of rat cuteness.

Two rodents climbed the pile of papers, and, while one stood on the safe end of the board, the other carefully made its way to the tempting bologna and devoured half of it. The rats then changed places, and the other ate the rest of the bologna and half the rubber band.

The engineer scratched his head and the other spectators said something about people going to a lot of trouble for nothing.

During the afternoon no more rats were caught, but a lot of cheese was eaten by them. The engineer solemnly avers that he saw the rats not only balance one another on the board while the tempting bait was devoured, but the rodents actually engaged in a game of seesaw simply for amusement. August still has faith in his patent trap, but nobody else has.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

Oom Paul Could Fill It.

Here is another characteristic story about the president of the Transvaal. In the days when Johannesburg was merely Farreira's mining camp, Krueger was one day riding over the Witwatersrand in ordinary burgher attire. He off-saddled near a wagon owned by a German. The Teuton did not recognize the president, and held forth on the many things he would do were he ruler of the state. Suddenly Oom Paul, to the great astonishment of the German, who was a very small man, took off his coat, and, holding it out toward the stranger, said: "Put this on." "But," replied the latter, "it's too big." "Just so," replied his honor, with a grim smile. "I'm Paul Krueger, and it is not too big for me."

Illuminating Power Increased.

A French scientist has recently discovered the means of increasing the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas about fifteen time. The increase is accomplished by supplying a small but constant current of air to the flame. A tiny electric motor is fixed in the body of the gas lamp, which is a diminutive ventilator. The motor is run by a current supplied by a couple of small accumulators. The flame has a remarkable brilliancy, and lamps have been constructed on this pattern with an illuminating power of eight hundred-candle power.

Cause for Rage.

"What is that fellow raving so for?" asked the tourist.

"Missed the midnight train last night," explained Rubberneck Bill.

"Well! well! I have seen men swear and cavort for five minutes or so over missing a train, but he is the first one I ever knew to be at it ten hours after the train had gone."

"He has mighty good reason, my friend. They was more'n $65,000 in bullion on that thar very train."—Indianapolis Journal.

Training of Jewish Children.

Within recent years the Jewish element in this country has given a large amount of attention to the manual training of the young. There has also been a notable increase in the number of technical schools for Jewish boys.

Not Extended.

"Sir!" said an irate little gentleman of about four feet eleven inches to a six-foot man, "I would have you know, sir, that I have been well brought up." "Possibly," was the answer, "but you have not been brought up far."—Tid-Bits.

Mr. Sparks—Sir, I love your daughter so that I cannot live without her. Old Gruffy—Good! Then go away somewhere and die. There's another load off my mind.—Cleveland Leader.

When you loaf, remember the rights of busy people.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Scenes at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg Recalled.

John B. Scace Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped With a Slight Wound, but, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since —A Story That Reads Like a Page From History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.

When one encounters in print the life story of some scarred veteran of the civil war, a feeling of admiration and sympathy is the certain result. Accustomed though we are to tales of heroism and suffering in every day life, there is something peculiarly attractive about these old war records, serving, as they do, as a sacred passport to the heart of every true American. Thousands found their rest on the field of carnage or in the hospital, but their comrades, when the struggle was over and the victory won, returned to their homes and began anew the battle of life.

John B. Scace, the widely known contractor and building-mover of Albany, N. Y., has an unusually interesting life, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford street, told of his many experiences and adventures while serving under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Scace bears his more than half a century of years with an elastic step and a keen mind, taking an active interest in private and public affairs.

Mr. Scace is a member of Berkshire Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F. He enlisted in the army in 1862, in Company A, Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, serving under Col. W. F. Bartlett, First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, with which he participated in some of the hottest battles of the war, including Port Hudson, Donaldsonville and Plain Store, where he was wounded. His time being out, he was discharged, but soon re-enlisted as sergeant in Company A, Sixty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He was in the battle of Hatcher's Run, the fight about Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Scace returned to Albany and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not to be the case, for four years ago, while engaged in superintending the raising of the immense smokestack of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a loosened windlass struck him a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was not at first apparent, he being able to leave his bed in a few days. But the worst was to follow, for without warning he was seized with sciatic rheumatism in all its virulence. Untold agony followed.

Said Mr. Scace, "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the tortures the rheumatism gave me. I don't known how I lived during those days. I became little more than skin and bones, and it seemed like life didn't have anything but suffering in it. Cures? I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial before I stopped taking them. My friends and neighbors recommended remedy after remedy that they heard of, but my rheumatism went on just the same. Well, after I had almost had the life tortured out of me, I came across a newspaper account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought I might as well add another name to the list as not, so I ordered some of my druggist.

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear of anything that could give me any hope at all. Yes, I got them, and before I had taken two boxes that pain began to leave me. Why, I couldn't understand it. I couldn't imagine myself being cured. But before I had taken a half-dozen of those boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man.

"I began to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor and vim of a young man. I think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the grandest medicine ever discovered, and if my recommendation will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope others will hear of it and be benefited as I have been. Everyone should hear of it. I can't say too much for them," Mr. Scace exclaimed, enthusiastically, in conclusion.

This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a beneficent part in the history of humanity.

Mr. Scace is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, managed solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the state. Mr. Scace is also an ivory carver of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets carved by the light of the camp-fire, attest his skill in this direction.

Far from being solicited to recommend the curative which had taken such a load of misery from his life, in his gratitude his praise for it is unstinted and unceasing. And from his own statement one may easily see that when he does cease to sing its virtues it will be to answer the last mustering in.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

You know coffee is used fresh-roasted. Tea ought to be—for the same reason—the taste.

Ours are the only tea-firing works in the United States; *Schilling's Best* is always fresh-fired when it leaves our hands.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE devil wastes no bait on dead fish.

Faith is always the basis of joy in religion.

Get a man to think right, and God will get him to do right.

God sends his witnesses where they are needed the most.

The more we love God, the more we will be willing to do for man.

The devil always goes to the wedding when people marry for money.

God sees heroes where men see only the commonest kind of people.

We may be able to get rid of God's man, but never of God's truth.

Every dollar some men get increases their chance of missing heaven.

When some people have nothing to say they seem to talk the most.

The aim of many sermons is too low for angels, and too high for men.

A man may wear religion as a cloak, and yet freeze his soul to death.

Man's blindest eye is on the side where he thinks it will pay to sin.

The real chosen people of God are those who know his will and do it.

A doubt is the heaviest burden the devil can bind on a Christian's back.

No man prays in earnest who does not expect to get just what he asks.

Obscurity on earth will not keep anybody from becoming famous in heaven.

The man who walks with God must keep step with everything that is good.

It is doubtful if we can truly own anything for which we are not grateful.

The devil has not yet found out how to make the man poor who loves to give.

The Lord's army was never defeated because the opposing army had giants in it.

The first dart the devil aims at a young convert is always pointed with a doubt.

The devil has no dart in his quiver that may not be quenched by the shield of faith.

The more a mean man has to say in church, the more it hurts the cause of true religion.

The man who would have the power to move mountains must begin on grains of sand.

Let a vote be taken to determine who is the wisest man, and every fool will vote for himself.

We know exactly what kind of a man Adam was, when we become well acquainted with ourselves.

The devil is often made welcome in a home where there is a handsome Bible on the center table.

Ever since Eve ate the apple, one of woman's greatest troubles has been about something to wear.

There is something wrong with a Christian's life, if it never makes a sinner feel ashamed of himself.

God has never been concerned about the size of the church, but he has always been particular about who should be in it.

The Call of Duty.

There are two things in the world of which Mrs. Spilker is very fond—a party and her husband. She never fails to accept an invitation to one, or to carry the other with her; and, withal, she is very deaf.

Not long since they attended a birthday party, and the major—Mrs. Spilker's husband—was to propose the health of "The Babies." Being very fond of children, it was thought that this toast would just suit him.

Unfortunately for Major Spilker and the assembled guests, he changed his toast to "The Ladies," without warning his wife of the fact, who, of course, thought her husband would confine himself to the toast of the little ones.

"Now, Major Spilker," said Mrs. Barker, the hostess, as the dinner advanced, "it is your turn to give your toast, and pray say something complimentary to our sex."

"When my charming hostess," said the major, rising, "requests me to do a thing it is my duty to obey; therefore I take pleasure in drinking the health of the ladies. The ladies cherish us in prosperity, soothe us in adversity, and by their tender ministerings, lighten the burden of life. I drink to the ladies!"

When the applause subsided, Mrs. Spilker, ignorant of the true subject of the toast, but glowing with pride and admiration, said:

"Oh, Mrs. Barker, you don't know how found the major is of them! I have seen him with two or three on his lap at once, and——"

"Agatha!" gasped the major.

"Just teasing the life out of the poor dear things. He is such a favorite with them, and every chance he gets he is sure to have them in his arms, or be romping with them. He's got the lovingest nature of any man I ever saw; and somehow, they come to him, when they won't to anyone else."

Major Spilker fell back in his chair with a groan.

A Persian Town.

Sinna, like all Persian towns, is built of mud and brick, but somehow the same ruin that one sees elsewhere is not noticeable here. It may be that the material used in the construction of the houses is better, but I put it down rather to the spirit of the people, for the Kurd is twenty times as energetic as the Persian or the Turk. One never tired of that little garden among the tall trees, with its panorama of towns and woods and ravine before one, with its hedges of brilliant yellow roses and its trellises of shady vine. Nor was the view all that was to be seen here, for ever and anon passed by troops of mounted Kurds, gorgeous in colored silks, riding handsome little horses with brilliant trappings, and the cafe, too, was ever a haunt of the dandies of the place, whose clean white clothes and silk coats, whose curly, well-brushed hair and waxed mustaches, whose many turbans of dark silks, added a truly Oriental touch to the scene.

Nor were the bazars less interesting, with their long arcades of domes and arches and their shops full of all the merchandise of East and West, for Sinna is a thoroughly commercial place, and, perhaps, for its size and population, one of the most flourishing towns in Persia. Leading off from the bazars are large caravansaries, great open courts surrounded by highly decorated buildings, often of great size and no mean architecture—every court, too, with its tank of running water in the center.

You seldom hear of a man swearing off nowadays: the topers seem to be waiting for the law to save them.

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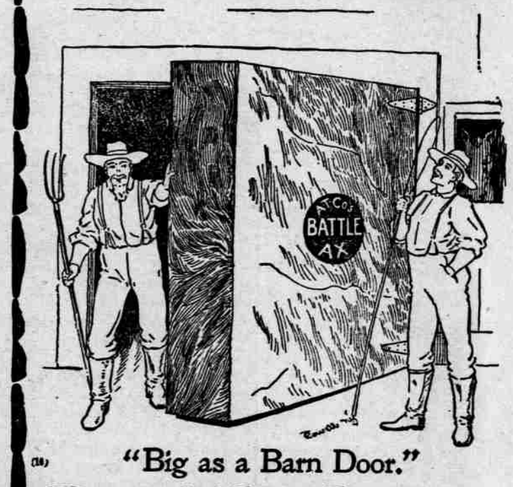

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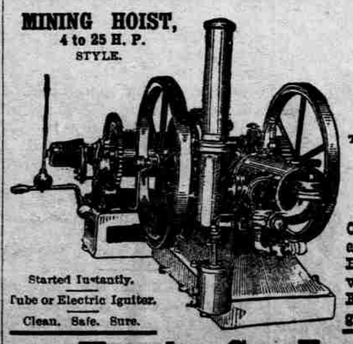

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