

## Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.

It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

positively removes them, has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents

#### Loss of Life Comparatively Small.

Vessels have been storm tossed for days on the Pacific coast, but there are few reports of loss of life, and most of the battered ships have managed to make port.

#### Has Deposited a Forfeit.

Edward P. Burch, the promoter of the new electric railway at Everett, Wash., has deposited \$1,000 as a forfeit in the event that he or his assigns shall fail to comply with the conditions of the franchise.

#### 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.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 750  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### Worth Remembering.

"It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things," remarked the haughty representative of a noble family.

"True," remarked the sarcastic man in homespun, "but it is the man at the bottom who can upset the ladder."

**GARFIELD TEA** has permanently cured countless cases of Chronic Constipation, and many diseases arising from an inactive liver. It cleanses the system and purifies the blood.

#### The Significance.

Visitor—Ah! What a picture of innocence that child is!  
Mother—Dear me! I hadn't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?

#### What's In a Name?

Mrs. Waggle—Do you know why this is called a golf hat?  
Waggle—Yes, my dear. It is because people who play golf don't wear them.

#### Holt's School.

Holt's School (for boys), Menlo Park, Cal., has more students and is in better condition than ever. Spring term begins January 7th, 1901. Send for catalogue. Ira G. Holt, Ph. D., Principal.

#### Wisdom of Solomon.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?  
Little Boy—Solomon.  
Teacher—Give an example of his wisdom.  
Little Girl—He had 800 wives.

#### HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women of good character to represent established house on salary; splendid opportunity. Address P. O. Box 587, Portland, Oregon.

#### Wooden Cannon Exploded.

A wooden cannon used in the representation of a play at Greenwall's opera house, in Fort Worth, Texas, exploded during the performance and killed one of the audience.

**E. W. Grove**

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

#### An Immense Fortune.

Diamonds are always trumps with Alfred Bett, the diamond king of South Africa. He is only 48 years old, and has amassed a fortune of \$200,000,000 in 25 years.

## BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, etc. 50c Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

**KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN**

**PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT**  
GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best, Longest, Swiftest, Tastes Good. Use in time. 50c by druggists.

## The Means and the End.

STRATHMORE'S striker was a superior article in every way. His respect for constituted authority was as un-American as his face. He was tall and fine-looking, his English was quite as polished as Strathmore's own; and—which was of infinitely more importance—he never touched whisky and cigars, nor went on a pay-day spree. So Strathmore felt himself justified in supposing that he had murdered, or stolen, or forged, or something, at one time or another, and he shrewdly guessed that Chester was not his real name. But that was no one's concern, that he could see, and everybody knows that enlistment in the army of the United States, even more than baptism, is a new birth.

Throughout the department Strathmore was known by the striker he kept. This had its disadvantages, but the advantages outweighed. No one could have realized this better than Strathmore himself, and yet sometimes he was moved in the bosom of the mess, to complain. "It is telling on me," he would insist; "I am slowly breaking down under the strain. I came across something in a French book the other day about how few masters are worthy to be valets. That's what I am striving to be, and the failure is telling upon me. They used to," he explained complacently, "they used to say—when my name was mentioned from Dan to Beersheba—Strathmore, Strathmore of the 'steenth. Big, good-looking chap'" (Strathmore had picked up Chester's manner of speech), "one of the Strathmores of Boston, isn't he? Now it's 'Strathmore? That's the chap Chester's striking for?' Oh! yes; I think I'll send Chester back to the troop."

Which, of course, he never did. Apart from the fact that he could never have done without him, he could not have had the heart.

Chester had been as good a soldier as he was a striker, but he had languished under barrack rule. Exactly for the reason that he never said so, it was plain that he had been used to better things. It was so plain that Strathmore would never have thought of suggesting to him to become a body-servant, had not Chester himself—when a desperado's bullet had left the position vacant—volunteered. As a striker Chester had many little luxuries that he had lacked before—his own room, his own bath-tub, and the run of his master's small but choice library. With the help of draperies and blankets that Strathmore let him have, and with that of some potted plants he managed upon his own account, he transformed the room into quite a sybaritic retreat, and his literary discrimination was a thing to wonder at. He tackled up colored supplements of the London Christmas papers, and there was a photograph—just one—on his mantel-piece. It was of a woman who had soft eyes and hair and a lovely mouth. Strathmore ventured to ask who it was, one day, and Chester told him that it was "an English-woman, sir."

Now, this was in Texas, in the early days shortly after the war, in the State of the Lone Star's palmiest time. There was much drinking in the land, and much poker, as well, no pious general having as yet arisen to bid gambling cease. There was also some shooting, but of unattached women there were sadly few, and those that there were, were, generally, not very nice. This condition of affairs led to a good many unfortunate things. Any man prefers even a second-rate woman to none at all, and any man—being deprived of a standard of comparison for a length of time will come to think that an exceedingly poor article is superior enough, after all.

That was what happened to Strathmore. He should have known better, because his youth had been spent among women who were lovely in every way; but the memory of man is short—and he was lonesome. There should be provision for this in the regulations. When a man gets any of the ills that frontier service is apt to induce, they bundle him off back East on a sick leave; yet when—which is infinitely more prejudicial to the standing of the service—he reaches the stage of loneliness where he would marry the Witch of Endor herself rather than continue to be alone, there is no one to indorse his application to be sent somewhere where he can find the proper sort of girl.

Strathmore had been in the wilderness a matter of five years, and he was gradually, very gradually, lapsing from civilization. The first intimation of this that Chester had was that the lieutenant made unnecessarily frequent calls at a ranch-house some ten miles from the reservation. Chester knew that a girl lived there—a dreadful girl, who had a plump pretty figure and face, but whose speech was a thing to shudder at, and whose name, besides being

Halloran, was Mamie Pearle. He also knew that if that were not enough to set Strathmore's teeth on edge, he must be in a very bad way.

All this worried Chester a great deal. Frequent contemplation of his one photograph had furnished him with the standard of comparison which Strathmore lacked, and he could see what the outcome of things as they were going was bound to be. He explained it to the photograph, standing before the mantel-piece with his hands jammed deep in his trousers pockets and a pucker on his brow, which was fair to the line of the cap and quite crimson from there down. "If he marries that freckled-face Halloran girl," he said, "he'll want to shoot himself and her the first time he goes East"—Chester cherished a cynical kind of regret that he hadn't done as much himself some time before—"or he'll compromise and take to drink instead. No," he nodded his head decisively, "he shall not marry Mamie Pearle, not"—he looked at the picture a long time—"not if I have to marry her myself. Which heaven forefend!"

The next afternoon he found Strathmore in the sitting-room and proffered a most unprecedented request. "I shall like, sir," he said, "to be given a furlough for a week." Strathmore considered and frowned. "What'll become of me, Chester?" he asked plaintively; "what will I do?"

"O'Toole has promised to take my place, sir. He was Captain Lacey's striker for several years, and he knows his duties, sir."

Strathmore sighed. "Very good," he agreed, with sufficiently poor grace, "I expect I'll make out somehow. Put in your application with the morning report."

Chester went away, feeling contemptible and small, and Strathmore sat and reflected dismally that it was emergencies of this sort that drove a man to matrimony. He ought to have realized that when a man marries because he thinks the woman can be of use to him, rather than he to her, he is making a grave mistake. But he fancied the vague dissatisfaction with his present lot was the yearning of affection, and believed more than ever that he cared for Miss Halloran quite a creditable deal. Before Chester left the next day he stood in front of the photograph again. "She'll wear curl-papers and his forage-cap and cape," he reflected aloud. That was his notion of the point beyond which vulgarity could not go. "It's a devilish contemptible business, I know it is. But then—my future's all behind me; and his is all ahead. He's only a boy. He has all sorts of pull"—what a striker does not know about his master is not worth considering at all—"he will be able to get anything he asks for in Washington. Not," he mused, "that the American army offers much for a young man just now. But he can get all it can give. If he believes himself and marries the right kind—or better yet, doesn't marry at all—he may rise to the soaring height of an attaché-ship. All things are possible with pull."

He stopped and bent down to knock the ashes from his brier-pipe into the fire-place. Then he took the photograph in his hand and started to put it in the grip that lay on his bunk. But he changed his mind and tucked it into the tray of his trunk instead. And he gave it a last look as he closed down the lid. "In which case," he finished, as he turned the key, "he would be very likely to meet you."

A hunting leave is only a week long. But a great deal can happen in a week to a soldier who has cut loose and is accountable to no one, or to a lieutenant madly determined to become just the other way. What happened to Strathmore was, in sum, this:

The day after O'Toole took charge he rode over to the Halloran ranch, and when he came back he was engaged to marry Mamie Pearle. When it was done and he sat down to think, he found that he was not radiantly happy as he had expected to be. But the way the sitting-room had been dusted that morning had disgusted him, once and for all, with single life. The next day he was officer of the day and couldn't leave the post. The day after that he had a cold which he had caught making his rounds, and it confined him to the house.

As for Chester, the way he put in his time never did become quite clear. But for a period of six days there was a strange Englishman in a town some fifteen miles the other side of the Halloran ranch; some twenty-five miles that is, or more, from the post. It was a mud town, and its hotel was as bad as its reputation, but the Englishman stayed there. He wore a conspicuous suit of clothes, and spent money ostentatiously. He let it be understood that his name was Lovatt, and that he was a lord; also, that he was traveling through the West, and might, if he fan-

ced the country, buy a ranch. It was probably with that end in view that he rode almost at once to the Halloran place and explained to the hacendado that he would like to be shown how a ranch was run. He met Miss Halloran, and her father told him that she was engaged to a lieutenant at the neighboring post, but that a severe cold was confining the officer to his house. He expressed a wish that Lovatt might meet the lieutenant some day, and Lovatt hoped that he would. It was possibly in this hope that he called at the ranch for six successive days, but always—had he known it—at an hour when it was quite unlikely that any one would be coming over from the post. After that they saw him no more.

On the evening of the seventh day Chester was in charge of Strathmore's quarters again. Strathmore was recovering from the cold, and he told Chester that he had missed him profanely much. Everything had gone wrong. He asked what the striker had been doing with his time.

Chester threw an armful of wood upon the fire, and stood up, brushing the chips from his sleeve. "Well, sir," he answered, "I have been getting engaged."

Strathmore's jaw fell. That meant that he would have to hunt up a new striker, of course. Then he remembered Mamie Pearle. "That's rather a coincidence, Chester; so have I."

Chester's congratulation was respectful, but not so cordial as it might have been. "I shall ask your permission and the captain's to marry, sir," he said.

Strathmore accorded his own. "But I shall be sorry to lose you, Chester, very sorry. What is the girl's name?"

Chester grew red all over his nice, boyish face. He was finding out that saving another is not all heroism, necessarily. He produced a piece of paper from his pocket—a piece of flimsy, ruled, pink paper stamped with a white dove. Strathmore gave a little start. But Chester was doing this because he thought it best to deal the final blow at once, not to mince matters in the least, and he did not hesitate. He smoothed out the sheet. "That's the name, sir," he said.

Strathmore read it. It was Mamie Pearle.

"The last name," Chester explained, "is Halloran. She's the daughter of Halloran of the ranch."

"Oh!" said Strathmore, dryly. His eye had caught a misspelled assurance of enduring love. "Oh!" he repeated; "and may I ask if she knows who you are?"

Chester grew more red still. "Well"—he reflected that an entirely honest intent could never be prefixed by that Yankee word—"well, sir, I began by letting her think that my name was Lovatt—part of it really is, sir—and that I was titled and rich—which I am not—but"—he plucked up courage as he went on—"if she loves me, of course it will be all right."

Strathmore handed him back the note. "And if she doesn't?"

"It'll still be all right."

Strathmore did not try to understand. His opinion of Chester had fallen very low. As for his opinion of Mamie Pearle he realized, suddenly, that it had not dropped half so far.

It was almost retreat, on the following day, when he took to Chester's room a bundle of London papers that had just come by the stage. He cast a quick look around. "I see you've got the photograph of the girl out again," he commented.

Chester nodded, but added, with the faintest shadow on his face: "She's a married woman, sir."

"Yes?" said Strathmore, and turned to leave the room.

"Oh, lieutenant!" Chester called. Strathmore stopped. "I thought you might like to know, sir, that I'm not engaged any more."

For a full half-minute Strathmore looked into the Englishman's impenetrable blue eyes; then there came a twinkle in his own. "It seems to be another coincidence, Chester," he said, quietly, "for neither am I."—Argonaut.

#### Accommodating.

Peddler—Will you buy a mouse trap, ma'am?  
Lady—No; I haven't any mice in the house.

Peddler—I can get some for you, ma'am, for a small consideration. It's rare sport catchin' 'em.

Lady—Then they might necessitate my having a cat.

Peddler—Well, I could provide you with one for a trifle, ma'am.

Lady—But it might prove a nuisance.

Peddler—I could sell you a dog to kill it, ma'am.

Lady—The remedy might prove worse than the disease.

Peddler—Well, I'd poison the dog cheap for you, ma'am.—Pick-Me-Up.

#### Celery for Rheumatism.

A diet of nothing but celery is said by some physicians to be a sure cure for both rheumatism and neuralgia. Free use of this vegetable is always recommended to rheumatic patients.

When doctors say that an operation is successful, they mean that they found what they looked for and cut it out; they don't mean that the patient has recovered, or will recover.

## When the Hair Falls Out

swollen glands, aching muscles and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is promptly and effectually cleansed of this violent destructive poison.

S. S. S. is the only safe and infallible cure for this disease, the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently.

### My Condition Could Have Been No Worse.

In the fall of 1897 I contracted Blood Poison. I tried three doctors, but the first treatment did me no good; I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and mouth, my body was almost covered with copper colored spots and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my sufferings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I decided to try S. S. S., but must confess I had little faith left in any medicine. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly encouraging, and I determined to give S. S. S. a thorough trial. From that time on the improvement was rapid; S. S. S. seemed to have the disease completely under control; the sores and ulcers healed and I was soon free from all signs of the disorder; I have been strong and healthy ever since.



L. W. SMITH, Lock Box 61, Noblesville, Ind.  
is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. \$1.00 is offered for proof that it contains a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison. Send for our free book on Blood Poison; it contains valuable information about this disease, with full directions for self treatment. We charge nothing for medical advice; cure yourself at home.  
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

#### Poor Farm That Makes Money.

The poor farm in Marion county, Kansas, has only 10 inmates. Last year it cleared \$200 over expenses.

#### To Race in Montana Next Season.

There will be races in Butte and Anaconda next season. E. D. Laurence, of New Orleans, has obtained a lease on the Butte and Anaconda tracks, and a jockey club has been formed, known as the Montana Jockey Club.

#### A Fish That Weighed a Ton.

At Arenella, near Palermo, they have just caught a very rare fish indeed. The fish have agreed to call it the "tub fish." It was three yards long, two yards deep, weighed a ton and had a skin tougher than a costermonger's donkey, since hammers couldn't break it. *Perserveranza* says that few people see the "tub fish" in a life time.

The Best Prescription for Malaria  
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form, No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

#### Woman's Rights.

Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men?  
Stuggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car today and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have hit her one, sure.

#### Tropical Birds in California.

The spectacle of the ibis thoroughly domesticated on a pool within the city limits of Los Angeles, Cal., is suggestive of the mild winters of that region, as the ibis is a tropical bird. These birds were introduced several years ago and live there perfectly contented.

#### Oregon's Scalp Bounty Law.

Under Oregon's scalp bounty law passed by the legislature in 1899, almost 50,000 scalps of wild animals have been presented to the county courts of this state, and scalp bounty warrants to the amount of \$100,000 have been issued.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER USED GARFIELD TEA, the Original Herb Medicine, send to the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for FREE SAMPLE.

#### Present to Montana School of Mines.

C. W. Goodale, of Great Falls, Montana, has presented to the museum of the Montana State School of Mines his large collection of ores and minerals, which includes about 1,000 specimens, many of which are exceedingly rare.

#### Fisheries of England and Wales.

In England and Wales there are 7,371 fishing boats and 40,000 fishermen engaged in the sea fishery. Last year they caught 6,850,000 hundredweight of fish, including 2,250,000 hundredweight of herring.

#### His Record.

Myer—Who is the man across the way with the gold medal on his coat?  
Gyer—Oh, that's Downing. He holds the automobile record.  
Myer—Automobile record?  
Gyer—Yes; ran over 18 people in one afternoon.

Madame **HAIN RESTORER**—An absolute restorer of hair to its original color, removes dandruff, strengthens and invigorates; no stains. Sample bottle 10 cts. in plain wrapper.  
**SKIN FOOD**—An exquisite toilet cream, removes wrinkles, pimples and blemishes, restores the bloom of youth. Sample 10 cts. in plain wrapper.  
1027-1028 Masonic Temple, Chicago.