An Adventure in Valparaiso.

'Twas a bright morning in the summer of '60, said Capt. Handy, that Jack Bolles and I, a couple of boys, not yet 20 years old, were discharged in Valparaiso from the whaling bark Golconda, of New Bedford, with a hundred and ten dollars apiece in gold "condors" in our pockets. All the romance of whaling in the South Seas and its attendant dangers which had filled our imaginations when we shipped as green hands at the "190th lay," had been effectually dissipated by the greasy realities of "blanket and hawse pieces," cutting up in the "blubber room," "down scraps" and "trying out," supplemented by a ten hours' pull in the boats every other day, poor food, and rough, if not brutal, treatment, from the officers.

So, as we stood that morning on the jetty, clinking the money in our pockets and watching our old ship disappear in the offing, we felt, indeed, "monarchs of all we surveyed."

At last she was hull down, and turning away with sighs of relief, we clattered once more up the ill-paved street to the Consul's office, where we had been paid off, and inquired of him when we could take passage for home. We learned, much to our disappointment, that there were no ships in port bound for the States, nor would there be any, except an occasional whaler, for six months to come.

"We must resign ourselves to the inevitable," said Jack, "and the next question is, Where are we going to stop?"

The Consul assured us that an American named Henderson kept the only decent place in town, outside of the rough sailor boarding houses, and recommended us to go there. We found Henderson a good fellow, who gave us a large room with two beds in it, and after seeing our chests safely stowed away, we strolled out to look at the town, and incidentally to get work.

After walking about the city for an hour or two, we descended to the first or commercial street to look for work. Being young, persistent and fairly well educated, we were lucky enough to find employment with two English firms, branch houses of London and Liverpool traders. Next morning we went to work, and for a couple of months our lives moved on tranquilly enough. In the evenings after supper we smoked our cigarritos, and managed, with the aid of an old grammar, to learn a little Spanish. Occasionally, on moonlight nights, we walked out through the town, but we never went far, as Henderson warned us that it was no uncommon thing for a stranger to be found in the outlying parts of the city with his pockets rifled and a dagger wound in his breast.

One evening my superintendent discovered that a mistake had been made in the outward manifest of the ship Lord Palmerston, and noting that she was lying "off and on," with her anchor atrip, ordered me to board her as soon as possible before she squared away for old England, and rectify the error. So, without delay, I hurried to the jetty, embarked, and in a half hour climbed up the side of the Palmerston.

My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and it was fully 9 o'clock before I stepped to the side. As the tide was on the ebb, my boatman had to land me at the nearest point, and I figured that I had about four miles to walk home.

It was moonlight, but here and there the dark shadows seemed to invite the assassin, and as I hurried on, I cast many an anxious glance behind me. I had reached the outskirts of the city and was congratulating myself, when suddenly, from under an overhanging "balcon," a woman darted forth and clutched my arm, crying out in piteous accents:

"Por el amor de Dios! Senor Americano! Por el amor de Dios!" (For the love of God, Senor American!)

"Que quiere conmigo, Senorita?" (What do you want with me, lady?) I replied, as I stepped under the solitary lamp on the corner and looked at her more closely. She was dressed in somber black and the mantilla she wore was so drawn over her face that but one eye was visible; that single orb, however, shone with singular limpidity and beauty.

She was evidently greatly excited, and as she went on in her voluble Spanish, I gathered from the little I knew of the language that her father was lying at the point of death in a house near by and she wanted me to go with her to his assistance. Why she wanted me to accompany her, I could not understand; therefore I asked her why she did not appeal to her own people.

She replied that she and her father were strangers, who had but recently come from Santiago, and that there were so many "ladrones," or robbers, among her own people that she dared not trust them, and in a still more urgent tone, begged me to go with her.

Truly, "he who hesitates is lost," for as I thought of Henderson's warning, the lateness of the hour, and the woman's singular persistence, and faltered, undecided, she dropped her mantilla, and in an instant every scruple had vanished. The light from the moon illumined a face perfect in its classic beauty, and as innocent as that of the Madonna, and as I saw the girl's tear-stained cheeks (she was only about 16) and looked into her beautiful, imploring eyes, I threw caution to the winds, sailor-like, and motioned her to lead and I would follow.

A look of joy overspread her face, and she fervently murmured her thanks as she guided me up the dark and narrow street. Here and there some building was fantastically silhouetted by the moon, and among its grim shadows I fancied I could see a dark form moving, but at the low, sweet sound of my fair guide's "Por aca, senor" (This way, sir), all my suspicions would vanish, and I felt heartily ashamed of myself and hurried forward in her wake. Graceful as a fawn, she bounded lightly up the steps which led to the street above, revealing as she did so a beautiful foot and ankle, and I, agile though I was, could hardly keep up with her.

Panting with exertion, at last we reached the top of the plateau, which overlooked the town, and my guide gracefully waved her hand toward a light, like a star in the distance, and murmured:

"Ahi esta la casa" (Yonder is the house).

At that moment the moon sank behind a mass of black clouds and everything became dark about us; but my guide, pressing her little palm into mine, advanced steadily toward the light. Everything was as still as the dead and a damp and chilly mist penetrated my very marrow.

As the moon shone out in radiant beauty, my blood for a moment seemed to freeze in my veins, for there, before me, gleaming brightly in the moonlight, and winding like a serpent among the doddering crosses and mouldering graves of the Pantheon, was the path that led to our destination.

The low-lying wall of the Pantheon lay directly in front of me, and my guide quickly tripped up the steps which led over it, beckoning for me to follow. Though loath to go further, yet the wondrous beauty of the girl held me as in a spell, and step by step I advanced until I stood upon the top of the wall.

As I looked downward I though I saw the gleam of steel beneath the steps, and the shadow of a man's form crouching there.

I halted and called out to the girl:

"Espera!" (Wait!)

At that moment the moon was again obscured and in the semi-darkness (for there was no street lamp there, and

"WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH SHE STROVE TO DRAG ME FORWARD."

now all my senses were on the alert) I felt, rather than saw, her form as she mounted the steps, and reaching forward, took my hand, saying, "Porque?" (Why?)

"Porque no me vey!" (Because I shall not go!) I answered, sternly.

As I spoke, her fingers clutched mine and with incredible strength she strove to drag me forward, but, ignoring her efforts, I cast a final look downward, and this time I saw distinctly (for the cloud had passed from the moon) a man coming swiftly and silently toward the foot of the steps.

With one glance at the girl, whose face was now transformed by fury into that of a demon, I hurled her aside, rushed down the steps, every nerve strung to its highest tension, and ran at my utmost speed toward the city.

I heard a man's hoarse shout behind me, and had reached the steps which led down into the city, in safety, when suddenly I caught my foot, stumbled, and half fell to the ground. Just as I fell forward something grazed my cheek, searing it like a redhot iron, and fell, with a ringing sound, on the steps far below me.

Terror now lent additional wings to my speed, and I never paused until I fell exhausted through the portals of Henderson's home. Managing to crawl up the steps I staggered into the dining-roow, where Jack and Henderson sat, anxiously awaiting me, and sank breathless into a chair.

Their looks of astonishment were succeeded by those of horror as Jack exclaimed:

"My God, Henderson! Look at the blood!"

Putting my hand up to my face I withdrew it wet with blood, and Henderson, who busied himself in washing it away, disclosed a cut two inches long where the knife had just touched me.

Explanations followed and as I ate the meal waiting for me, I told the strange adventure to my willing listeners. As I finished, Henderson, who had listened quietly, as was his wont, burst out excitedly:

"This explains it all, boys. It's no longer a mystery!"

Pressing him for his reasons, he went on to say that for the last two years foreigners had frequently been found, stabbed, in outlying and solitary parts of the city. The victims were invariably well dressed, but as no money or papers were ever found upon them, investigation had been of no avail.

"But here's a clew which can be followed up," said Henderson, "and tomorrow morning we'll consult the chief of police."

Bright and early next morning (for we got but little sleep that night) we repaired to the chief of police, and to him I told my tale, Henderson acting as interpreter.

The chief was very much surprised and pleased by my information, and after cautioning us to keep silent, dismissed us by saying "we'd hear from him in a few days."

Two days later the foreign element of the city was thrilled by another atrocious murder. This time it was a rich young Englishman, named Burton, who had come down from Lima to visit some friends, and who, after spending the evening with them, left about 11 o'clock for his hotel, which was only two blocks away. Next morning his body, robbed of all his valuables and papers, was found, floating in the bay, with a gaping dagger wound in the back.

Burton's friends, who were rich and influential, backed by the British Consul, made a vigorous attack upon the supine methods of the police, and at last aroused the authorities to something like activity. Following up the clew received from me, the "Jefe" took a personal interest in the matter, and within a few days, succeeded in capturing the gang, which consisted of five persons—the girl, who was used as a decoy—and four men. It was estimated that more than two score foreigners had been murdered by this gang during the eighteen months of their sinister operations. At the trial Burton's wallet and passport, found in the robbers' rendezvous, convicted the men, and my identification of the girl completed the case. The men were sentenced, and, according to the methods of that country, were shot three days after the trial. The girl, owing to her youth and beauty, was sent to finish her days in the penal colony at San Carlos.

The years have rolled away since then—years of danger and adventure. Many a time during the war of the rebellion have I looked death in the face, and yet my blood thrills when I think of that night's adventure in Chili."—Philadelphia Times.

SHAMED THE BURGLAR.

An Old Woman's Appeal Induces a Midnight Marauder to Depart.

At the outskirts of Mount Vernon, N. Y., lives Mrs. Pardon Hazleton, an elderly woman. She has an income sufficient for her wants and lives alone save for a woman who works in the house during the day. Her neighbors know her only as a white-haired, pleasant-faced old lady, who never speaks of her antecedents. From her conversation, however, it is evident that she has traveled much. The house is modest and not the sort of a place to catch the eye of a burglar. Mrs. Hazleton has in her possession certain valuable papers in an important estate, and she believes that the capture of these documents was the object of a stranger whom she found in her room some time after midnight. She was badly frightened, of course, but raised herself in bed and asked what the man wanted. He said he wanted money and threatened to shoot her if she made an outcry.

"You wouldn't shoot me," said Mrs. Hazleton. "Why, I'm old enough to be your mother. Is your mother alive?"

"No," said the burglar, curtly.

"Well, I'll be honest with you," continued Mrs. Hazleton. "There's only myself, a helpless old lady, in the house. Surely you're too much of a man to take advantage of a woman—an old woman."

The burglar stared at her, completely unnerved. He was a good-looking young fellow, Mrs. Hazleton says, with a dark complexion and large eyes. He hung his head in a shamefaced way when she looked him squarely in the eyes. He walked half way down the stairs and stopped.

"You'd better come down after me and close the parlor window. That's the way I got in," he called back. Mrs. Hazleton followed closely.

"Good night," she said, as the man climbed out of the window.

"Good night," said the burglar. "I won't trouble you any more, old lady."

Way He Was Welcome.

"Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr. Harper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

"Oh, lots of times," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin' all wore and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes. She says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessin'."—Cleveland Leader.

Easily Remedied.

Mamma—I'm afraid that young Wilder will not make you a good husband, Clara!

Clara—Why not, mamma?

Mamma—It seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance.

Clara—Yes, that's true, mamma, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this, instead of only twice a week.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A Study of His Personality as Soldier, Statesman and Citizen.

AMONG great historical characters there is none exerting a wider or more potent influence upon succeeding generations than that of George Washington. It is conceded that all history furnishes not another character so symmetrical in all its parts as that of the first President of the United States. As a patriot, a citizen, a soldier and a statesman, Washington stands out in bold relief on the pages of history, the greatest American that ever lived. It is this magnificent equipoise of character attributes that most strikingly impresses the student of his personality and achievements. It may be said of Washington as was said of Louis Phillipe: "He had no youth; he was born a man." Washington received only a common school education. He was ever sensitive of his educational limitations, and even after he had served as commander-in-chief of the army, acted as President for two terms and indelibly set the impress of his character upon the foundation principles of the greatest of free governments, he appealed to half a dozen of his colleagues and friends for help in writing and revising his farewell address. Though in his youth he was content to earn his living as a hired surveyor, when he died, Washington was one of the wealthiest Americans of his time, his property, exclusive of his wife's and the Mount Vernon estate, being worth over $500,000. He was a successful business man, as well as a great soldier and statesman.

In his youth, and even during the revolution, Washington was a good deal of a candy. In his personal appearance he was exceptionally clean and neat. He is described as tall and well proportioned and of commanding presence. His feet were unusually large. Though he wore false teeth and his large-featured face was colorless and pitted from smallpox, he was considered handsome. Washington was fond of a good time with congenial companions. He was passionately fond of dancing, and he frequently went to picnics, one of his particular diversions. He was fond of cards and billiards, usually with small stakes. His diary shows that he lost fully as often as he won at both games. Washington was also fond of fishing and hunting, the theater and the circus. Music, too, charmed him. In reading Washington favored works on agriculture and military science, though there were historical books, besides poems and novels by standard authors in his library. After more than a dozen love affairs, Washington, in 1759, when he was 27 years old, married the wealthy widow of Daniel Parke Custis. Martha Washington is reported to have been comely, obstinate and a poor speller, yet well bred and generally kind to relations and friends. Washington, though, always seemed satisfied with her.

Washington's conduct as President showed the natural results of his characteristics and training as a citizen and a soldier. Guided by no other impulse but that of duty, bound by no other ties save those of honor and the best interests of the whole people, his principles and work as the first President of the new republic ought ever to serve as the motto and model of every public official, as they have always been and must ever be the true basis of good government and lasting political reform. Prudence, conciliation and firmness proved to be the characteristics of his conduct during the two administrations, whether in dealing with domestic troubles, or the United States' relations with England and France, or the jealousies and divergent opinions of the members of his own cabinet. Other features of his statesmanship were his progressive views and efforts in behalf of the abolition of slavery, and the founding of a national university. Washington's whole career is animate with the heart throbs of American history; his every public act resplendent with the coloring of American sentiment. Beneath the apparent austerity of his manner there moved a current of patriotism as broad as his country, and as deep as humanity.

WASHINGTON'S BURIAL.

Masonic Ceremony to Commemorate the Hundredth Anniversary.

A grand Masonic memorial service is projected to commemorate the death and burial of George Washington on the occasion of the centennial, December, 1899. The celebration will be under the immediate auspices of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, but will be participated in by all the Grand Lodges of the United States, directly by those within a radius of miles to permit of personal attendance and by representation from afar. This celebration will take place at Mount Vernon and will revive as closely as possible the burial ceremony.

WASHINGTON IN MASONIC REGALIA.

The movement for a proper commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the burial of Washington had its inception about two years ago in the Grand Lodge of Colorado. Since then one after another of the Grand Lodges of the United States have appointed committees to take measures for a representation of their Masonic jurisdictions. This national movement, initiated by Masons, has extended to all patriotic and civic societies, so that in every city, town, village and hamlet a memorial service will be held, on Dec. 18, 1899. There are cogent reasons why this movement should appeal with peculiar force to Masons everywhere, for a review of the records of Washington's death and burial is beautifully suggestive of the high ideal of fraternal love and charity ever cherished by the Father of His Country.

During his last illness "the General," as his friends and neighbors called him, was attended by three physicians. The first was his old friend and companion-in-arms, Dr. James Craik, surgeon general of the Continental Army, and in private life a member of the Masonic fraternity. The other physician from that neighborhood was Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick, then Master of Alexandria Lodge. Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco was also called into consultation. At the moment of Washington's death, Dr. Craik stopped the pendulum and hands of the clock that stood on the mantel of the room and which remains to-day in the same condition as it was ninety-nine years ago. The clock has become the possession of Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22, of Alexandria, Va., of which lodge Washington was first Master. In his dying hours the General communicated to his private secretary, Mr. Lear, his desire not to be buried until after three days had elapsed. His wishes were respected.

At Washington's death the Deacons of the lodge were directed to have the orders cleaned and prepared and to furnish spermaceti candles for them. To Alexandria-Washington Lodge was given the post of honor in the Masonic detachment of the funeral procession. Masons of the District of Columbia were also in line. Of the three lesser lights that were borne into Washington's tomb two were held by members of Alexandria-Washington Lodge of Alexandria and one by Brother Alexander McCormick of Georgetown and Washington city. Two of these candles are preserved under lock and key by Alexandria-Washington Lodge, and the third is in charge of Secretary Singleton of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. This third light was carried, burning, at the laying of the corner stone of the Washington monument in Washington city, at the dedication of the same, and it will be lighted for the fourth and last time at the centennial celebration of Washington's burial.

As a Mason Washington had presided at the laying of the corner stone of the capitol in Washington, officiating, on Sept. 18, 1793, as President of the United States and Masonic Past Master. On that occasion he wore his Master's sash and the apron presented to him by Lafayette and which had been wrought with gold and silver tissue and beautifully adorned with Masonic emblems by the Marquise de Lafayette.

Mt. Vernon.

Upon the broad Potomac's shore,
Below the city of his name,
His ashes rest, who evermore
Will live the favorite of fame.
He stood the greatest of the great,
When giants battled. It was he
Who with his sword carved out a State
And gave a people liberty.
He seems to us almost divine,
The calm, the brave, the good, the just.
This spot becomes a nation's shrine,
Because it holds his sacred dust.
There is no bound unto his fame,
But every land beneath the sun
Lends to the general acclaim,
Which greets the name of Washington.

J. A. EDGERTON.

Properly Named.

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames at school."

"Yes, ma, they call me 'Corns.'"

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"'Cause in our class, you know, I'm always at the foot."

It Is Different Now.

Father—Remember, my son, George Washington became the greatest and most beloved man our country ever produced; and yet he never told a lie.

Son—Yes, father; but he didn't have so much competition as us boys have.—Puck.

February Twenty-second.

As comes thy birthday, conquering shade!
No humorist omits
The historic little hatchet's aid
To sharpen up his wits.
—Puck.

Washington's First Birthday.

"It's ah twelve-pound boy, Massa Washington!"—Truth.

Looking for a Substitute.

The condition of the rubber trade brought about by the increased demand and the many new uses for rubber, has excited a great interest in the possibility of inventing a substitute.

In England a substitute called "oxilin" was claimed to be a substitute, and a clergyman of Denver, Colo., invented a substitute called "perchoid" for which the same claim was made.

These substitutes are identical in their composition, being made from linseed oil, the composition known as linoleum being the suggestion of both inventors, but the oil in the new composition is not fully oxidized, litharge being used and currents of cold air. Continued experiments yielded a more and more elastic substance, and it was found that with sulphur quite similar effects were produced, comparatively, as with rubber. Oxilin and perchoid can also be vulcanized, but in no case was it able to fulfill all the requirements of rubber. For bicycle tires it has been found to serve quite well, but it lacks the life and durability of rubber. Oxilin and perchoid can be produced at a cost of from 5 to 6 cents per pound, and this fact, coupled with the price of rubber at 80 cents per pound, and that the claimed substitutes have not been introduced with such favorable competing prices, shows conclusively that it is not likely to affect the present condition of the rubber market. Latter discoveries have worked veritable miracles, but it does not seem at all likely that a good substitute for rubber will be discovered soon.

KLONDIKE.

The cold is as bitter in many sections of our western country as any freezing corner of Klondike. Twenty degrees below zero is not an uncommon condition of winter weather, and by reason of this intense cold, rheumatism has its best chance to grow painfully intense and chronic in its continuance. We need not, therefore, borrow an idea of cold from Klondike. What we want is the best cure for rheumatism, and anywhere and everywhere, whether in freezing cold or melting heat, St. Jacobs Oil is known, valued and used as the Master Cure of this universal plague of mankind. The proof of its efficacy can always be produced, and its efficacy in the cure of the disease goes on in all conditions of weather.

From England to Australia.

The longest cable in the world will doubtless be the direct telegraphic connection between England and Australia, for which plans have been submitted to the English government. The cable will begin on the coast of Cornwall and be laid to Gibraltar (1,198 nautical miles), from there to Sierra Leone, the English possession in New Guinea (2,379 nautical miles), via St. Helena (810) to Capetown (1,910) from which city a telegraphic connection exists with Natal. From Natal the cable is projected to the island of Mauritius (1,818), from there to the island of Rodriguez (406), then to the Cocus or Keeling islands directly across the Indian ocean (221); from there finally to Perth, the capital of the colony of West Australia.

The companies interested in this cable line, which will have a total length of 13,648 nautical miles, are the East African, the East & South African, the Australian & Asiatic and the China Telegraph Companies.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DOMAIN.

The commissioner of the general land office has submitted his report to the Secretary of the Interior. Compared with last year, it shows a decrease of 3,298 homestead entries, aggregating 378,625 acres. Quite proportionate to this is the falling off in general health when no effort is made to reform irregularity of the bowels. This can easily be accomplished with the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, also a remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism and liver trouble.

In Massachusetts nearly 200 miles of state roads have been built under the direction of the state highway commissioners.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Hancock county, Ga., has begun a system of road-working by machinery, and will soon be in the van with her sister counties in respect to good roads.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

In spite of the closest espoignage, the diamond mining companies of South Africa lose, it is said, $1,000,000 a year by theft.

According to French figures, a man adds 11 years to his theoretical and statistical life by marrying at the age of 30.

Sea weeds do not draw nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the matter held in solution in sea water.

Uranium has been discovered near Black Hawk, Colo., and the agents of a French syndicate have announced that they will buy all that can be produced.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass., writes: "I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

"Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

"I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

"Upon examination, he found there was a fibroid tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away, and that dull ache was gone."

It can be truthfully stated that such a result can be accomplished by no other remedy upon the market, and forcibly proves the peculiar virtue of the Vegetable Compound.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

Use only *one* heaping teaspoonful of *Schilling's Best* Baking Powder to a quart of flour.

You must use *two* teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.

600

One of the stations of the railway which is to be built from the Red sea to the top of Mount Sinai will be on the spot where it is supposed Moses stood when he received the two tablets of the law.

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 bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every 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*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the 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.

It is reported from Bombay, India, that Dr. Yersin has had much success with his anti-plague serum, the only cases not amenable to treatment being those where the disease is too far advanced.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A curious present for a deaf person in Germany is a fan, deftly concealing a tiny ear trumpet in its stick.

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.

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

Woman is a subject never mentioned in Morocco. It would be considered a terrible breach of etiquette to ask a man about his wife.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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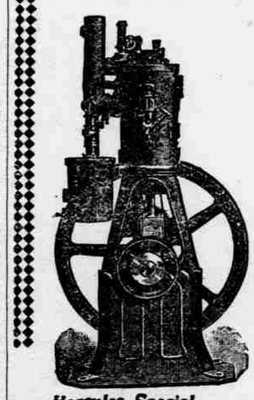

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