Miscellany.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed,
How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay,
Nobody knows but mother.
How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid,
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for "Tommy" and "Sam?"
Nobody knows but mother.
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,
Nobody knows but mother.
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—
Toddling "Dottie" or dignified Ruth,
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.
—Mary Morrison, in Housekeeper.

RAMBLING ROBIN.

People called him "Rambling Robin." You could have seen him almost any day walking along with his head hanging down, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Nobody spoke to him, nor did he speak to anybody. His clothes were in rags. He wore no collar. Sometimes a red scarf was fastened round his neck, but oftener than not his neck and chest were bare to the cutting winds. Nobody knew where he came from, and nobody cared.

Some said he had been an actor at one time—others that he had been a doctor, while many maintained that he was a man who had gambled away a large fortune. Whatever he might have been, we could all see that he was no common vagrant.

I do not know whether the peace and good will which are supposed to come to all men at Christmas time had anything to do with it, but when I passed him one Christmas eve a few years ago, as I was hurrying off home, a sudden impulse led me to stop.

"Will you come home with me and have your supper, Robin?" I said.

He stopped and lifted up his head. Poor fellow! I noticed the tears spring to his eyes. Kind words were strangers to him.

"My—my supper!" he gasped. "I never have any supper."

I quite believed him. In fact, if he had said he never had anything to eat at any time I should not have contradicted him.

"But make an exception to-night," I urged. "Christmas time, you know. People break the ordinary routine of their lives at Christmas. Come along."

He made no answer; at least, not with words, but his eyes spoke plainly enough, and, quickening his pace, we strode along together toward my home.

At last we reached the house, and my wife opened the door. My little Mabel came toddling to meet me, and as I lifted her up and carried her back on my shoulder I told my wife I had brought a friend home for supper.

Robin and I sat talking together while Annie was getting the meal ready. His face had brightened, and his brilliant conversation confirmed the opinion I had formed of him, that he was a man of culture.

Mabel climbed down from my knee and went across to Robin.

"Have oo no 'ittle dirl?" she lisped.

He stroked her hair gently, and shook his head.

"And no mamma?" she asked, looking first at me and then at the smiling face of my wife.

Robin turned his face away. Trust a child for finding the way to a man's heart.

"No, no mamma," he replied, after a pause.

Mabel sighed, and came across to me. "Is ee poor man?" she asked.

The intervention of my wife with the information that supper was ready saved me from replying.

The meal over, my wife rose to take Mabel to bed, but before she left the room the little girl ran back, and climbing on Robin's knee, kissed him "dood night." Then Robin and I pulled our chairs to the fire. His eyes were shining. He seemed a different man. I handed him a cigar, and we sat smoking for awhile without speaking.

"Would you like to hear the history of 'Rambling Robin?'" he asked, bending forward. "If you would, I will tell you the first part. The second part only begins to-night. * * * You shall hear that in a year or two."

I did not quite understand him, but I nodded and waited for him to start.

"Two lines," he began, "frequently occur to me. You remember them:

"'Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.'

"They are the truest lines ever written," he said, and he stared into the fire for a time without speaking.

"Listen, and I will tell you how I fell. Five years ago I was a young man—do I look young now?" and he pointed to his sunken cheeks and gray-streaked hair. "And yet five years have made the difference.

"My name is Robin Alerne. I was living with my father in Scotland and it was there I met my Flora. I can see her now, as she was the first day I met her. It was a glorious day in June. I had sauntered out with my rod in the morning, and was whipping the stream which ran along the outskirts of the wood, when the sound of sweet music fell on my ear. I turned round and saw a woman. She had not seen me, and as she came along she sang in a voice as sweet and pure as was the singer:

"'Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O!
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!"

"She was slinging her sun bonnet in her hand, and the sun was playing with her golden hair. Her neck was bare, its whiteness contrasting with her bonnie, sunburnt face.

"When she saw me she stopped and blushed. Then she threw on her sunbonnet and walked on hurriedly.

"She was a girl from the neighboring farm. I fell in love with her, and we met in the wood, unknown to any one. Then my father heard. He forbade me to see her, and told me if I disobeyed him he would turn me from the house.

"I met Flora the same night, and persuaded her, on that glorious moonlight night, to be my wife. We came south together, and I married her. I was successful in obtaining a clerkship, and after my work at the office was done, my wife would sit in the little chair by my side, while I sat writing at my desk. For I had the gift of writing bits of stories, and often when the night had drawn on, and work was put away, Flora and I would sit talking of the future, of the day when I should be a famous author, and the drudgery of the office should be a thing of the past.

"But our happiness was too great to last. The roses on my darling's face began to fade, and though she tried to smile away my fears, I felt sure she was going to be ill.

"Then one night when I came from the office, I found her ill in bed. In despair I sat down to write a story, which, if accepted, would enable me to get her away into the country, or to the seaside. I worked at it all night, and finished it. Then a week later I received a letter at the office from the editor telling me that my story had been accepted, inclosing a check and asking for more stories.

"Flora had been growing worse each day, but now, I thought, she should soon be better. I cashed the check and bought some luxuries for her, and, passing a flower shop, I went in and obtained a spray of lilies. They were her favorite flowers.

"Then I hurried away home. I could hardly walk fast enough, but at last I reached my little house, and entered. I ran upstairs and threw open her bedroom door.

"'Flora,' I cried. 'Success at last, my darling. You shall go away for a few days now.'

"She did not answer me. 'She must be asleep,' I thought, and noiselessly I walked across the room.

"I stood over the bed, looking at my sweetheart's lovely face. It was so calm, so beautiful, so pure. There was a sweet smile on her lips, and her hair was hanging down, framing her face in gold. My thoughts wandered back to that day in June, and the words of tha song came back to me.

"I knelt at the side of the bed, and, placing the spray of lilies in my Flora's little hand, waited in silence, watching and praying—praying that she would soon be restored to health again.

"She awoke with a little start.

"'I am so glad you have come, Robin,' she said, as I kissed her. 'I have had such a glorious dream. I was dreaming that you had written a book, and that the world was ringing with your name.'

"I interrupted her.

"'Perhaps the day is not far off, love. See, my story has been accepted, and the editor begs that I will send him some others.'

"She did not speak, but the proud look in her eyes told me what her thoughts were. Then she saw the lilies and she kissed me for them."

Robin covered his face with his hands, and a sob shook his frame. He rose from his chair and walked round the room. Then he stopped, and, with his face averted, he finished his story:

"In less than a week she was dead. She died in my arms. I thought she was better, but it was not to be. She

ROBIN TELLS HIS STORY.

was too good to live. We were too happy for this world. Heaven would have had no meaning could we have lived together longer. And when her last breath was gone I laid her back gently on the bed and covered her face from my sight. I went on my knees and cursed—cursed my fate and everything else.

"Now, perhaps, you understand my fall. 'Why work,' I thought, 'when I have nobody to work for? My literary work was neglected. I lost my situation at the office. I have sunk deeper and deeper, until now," he paused for awhile, "now I am 'Rambling Robin.'"

Then he came across and stood by the fire.

"But the innocent prattle of that little child of yours has brought me to my senses. As there is a God above, I will yet make the world ring with my name. Even if I cannot work for my dead Flora, I can work for her memory's sake. And so I will. I start to-night on the second part of my life. In two years I will let you know the result. I will come and see you. Good-by."

I pressed him to stop the night, but he would not. I persuaded him, however, to take the loan of a few pounds, and as he walked to the door I slipped a note into his hands.

And last Christmas eve he kept his promise. He came to see me carrying a small parcel under his arm. It was a book—the book of the year. He had written it under a nom de plume. His name now is known throughout the English-speaking world, and the book which made his name is dedicated:

"To my angel wife and Mabel."—James Davenport, in Tid-Bits.

Not the Same Thing.

When shrewd men talk, it is best to mind their exact expressions. The Lewiston Journal mentions a case in point:

There had been a great financial catastrophe in Piscataquis County by which many people lost their little all, and the word went round that a citizen who usually clings to his shekels had suggested a public subscription to make up the losses, and had promised to subscribe largely himself. The people were amazed at the report, and inquiry was begun to learn its truth.

"Did you offer to give $25,000 to pay these losses?" the citizen was asked.

"Well, no," he said, "I didn't put my offer in just that way. What I did say was that I would willingly give $25,000 if the thing had never happened."

Then the people laughed.

THE WORLD'S GREAT PORTS,

European Cities Going Ahead While New York Is Standing Still.

Some German merchants, bankers and imperial officials have found great encouragement in the fact established by figures that, while during the last ten years the commerce of the city of Liverpool has increased 40 per cent., the tonnage of vessels arriving at or departing from the German port of Hamburg has increased 70 per cent in the same period. The geographical position of Liverpool is highly favorable to shipping, and the docks of Liverpool, it is well known, have at large expense made the harbor a most desirable one in the facilities which it gives to vessels of all dimensions. But recently Liverpool has had to contend with the serious industrial and mercantile rivalry of the city of Manchester, and the business of Manchester has been greatly promoted by the Manchester Canal. The German Government, in the construction of the new Baltic Canal, has discriminated in favor of Hamburg, which has increased its shipping business very largely of late years at the expense of the other North German port of Bremen. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war the tonnage of vessels arriving in and departing from Hamburg was 2,000,000, and of Bremen in the same year 800,000. Since then the commerce of Bremen has increased about 75 per cent. and that of Hamburg 300 per cent.

Notwithstanding these great gains the city of London still retains its remarkable distinction of being the greatest port in the world for sea-going vessels, New York following not very far behind, but showing comparatively little increase. The number of ships, steel, steam or sail, which leave the port of New York in a year is about 2,000, and more than two-thirds of the total number of such vessels are registered under foreign flags. New York has gained of late years in respect of the amount of business done with European ports, but there has been no corresponding increase in the volume of business done with domestic ports, and moreover the city of New York has had to meet very strong competition from Baltimore and New Orleans, a considerable portion of the shipments of Western grain having been diverted to these ports and away from New York. The business of the port of London is very largely of a local character, London being a mart of a consumption and interchange of articles arriving from other parts of England.

The four cities of London, New York, Liverpool and Hamburg stand at the head of the ports of the world, but there are others at which a very large mercantile business is done—some decreasing, but a larger number failing to keep up with the ratio of growth in mercantile business. Antwerp in Belgium stands fifth among the commercial ports of the world and very near it, with a volume of tonnage nearly as high, is Marseilles, in France, the chief port of the Mediterranean. Havre, in France, does a considerable business, chiefly with foreign countries, in the shipping line, and Stettin, in Germany, a large business, chiefly coastwise. The development of the railroad and canal systems of each port has much to do with its growth in commercial business, and it is a fact usually to be observed that a city which is the terminus of a canal retains longer and better its shipping trade than a railroad terminus. At least this is observable in the United States.—New York Sun.

Found a Hard Problem.

A tired tramp on the Bowery was bewailing the free-lunch clause of the Raines liquor tax bill, when his attention was called to an ornate poster in red and blue ink, on white paper, representing with full regalia and accoutrements an American soldier in the cavalry service and an American infantryman saluting his superior officer, the latter carrying a large sword. Under the two pictures were printed the conditions under which the United States army accepts volunteers for its service on the frontier in the military service. The applicant must be more than 21 years of age and less than 30. It is essential that he be unmarried and either a citizen of the United States or an alien who has legally declared his intention to become a citizen. He must enlist for five years, and the United States government generously agrees to pay him for his services in field and flood $13 per month. Other inducements are held out. If sick, he is given free admission to a hospital. If he dies, he is buried at the public expense. If in the camp in which he is stationed there is a library, he is permitted to read the books contained in it without extra cost, and if out of his income of $13 per month he providently saves a portion, the United States pays him 4 per cent. interest on the amount, unless in the meanwhile he deserts, in which case the money is forfeited and he is liable to be imprisoned for life, or perhaps be shot.

The tired tramp was in front of a "recruiting office" on Third avenue, and he ejaculated as he shambled away: "What stumps me is that they had to pass a law to keep the United States army from ever getting larger than 25,000."—New York Journal.

Locomotive Without a Fire Box.

In the city of Marseilles, France, a railroad has recently been completed which possesses the original feature that its motive power consists of steam locomotives without firebox. This peculiar engine was adopted in order to effect the passage of a tunnel, half a mile long, without development of smoke. Teh locomotive consists of a cylindrical boiler, which is filled with hot water under a maximum pressure of 227.5 pounds per square inch. At the end of the line the pressure decreases to 43 to 70 pounds. The water is then heated again to 203 degrees, corresponding to a pressure of 227.5 pounds by means of steam produced by the generators at the central station. The boiler is 10 feet long, 3.8 feet in diameter and holds besides 550 gallons of water and 21 cubic feet of steam. The steam from the generators is uniformly distributed through the water by suitably arranged pipes. After having been used in the cylinders, the steam is condensed in a condenser, consisting of 1,154 pipes, provided over the boiler.

Charcoal from Leather.

The manufacture of charcoal of an important commercial value, from common leather waste or scrap, that is, as charcoal produced from leather has been found to be of such peculiar value in certain processes of tempering, a plan has been brought forward for utilizing the waste leather which accumulates in shoe shops, etc., by converting it into charcoal. The plant for manufacturing this kind of charcoal consists essentially of a metal retort, something like those for the production of illuminating gas, and the cost of such an equipment is calculated not to much exceed $200, while one man unaided can easily operate the whole. The shrinkage of the leather in thus becoming charcoal is said to be not more than 50 per cent.

HEALTH IN MARCH, APRIL, MAY!

Use the Only Spring Remedy in the World That has Stood Every Test of Time.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND MAKES ONE WELL.

In March, April and May use Paine's celery compound.

And only Paine's celery compound! For it is nature's remedy.

Do not for a moment confound it with any of the ignorant, catchpenny, short-lived patent remedies—sarsaparillas, nervines and tonics that bear as much resemblance to Paine's celery compound as the parasite vines do to the oaks that they live on.

Paine's celery compound cures disease. It makes people well. It has saved the lives of thousands of sufferers. It makes the weak strong.

It purifies the blood and enriches the nerves.

Every condition of winter life has been detrimental to health. There has been a steady decline in nervous vigor. Now that spring comes the body is ready to cast off unhealthy tissues if it is only given a chance. This opportunity comes when the excretory organs, kidneys, skin and bowels are made to work actively and the nerves are able to furnish sufficient energy to the digestive organs.

No remedy in the world accomplishes these results like Paine's celery compound. It nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament. It causes an increased appetite and tones up the stomach to deal with the increased food. Its nourishing action is immediately manifest in a clearing up of the muddy, unhealthy skin, an increase in weight and more refreshing sleep.

First discovered after laborious, scientific research by the ablest physician America has produced, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college, it is prescribed and publicly indorsed by the best practitioners in every city in America. It has been so enthusiastically recommended by grateful men and women in every walk of life that it is today in every sense the most popular remedy the world ever knew.

It has proven itself the greatest of all spring medicines.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and two or three other large cities, the leading newspapers, making their own canvasses again this year, have found that the demand for Paine's celery compound surpasses that of all other remedies together!

Paine's celery compound, taken during the early spring days, has even more than its usual remarkable efficiency in making people well. It makes short work of disease. It rapidly drives out neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and rheumatism from the system. It removes that lassitude, or "tired feeling," which betokens weakened nerves and poor blood.

Women working in close offices, saleswomen tired out and nervous from long hours' standing on their feet and waiting on impatient, irritating customers; overworked, worried and disheartened men and women everywhere will be astonished to find how much happier life becomes when their nerves have been strengthened and their blood purified by means of this great remedy.

No other remedy has the hearty approval of a like body of educated men and women and professional men, nor has there ever been a remedy that was welcomed in so many intelligent, prudent homes where pains is taken to get only the best in so vital a matter. In such families all over the country Paine's celery compound is the first, last and only remedy used.

Prof. Phelps had studied the nerves in health and disease, when well nourished and when under-nourished, in men and women and children years before he looked for the remedy. Paine's celery compound is the outcome of his entire professional life. It is the one remedy that the world could not lose today at any price.

Paine's celery compound induces the body to take on solid flesh.

Physicians recognize Paine's celery compound as the one scientific spring remedy, and it is universally prescribed by them wherever there is great need of a vigorous and prompt restoring of health and strength to the worn-out system.

Paine's celery compound is the best spring remedy because it is more than a mere spring remedy. It brings about a healthy appetite, complete digestion, regular action of the bowels and the other excretory organs whenever taken, whether in summer or in winter, but as the greatest of spring remedies it has extraordinary opportunities for inducing the body to throw off morbid humors that poison it and cause rheumatism, neuralgia, heart trouble and a general low state of the health, as in spring the system is more pliable and chronic diseases so securely lodged in the system that they are with difficulty ousted, become more tractable.

Thousands of men and women have found from personal experience that Paine's celery compound makes people well, and keeps all from sickness who take it in the spring.

Many a father and mother have noticed the unmistakable improvement in the health of their children from taking Paine's celery compound in the spring. It is the one scientifically accurate remedy fitted by its composition to thoroughly purify the blood and dispel that exhausted feeling and get rid of skin diseases, headache and fits of depression with which children with weak, nervous systems, as well as grown people, are afflicted.

LABOR EXCHANGE MOVEMENT

Possible Solution of the Industrial Question.

AN OUTLINE OF ITS WORKINGS

The San Francisco Branch Is Doing a Large Wholesale Business Wholly Without the Use of Legal Tender.

By G. E. Kellogg, Vancouver, Wash.

While the various political parties and the people generally are wrangling over the financial and labor questions, there is being established in our midst an organization, known as the Labor Exchange, which claims to be able to transact business without legal tender money by basing its medium of exchange on the products of labor, and eventually to furnish employment to the idle by supplying a market for the products of their labor.

This is not an entirely new organization. Though it has been operating successfully in several cities, no systematic effort has been made to extend its workings until within the last year or two. Now, however, since a number of branches have proven the practicability of the plan by actual business operations, the idea is being taken up in every state in the Union and over 200 branches have been established.

As an example of what is being done in this line we would call attention to the San Francisco branch, located at No. 322 Davis street, which has done a wholesale business of $28,000 within the last eight months, wholly without money. The manager, Mr. Henry Warfield, has compiled a labor exchange directory of the different business houses that have investigated the plan and now accept "labor checks" at their face value, as being as good as money. Every business nearly is represented, and the list completes the circuit of necessities of man, so that the holders of labor exchange checks are in a position to supply their wants without regard to money.

Any useful article may be deposited with the exchange, and the depositor receives therefor a deposit check which is "not redeemable in legal tender, but receivable by the Labor Exchange Association in payment for merchandise, for all services and for all debts and dues to the same; and it is based upon and secured by the real and personal property in the keeping of the association." The property held for the redemption of certificates cannot, as per charter, be mortgaged nor pledged for debts, nor can it be withdrawn, but may be exchanged by the association for other property of equal value.

The branches in different sections of the country exchange surplus products with each other. For example, there are such things as socks and cigars from as distant a point as Reading, Pa., at the San Francisco exchange, broom handles from New Whatcom, Wash., fruit extracts from Fresno, as well as fruit from as far south as San Diego. A consignment of shirts and overalls is being negotiated for with a branch in Ohio; a lot of dried fruit was recently shipped to Idaho Falls, Idaho, in exchange for pork; and groceries were sent to Armona in exchange for dried fruit. The branch at Los Angeles is putting up a shoe factory; Forest Grove, Or., has a tannery; Olathe, Kan., a grist mill; Red Bluff, Cal., a spice mill; Salem, Or., has a brick yard, warehouse and wharf; Vancouver, Wash., proposes to make coffins, and the Oregon City, Or., branch will operate a rock crusher.

To make the subject more clear to the reader, an illustration of its workings is given: Some farmer owning timber land might cut some logs and deposit them in the exchange, taking labor checks in receipt therefor; the owner of an idle sawmill would rent his outfit to the branch and accept "checks" as rental; some men, now idle, would work the logs into lumber; unmployed carpenters would manufacture the lumber into coffins, furniture, etc., and receive "checks" for their labor. The articles thus made would be sold on the market or exchanged with other branches for provisions, clothing, etc., which would be again exchanged to the farmer, mill-man and mechanics for their "checks." It must be remembered that no "check" can be put into circulation until some labor or the product of labor has been deposited with the branch, and whenever the "checks" are redeemed the value goes out and the checks are canceled.

It will be seen that all branches of business will soon be represented, and when the producers can market their products and supply their wants (without the use of legal tender) by a medium of exchange based upon, and at all times equal to the wealth produced a grand step will have been taken toward the solution of the greatest problem of the age.

Under this sytem, farmers would not be clothed in rags while tailors and weavers starved; weavers would not go barefooted while shoemakers and tanners needed clothes; and carpenters, painters, bricklayers and plasterers would not be idle while people suffered for shelter.

Every American citizen should investigate this.

London busses are drawn by American horses, thousands of which are imported annually.

Swept Away in a Flood.

Mr. E. V. Smalley relates in a Chicago newspaper a thrilling and very peculiar experience which he underwent a few years ago in traveling in the Northwest. With three friends he attempted to ford a slough of the Yakima River in Washington, in a big wagon drawn by four horses. Mr. Smalley says:

The river was very high, and the broad slough was running like a millrace. We know that the fording-place was narrow and the water deep, but we expected nothing more serious than to get our feet wet. But when we were about half-way across, the lead horses got their hind feet over the doubletrees and became unmanageable; and then the wagon was swept off the ford and into deep water.

One of my friends swam ashore, and two others climbed out of the tail of the wagon and managed to keep their footing until they were rescued. I attempted to get out in the same way, but before I could do so the wagon was swept into very deep water, overturned, and wagon, horses and I were soon floundering in the current.

I could not swim, and gave up all hope of my life. I went under water, and there had a very clear experience of what psychologists call the double consciousness. It seemed as if I were two persons, one a physical man, still intelligent enough to struggle among the horses, and the other a consciousness that was entirely serene and happy, looking with admiration at the beautiful water overhead, and wondering if the body would come ashore somewhere down the stream and be recovered.

This part of me felt quite delighted at being released from partnership with the other fellow. How long this lasted I do not know. I did not have any of that vivid recollection of all the events of life which men restored from drowning usually tell about. The higher consciousness only felt that it was an independent spiritual existence, now for the first time released from dwelling in a physical body.

But now the body, in its desperate struggles, clutched the ear of one of the horses. The horse got its head above water, and the man's head came up with it. The man was rescued by a boat, and with extreme regret my higher consciousness was forced to re-enter its old dwelling-place.

Excercised Him.

"This bicycle craze has done me a world of good," declared Bloomley.

"Why, you don't ride!"

"No, but I've been knocked a total of at least 1,000 feet and have run miles in my efforts to dodge scorchers."—Detroit Free Press.

It has been ascertained that in Russia 573 per 1,000 girls marry before reaching the age of twenty.

Mrs Humphrey Ward, the English novelist, has turned her energies towards writing a play.

A clever Parisian has invented a machine that can split a human hair lengthwise into thirty-six strips.

Nine women obtained the doctor's degrees at the University of Berne, Switzerland, at the last examination.

A dust excluder for vehicle hubs consists of a cap secured to the outer end of the hub, being easily removable.

An electric roller for massage purposes is composed of plated copper and zinc and generates its own electricity.

The change of administration in the United States causes great anxiety among all Spaniards.

Counsul Lee is severely handled by the Spanish press on account of his course in the Ruiz case.

WISE AS AN OWL.

The owl is said to be the wisest of birds because he keeps both eyes and ears wide open, says nothing and keeps up a good deal of thinking. When sciatica takes hold of a man, he is wisest who says nothing but keeps his eyes and ears open for the best remedy, who thinks and knows it may result in crippling, and who finds by trial that St. Jacobs Oil is the best known remedy for its treatment and permanent cure. It penetrates to the seat of the excrutiating pain, soothes and cures it, and prevents what sometimes happens—the use of the surgeon's knife to get rid of the torment. The owl thinks and then acts quickly, and the sciatica sufferer should act promptly to arrest the progress of the disease and to restore the nerve by the use of St. Jacobs Oil to its natural condition.

The lady manager of a California insurance company is credited with the largest salary paid to any woman—$10,000 a year.

OVER THE PRECIPICE

Hosts of invalids tumble to destruction simply because they will exercise no discretion in the matters of eating, drinking and the avoidance of exciting causes, and, above all, in the item of medication. They persist in dosing themselves in season and out of season with drastic and violent remedies, opiates and mineral poisons. The best, the safest, the pleasantest substitute for such hurtful no-remedies is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, potent for malarial, rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous and bilious complaints.

Illinois spends at least $2,000,000 a year in punshing criminals. It spends scarcely anything for their reform.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Syrup Co. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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

West & Truax,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1895.

Schilling's Best is simply good honest tea, well graded, fresh-roasted, packed air-tight.

If you don't like it, your grocer returns your money in full.

There is no other such dealing in tea.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 419

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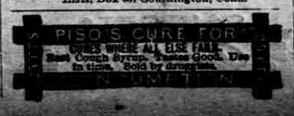

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