St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Washwoman's Help.

A Minnesota woman has invented a boiler, having a wire basket carried by a flanged ring, which rests on the top of the boiler, the basket inserted before the clothes are put in and lifted out when the clothes have boiled sufficiently, bringing all the garments with it.

Rheumatism

Is caused by acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures the aches and pains of rheumatism. Do not suffer any longer when a remedy is at hand of which thousands of people say it has caused all symptoms of rheumatism to disappear. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price, $1.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

Fork Cleaner.

A recently patented invention will please those housewives whose souls have been vexed by the problem of polishing forks. It consists of a treble strap of "Selvyt," held in position and stretched by means of a wire frame and handle. The forks to be polished are inserted between the straps, each of which fits into a corresponding space between the prongs. A few movements up and down then suffice to thoroughly clean and polish the fork, either with or without plate powder.

Indicator on Guns.

An indicator has been designed for repeating arms which will show at a glance whether the shells are all discharged, and how many loads there are in the gun, a numbered cylinder being carried by the stock to revolve one number as the mechanism is operated to bring a shell into the firing chamber.

Housekeepers will appreciate a new kitchen utensil which has the bottom formed of a perforated receptacle which strains the vegetables after cooking and mashes potatoes, etc, without removing them.

Schilling's Best
tea
sold only in
Packages

Keeps the Reins in Place.

To prevent horses getting the reins under their tails, a Virginian has designed a harness attachment composed of a number of wire bows, to be secured to the breeching on either side, and extend over the tail, and prevent the horse from switching it high enough to get over the reins.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Salt Water Fire Service.

A salt water fire protection service has been established in Boston for a limited area. A line of pipe has been laid to a point near the postoffice and a number of hydrants laid on it. Pumping is done by an engine on a fire boat. This, it is hoped, says Engineering News, is the beginning of a comprehensive system of independent fire protection for the business district of the city. Such a system has been advocated for a number of years.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Where the Balls Come From.

The largest center in the world for the manufacture of steel balls for ball bearings is situated at Schweinfort, in Bavaria. A couple of factories there, owned by one firm, produce close upon 800,000,000 balls annually with the labor of 600 men working ten hours daily. The total production of Germany is stated to be about 650,000,000, while England and France combined turn out only about 70,000,000 additional.—Chicago Chronicle.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words: "Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

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

The Return of the Prodigal.

IT came to pass that there were born unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy, two boys, William and John, who grew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland County.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and weeded. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sitting-room, stories of adventure and of youths going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of explorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John.

The days, the weeks, the months, rolled on around the spool of time, and, with each bright breaking sun, more and more discontented and dissatisfied did become the restless William. His days were centuries long. There was always shining before his eyes the star of ambition which he was of a mind to follow more than once. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with the homely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then, or two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime, that had fallen in his way, and ere long noted that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little company of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun was sinking behind the western horizon on the fateful night of William's departure. There, by the little window in the store room where he slept with the peaceful, sweet-contented John, he sat on a cane-seated chair beside the bed, his forty-two dollars spread out on the quilt before him.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed to himself in the dim darkness. "I will do it—"

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, at the foot of the stairs.

"William! William! it's time to go for the milk."

"Ah, me," murmured the boy to himself, "another night has come, but it shall be the last. For many years has it been my duty to go down the dusty old road to Green's for the evening milk. I cannot see why father does not maintain a dairy, or at least one cow, of his own. But, no, I must trudge, trudge on through snow, through sunshine and through rain to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last walk——"

"William! William! ain't yew ever goin' fur that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway.

"Yes, mother, I'm comin' now."

The boy dropped all the forty-two dollars into his trousers pockets, and, after placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly shambled down the stairs.

"There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness.

He was alone on the road. The stone walls on either side showed indistinctly yellow gray in the fast gathering darkness. Now and then William would stoop and pick up a stone and fling it idly toward a bush whence came the note of a nightbird crying to its mate. He stumbled once or twice and murmured something under his breath each time. As he walked down that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called Life, unrolled themselves before his mind's eyes. He remembered the old swimming hole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days agone, the "stone bruise" he carried to school with him all one spring, and the beech whistles he used to make at recess. And the squirrel hunts and the games of youth, all the different scenes of his life were enacted again for him in the playhouse of his memory. And at the end he said to himself, "Well, it is over now, for to-night I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk."

His mind was set, determined. He stumbled along the rocky path to the milk-house on Green's farm, and stood by, silently, while the hired man filled his pail, then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising. Already a soft, silvery light flecked the foliage of the woods on the left, and cast shimmering shadows on the stone walls.

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory and the great, good name that awaited him, out in the world, beyond the ken of life on the Whittlesy farm.

Suddenly the boy stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that the frothing milk slopped over the top of the pail and fell in two splashes, one on the road, the other on his trousers.

"I shall not go home. I shall leave now!" he cried.

He walked to the edge of the road and peered into the white, lighted woods. "I must hide the pail," he said, "but where?"

For a moment he stood in the shadow, thinking.

"I remember!" he exclaimed. "The old blasted tree trunk. I will put the pail there."

He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into the moonlight again. He had carried out the plan that had sugested itself to his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk.

For a moment he hesitated. He took off his cap and stood bareheaded under the sky, the rays of the moon bathing him in a flood of silver light.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

The words were spoken to the breezes and were borne to the night birds that made reply with shriller chirpings.

Then William turned and went back down the country road.

"Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the west in thirty minutes."

William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.

* * * * * * * * *

And the years came and went

Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after many months they came to regard him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He stayed in Chicago just long enough to learn that there was nothing for him there. He pushed his way further west. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write;" then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days and weeks and years sped on until a fifth of a century had passed.

William Whittlesy had accumulated one hundred thousand dollars in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back to the old home and gaze once again into the old eyes of father and mother.

So he returned.

The station at the crossroads was the same, it seemed to him. It had not even been painted in all those twenty years. The agent was a stranger, and the farmers around the little depot did not recognize in the man who alighted from the train that morning the William Whittlesy who had so mysteriously disappeared years before.

Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the country road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed

"THERE'S TH' PAIL, WILLIAM," SAID HIS MOTHER.

the lane below the woods when he recollected that pail of milk that he had hidden in the hollow log twenty years before.

"I wonder if the pail can be there yet," he said to himself, and smiled at the thought. "I'll see."

He remembered the spot as distinctly as though he had but left the day before. He went to the blasted trunk, kicked away the stones and moss and twigs and looked down. Yes, it was there; but in it nothing. He lifted out the old tin pail, its sides all full of holes eaten by time and rust, and continued on up the road.

"I shall knock at the kitchen door," he said to himself; "and when mother answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.'" And William Whittlesy laughed aloud.

The house appeared unchanged. To be sure there were honeysuckles growing up the back porch that had not been there went he went away, but twenty years is sufficient time for honeysuckles to live and die.

William Whittlesy ascended the steps quietly and knocked at the door. It was opened by a kind-eyed old lady. William thrust forward the rusty, battered pail and said, "Mother, here's the milk." The woman looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "Won't—won't—you come in?" she said.

William entered the room. It was the same old kitchen he had known when but a boy. And there by the fireplace sat a man, feeble, and wrinkled and gray. "Father, I have come back," cried William Whittlesy. The old man turned in his chair and gazed at the stranger, unknowing.

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost. "I am William. I have come back. I went away twenty years ago——"

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man by the fireplace, had stood still, at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I—I—I—understand now," she said.

William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady's face when she waved him back. "I understand," she went on. "Arter you went away your mother died, and in 'beout a year your pa married me. Then when he died I married George there, an' we've been livin' on th' ol' place ever sence. So yew see we ain't your folks arter all, though likely ez not yew may have some legal connection with us——"

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door—sobbing, with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the West.—Detroit Free Press.

Ex-Colonials.

During the progress of the Queen's Jubilee the colonial princes, officers and premiers attracted, next to the royal lady herself, the attention of the public. Wherever they appeared they were received with cheers and especial honors.

On on occasion the streets were packed with spectators watching the guests depart from some royal function at Buckingham palace. The crowd refused to move except when some of the Indian rajahs or Australian officers appeared, when a way was speedily opened for them.

A carriage presently came out of the gates in which were three or four Americans who had been guests in the palace. Finding that the way was completely blocked, one young fellow among them shouted:

"Let us pass! We, too, are colonials."

The crowd divided, and as the carriage entered the opening, he added:

"We are the colonials who wouldn't let our mother spank us."

The crowd caught the joke, and replied with laughter and applause.—Youth's Companion.

It makes no difference how good a husband a man has been, his death bed scene is not entirely satisfactory to the neighbors unless he asks his wife's forgiveness.

WORKING THEIR WAY.

How Some Boys at Chicago University Pay for Their Education.

It is a prevalent, though erroneous, idea that the days when one can work his way through college are over. Ways and means are just as plentiful to-day as they were twenty-five years ago, and the earnest student will find them. There is always a colony of such in Chicago, and a sort of Masonry exists among them, whereby a new-comer is looked after till he finds enough work to be independent. A young man has more opportunities than a woman, but there are places for the earnest woman, too.

The most coveted occupations are as correspondents of the city daily papers, but as comparatively few can be thus employed, the majority have to turn their hands to the next thing that comes to them. From twelve to fifteen teach night school. Several teach in the public schools in daytime and do their university work in afternoons and evenings to secure their degrees of D. D. and A. M. About a score carry daily papers, which pays them from $2.50 to $3.50 per week, but as this is not sufficient to meet all their expenses, they must do something else beside, and they do it. About a dozen have lamp routes, which occupation pays $20 to $25 a month. This is not as easy work as some may imagine it to be. Still the hours are easier than they were a few years ago. A few are so fortunate as to find work in the evenings in the city library. Some attend lawns in the summer and furnaces in the winter, earning as much as $5 and $10 a week, by having several of each to care for. Some act as waiters at clubs and restaurants. Some solicit advertisements and some are book agents.

The divinity students pay their way after the first year by preaching in small towns near Chicago. Several employ their leisure hours in "tutoring" less brilliant students than themselves, making a fine income. Two young men made as high as $1,200 in one year tutoring. One student is a member of a city orchestra, which pays him $12 a week. A few are employed in the university postoffice, which pays about 20 cents an hour. A messenger system employs a number about two hours each daily, and some do clerical work for our professors, though here the ladies are given the preference.

As has been said, avenues for women are not so plentiful, yet there are few. Several are teachers in the night schools of the city, and several are housekeepers for professors and small clubs of students. A number are doing clerical work, and a few do library work. Some work in the city telephone exchanges from 5 o'clock p. m. to 10 p. m. This last is extremely hard on the student, but with some it is that or do without the education, and so the former is chosen.

These "working" students are the best, as a rule. They stand highest in their classes, highest in all the athletic sports, consequently highest in the respect of their fellow students and the faculty. The first student to matriculate at the new university at Chicago was one of these earnest young men, who had his way to make. One of the associate professors, Dr. L., was a student at the old university who gained his education by all kinds of work. He had a "lamp route" for eight years. One of the finest American actors, who is billed to play in Chicago this winter, was one of these students.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lotteries in Old Havana.

"Life and Society in Old Cuba" [illegible] title of an article in the Century, made up of extracts from the journals of Jonathan S. Jenkins, written in 1859. Mr. Jenkins says: In Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the venders of lottery tickets, who stand on the street corners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off any number for buyers. They are very adroit, and are apt to persuade the credulous that they will draw a fortune in the scheme. These licensed lotteries are one of the great evils there, especially to the Spanish people, who seem to be born gamblers, and for whom the chances of dice, cards, and lottery tickets appear to have an irresistible charm, all classes in Havana dealing in them habitually.

Red Hair.

A writer in an English weekly journal says that it is a curious fact that red-haired people are far less apt to go bald than those with other colored hair. The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only twenty-nine thousand two hundred hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; one hundred and five thousand are about the average. But fair-haired people are still better off; one hundred and forty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand are quite a common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. A curious calculation has been made to the effect that the hairs on the head of a fair-haired person, if they could be plaited together, would sustain a weight of something like eighty tons, equalling that of five hundred people.

Primitive Ice-Making.

The most ancient method of making ice appears to be that practiced in India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it, at the close of the day, are placed pans of water, which are left until the next morning, when the ice that is found within the pans is collected. The industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry, and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans. The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from its liquid to its gaseous form.

Destroying a Famous Prison.

With the demolition of Mayas prison, in Paris, the first prison in France constructed on the old cellular system has disappeared. There were 1,200 cells, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, and so arranged that each prisoner could see the chapel from the door and listen to divine service without leaving his cell.

Could Use It.

Mamie—Only think. Fren Saunders has given Carrie Moore a diamond for an engagement ring.

Steve—That's all right. Carrie's father is a painter and glazier. The diamond will come in handy in his business.—Boston Transcript.

Duke Won a Horse Race.

Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, an uncle of the Grand Duke, who won an army steeplechase at Berlin recently, is the first prince of a reigning house to ride in a horse race in Germany.

As people grow older, they begin to throw all their clothes they take off at night across their beds to keep their feet warm.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

When the late Prof. Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on "Evolution" in the Lowell Institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. Finally one of them said: "Myra, if what he says is not true we can stand it. But if it is true we must hush it up."

It was on the first day of the Jewish new year. A man with a pronounced proboscis was being brushed at a boot-blacking stand. He handed the Italian the customary nickel, whereupon the later inquired, "You notta a Jewda?" "No," replied the customer; "why do you ask?" "Becausa, on de holiday we always charga de ten centa."

Stuart Robson recently arrived at Weehawken, and, tired and dusty, was awaiting the ferry-boat to take him across to New York, when he was approached by a ragged individual, who was troubled with "the twitters." "Please, mister, will you be so good as to give a poor tramp a nickel?" he asked; "I am broke, and I want to get across the river." Robson extracted the coin from his ticket-pocket, and, placing it in the outstretched hand, said: "There you are, my dear man; but I can not for the life of me understand what difference it makes which side of the river you are on so long as you are broke."

In 1861 the repeal of the paper duty was agitating the political world of England. The budget speech was preceded by a rumor that the basis of the scheme would be the repeal of the tea duty, and that this would upset the Government. Just before Mr. Gladstone rose to make his statement there was handed to Lord Palmerston, on the treasury bench, the following note from Lord Derby: "My Dear Pam: What is to be the great proposal to-night? Is it to be tea and turn out?" "My Dear Derby" wrote the Premier in reply, "it is not tea and turn out. It is to be paper and stationary."

This little speech on the "new history" was delivered by Lord Sherbrooke at the thousandth anniversary of his own college at Oxford. He took the spirit of the age to task for resolving so many things worth believing into mere myth and fable. "For example," he said in concluding, "we have always held that certain of the college lands in Berkshire were given it by King Alfred. The new historians show us that the lands were never his. But they prove too much. Had they been his, he would have kept them. Being another's, he seized the occasion to make the college a handsome present."

The youthful Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, some years ago, misbehaved to her governess, an English lady. The latter, as a penance, bade her unruly pupil draw a sketch-map of Europe, with its principal cities and natural features indicated. In the course of an hour the young culprit presented her map. Holland was drawn with vastly disproportioned territory and careful detail. England was represented as an island too small in size for anything but its name; Ireland was made rather more significant; and across the margin of the work was written: "The actual English territory is too limited to allow details."

[illegible] Scotch servant to her mistress, "I maun tell ye I am to leave your service and be marritt." "Is not this very sudden, Mary?" inquired the lady; "who is the person you expect to marry?" "It is John Scott, mistress." "But you have known him but a short time; how can you trust a stranger?" persisted the woman, reluctant to part with a good servant. "Yes, 'tis true; but he's ken himsel' mony years, and he says he's all right, and I believe he is, for I asked him, 'Did he ken the ten commandments?' and he gave them ivery one. I asked him could he say the shorter catechism, and he had it ivery word; then I told him to grip his hands quick and hard, and then, lady, I saw he was a strong man, and I'm goin' to gie him my hand."

Dean Stanley once told how he first saw Gladstone. The old Bishop of Norwich, having been very much pleased with some of his son's performances, said that as a reward he would take him to visit William Gladstone, the most extraordinary schoolboy who had ever been seen. They went to the house where he was, and Arthur Stanley was sent out into the garden to make acquaintance with the prodigy, who was said to be sitting in a summer-house at the end of a walk. He went, and, having arrived at the summer-house, saw Gladstone reading a book. As Stanley entered Gladstone looked up and said, with great vehemence: "Little boy, little boy, have you read Gray?" Stanley, much startled, faltered out that he had not read Gray, to which the other, with increasing intensity of manner, replied: "Then you must read Gray."

How They Helped.

The boys of whom the following story is told, by an old college professor in the Nashville Advocate, are old men now, but the memory of some of their youthful pranks must be pleasant to them.

The year 1857 was one of remarkable fruitfulness in East Tennessee, and the wheat crop was unusually large and abundant. As this was before the day of mowers and reapers, it was often difficult to find labor sufficient to gather the crop. That year it was peculiarly embarrassing, and the father of Dr. John Brunner, president of Hiwassee College, who had a small farm in the neighborhood, found himself deficient in help to secure his abundant crop of wheat.

In his extremity, he called on his son to inquire if there were not some young men in college who might be induced to lend a helping hand. Dr. Brunner made the announcement to the boys, informing them of his father's circumstances, and requesting any of them who might be willing, to volunteer for the old gentleman's help.

The boys, after consulting together, sent in a reply that they would willingly render the desired assistance, providing they could find the scythes, or "cradles," as they were then called, and borrow them from the neighboring farmers, and that they would report at the harvest field early the next morning.

Old Mr. Bruner had an extra breakfast prepared, and awaited the coming of the young men with eagerness, but they did not come. Finally he received a message from the boys that they had not been able to secure any cradles from the neighbors that day, as they were all in use in the harvest, and could not be spared.

This was a sad disappointment to Mr. Brunner, who had no help of his own; but he concluded to go to the field, and with his own hands save what he could of his crop, now ready to fall. When he reached the field, to his utter astonishment he found the grain all neatly harvested and put up in shocks, but no one in sight.

The boys had borrowed the cradles the night before, and by the light of the moon had gone to the field with a large force, and had carefully done the work without letting the old man know anything about it.

THE HARMLESS RATTLESNAKE.

It Does Not Always Strike When Given the Opportunity.

I have seen a good many rattlesnakes—perhaps a hundred or more—in the Sierra Mountains, but I have never intentionally disturbed them, nor have they disturbed me to any great extent, even by accident, though they were oftentimes in danger of being stepped on. Once, while on my knees kindling a fire, one glided under the arch made by my arms.

The last time I sauntered through the big canyon I saw about two a day. One was not coiled, but neatly folded in a narrow space between two cobblestones on the side of the river, his head below the level of them, ready to shoot up like a Jack-in-the-box for frogs or birds. My foot spanned the space above within an inch or two of his head, but he only held it lower. In making my way through a particularly tedious tangle of buckthorn, I parted the branches on the side of an open spot and threw my bundle of bread into it, and when, with my arms free, I was pushing through after it, I saw a small rattlesnake dragging its tail from beneath my bundle. When he caught sight of me he eyed me angrily, and with an air of righteous indignation seemed to be asking why I had thrown that stuff on him. He was so small I was inclined to slight him, but he struck out so angrily I drew back and approached the opening from the other side. But he had been listening, and when I looked through the brush I found him confronting me still with a come-in-if-you-dare expression. In vain I tried to explain that I only wanted my bread; he stoutly held the ground in front of it, and I was afraid that as he came nearer he might close in on me and strike before I could get away in such a tangle; so I just went back a dozen rods and kept still for half an hour, and when I returned found he had gone.—Atlantic Monthly.

An Important Initial.

A recent visitor to the executive mansion who had the largest amount of self-constituted importance, perhaps, of any visitor in the last decade was a negro "colonel" from Virginia. He came in with flowing Jim Swinger and artificial cocked hat, demanding to see the President "to oncet." For a time he was fretful of restraint, and refused to consider anything except an immediate admission into the White House inner sanctum. The officials asked him what was the matter with him and other profane questions, which at length induced him to explain his errand to the subordinate.

He was from Charlottesville, Va., and had a colored regiment ready to go to the war, which he wanted mustered into service and sent to Santiago by the next boat. The President, of course, would have this done if he understood the patriotism of these dusky volunteers.

"If you start into a battle, what is the first command you would give your troops?" was asked of the old uncle.

"I would say 'Get on yo horses, sah.'"

"What would be your next command?"

"'Prepare to move forward, sah.'"

"What next?"

"'Shoot 'em for toe kill, sah.'"

Then it occurred to a doorkeeper to ask the man his name. The answer was quick and original.

"J. Smith, sah."

"What does the J stand for?" was the next query.

The old man hotly replied:

"Don't yo know nothin'? J stands for Gineral, sah."

Bismarck's Home Life.

There was nothing artificial in Bismarck's home life, but simple habits, dignified daily work and interests made the atmosphere happy, healthy and agreeable. Nor was the chancellor all of "iron." His manners were eminently high-bred, gentle and charming. His children worshiped him, his servants and his dogs loved him, the least distinguished guest in his house remembered his courteous recognition, and that without ostentation.

He never withheld respect where it was due, and in this connection an incident, from the London Globe, is apropos:

Shortly after the conclusion of the campaign against Austria, Bismarck was in the habit, once a week, of calling together his whole household for prayers and for listening to his explanations of some portion of Scripture.

It happened one evening that a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society was visiting the castle, and Bismarck heard of his presence.

It was the evening of the Bible class. Bismarck, as soon as the household had assembled, made this announcement:

"There is a brother here this evening, a Bible colporteur, who knows far more about these things than I do. I beg him to come forward and conduct the meeting."

The colporteur did so, Bismarck taking a humble part in the worship, and being an attentive listener to the colporteur's exhortation.

Joke on the Rev. Dr. Henson.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, that old-time enemy of the rum traffic and genial pastor of the South Park Baptist Church, tells the following good story on himself:

Dr. Henson was going home from the ministers' meeting the other morning on an Indiana avenue car. The car was full of passengers, not a seat remaining unoccupied. At 22d street a man got on the car and proceeded to demonstrate that he had a good-sized jag aboard. He swung on the strap and made periodical jabs at a bird on a woman's hat. Then he lurched forward with a wild whoop and threw his arm around a fat woman's neck. He tramped on the corns of six people, who gazed at him in unspeakable indignation. At last Dr. Henson rose, plucked the fellow by the sleeve and said:

"Here, my man, take this seat."

"Hic, thanks awfully. Hic (with a knowing wink), been there yourself, hic, ain't you, pard?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Everyone Is Taxed.

In Mexico everything and everybody pays a direct tax, from the street porter to the largest mercantile establishment, and the stamp for documents is equally lucrative.

Many Rooms in Parliament.

The British House of Parliament covers nine acres and contains 1,200 apartments.

Some bachelors voluntarily join the ranks of the benedicts and some are drafted.

The Pope Has No Debts.

Pio Nono bequeathed to the church 5,000,0000 francs in gold. Leo XIII has already doubled that sum, which is deposited among various European banks. The holy see has no debts, those which existed having been paid by the present pope.—Albany Argus.

The Enormous Gold Product of 1898.

From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia gold is being shipped in large quantities. This year's output will nearly double that of any previous twelve months. The sales of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are also increasing very fast. This famous remedy will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness.

The Japanese are, as a race, so small that it is necessary to build specially low bicycles for them.

There is in the constellation Andromeda a star visible to the naked eye which the smallest telescopes show to be double. Seen through a powerful instrument, it is found to be triple.

Follow It Up.

Sit down and cool off suddenly, and then regret it, for stiffness and soreness is bound to follow. Follow it up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

A Texas woman has patented a new toy for children, consisting of a jack-in-the-box to be released from the box by striking the spring catch with a ball attached to an elastic cord.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Now at Burlingame, will remove to its beautiful new home at Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., and re-open January 16th, 1899. Address Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Menlo Park, Cal.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

There are houses still standing in Nuremberg, Bavaria, that were built in 1080.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Waltham has joined several other Massachusetts cities in adopting a curfew ordinance.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

The California woodpecker will carry an acorn thirty miles to store it in its nest.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Anglosaxonia contra mundum" is a late neo-Latin coinage.

AGENTS WANTED.

DIATOMS—Vegetable and metallic, a freak of nature, noted as the best POLISH in the world for silver, gold, brass, etc., sent in quantity sufficient for years, for 25 cents P. O. stamps. It is infusorial and cracks in stoves may be repaired with it. Address, R. H. BALLINGER, 501 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

A breech-loading cannon made in 1559 has been discovered in an old museum at Hamburg, which explodes the belief that such weapons are an invention of the present century.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

A colorless ink for use in writing on postal cards, etc., is made by mixing together sulphuric acid and water, the writing becoming permanently visible when the paper is heated.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

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Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

A handy device for hanging clothes is formed of a ring to be screwed to the top of a post to support a number of arms, which are dropped into a hole in the end of the post when not in use.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Missouri woman has designed an ice creeper to slip on the sole of the shoes, a steel plate, with curved ends, to grip the edges of the sole having teeth to engage the ice as the wearer walks.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S OPINION.

The following letter from Senator George Chandler speaks volumes for Dr. Darrin:

(Oregonian.)

Dr. Darrin—Dear Sir: I am pleased to inform you that my son Charles, whom you treated in January, 1896, for heart trouble and general debility, has fully recovered and gained 30 pounds, for which please accept my thanks.

GEORGE CHANDLER.

Baker City.

A Swedish Gentleman's Luck.

To the Editor.—I have been afflicted with deafness and ringing noises in my head. Dr. Darrin treated me with electricity and cured me. Will answer questions at 539 Loring street, Albina.

CHARLE CARLSON.

Would Not Take $5000.

To the Editor.—I have been a physical wreck for the past four years, being afflicted with kidney, liver and heart trouble and dyspepsia, accompanied with pain in my back, stomach and breast. One month ago I went under Dr. Darrin's electrical and medical treatment. Now I am cured and able to work. I most emphatically commend Dr. Darrin's treatment, and will answer any questions, at 545 Wood street, Portland. Would not take $5000 and be placed back where I was.

WALTER MORGAN.

Deafness Cured in 20 Minutes.

To the Editor.—For six months past I have been troubled with deafness. But, thanks to Dr. Darrin and his method by Electricity, for by him and in 20 minutes I was entirely cured. My daughter was cured of rheumatism six years ago. I advise all who may be troubled in any way to call on Dr. Darrin. They will find him efficient in all he professes to be. Refer to me, at 51½ Third street, Portland.

MRS. A. SCHOEPS.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

Dr. Darrin gives free examination to all, and when necessary gives medicine in connection with electricity. The poor treated free from 10 to 11 daily, except medicines. Those willing to pay, 10 to 5; evening, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12.

Deafness, catarrh, eye, nose and throat, heart, liver, stomach, lung troubles, errors of youth, blood taints, gleet, impotency, varicocele, hydrocele and stricture a specialty. All chronic male and female and private diseases treated at reasonable rates. No cases published except by permission of the patient. All business relations with Dr. Darrin strictly confidential. Letters of inquiry answered. Circulars and question blanks sent free. Batteries and belts furnished when necessary. Offices, 265 Morrison street, Portland.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

☞ NOTE THE NAME.

In buying seeds "economy is extravagance," because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best seeds to be had. The best is always the cheapest. Pay a trifle more for

FERRY'S SEEDS

and always get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free. D.M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

A SWORN STATEMENT.

I, C. R. Rollins, M. D., of Grass Valley, Or., voluntarily make the following statement: After having my teeth extracted I have had five sets made at intervals of about nine months, three in Portland, one in San Francisco and one in Spokane. With neither of these have I been able to eat a meal's victuals or even an apple or ripe peach. On December 10, 1898, I had my sixth set made by Dr. Stryker, I. O. O. F. Temple, First and Alder, Portland, Or., and within twenty minutes after the time they were put into my mouth I was able to eat a