$2000.00

says "Look at me." Money-back says "Try me."

Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are _____ because they are money-back.

What is the missing word?—not SAFE, although *Schilling's Best* baking powder and tea *are* safe.

Get *Schilling's Best* baking powder or tea at your grocers'; take out the ticket (brown ticket in every package of baking powder; yellow ticket in the tea); send a ticket with each word to address below before December 31st.

Until October 15th two words allowed for every ticket; after that only one word for every ticket.

If only one person finds the word, that person gets $2000.00; if several find it, $2000.00 will be equally divided among them.

Every one sending a brown or yellow ticket will receive a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive an 1898 pocket calendar—no advertising on it. These creeping babies and pocket calendars will be different from the ones offered in the last contest.

Better cut these rules out. 2051

Address: **MONEY-BACK, SAN FRANCISCO.**

United States Reserve Navy.

There are 60 modern steamships fit for cruising now available by the United States Navy in case of war, exclusive of regular war vessels building or in commission, and there are rapid-fire guns enough to equip 15 of them with a week. These ships are ocean liners and coast steamships carrying the American flag.

GIVE US REST.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, soon remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Oldenburg's dynasty is saved from extinction by the birth of a son to the hereditary grand duke.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8. 1895.

The bridge at Montreal, Canada, is nearly two miles long.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

Trust Regulations in Austria.

In Austria the books of all trusts and similar organizations are subject to examination by the minister of finance, and the officials are compelled to furnish any desired information relative to their business. The minister of finance also has the power to nullify any action on the part of combines intended to decrease or increase the price of goods to the detriment of legitimate producers or consumers, and the trust officials may be required to give bond to comply with these regulations.

Bicycle Race on Shipboard.

On the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's steamship Empress of Japan the monotony of the last voyage out was relieved by the holding of athletic sports. A novel event was a bicycle race—probably the first ever held on board ship. The distance was a mile, and the course was ten times around the hurricane deck. The race was won by the chief engineeer in the godd time of 6 minutes and 28 seconds.

Much Sweeter Than Sugar.

The newly discovered chemical substance, sugarine, or benzol-sulfinid, is likely to have an important influence upon commerce in several directions. Unlike saccharine, which never became very popular, sugarine contains none of the obnoxious paralacid. It is chemically pure substance, 600 times as sweet as sugar, and yet obtainable at one-twelfth the cost.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last 100 years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

An old English "Manners Book" says: "A lady should dip only the tips of her fingers in the sauce bowl and should not let food fall out of her mouth on the table cloth."

The high note of a cuckoo has been determined by an English observer to be usually from F to E flat, the low note from D to B.

The skin of the kangaroo, when properly tanned, never cracks.

A Weak Man

A man who has wasted the power of youth by excesses and fast living is only half a man; to him the greatest pleasures are only pastime, he enjoys nothing, because his delicate senses are stunted and all his vital powers weak. Are you one of them? Go to the spring of life—electricity; drink to your heart's satisfaction, saturate your body with its vitalizing powers. It will restore your manhood. It is life, and will renew what you hav lost.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt,

Invented years ago; now as near perfect as science can make it; physicians recommend it as the one remedy which will restore manly vigor. It will prove a fruitful source of energy to your shattered nerve forces. Try it.

Cannot Help Recommending It.

Fern Hill, Wash., May 20, 1896.

DR. SANDEN:

Dear Sir—I got a belt from you over a year ago which I find is all you recommend it to be, and cannot help but recommend it to my friends. Yours truly, W. A. M'NAIR.

This shows what it does. The book, "Three Classes of Men," is free, sealed, my mail. Get it.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt cures weak men. Call or address,

SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.

253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.

Please mention this Paper.

Drugs...

Patent Medicines at Cut Rates...

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Portland.

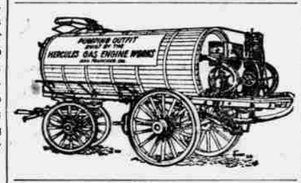
WHEAT Make money by succesful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

IMPROVED SPRINKLING WAGON.

A Device that Does Away With Roadside Pumps and Tanks.

A recent improvement in sprinkling wagons bids fair to revolutionize road and street sprinkling in the country where there is no water system to supply water from hydrants. Heretofore it has been the custom to erect pumping plants, or to pipe water from distant points to stations along the road at such distances that the load at one of these stations would last until the wagon reached the next station on its trip. This plan makes necessary the expense of piping, tanks, wells, horse powers, etc., and has always been a very considerable item of expense, and more or less of an obstacle to having roads well watered.

The improvement consists in attaching a gasoline engine and centrifugal pump on a platform at the rear of the sprinkling wagon so that water can be taken from any convenient source. A suction hose with foot valve is attached to the pump which can be lowered into a tank, creek, watering trough, or any water source. The wagon driver then starts the engine, and in from six to ten minutes his wagon is filled.



The illustration shows a wagon and pumping outfit just completed by the Hercules Gas Engine Co., of San Francisco and now in use by the Supervisors of Tulare county upon the roads near Visalia.

It consists of an improved type of an ordinary sprinkling wagon, and a platform built at the rear of the tank upon which stands a 2½ H. P. Special Hercules Gasoline Engine geared to a 3-inch centrifugal pump. From this pump runs a rubber suction hose and discharge pipe into the tank. The tank holds 12,000 gallons of water which will be filled by the pump in six minutes under ordinary lift, or not to exceed ten minutes lifting 20 feet, and at a cost of about 3 cents for each filling. The uses to which this improvement can be put are not confined to road sprinkling, but it is applicable to any purpose where water has to be hauled, as, for instance, supplying threshing machinery or conveying water from one point to another for any purpose. The simplicity of the engine makes its use perfectly safe and reliable, as it is automatic in action, all that is needed being to open the valve admitting the gasoline, and to give the wheel a start with the hand. It is durable and not at all likely to get out of order, requiring neither engineer nor machinist to keep it in condition for work.

Sprinkling country roads has been considerable of a problem, and it is believed that this improvement will go far towards an economical solution of it. The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, furnish these wagons and engines in any desired capacity, and fully guarantee them in every way.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Women in University Life.

One of the reports of the educational department in Enlgand has a special table devoted to university life. Inquiries have been instituted as to the arrangements made for women students at 162 of the universities of the civilized nations in both hemispheres, and 139 replies were received. The questions asked were: Are women admitted as members of the universities? Are they admitted on the same terms as men? Are they admitted to lectures? Are they admitted to examinations? Are they eligible for university degrees?

It is significant of the advanced liberalism of Scotland and Wales that their five universities have no answer but "Yes" to make save as regards certain medical courses in the north country. Australia, India and Canada also answer "Yes," and Toronto proudly says: "No advantage is granted to men which is not open to women." New Zealand gives practically the same reply. France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Greece, Italy, and, of course, the United States, have almost unbroken columns of "Yes." The great sinners of Europe are Germany, Austria and Russia.

The convicts with a good record in the Kansas State Penitentiary now wear suits of cadet gray instead of striped suits.

Nine hundred and fifty telegraph submarine cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.

The cheeks become pale from fear because the mental emotion diminishes the action of the heart and lungs and so impedes the circulation.

A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad.")

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Never was there a more gallant deed than that performed by Steve Brayton, and never was hero more heartily applauded by friend and foe. He galloped his horse straight at the woman, and as he came up to her he leaned over in the saddle, caught her with both hands, and next instant she was on the saddle before him, and the horse was flying back to the Federal lines. The woman fought and screamed, and fragments of bursting shell whizzed and whirred around and above horse and riders, but they dashed into the lines unhurt, and the gallant rescuer was directed to continue down the road until the woman could be placed beyond danger.

Turn quick to the south! You will never see a grander spectacle than this. The Confederate command, divided into three divisions, with double lines dressed as if on parade, has received the order to advance. They had waited for Custer to charge, but the chevalier was also a strategist. His artillery, being better served, was creating the most havoc, and he could afford to delay. Look! Look! As the gray horsemen begin to move Custer's guns, which have been grouped in front of his center, limber up and move at a gallop—four of them—two to the right and two to the left. In three minutes they are on his flanks and loaded with grapeshot and canister. The Confederate battery does not follow the example, and as the horsemen move forward the guns are useless.

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

You hear the bugles sound the order, and you see 2,000 sabers flash in the sunset as 2,000 horsemen thunder over the plain. Give them credit for bravery even to recklessness. Before the horses are off a trot the murderous grapeshot are knocking them down by dozens, and as the artillerists change to canister 2,000 Federal carbines also open fire.

"Rally! Re-form! Forward!"

Above the roar of cannon and musketry you can catch the notes of the bugles, and as the smoke lifts here and there in spots the eye can detect the gray horsemen seeking to obey the calls. They do rally. They do re-form. They do push forward under that terrible fire, but only to be broken up and swept aside. The Federal artillerists get the order to cease firing, the crackle of musketry dies away, and five minutes later the smoke has drifted off, and the eye can scan the plain. Beaten, broken, slaughtered, and yet the gray horsemen are trying to rally again!

Now is the moment, and Custer has waited for it. Only the dead and wounded are left behind as he moves out, as his entire command sweeps straight across the plain and falls upon the broken and disorganized enemy. They rally here and there by the score and meet the shock. They fight singly and by twos and threes. Men wait and die rather than run away. Brave men, all of them—men whose deeds will be spoken of around our campfires for years to come. The only criticism will be that they did not have a leader equal to Custer in the murderous art of war.

Night has fallen, and the fight is over. There are prisoners to be guarded, wounded to be cared for, dead to be counted for the official report and spoils to be gathered up. The clouds have driven away to the east, and the canopy of heaven is studded with bright stars. There is no moon, and the blood spots on the snow gradually fade away and are lost to sight.

Hark! That sound is the cry of wounded men blended into one great wail for succor. It is freezing cold, and they are in torture. Hark again! That grewsome sound rising at intervals above the wailing comes from the wounded horses. They are also begging and pleading. Some are limping about among the dead and wounded men as if seeking their masters, pausing now and then to rub their cold noses against a body, while others are lying down and lift their heads only to utter a whinny which tells of fright and pain. Thank God that night and darkness come to the battlefield to hide its horrors! In the darkness we shall search out all the wounded, but we shall not be forced to look upon the mangled dead—mangled by shot and shell and grape and the iron hoofs of the charging horses until resemblance to humanity is lost and one cries out in horror.

CHAPTER XXX.

While the fight was raging the house and "quarters" were both in flames, fired by the shells from a Confederate gun. But for the strenuous efforts of the detachment guarding the prisoners in the barn that structure would have also been reduced to ashes. It therefore came about that when the battle was over and men began to bring in the wounded the barn was the only shelter to be had. The prisoners were turned out and the place given up to moaning, groaning men and those who sought to succor them. The sounds of battle had been heard in the Federal lines, and a brigade of infantry arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. While their services were not needed, the half dozen surgeons sent out with the column had work to last them the long night through and far into the next day.

It is a grim sight, a field hospital like this, and they are grim men into whose hands the wounded fall as they are lifted off the stretchers, groaning, cursing or crying. The flight of a snowflake in a gale of wind is not more erratic than the flight of death missiles in a battle. Here are men wounded in the face; the next three or four may be wounded in the feet or ankles. Sabers have descended upon heads and shoulders; bullets have plowed their way into arms, sides, hips or legs; fragments of shell have carried away fingers and reduced hands to pulp. Of a hundred men no two have received the same hurt.

Rude tables have been prepared, and strong men lift each victim up to be overhauled by the men who have stripped off coat and vest and rolled their sleeves far back. They look like butchers in a slaughter pen, but their hearts are tender toward these victims of battle, whether friend or foe. The bitterness of battle is at its height when the crash of artillery and the crackle of musketry are fiercest. When the battle is over, whether victorious or defeated, pity returns to the heart and blinds the eyes to the color of the uniform. Over each man lifted up there is a brief consultation.

Those bare armed men need waste no time. They can tell almost at a glance what the result will be. If it is a mortal hurt, the poor fellow is lifted aside to breathe his last as peacefully as possible under such surroundings. If there is hope for him, his wound is dressed with agile fingers, and he gives way to the next.

"That's Captain Wyle, my company captain!"

So exclaimed Steve Brayton as he entered the barn about 11 o'clock at night to see if he could recognize any Confederates being brought in. The captain had just been lifted to the table. He was conscious, but had not yet spoken. Those who brought him in said that he was pinned to the earth by the hind quarters of his dead horse, and that the animal was fearfully mangled by grapeshot.

"Shoulder dislocated, ribs broken, leg broken, struck in the groin by a carbine ball," announced the surgeon who made a rapid investigation.

"Any hope for me?" asked the captain, whose lips had been moistened with whisky, as it was observed that he desired to speak.

The surgeon shook his head and motioned to the attendants to lift the officer aside. When they had left him, Steve Brayton sat down beside him and bathed his face with whisky and gave him to drink. The captain had recognized him at once, but it was several minutes before he queried:

"You and Kenton were in the fight at Harrisonburg and were captured. How came you here?"

"We uns made a bolt fur it on the road and got away."

"And what has happened here?"

"Waal, Kenton was wounded, then me and him stood off Ike Baxter and his crowd, then the gal's mother died, then the gal and Kenton hev bin driv away to the Yankee lines. Sorry fur yo', cap, and sorry fur the rest of 'em, fur our hull crowd has bin wiped off the face of the airth!"

"Have we been defeated?"

"Regularly cleaned out, cap. I don't believe a hundred of our men got away. 'Cordin to what them doctors say, yo' can't pull through this. Do yo' want to leave any word with me?"

"No," whispered the captain after a moment's thought.

"Not even fur the gal? She won't bear no grudge when she hears yo' ar' dead."

The captain shook his head and closed his eyes. Steve moved away after a few minutes to look for other Confederate wounded, and two hours later the officer's dead body was carried out with others to make room for the wounded.

When morning came and the dead were gathered for burial, Steve Brayton found many that he could identify. Indeed a full half of his own company had been wiped out, and among them was Ike Baxter. But great as was the Confederate loss, that of the Federals was severe. History has said of that first real cavalry fight of the war that it was terribly brief in duration and appalling in its list of dead and wounded. It was almost night of the day following the fight before the last of the Federals moved off and left the field. And how changed was Rest Haven, and what a misnomer the title which had been given to it in the years of peace! Cinders and ashes showed where the houses had stood. Across the plain, furrowed by shot and shell and hoof, its snow white carpet now spattered and blotched by a thousand blood stains, they had dug long trenches and covered in the dead. Trees had been cut down, bushes uprooted, and over acres of ground was strewed the wreck of battle.

* * * * * *

I have but few more pages to write. My story has not been all romance, and it is with a feeling of selfishness that I part from those of my characters who are with us in the flesh today, and whose hands I have held in mine within the last twelvemonth. At the opening of my story Winchester was described as a quaint old town. That was true of it—a quaint old town of quaint houses and streets and people. War wrecked it again and again. Every street and square and alley witnessed a death grapple. Every building which escaped the flames was marked by ball or bullet. A few months ago I looked in vain for trace of war. Here and there a quaint old house still stands, but the town is full of the bustle of these rushing days. Ah, but there was a trace of war after all. Up in the cemetery skirted by the Berryville pike I found grave after grave in which soldiers slept their last long sleep, each name engraved on the stone, and behind them the pitiful spot over which all may sorrow, but no one weep—the resting place of the "unknown."

It was many days ere Kenton or Marian or Mrs. Baxter walked in the sunshine. In the case of the latter perhaps it was better that her mind groped in the darkness, and that it was months before she could realize her widowhood. General Custer kindly sent her on to Washington for treatment, and for weeks and weeks she kept calling out:

"Ike said he'd go fur help to captur' the Yankee, but he hain't dun come back yit. Ike's goin to be a great ossifer and bev a sword and a prancin critter, and I'll hold up my head with any of 'em."

Where is Uncle Ben? Gone to his rest years ago, but he lived to see the end of the war and to enjoy for a season the haven of rest which kind hearts created for him.

There was a marriage in Winchester about two months after the battle of Rest Haven. They called it a military marriage, because more than 50 Federal officers attended, because a Federal chaplain officiated, because a Federal band serenaded the happy couple. Who do you think gave away the bride? General Custer, who became a groom himself only a few days later. Royal Kenton had recovered from his wound, and the keen edge of Marian's grief had been somewhat dulled by lapse of time and the excitement of her surroundings. It was better so. Kenton was not held for exchange under the circumstances, nor did any one wish him to become a renegade by joining the Federal service. After the marriage the bridal couple, accompanied by Uncle Ben, went north and there remained till the close of the war. Steve Brayton was asked to go—nay, almost commanded—but he replied:

"See yere, Yank, I've bin thinkin and thinkin, and I make it out this way: I sorter owed the confederacy a grudge fur the way it treated yo', and hevin paid it off and squared the debt I orter go back. Thar won't be nuthin said about yo' arter the war, bekase yo' was actually driv out, but the boys would rub it in on me purty heavy to the day of my death. I'll jest surrender over again to this Yankee army, wait to be exchanged and in due time become a good Confed again."

And that was the course he followed, and when I shook hands with him in Winchester last spring I was proud to give him his title as lieutenant. Did the match please Uncle Ben? Hear what he says as he congratulates the bride:

"Now, Miss Sunshine, yo' all has dun gone an married Mars Kenton, an it does jest seem to me dat I ar' walkin round on aigs! Hu! But when I was tied up to dat post an yo' was standin dar wid dat big dissolver, an de sojers an gorillas was gnashin their teef, I s'pected de Lawd was so fur off he couldn't git dar in time to save us."

The Percy mansion was burned, as you remember. A much finer house occupies the site today, and it is there the Kentons dwell, honored and respected by all. What more could I add? Good-by!

THE END.

My pen is at the bottom of a page, which being finished here my story ends; 'tis to be wished it had been sooner done, but stories somehow lengthen when begun.—Byron.

CAUSES NO SURPRISE.

WOLCOTT COMMISSION'S FAILURE NOT DISAPPOINTING.

Administration Is Neither Surprised Nor Sorrowing Over the Outcome—Sentiment in Favor of Any Kind of Free Coinage of Silver Diminishing.

Why It Failed.

The practical failure of our bimetallic commission to induce the leading European nations to join in a conference to adopt an international ratio for the coinage of gold and silver should cause no surprise; neither should it be the occasion of regret. There is much less intelligent sentiment to-day in favor of any kind of free coinage of silver than there was in 1892. Two causes have conspired to produce this change of sentiment.

The first of these causes is the knowledge of the fact that, considering its uses, the output of silver is practically limitless. Science, experience and capital have revolutionized the methods of silver mining. But for the inventive mind of man the production of silver would be so limited that its old value before the bonanza mines were opened could have been maintained. Science, experience and capital have made the annual production of silver bullion so great that it cannot retain its former value. No doubt, its value by international coinage at the old value ratio of 16 to 1 or 15 to 1 would so stimulate the silver-mining industry that from plentifulness, compared with gold, it would, in spite of ratio, be a depreciated and fluctuating money. The advocates of free and unlimited coinage seem to ignore that natural result of the almost unlimited production of silver bullion. Silver, during the past decade, has ceased to be a precious metal.

The second cause is the growing certainty that there is sure to be enough gold to make it "the money basis of the world," in connection with the free use of silver as a subsidiary coin. The world's annual output of gold has doubled, and more than doubled, during the past decade. The annual output of gold this year is of greater value than the output of both metals twenty-five years ago. At the same time, the facilities of exchange have been so increased as to economize the use of gold as money. If the output of iron or any other commodity were increasing as is the output of gold at the present time it would become a drug like silver bullion and fall to a nominal price.

Another cause of the failing interest in what is commonly called bimetallism is the growing conviction that a double standard is impracticable. The history of coinage in our own country sustains the theory of a single measure of values. When the output of silver was small, compared with what it might be to-day, the mercantile ratio of the two metals changed from time to time, in spite of coinage ratios. The intelligent consideration of the question in connection with the history of coinage in this and other countries has changed from bimetallists to gold monometallists thousands of men. They see that the maintenance of a coinage ratio fixed by law at 16 to 1 is almost as impracticable as to establish an arbitrary price for wheat and corn upon a basis which would make one bushel of wheat the equivalent of two bushels of corn.—Indianapolis Journal.

Watching the Yankee Closely.

According to the latest advices from America, the Yankees are determined to secure their share of the world's trade in iron and steel, and for this purpose six manufacturers in Pittsburg and the vicinity have formed a company called the Export Iron and Steel Company, the objects of which are to enter and seek trade in the British markets. The officers of the company have been opened at Pittsburg. The capital is only $110,000, but sufficient backing has been obtained to guarantee any amount as soon as the increase of the business demands it. A London agent has been appointed, and an attempt will be made to do business in India, South America and Japan. The Americans are an enterprising body of men, and as a rule if they take a thing in hand they do it well; it therefore behoves every iron and steel firm of this country to watch Mr. Yankee's movements very closely. It will, perhaps, be easier to checkmate early, before he holds anything like a strong position on the board. We know well what they can do; if not we have only to look at the tin plate trade. In this branch they, in a very short time, built up a huge industry, driving our Welsh friends practically out of their market, and have now made their first shipment towards establishing an export trade in tin plates.—Ryland's "Iron Trade Circular," England.

No Doubt of It.

There is no longer any doubt that the "money power" of Europe dominates this country. The "power" has been sending gold into the United States, through New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, and other ports, until we now have a gold circulation of $50,000,000 in excess of that of a year ago, with a total circulation nearly $100,000,000 larger than a year ago. This foreign "power" is evidently determined to ruin us, if possible, by dumping a lot of gold in on us in exchange for our wheat, corn, meat and other products.

American Silks to the Front.

Our imports of silk manufactures last month were much below the value of similar imports in the month of September in the three previous years under the free-trade Wilson bill, showing that the Dingley protective tariff is operating to the benefit of the American manufacturers of silk goods. The import values were as follows:

September.	
1894	$2,251,390
1895	2,245,554
1896	1,491,846
1897	1,156,534

Loss of Tin Plate Trade.

A contemporary in a very plaintive tone wants to know what South Wales will do with its plates when the American trade has gone. "We have been asking this question, or variations of it, for any number of years past, but have never yet had a practical response," it writes, "and we scarcely hope for one at this late stage of the melancholy history—we might almost say suicide—of the Welsh tin plate trade." The term suicide is rather uncalled for. If the trade is ended by American action we should rather call it murder—the first blow having been administered by the McKinley tariff and the mortal stroke by the Dingley bill. The Welsh makers could not help this, and it is not their fault if the American works, brand new in all their appointments, turn out plates a little cheaper than the Welsh mills. Besides, the Americans get their tin bars cheaper. With all this it is surprising that the Welshmen can make any struggle at all. Yet they are doing so, and dispatched 21,021 tons abroad last month against 20,726 tons in the same month last year, which does not look like throwing up the sponge. Of course, the loss of the American trade is a great disaster, but it came in the natural order of things, and must be accepted patiently.—Hardware, Metals and Machinery, London.

No Decrease in Exports.

The August report of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department shows that there has yet been no decrease in our exports of manufactures under the Dingley tariff. We are told that:

"The present indications are for exports of this character, amounting to $294,000,000 for the calendar year 1897, as compared with $201,153,663 for 1895 and $253,688,527 for 1896."

This will be a gain of $93,000,000 over the 1895 exports, and of $40,000,000 over the 1896 exports of American manufactures. Last August's shipments of such goods exceeded by nearly $4,000,000 in value the August, 1895, exports, and they were $1,750,000 more than similar exports in August, 1896.

In view of the fact that American manufacturers are now busily employed in making goods with which to supply the American market, it is quite possible that there may be a falling off in our exports of American manufactures. We first need to retain and supply our home market. If, after doing that, we can sell our goods profitably in other markets, then let us secure all of such trade that is possible. But our past experience has been that our sales of manufactured goods to foreign countries were not all attended with a profit. On such a basis we do not want any foreign business.

That important business barometer, the bank clearings of the country, continues to indicate clearly and certainly business prosperity. The total September clearings at seventy-eight cities are quoted by Bradstreet's as $5,521,933,332, a gain of nearly 15 per cent over August, 1897, and 50 per cent over September of last year. The total is only 7½ per cent smaller than that of the highest month on record, December, 1892.

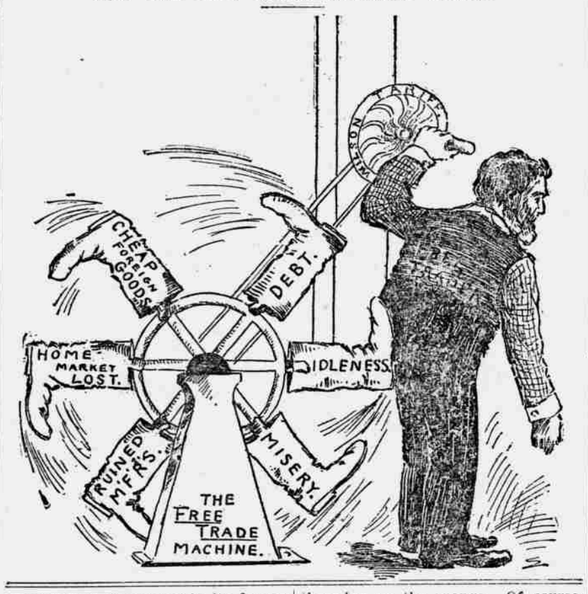
Advocacy of a "tariff war" by Europe against the United States now seems to be confined to the peculiar persons who write free-trade editorials for Democratic newspapers.—Yonkers, N. Y., Statesman.

And with them the wish is father to the thought.

The Republican party believes and acts upon the belief, that he who provides not for them of his own household, or country, is worse than a heathen.—Green Bay, Wis., Gazette.

This is a Christian belief, and the belief of civilization.

HOW THE FREE TRADE MACHINE WORKS.



The Eclipse of 1894.

The Passing of the Shadow.

THE WORRY OF IT.

The world has come to know that the muscles have much to do with the health of the system, and the era of athletics has so much developed them that the whole man is a stronger being than in former years But the worry of it all is that the muscles are of the flesh, fleshy. A little twist, or slip, or jerk—these happen in all work—and then a sprain. Sprains disable and are costly in time and money, but not if St. Jacobs Oil is used, for it cures surely and promptly and the worry of it is over.

A Sad Beginning.

He poised the bivalve on his fork,
And then explained the reason:
"This is," he said, with airy grace,
"My fust un of the season."
He smiled and gulped the bivalve down—
Oh, wasn't he a mad un!
He pranced, he choked, he kicked, he swore—
His fust un was a bad un.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New Hartford (Conn.) man one day set over 1,000 tobacco plants, and the next morning found that the cut worms had destroyed every plant but one over night.

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.

Cherry Creek, N. Y., has a blind and one-armed man who give lessons to 25 pupils on various musical instruments.

TO WOMEN FROM

Mrs. Joseph Peterson, Warren, Pa.

"I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement, and displacement of the womb.

"The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I could not walk around, and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything. I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

N. P. N. U. No. 45. '97.

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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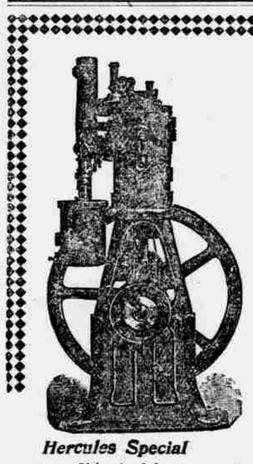

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