

## Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

### A Scholar's Advice.

The German historian, Professor Theodor Mommsen, was noted for the facility with which he acquired languages. The tongues of modern Europe as well as the classics were to him not studies, but the familiar tools of his deadly work.

An American reporter who was interviewing him a few years ago asked to have a certain reference put into English, as he did not read German well.

"Not read German well? And you a journalist?" exclaimed the savant. "I do not see how it is possible. Young man, German is one of the four necessities for a student. The other three are English, French and Italian. Without them you can never know the tendency of modern thought. If you have them not, do not rest until you have learned them all."

### Mr. Albee's Opinion.

Alpine, Cal., June 6.—Mr. T. M. Albee, our postmaster has expressed an opinion based on his own experience which will no doubt be of interest to many. Mr. Albee is a man of few words, but his well known truthfulness and uprightness of character adds much weight to any statement he makes. He says:

"The first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills that I used convinced me of their good qualities and I used altogether four boxes with the very best results. I can heartily recommend this remedy."

This voluntary expression of opinion will doubtless find an echo in many homes in California for Dodd's Kidney Pills have been making some miraculous cures in this state.

From the evidence already published it seems safe to conclude that this medicine will be found to be a perfect cure for Rheumatism, Urinary trouble, Backache and any and every form or symptom of Kidney Complaint.

### Done to a Crisp.

A small boy was undressing the other evening before the open fire in his nursery, says the New York Tribune. His mother gave him his nightshirt and told him to hold it to the fire to warm.

She left the room for a minute, but returned quickly when she heard the boy say to his father:

"Papa, is this shirt done when it's brown?"

### IMPORTANT TO THRESHERMEN.

An Account and Note Book of 25 Pages Sent Free to Any Address.

The A. H. Averill Machinery Co., of Portland, Ore., whose advertisement is to be found elsewhere in this publication, have prepared for distribution among threshermen a thresherman's account and note book of 25 pages. This book will be mailed to threshermen free of charge, by addressing the above named company.

The peninsula of India, which in area is half the size of the United States, has a population of 300,000,000, of whom 200,000,000 are farmers.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

### Applying Early Remedy.

"Why did you never marry?" "I became convinced in my youth that the prevalence of divorce was becoming a menace to American institutions."—Brooklyn Life.

# Ayer's

Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a

## Hair Vigor

hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.

"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling and also restored the natural color."  
Mrs. E. G. K. WARD, Landing, N. J.  
\$1.00 a bottle.  
All druggists.

for **Poor Hair**

# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

### CHAPTER III.

Madeline Graham faded at once and forever out of my boyish existence. I neither saw nor heard from her directly; but some months after her arrival in her distant home, there arrived a wonderful parcel, full of dried fruits, nuts and other foreign edibles, addressed, in the hand I knew, to "Master Hugh Trelawney," at Munster's. My schoolmates laughed wildly on its arrival. I distributed the more perishable fruits among them, reserving a very little for myself—for I had no heart to eat. I stored up many of the nuts in my trunk, till they were quite moldy and rotten. When I was obliged to throw them away, I seemed to cast away at the same moment all my hope of seeing my dear little love again.

I remained at Munster's until I was fourteen. In all these years I never forgot Madeline, never ceased to mention her name every night when I prayed by my bedside, never relinquished the thought of some day sailing across the ocean, and looking on the dear bright face again. I found myself reading imaginative books and writing verses—of which early compositions, be certain, Madeline was the chief and never-wearying theme.

I had taken tolerable advantage of Munster's tuition, and was sufficiently well grounded in the details of an ordinary English education. I had, moreover, a smattering of Latin, which, in my after struggle for subsistence, turned out very useful. I should have progressed still further under the care of my schoolmaster, but at this period one morning I received the startling intelligence that my father was dead, and that I was left alone in all the world.

Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a packet with a crepe band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought in with her, and said:

"You must wear this one now, Hugh." I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or to follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.

"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added, "and must not grieve."

"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?" "I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father has not left you a sixpence. . . . Hugh," she added, suddenly, "have you any relations?" "No," I replied, "not one."

"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed:

"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least I had an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me where she is to be found."

"I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon and she lives at St. Gurlott's, Cornwall."

Mrs. Munster wrote it down. "Mrs. Martha Pendragon, St. Gurlott's, Cornwall." It looks promising, as I dare say St. Gurlott's is a very small place. Make yourself as contented as you can for a few days, my dear. I will write to the lady and ask her what she means to do."

I could do nothing else but wait, and I accordingly did so. At the end of four days I saw Mrs. Munster receive a letter, open it, read it and glance strangely at me.

"It is from your aunt, my dear," she said, "from your Aunt Martha."

I wanted to hear more, but Mrs. Munster again turned her attention to the letter. Presently her husband came into the room, and she handed him the letter. I saw him start at sight of it, read it twice, and then glance, as I thought, half pityingly at me.

"I suppose it's all right," he said, turning to his wife; "the boy must go."

"Well," she said to me, "I suppose your Aunt Martha is better than nobody, my dear—she seems a good-natured sort of person, and is quite willing to give you a home; but it seems a pity to take you from school before your education is complete, and if we could find another relation who would let you stay here it would be much better for you. She has fixed Thursday as the day on which you are to go to her; therefore, my dear child, I see no help for it; you must leave us!"

Thus it was settled. On the Thursday morning, I, accompanied by my small stock of luggage, started on my travels, and saw the last of Munster's.

### CHAPTER IV.

I journeyed by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mrs. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Missus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realizing the fact that he was of tremendous height, and that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice:

"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mare's got a journey afore 'un, and we'm best nawn't be late!"

the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters, "John Rudd, Carrier, St. Gurlott's."

On coming up to the vehicle, my conductor paused and disposed of my trunk, then, turning to me with a "Come, young master, jump in," he gave me a lift which summarily placed me inside and on the top of my box; then, before I had time to recover myself, I felt that the wagon was jolting along.

We soon left Falmouth behind us, and were moving cumbrously along the high road. Looking to the right and to the left I could see nothing but undulating sweeps of land, bleak and barren, with the stony highway stretching before us. We were traveling westward, evidently, and, as far as prospect went, we might be going forward into the Desert. There was not a cart or horse or human being to be seen anywhere.

It was past midday, and the sun was as hot as it had been any day that summer. As I felt it scorching my face and head, I looked at my companion, and marveled again. His huge ulster coat was buttoned up to his chin, and his great round face was shaded by his broad felt hat. He was by no means a bad-looking man, and he was still young—only five-and-thirty, or thereabouts.

His skin was tanned and weather-beaten, and his eyes were fixed upon the mare with his habitual dreamy stare. Suddenly he turned his glance slowly upon me, and said:

"I reckon you know a deal? I wonder naw, whether you can write?"

I answered with some decision that I certainly could, at which I thought his face fell.

"Poetry, naw?" he inquired. "Wareses like?"

I replied that though I was able to write a capital hand, I had only once or twice aspired to original composition; at which he chuckled delightedly, then, fixing his eyes with a fascinating glare upon my face, he repeated in a high, shrill voice the following lines:

"To Missus Pendragon, who's always so pleasant,  
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott, brings this little present.  
May her life be as sweet as best sugar can be,  
And the only hot water be mixed w' her tea!"

"What do you think o' that?" he asked anxiously.

"Very good," I replied. "Where did you read it? In a book?"

"I didn't read 'un, master, I wrote 'un," he replied. "Leastways, I should ha' wrote 'un if I could write. Naw, you'm a smart chap, praps you could take them lines down?"

"Of course I could," I replied. Whereupon I produced a pencil from my waistcoat pocket, and, asking Mr. Rudd to repeat the verse again, I transcribed it on the back of an old letter.

"Do you make much poetry?" I asked. "A goodish bit," he replied, "leastways, I should if I'd allus a smart 'un like you at hand to take 'un down. 'Tis a gift. It all began when I were a lad, a-driving up and down Falmouth way w' father. Then I used to hear the old wagon go 'tum to tum' alawng the road, and the wareses they came and kept time. To think o' the thousands of bootiful pomes I ha' made; they'd make a walum, and I've got 'em all here in my head, thick as bees in a beehive, all a-buzzing together, one atop a' t'other."

"Do you live at St. Gurlott's, Mr. Rudd?"

"Iss, young master; I drives this here van three times a week to Falmouth and back."

The warm day was succeeded by a cold evening, and with the darkness had come rain. I was glad to follow John Rudd's example, to wrap myself well up in my overcoat. We jolted on, covering what seemed to me an interminable space. The darkness rapidly increased, the rain continued to fall, and, worn out with fatigue, I fell into a fitful doze.

I was dimly conscious of the wagon rolling on, of occasional disjointed remarks, rhythmical in character, when John Rudd's voice aroused me.

"Wawk up, young master," said he; "we'm gettin' pratty nigh your place." I roused myself and looked about me, but there was nothing to be seen. Darkness encompassed us on every hand; the wind was sighing softly, making a sound like the distant murmur of the sea. Presently the wagon stopped. The carrier jumped down; then he gave a peculiar whistle as he went round to the back of the wagon to haul out my trunk. The darkness was suddenly penetrated by a light, which seemed quite close to us, and a man's voice called out in a broad country dialect:

"Be that you, John Rudd?" "Iss, mate," returned Rudd. "You katch hold o' the young gentleman. I ha' gawt the bawx."

"Be this the lad?" asked the voice, as I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. "Waal, my lad, you be welcome to St. Gurlott's."

The hand kept hold of my shoulder and led me along. The next thing I became conscious of was standing upon the threshold of an open door, and of the voice of my guide saying heartily:

"Yar he be, Martha!"

I found myself standing in the middle of a quaint Cornish kitchen. The individual who had led me was a tall, broadly built man, dressed in a red-stained

suit of coarse flannel. His hands were big and broad and very red, his head was thickly covered with coarse black hair, and he spoke the broadest of Cornish dialect in a voice of thunder. Having finished my inspection of number one, I glanced at number two—namely, my aunt. She was a comely looking woman of forty, very stout and motherly in appearance. She wore a cotton dress, a large coarse apron, and a curious cap.

My amazement at the sight of these two individuals was so strong that I could scarcely force my lips to utter a word; but if my surprise was great, theirs seemed greater. After the first glance at me, they looked uneasily at one another, the genial smiles faded from their faces, and the words of welcome died upon their lips.

A pleasant interruption to all this was John Rudd, who at this moment came in with my trunk upon his shoulder and placed it down on the kitchen floor. Then he made a dive into the voluminous folds of his coat and produced a packet.

"That be for you, missus," said he; "a little present, w' a suitable inscription o' my awn making."

"Thank you Mr. Rudd," returned my aunt, taking the packet. "You'm very kind."

"Read the wareses, missus; read the wareses!" said Mr. Rudd, whereupon she proceeded to do so.

It was a proud moment for John Rudd; he seemed to expand with pleasure. And though to all intents and purposes he was gazing upon Mrs. Pendragon, he rolled one eye round my way, as if to watch the effect upon me. When the reading was done, he smiled affably, while my uncle brought down his open hand heavily upon his knee.

"Waal done, John, waal done!" cried my uncle, heartily; while another voice one which I then heard for the first time, said:

"Oh, Mr. Rudd, what beautiful poetry you do write!"

At the sound of the voice, all eyes, mine among the rest, were turned upon the speaker, whom I discovered to be a little girl somewhat about my own age, so pretty and so quaintly dressed, she looked like a little Dresden china shepherdess.

"Wha, Annie!" said my aunt.

"I declare I'd forgot all about 'ee!" my uncle added. "Come yar, my lass, and say how do ye do to yer cousin?"

At this, the little girl came forward, and, gazing earnestly at me, timidly offered me her hand.

Suddenly, John Rudd, who had been fumbling about his coat again, produced another packet, which he this time, handed to my cousin. She opened it, and found it contained a brightly colored shawl and a sheet of foolscap, on which some lines were penned. Knowing Mr. Rudd's weakness, Annie proceeded to read the lines:

"To Annie Pendragon, who charms all beholders,  
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott's, sends this for her shoulders;  
That she'll always be happy, in sunshine and in flood,  
'Tis the wish of her friend and admirer,  
J. Rudd."

Having read the verses, Annie fell to volubly admiring them and the shawl; but Mr. Rudd, feeling the praise too much for him, gleefully took his departure. He paused at the door, however, to give me a last look, and to express a wish that we should become better acquainted.

The moment he was gone, attention was again concentrated upon me. My aunt took a good look at me, trying to find traces of my mother and father in my face. My uncle discovered I was both wet and cold; while Annie said:

"Why don't you give him his supper, mother? I'm sure he must be hungry after that long ride w' Mr. Rudd."

Annie's suggestion was adopted, and we all sat down to supper. While I ate, I had leisure to look about me. The kitchen was large and homely in the extreme, with a clean stone-paved floor beneath the great black rafters above, from which hung fitches of bacon, bundles of tallow candles, and divers articles of attire. The table was great and broad, with seats within it, formed of polished black oak, and the fire burned on the open hearth. In one corner was a recess, with curtains, containing a bed, which I afterward discovered was to be mine for the night.

Very little was said or done that evening. If I was astonished at the sight of my relatives, they were equally so at the sight of me. A sort of constraint came upon us all. I was not sorry to find that they were very early people, and that at ten o'clock they retired, and left me to make myself as comfortable as I could in the press-bed in the kitchen.

### (To be continued.)

### Passed 'Em Up.

Cholly—I say, Fweddy, let's go and consult a spwirlit medium.

Fweddy—What foh, old chapple?

Cholly—Why to—aw—talk with ouah ancestors, doncher know.

Fweddy—Couldn't think of it, chappy, old boy. My ancestors were deucedly common twade people, d'know, and weally I don't care to wecognize them.

### Influence of Candy.

"Have they any candy in heaven, mamma?" asked little 4-year-old Flossie, who was slowly recovering from a serious illness.

"I think not, darling," replied her mother.

"Well," continued the little invalid, "I'm awful glad we've got a good doctor."

### An Extra Session.

Grace—Our literary coterie is to meet twice a week.

George—What's the extra session for?

Grace—Oh, we need one meeting to read, and one to talk.

### A World-Wide Reputation.

Wherever men are there will be illness and wherever people are ill, Dodd's Kidney Pills will be found a blessing. Solely on their merits have they pushed their way into almost every part of the civilized world. Their reputation as an honest medicine that can always be relied on has been built up by the grateful praise of those who have been cured. The two following letters indicate just how the reputation of this remedy knows no geographical bounds. The sick and suffering all over the world are asking for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dear Sirs:—I have been suffering for some months from a Kidney complaint. The doctor who attended me has recommended me to take your Pills, "Dodd's Kidney Pills." After two boxes I got some relief. But unfortunately I have not been able to go on with the treatment, being unable to find any Pills in Cairo.

The chemist who sold me the two boxes has informed me that he had sent an order for some, and has been keeping me waiting for more than one month. This is the reason why I am writing to you to request you to have the goodness to send me by return of post six boxes for which I will pay as soon as I receive them from the post.

Kindly let me know at the same time where your branch agency in Egypt is to be found. Thanking you in anticipation,

### MOHAMED RACHED,

Office of the Minister of Finance, Cairo, Egypt.

Dear Sirs:—I want to purchase six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I don't know exactly where to apply at Buffalo or London. I suppose they can be sent by express or registered mail from either place. Please advise me of how to proceed in order to get the pills without delay. Yours truly,

### J. P. SIMONSON,

Viborg, V., Jark, Denmark.

### One on John Kernell.

The late John Kernell, the Irish comedian, liked in his prime to go back to Ireland, whence he would often bring material, gathered in alehouses and on the high roads, that afterward served him well in dialogue upon the stage.

Kernell once said at a little supper party in Boston that he had met on a summer day in Galway an Irishman driving a horse so thin that it staggered as it walked.

"Why don't you put more flesh on that nag?" Kernell exclaimed, indignantly.

"More, is it?" the Irishman answered.

"Why, by the powers, don't you see that the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now?"—New York Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Equality is the earth of everyone at their advent upon earth; and equality is also theirs when placed beneath it.—Enclos.

**Keeley LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO CURE**  
HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED  
FOR ALL SPECIES OF ADDICTION  
ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Nearly all negro babies are white when born, and so continue for weeks. When a woman has reached the age of forty-two in Japan, and is unmarried, the authorities pick out a husband for her, and compel them to marry. This plan reduces the number of old maids, but forces many men to suicide.

**FITS** Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 52 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Running Expenses.

Mistress—Want more wages? I thought you were being very well paid, considering that I do about half the work.

Domestic—You forget, mum, how much it costs me for advertisin' fer new situations.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

During the last decade American exports to China have increased sixfold.

**YOU CAN EARN \$25.00 PER DAY**  
Getting Water, Oil or Coal with AUSTIN WELL DRILLS  
Made in all sizes and styles. Write for Catalogues and list of users in the West.  
Beall & Co., 313 Commercial Block, PORTLAND, ORE.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Usable in time. Sold by druggists.