

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### A MIDDLE AGED WIFE'S PATHETIC, UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

**Keeping Up Appearances—Warning Against Face Powders—Social America In 1850—Economy—A Girl's Education. The Nightcap—Household Hints.**

Most finely organized women are so susceptible to the quality of the moral atmosphere that their very personality alters with their conditions. They are eloquent in one presence and dumb in another, quite irresistible in their likings or dislikings. In the warmth of sympathy, of interest and approval, even in the comfortable medium of a decent civility, they flower out into variety and a gracious agreeableness. In the chill of indifference or a tolerant silence, their mental powers shrink into torpor; they have nothing to say, and, from a sense of loyalty to the domestic idea, they try to make talk, they are tacitly informed that they succeed in being tiresome.

No unequal struggle is more courageous or more pathetic than the effort of a middle aged wife to conceal from herself that the dearest lover of her prime, her Gratiano, of gay, so airy, speaking his infinite deal of nothing, is converted into the silent boor of her meridian. The tenderer and more conscientious woman, the more ready is she to excuse, but the more she suffers. When Gratiano comes home at night with heavy sleep and heavier countenance, bidding her a scant good evening, sitting silent through dinner, and, by way of post-prandial entertainment, falling asleep in his chair, burying himself in the magazines or spreading out his business papers and working at them with a conscious "See how I am ready to shave myself to death for you!" in every flint of the pen, she says to herself (and to the world, where he needs defense) that he is worn out with work and anxiety, that he is absorbed in the pious task of providing for her future and the children's, in case he should fall a martyr to his domestic devotion, and that she must not mind his moroseness, which is simply nervous exhaustion for which he is not responsible.

But she is not deceived. She knows that he owes her something more and higher than the "heaping up dust from year to year." She knows that the evenings and Sundays and the holidays ought to belong to them together, to be used in the building up of the home, which is so much more than the house. She knows that the matter how hard he may have worked, and how much he may have worried, he has not pleasant experiences, seen pleasant faces, had some variety of feeling in every day's round to relieve its monotony, and leave him fresher than any twilight hour finds her. The difference is that he makes of his weariness a fortress, entrenched behind which he may comfortably and safely defy all conjugal and social claims, while she turns her fatigue into a means of grace, reproves herself for self-indulgence in longing to yield to it, and goes out to do the social duty that cannot be shirked, or sits reading or working in the room with her oppressor, infinitely lonely in either case.

It is right that a man should secure a competence for wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty. But if he cheats their present of all that makes it worth having, for the sake of a future that may never come, he is guilty of a folly that is cruelty. They are dependent on him for their daily joy as much as for their daily bread. To supply the one, he has no right to pretend to himself that he may stint the other. The police reports of wife beatings and wife tormentings are too horrible to be read. But that brutality, born of thoughtlessness and selfishness, which deprives the wife of the moral oxygen that is her right, which keeps her in the devalued air of indifference, is a greater wrong, because the victim is more sensitive and the tyrant more enlightened.—Harper's Bazar.

### Keeping Up Appearances.

Some hypocrisy there may be in keeping up appearances. The last sacrifice may be made to keep up the kitchen with a show of well doing, while the kitchen may be a pig pen. A tasteful, rather expensive, cloak or gown may hide median and tattered clothing beneath. An impoverished family manages to maintain a carriage with some show before the community, while the debts of the family would more than eat up its possessions if some way were not devised to evade the sheriff. Grocers and other merchants are laid under contribution to help maintain families beyond their actual means. The man who piles up firewood will take pains to place the sticks with the sawed edges outward, that the front surface of the pile may appear well. And so it goes throughout life. This may all be hypocrisy, in great or small degree; but, after all, it means something deeper. People do not love to be hypocrites unless we except the few Uriah Heeps. There is no amusement in deceiving anybody but yourself for the sake of deceit alone. Be truthful all these more ultimate actuating motives. Respectability is aimed at, because it is a good thing; well doing is assumed because it is desirable. The handsomest garment is placed in sight because beauty is one of the great additions to modern life. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said Hamlet. So, in our age, when well doing is not universal, when elegance and beauty and luxury are not common to all, their ownership is pretended; and they will continue to be assumed until that day when we shall all give up the pursuit of ideals, or be honestly satisfied with our efforts to attain them.—Good Housekeeping.

### Penny Wisdom and Pound Foolishness.

Economy only ceases to be admirable when it goes too far and verges on stinginess, and then it is very apt to defeat its own desires. The boarding house keeper who does out two towels and two napkins a week spends more than she economizes. The linen loses more by the hard scrubbing it must sustain to be made clean than is saved in laundry work by the reduction of the number of pieces.

Common sense is the measure by which economy must be conducted. The guarding against unnecessary wear and tear, the mending of tiny holes and worn places as soon as they are perceptible, the stitch in time that saves nine, the changing about of rugs that they may wear evenly, the making over of the old clothes, the skillful disposition of remnants, the watching for such little leaks as the throwing away of soup stock or the neglect to sift the ashes—all this attention to apparent trivialities only becomes misplaced when it withdraws the mind from higher objects, and binds it down to a mechanical round that leaves room for nothing but petty details. Economy must appear in not wasting nerve force and brain tissue for inadequate cause as well as in the avoidance of needless extravagance.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

### Warning Against Face Powders.

Use no face powders that are not starch or rice powders, and second, use no face powders that contain lead, arsenic, bismuth, arsenic or mercury. Of the numerous "face masks,"

"beauty masks," "complexion balms," "medicated pastes," blooms of youth, beauty or loveliness, "Lola Montez secrets," not one is good in any respect. The very best is without value. From this they range down to the depths of injurious and ghastly action. The best consist of an oil, fat or glycerine with some perfume and a trifle of gum benzoin, camphor or other drying substances. These are simply stings. Their action is the same as of lard or butter smeared thickly over the face of the user. The rest are dangerous as well as disgusting. They contain the same ingredients as the face powders denounced and are even more pernicious in their action. Lead, colic, lead paralysis, mercurial ulcers, arsenic sores, boils, carbuncles, abscesses, putrid glands, salivation, sudden blindness and even more serious ills can be traced to their use, and will invariably accompany that use as long as the human body remains as it is today.

Of the rouge preparations, those made from cochineal and madder are harmless. All others are bad, very bad, and horrible. The "eau de vinaigre," "rouge vinaigre," "camphor wine," "red pepper wash," "capsicum elixir" and the like, which depend for their effect upon irritating the nerve corpuscles, are unobjectionable to the physician and chemist. The new preparations, which are solutions of aniline and other coal tar colors, are poisonous and should be prohibited by law.—American Analyst.

### Social America in 1850.

The furniture of city houses especially, often costly enough, was almost without exception patterned. The carpets, of enormous patterns and discordant colors and the furniture of excessively varnished rosewood, or some like material, and always in "sets," were things to shudder at. The costumes of the women were in keeping with the houses. Not only did the ladies wear long trousers of some white material, that came so low that it was impossible for the wearers to walk without getting them in dust or mire, but the smallest girl child was rigged out in the same preposterous garments, it being thoughtfully immoral for a tot of 6 to expose her ankles.

The ladies' boots, made usually of cloth, were headless, laced at the side, and came not quite to the ankle bone; while the one button gloves left the wrist entirely bare. The neener the female forehead reached to the back of the head the lovelier, many even shaving the central portion to enhance their "beauty." Any hair that was golden or yellow was thought almost a deformity, and a girl with sunny tresses was looked upon as hideous, was taunted as a "red head," and generally used a lead comb or some wash to make her golden tresses conform as nearly as possible to the prevailing standard.

All women plastered their hair in a hard, flat mass tight to the skull, with bandoline or some other mucilaginous substance, as low down as the ears, and then had it twisted in stiff, wire like spirals, or puffed out like blinders.—Boston Herald.

### Nightcaps Injurious.

Nightcaps as an article of dress, except in antiquated fashions and amateur theatricals, have gone out of fashion. Their universal use by our forefathers and foremothers may, perhaps, be safely attributed to the fact that in the good old times sleeping apartments were uncommonly draughty. Ill fitting window shades, large chimneys and antediluvian doors let in so much air that there was very good reason for protecting the head from the consequences of too much ventilation. Nowadays the headgear appropriate for night use has become obsolete, so that it will cause no painful shock when the public are informed by the voice of medical authority that the use of nightcaps is actually injurious. "A man," we are told, "might as well sleep in his boots as in a cap." We are not aware that even if a person did commit the former enormity any dreadful effects on his health would infallibly follow, whatever might be the results to his bed linen. Still, medical science is pretty safe in running a tilt against nightcaps, for the simple reason that it is hardly anybody's interest to defend them.—London News.

### A Girl's Education.

I think a girl's education begins in the cradle. Who can say how early she discerns that she has no speech to utter—sees, for instance, whether the people around her are self-controlled, patient and sweet, or the sad reverse? I wonder how many months old a girl must be before she would know whether or not she was treated capriciously—whether she was refused a thing when mamma was in one humor and granted the same thing when mamma was in another humor. And do you think your little maid of 3 or 4 fails to notice what are your chief interests in life, whether you are most eager about your clothes or your books or your housekeeping? Does she not perceive whether the poor relation who comes to visit you is welcomed as warmly as is Mrs. Crusius, who drives to your door with her well appointed carriage? In short, the little damsel has no power to reason, she has keen eyes to see, and your own attitude toward life and life's demands will be educating her, whether you are aware of it or not, even from her cradle.—Louise Chandler Moulton in Chicago Journal.

### From Shoulder to Elbow.

"Wonder," writes a fashionable milliner, "whether the confirmed wearer of the conventional sleeveless ball dress ever reflects on the fact that arms which look white early in the evening get crimson with exercise! From the shoulder to the elbow is the most treacherous part of a woman's arm. With heat and sometimes turns as crimson as her cheeks. It is not beautiful then, particularly when she is dressed in white. This only happens with plump beauties; with a slender woman that part of the arm is generally much too thin. I am sure we must be a decaying race, for except in rare cases dress is now a means of hiding defects rather than of setting off beauty."—London World.

### Woman as an Employee.

When a woman asserts that she does exactly as much as a man, and does it just as well, that is her side of the case. Perhaps the employer, who knows just what the man does, and what the woman does, would be of a different opinion. The trouble seems to be in this, that the woman will do just what she is expected to do, in the regular routine of her employment, and do it well, but that she is not willing to be called on for extra services outside of her regular employment, whereas a man expects to do as he is told, whether it agrees with his preconceived notions of what his duties were to be or not.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Grain Soup Without Meat.

Here is a grain soup without meat that is recommended. Fry in clarified dripping, or in butter, some carrots, turnips and onions, which are cut in small dice, taking care not to burn them. To two heaping tablespoons of the butter or dripping and each kind of vegetable allow a scant quart of boiling water, a heaping tablespoonful of rice and a bunch of sweet herbs. Boil all the ingredients together for an hour and a half, then add salt and pepper to taste, skim off the fat, add toasted bread cut in dice and serve. This

may be made with vermicelli instead of rice. —"Invalid's Own Book."

### Recipe for Snaps.

This is an excellent recipe for ginger snaps, the "snappiness" being produced by boiling the molasses and then allowing it to cool. Snaps—Boil one pint of molasses, and when it has cooled to about milk warm beat into it one egg and one teaspoon of butter and lard, mixed and melted, and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Work in flour enough to make it roll easily, with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a spoonful of warm water. Roll very thin and bake quickly. Remove from pan carefully. When cold they will snap.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Now that the gardening season is approaching, you will do well to remember that an old can with a small hole punched in the bottom and sunk in the earth beside your pet plant, if filled daily with water and weekly with liquid manure, will help it to a wonderful and delightful growth.

Three Russian women, graduates of medicine, have established a hospital for diseases of women at Koshan, Persia. Their experiment has proved completely successful. They are reported to have been consulted by 1,500 patients in the last ten months.

If you would keep your face and hands unwrinkled, use tepid water; very hot or cold water is injurious. Also avoid burying the face in a soft pillow at night, which always produces wrinkles around the eyes.

Basements should never be constructed without an air space between the floor and the earth. If the floor is laid directly on the ground it is sure to be damp. Subcellars for this reason alone are very desirable.

Type rubbing is one of the best paying industries for women. The work consists of rubbing the type after it is cast and to the point of polishing, which is done by men.

The sun bath is the latest beautifier, and is recommended as the best means of attaining the Irishman's "middle extreme," wherein a woman is neither too fat nor too lean.

A slice of raw onion well rubbed over the roots of the hair upon going to bed is one of the very best things for any unwholesome condition of it.

Women desiring to enter the London Society of Lady Dressmakers have to furnish testimonials of their "social position" as well as of character.

The air of a sick chamber should always be kept so fresh that there will be no perceptible difference upon coming into it from the outer air.

It rests with our own hearts whether the four walls of a cottage shall not enshrine as much of bliss as the gorgeous precincts of a palace.

Rubbing the scalp for ten minutes every day with the tips of the fingers is both a preventive and remedy of baldness.

Put meat into a hot oven to roast. If the meat and oven get hot together the meat will be tough and the gravy gray.

There is one instrument that no clever woman ever learned to play on, and that is a second fiddle.—Uncle Ezek.

To remove black grease stains from clothing use cold water and soap. Hot water sets the stain.

Some of the women of Paris have formed a league for the suppression of impure literature.

Don't allow ashes to be put in a wooden box or barrel. Always have an iron ash can.

Divorces would be unknown if there was as much courting after marriage as before.

An old man in love is as helpless as a blind kitten.

Sift flour just before you wish to use it.

### She Saw the Point.

"That lady," said a Woodward avenue merchant, pointing to a woman who had traded about \$12 worth in ten minutes and was going out, "used to be one of my worst callers. She'd come in almost daily, bother four or five clerks for two hours, and go out without buying a cent's worth."

"How did you cure her?"

"Well, I spoke to her in an off hand way one day, and she fired up and said that as long as I kept clerks it was my business to be bothered. Next day I selected ten of the girl clerks, posted 'em up as to what to say, and they rung her door bell at intervals of an hour all day and inquired if she wanted a nurse girl. She didn't, and told them so pleasantly enough until the tenth one came. Then she said:

"I'd like to know why on earth all you girls come here bothering me when I don't want to hire?"

"Because, ma'am, so long as you keep servants it is your business to be bothered!" was the prompt reply.

"I think she reasoned out the analogy, for she now sits down and buys what she wants and every clerk likes to wait on her."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Pretty Girl's Eyes.

Although nonsense may be common in ultra fashionable circles, it is nevertheless often unique. At a recent reception one fair maiden remained persistently seated while the other girls walked about a great deal and struck pretty poses while in conversation with the gentlemen. Somebody asked why this attractive creature remained in her chair.

"Because she doesn't feel like standing," was the reply.

"Oh, then she is lame."

"No, no. She has upward eyes."

"And what are they?"

"Why, she has discovered that her eyes are exceedingly handsome when wide open and looked down into, but when the observer is on a level with them they are not half so charming. It seems to be a peculiarity of her eyes. So she sits down all the while when on exhibition, so that the fellows as they stand before her in conversation must gaze down on her face, and in so doing counter her eyes at their best."—New York Sun.

### The Objection Easily Obviated.

A gentleman of fastidious habits was lunching at his restaurant the other day, when a stranger came in and sat down at the same table.

While eating the slim meal he ordered, the stranger looked across at his well dressed neighbor and remarked:

"I see you have had celery; will you oblige me with ten cents to pay for some celery, sir?"

"I don't know why I should pay for celery for you, sir," answered the gentleman laughingly. "You are a perfect stranger to me."

"Allow me to introduce myself," cheerfully responded the other, presenting a card.

"Now, sir, shall I order the celery, or will you?"

He got it.—Detroit Free Press.

## ABOUT THE ZUNIS.

### THE INHABITED VILLAGES WHICH NOW EXIST ARE MODERN.

**A Curious People, but Not in the Least Ingenious, So an Explorer Says—Seven Tusayan Villages—The Descent of Property in the Female Line.**

Cosmos Mendeleff has returned from Arizona to Washington. Mendeleff, as his name indicates, is a Russian, and he is an intelligent and expert explorer on the staff of Maj. John W. Powell, chief of the bureau of ethnology. For six years he and his older brother, Victor, have been engaged in the survey of the antique ruins of Chaco and the inhabited pueblos of Zuni and the seven villages of Tusayan, and together they mapped the queer habitations of these mysterious people, and have made for the National museum models of the largest and most interesting pueblos. Victor still lingers in Arizona to finish a portion of the work, but will arrive here in about a fortnight. Mendeleff has made some 300 photographs and a large number of free hand sketches of the strange residences of this remnant of a race.

"I don't know that there is much that is really new," said Mendeleff. "It was formerly, indeed, thought that the pueblos were very ancient—the same in which this half civilized race lived at the time of the Spanish conquest—but we now know better. The inhabited villages which exist today are all modern. It was formerly supposed that the Tusayan Indians never changed their place of abode, but held to the same site from generation to generation. It is now known that they have been in the habit of abandoning their old houses and building new. In early days the villages were mostly in the lowlands, and they were gradually crowded up or climbed up to the practically inaccessible mesas—sharp cliffs, easily defensible. The reasons for an abandonment of villages and the building of others are many, sometimes military, but often rooted in some superstition."

"The builders of these pueblos had very meager architectural attainments. Their houses are poor piles of stone and mud. Their ingenuity was puerile. The element of skill is almost wholly lacking. These curious ruins are simply an evidence of the existence of a race with unlimited time at their disposal and unlimited material at hand. Everywhere is shown a lamentable lack of constructive ability. They did not know how to make a square room, or how to rear one wall at right angles, or how to build a wall plumb to another, or how to make a circle or even a straight line."

### SEVEN TUSAYAN VILLAGES.

Mr. Mendeleff has comprehensive photographs of the seven Tusayan villages. Each village consists of fifteen or twenty houses and each house of several residences. The houses are of terraces, receding as they rise. The first story is about seven feet high, and is approached from without only by a ladder, which leads to a hole in the roof. In war times the ladder is always pulled up. From the rear of this story rises the second story, seven feet higher, mounted also by a ladder, and other ladders lead to a third and perhaps fourth story. Of course, the first story under this arrangement is of much the largest and the upper story of much the smallest area, and as the latter is the lightest, the best ventilated and the safest, being defensible from all the roofs below, it is the favorite habitation, and usually occupied by the officers and the aristocracy. It is estimated that in all the seven Tusayan villages there are 2,000 persons. They live mainly on Indian corn, squashes and beans. They are under Mormon influence, and will not permit a census or hold much intercourse with Americans. Col. and Mrs. Stevenson had trouble with them, and were compelled to depart. Mr. Mendeleff and his party were treated remarkably well, and are puzzled in trying to account for it.

"Perhaps the oddest thing," added Mr. Mendeleff, after a moment's pause, "is the status of woman in these queer communities. She owns all the houses and most of the property. The man owns the crop in the fields, but as soon as it is harvested it belongs to his wife. She controls the house and all that is in it. She works steadily and constantly in the duties of the household, but she does no field work, and, taking it all together, her condition compares favorably with that of the American farmer's wife. The descent of all property is in the female line and through the mother; it is she who makes the will and provides for the offspring."

"What does the man own, then?" I asked.

"The donkeys, perhaps," he said; "but I am not sure about that."

"And the land?"

"No, the land is not owned individually. Ever since before historic time land has been owned by the whole nation, on the Henry George plan. If an Indian goes out and takes up some land not in use and cultivates it nobody can take it from him. But if he stops using it anybody else can jump it. It belongs to the fellow that can use it."

"How does that work?"

"There are no millionaires. There is about the same degree of comfort that there is among very poor people anywhere. As to land, the shrewdest and smartest Indian manages to get the best, the same as under any system."—Washington Cor. New York Mail and Express.

### A Bad Bit of Territory.

The little, old fashioned village on the crescent shore that marks the water line on the southern end of Mackinac Island has been the scene of more robbery, debauchery and ruin worked upon the trusting, ignorant and helpless people of this upper lake land than was ever known in any equal bit of territory on the globe. A very old and squatly but amply whitewashed building may yet be seen there, in which one can buy rum or play billiards, and which was the headquarters of the Fur company. Ever since it was built poison has been dealt out in it—to the Indians, rum for furs; to the Americans, rum for cash. Visitors even now are bled quite freely. Rich furs were then bought by the pound, and it is said that white men had a way of giving an Indian a deep drink of rum, and then persuading him that "white man's hand felt good." Then white man laid his hand on one's scalp, and drank him; piled beaver skins on the other until white man's arm could hold down no more, and that was "pound," worth \$2.50. Money was of no use to the reds, and what they got in its stead cost them fabulous prices. The Indians went away poorer and poorer every time they came.

Beside the traffic in furs, the island was the place where for many years the Indians gathered annually to receive their money from the United States for ceded lands. Here many thousands of dollars were paid over to the unprotected reds, who were \$10 poorer for every \$1 paid them. The crescent beach has been seen covered with Indian canoes, and the old village crowded with men and women drunk from day to day until their money had all passed into the hands of white "traders." God save the mark! and then they would gradually get starved into the necessity of going back to the woods to hunt for a living.—Charles Kille in American Magazine.

## DESOLATION.

Alone I sit in gorgeous state,  
And view my gathered treasures rare,  
Which seem to mock my cruel fate—  
My lonely lot, so bleak and bare.  
Within a wealth and warmth and light,  
Close curtains from the whirling wind,  
That sweeps and swirls with reckless might,  
Whose breath brings death to human kind.

But the cold wind of her deep scorn  
Has brightened all my joy of life;  
Within my soul no hope is born—  
No rest or peace or savage strife.  
And what care I for pride or fame,  
Since love from out my heart is driven?  
All, all is but an empty name—  
Ashes the prize for which I've striven.

Dead ashes from a deep despair,  
A heart burned out by passion's fire—  
O God! she was so false, so fair,  
And blind was I with fond desire.  
I loved with love that never grows old;  
My worship followed where she led;  
But weary of a tale oft told,  
She left me—and the world is dead.

—Marta M. Ross in Times-Democrat.

### A BICYCLIST IN BENARES.

**Idols and Temples, Mosques and Bathing Ghats—Gods of the Heathen.**

At length I reach Benares, wheeling down the luxuriant Ganges valley. Of all the cities of the east, Benares is perhaps the most interesting at the present day to the European tourist. Its 1,400 shivalas, or idol temples, and 280 mosques; its wonderful bathing ghats, swarming with pilgrims washing away their sins, the burning bodies, the sacred Ganges, the hideous idols at every corner of the streets and its strange idolatrous population, make up a scene that awakens one to a keen appreciation of its novelty. One realizes fully that here the idolatry, the "bowing down before images" that in our Sunday school days used to seem so unutterably wicked and perverse, so monstrous and so far, far away, is a tangible fact. To keep up their outward appearance on a par with the holiness of their city, men streak their faces and women mark the parting in their hair with red. Sacred bulls are allowed to roam the streets at will, and the chief business of a large proportion of the population seems to be the keeping of religious observances and paying devotion to the multitudinous idols scattered about the city.

Everywhere, in niches of the walls, under trees, on pedestals at frequent corners are idols, hideously ugly; red idols, idols with silver faces and stone bodies, some with mouths from ear to ear, big idols, little idols, the worst omnium gatherum imaginable. Sati, nothing visible but her curious face, beams over a black Mother Hubbard sort of a gown that conceals whatever she may possess in the way of a body; Jagaddatri, the Mother of the World, with four arms, seated on a lion; Brahma, with five eyes and four mouths curiously made to supply quadruple faces; Kamadeva, the handsome little God of Love (the Hindu Cupid), whom the silver faced Siva once slew with a beam from his third eye—all these and multitudinous others greet the curious sightseer whichever way one turns. Hanuman, too, is not forgotten, the great Monkey King who aided Rama in his expedition to Ceylon; outside the city proper is the monkey temple, where thousands of the sacred anthropoids do congregate and consider themselves at home.

Then there is the fakirs' temple, the most beautifully carved shivala in Benares; here priests distribute handfuls of soaked grain to all mendicants who present themselves. The grain is supplied by wealthy Hindus, and both priests and patrons consider it a great sin to allow a religious mendicant to go away from the temple empty handed.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

### Bought It Conditionally.

A genius has invented a clock, which he warrants to run a hundred years. A man bought one of them the other day on condition that if it didn't run over 98 years he might return it and get his money back.—Norristown Herald.

A Working Women's conference has been formed in England, and a society of women is organized in London for the investigation of the local government.

### SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irrregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for them.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

A Staggerer.—Throaty Tenor—I—ah—cannot—ah—sing the old song. Loud whisper (from audience)—You never could.

### CATARH CAN'T BE CURED.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prepared by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. J. C. HENNE & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

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Balmaceda is in hot water, and of course he can't keep still.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases.

The hotter people feel towards each other the cooler they act.

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The Nebraska law making eight hours a day's work in all occupations except farming and domestic service is not likely to be very rigidly enforced, because it declares that for each hour after eight the worker shall receive twice the amount paid him for the previous hour's labor.

### A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the supposed relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic would often be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from the best of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery concoctions and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Gently Expressed.—Waiter, please take this cheese away again. It is too messy for me.



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