

**The Girls of Limerick.**  
If asked, "Where are the prettiest girls in the world?" I will immediately reply, "In Limerick, Ireland." There is a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls en masse that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork and of the lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a happy medium between the rotund English maids across one channel and the sylphlike Parisian beauties beyond the other.  
But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty, a human carnation without a blemish. The Limerick girl is also the highest example of extraordinary assimilation, to be sure, in other words, while she is not insensible of her sparkle of words, she seems like one who has never looked frequently into a mirror. She has regular and sometimes very pretty teeth, and, if her nose is often inclined to retreasure and there is an "Irish expression of mouth," these but add to her other beautiful features—Argonaut.

**The Lost Forty.**  
There is a tract of land in Tazewell county, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw river, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deep ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of fox dens, wolves are occasionally found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for a few giant oaks the wood has no commercial value.  
The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years it has been used for trading purposes, and many unscrupulous persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Tazewell county records the "Forty" appears with "owner unknown." The land is watered by innumerable springs and the Mackinaw river, which winds its way through

## Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough. The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists. Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## WOMAN'S RELIEF

A really healthy woman has little pain or discomfort at the menstrual period. No woman needs to have any. Wine of Cardui will quickly relieve those smarting menstrual pains and the dragging head, back and side aches caused by falling of the womb and irregular menses.

**WINE OF CARDUI** has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

GREENWOOD, La., Oct. 14, 1900. I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with a severe pain in my side and could not get any relief until I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken all of it I was relieved. I feel it my duty to say that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. Young.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

## FERRY'S SEEDS

For The Farmer The Gardener and The Housewife  
They cost a little more. They are worth a great deal more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere. 1900 annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit, Mich.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]  
Ex-Senator Chandler has silver designs prepared for a handsome silver cigar box, and the valuable souvenir is now being manufactured. Upon the lid of the receptacle are these words: "Which we pledge ourselves to promote." And thereby hangs an interesting story.  
After the St. Louis convention of 1896 Senator Chandler offered to give \$100 to the man who wrote in the bimetallic plank of the national platform of that year the words just quoted. Everybody knows that Senator Chandler is a bimetalist of the most devoted type, and he welcomed the pledge of the party to promote bimetalism as a promise of the realization of his ideas. Well, after he had made his offer there were numerous candidates for the award. Among others Mr. D. K. Watson, then a member of congress from Ohio, claimed the honor, and Mr. Chandler entered into a long and serious correspondence with him on the subject. Finally, however, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts appeared as the author of the phrase, and his claim was substantiated by the original documents, which were produced by Senator Foraker, the chairman of the committee on resolutions. Upon a telegraph blank in Senator Lodge's own handwriting were the words upon which Mr. Chandler had laid so much stress.

Convinced as to the authorship, Senator Chandler promptly sent his check for \$100 to Senator Lodge. This was only a short while ago. Mr. Lodge at once returned the check, saying that he had not regarded the offer as serious. Mr. Chandler, however, insisted that he acted in good faith, and then Mr. Lodge, returning the check a second time, replied that if Mr. Chandler wanted to give him a souvenir of the convention and its bimetallic utterance he would be pleased to accept it. Thereupon Mr. Chandler had the silver cigar box prepared. It is composed of sixteen parts silver to one part of gold, is handsomely designed and appropriately inscribed. Its presentation is to be quite an event.

**Everybody Ought to Know Him.**  
One of the correspondents of a New York paper had a funny experience the other night. Into his office walked a congressman and the latter's secretary.

"I want to introduce my secretary, Mr. Johnson," said the representative. The correspondent acknowledged the introduction and shook hands.

"You see," said the congressman, "I thought it would be a good idea for you to know my secretary. You may want to write some pieces about me, and he can give you all the facts. Don't hesitate to call upon him at any time. I would like you to print my name just as often as you can, so that my constituents may know that I am busy looking after them."

And after more words to the same effect the congressman and his secretary withdrew. The joke of the matter was that the correspondent had never seen the representative before, did not know his name and hasn't to this day the slightest idea who called upon him. The congressman simply took it for granted that a man who had been elected from New York must be known to all the world.

**The Colonel Took Pic.**

One of the campaign stories that is floating through the senate cloakroom relates to Senator Fairbanks of Indiana and Governor Shaw of Iowa. According to the story, these two Republican orators were stumping Kentucky. After a successful meeting the Kentucky colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshment.

"What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold apollinaris," was the reply.

"And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw.

"I think I will have a glass of buttermilk."

The barkeeper turned to the Kentucky gentleman and heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."

**Callers Must Fix Up.**

When he pushes through the old time double doors from the corridor to the committee on appropriations, there is no prouder man these days under the white dome than "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the chairman. A scene almost palatial is spread before him. There is nice clean furniture all around him and a new carpet on the floor. On either side there open swinging portals of mahogany and glass that lead to cozy consultation rooms, long needed.

"I tell you, boys," said Mr. Cannon the other day when somebody joked him about his improved quarters, "you must put bear's grease on your hair and some scent on your handkerchief before you enter."

**Secretary Root Presents Canes.**

When Peking was invaded by the troops of the foreign powers some months ago, an old gun carriage was taken by some of the soldiers as a relic. It was of mahogany and was found on the walls of Peking. The history of the gun carriage represented it as 500 years old. Pieces of the wood came into Secretary Root's possession, and he had the pieces turned into walking canes. He presented one to the president and one to each member of the cabinet.

**The District Estimate.**

The secretary of the treasury in transmitting to congress the estimates for the general government recommends that the amount asked by the commissioners for the District of Columbia, \$10,441,481.97, be reduced in round figures to \$7,500,000. The reduction is thus recommended by the secretary is \$2,941,481.97. CARL SCHOFIELD.

All pain banished by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills

## A CONJURER'S TRICK

He was only a poor little Frenchman, chief (and only) prestidigitator, conjurer and sleight of hand artist at "Montmorency's wonderful, world renowned circus." Still, it was rather impudent of him, a fellow little man of fifty, to fall in love with pretty Nellie Waring, the principal bareback rider. Poor Nellie told him it could not be.

"Besides," she said, "there's Jack, you know."

Jack Thornhill was the big, handsome trapeze artist. There was one man named Haycraft, who came regularly every night. He used to leave boxes of sweets at the door for Nellie and throw bouquets to her every night. Neither she nor Jack took any notice of this at first, but one evening, when the bouquet contained a bracelet set with pearls and a note asking for a meeting at an appointed place, Jack got wild.

Jack consulted with the Panjandrum as to what he should do and promptly received the only advice the poor little man could think of giving—to challenge the fellow to a duel. This Jack explained, was impossible, but said that the next best thing would be a thrashing and asked his friend to accompany him to the place next day and "watch the performance."

Jack approached to where Haycraft was standing and asked him "if the note was his writing." He received the defiant request to mind his own business.

Haycraft was no coward, but he knew he was no match for Jack, so he stepped back a pace or two and drew a revolver.

Jack sprang at him with his fist clinched and grasped the revolver. There was a short struggle, during which they fell together on the ground. Then there was a report, and then Jack rose, breathless, leaving his opponent lying still and motionless, with the revolver clutched in his hand.

A very ugly rumor began to gain ground among the company, and all advised Jack to clear out of the neighborhood for a time. It was to the effect that Haycraft had sworn that Jack Thornhill had shot him and that a warrant was out for his arrest for attempted murder.

Jack's appearance on the trapeze was just before the Panjandrum's show, and it was while the former was taking place that the little man noticed among the audience one night, with his eyes fixed intently on Jack, a burly inspector, whom he had seen several times in the town.

He stepped into the arena and was greeted with the customary applause, for he was a great favorite with the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I have to honor to present to your notice a trick which is new, all entirely. I was made to omelet cook in ze seek 'at, eef any gentleman shall be so good as to lend him me. Ah, ze gentleman here," and walking up to the inspector and leading him, not unwillingly, into the arena amid a roar of laughter, "he will be so good as to assist of me."

"I borrow your seek 'at, sare," the little man went on, taking the hat from the inspector's head with a flourish, "and I breaks zese two eggs in him as you see."

He produced the two eggs, apparently from the victim's breast pocket. His eyes sparkled strangely as he went on, tapping the inspector knowingly two or three times on the breast, where he heard the rustling of paper. Then he proceeded to break the shells and let the yolks fall into the hat, amid roars of laughter at its owner's disconsolate face.

"Now you must cook 'em, but I not hurt ze 'at. I take zese two pieces of papire," which he produced very quickly and apparently from nowhere, "and I light zem—so. Now you must hold zem under ze 'at till they are quite burnt out."

The inspector took the paper as directed and held it at some distance under the hat till the last portion was consumed, when the Panjandrum, after a few phrases and some cabalistic words, produced the omelet in a dexterous manner and showed the hat uninjured.

While the audience was clearing out of the theater the inspector remained standing in the arena, when he turned round to Montmorency and said:

"Now, look here. I don't wish to be unpleasant at all, and I've got my duty to perform, and it must be done. There's one of you people wanted for attempted murder, and I want to take him away now. It's Jack Thornhill."

The Panjandrum, now quietly smoking a cigarette, stepped into the middle of the group and said:

"Perhaps the gentleman, before he takes our friend away, will tell us his authority for doing so."

"Certainly. I have a warrant signed by a magistrate."

He put his hand into his breast pocket; but he turned pale and hastily fell to the other ones, and, oblivious of the presence of the lady artists, he used a bad word. "I've lost it!" he burst out.

Before a new warrant could be obtained Haycraft had relented and confessed that he had shot himself by accident.

Six months afterward, when Jack and Nellie had been married, the world renowned circus and entertainment came to town again, and the inspector came to spend a friendly evening with the company.

In the course of conversation he asked the Panjandrum if he could imagine what had become of the warrants on that night, whereupon the little Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wink at his friends, answered:

"You used them to cook the omelet!"

## 500,000 WOMEN

Have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file and prove this statement to be a fact, not a mere boast. When a medicine has been successful in curing so many women, you cannot well say without trying it—"I do not believe it will help me."



## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful

**Ailments of Women.**  
It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Your medicine cured me of terrible female illness. Mrs. M. E. MULLER, 1A Concord Sq., Boston, Mass.

## Backache.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Your Vegetable Compound removed a Fibroid Tumor from my womb after doctors failed to give relief. Mrs. B. A. LORRAINE, Westdale, Mass.

## Bearing-down Feeling

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

Backache left me after taking the second bottle. Your medicine cured me when doctors failed. Mrs. SARAH E. BAKER, 3 Davis Block, Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.

## Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility.

It is a grand medicine. I am thankful for the good it has done me. Mrs. J. W. J., 76 Carolina Ave., Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass.

## Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus.

I was troubled with Dizziness, Headaches, Faintness, Swelling Limbs. Your medicine cured me. Mrs. SARAH E. BAKER, Backport, Me.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book which goes with each bottle, the most complete treatise on female complaints ever published.

For eight years I suffered with womb trouble, and was entirely cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. Mrs. L. L. TOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

## Kidney Complaints

and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

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SILAS J. DAY.

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Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from Nervous and physical Debility, Impotency, Loss of Stamina in all its forms, Catarrh, Prostatitis, Gonorrhea, Stricture, etc., by a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor uses so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief, but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.

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