BABY RUNNING SORE

Worst Sight Ever Seen. Legs, Hands, Arms, Body One Solid, Deep, Running Sore.

Began Using Cuticura. In Two Weeks Great Improvement Followed by a Complete Cure.

My child began to be sore when two months old, —Eczema on his face and head. It rapidly spread over all his body. Every one who saw him said he was the worst sight they ever saw. He had to be wound in linen cloths ever so many times a day, and then he would stick fast to his clothes. I could not dress him alone for months. His little legs, hands, and arms were just one solid deep running sore; he was sore all over, but the deepest ones were on his arms, legs, and face. His face and ears had great deep cracks in the flesh, and were swollen so that he did not look like a child. His were the worst sores I have ever seen of the kind. We began using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in two weeks we could see a great improvement, and now he is completely cured. His skin is smooth and white, and he seems entirely well. We are so thankful. Portrait inclosed. I would like to tell everyone who has a suffering baby about CUTICURA.

MRS. FRED BARRETT,
Winfield, Ingham County, Mich.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials, mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

One large horse owning company in London lost over 300 horses from glanders and farcy alone last year.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Props., Toledo, O

We the undersigned, have known F J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

France has one drink shop for every 87 of her population. In paris alone there are 27,000 places for the sale of liquors.

From Newberg.

C. F. Moore & Co., prominent druggists of Newberg, Oregon, say: "Since our customers have become accustomed with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we sell but little of any other kind. Chamberlain's medicine's all give good satisfaction." For sale by all druggists.

There are two places in London where clergymen can buy sermons already printed. They cover all subjects and can be had for every season.

An Invaluable Remedy for Colds.

Sheriff Hardman, of Tyler county, West Virginia, was almost prostrated with a cold when he began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. In speaking of it he says: "It gave me almost instant relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for colds." For sale by all druggists.

The United States' Blue Book contains information about 180,000 government offices with salaries amounting to $90,000,000 a year.

A Cure for Croup.

If your children are subject to croup always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at hand. It is a prompt and certain cure. If given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

E. Gilliam, stock inspector of Umatilla county, reports that there are now about 206,000 head of sheep within the county limits.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

I have sold and used in my family for several years Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy and have found it one of the most useful and satisfactory remedies I ever handled.—C. H. Lewis, druggist, Salt Lake City, Utah. For sale by all druggists.

If all the locomotives and passenger and freight cars in the United States were made up in one train it would have a list of over 7000 miles.

Not from a Financial Standpoint.

"I do not recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from a financial standpoint, for we have others in stock on which we make a larger profit," says Al. Maggini, a prominent druggist of Braddock, Pennsylvania, "but because many of our customers have spoken of it in the highest praise. We sell more of it than of any similar preparation we have in the store." For sale by all druggists.

Loring Pickering, editor of the San Francisco Call and the oldest pioneer newspaper man on the coast, died at that place December 28th. He went to California in 1849.

When hay can be used on the farm to good advantage prices must be remarkably good if it can be sold off the farm advantageously.

Bile Beans Small

Guaranteed to cure Bilious attacks, Sick Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free. J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

The Governor of Tennessee.

Judge Turney, governor of Tennessee, though he has been on the supreme bench for twenty-two years, is a farmer. He has a magnificent old typical southern home in Franklin county known as Wolf's Crag. He is sixty-five years old, 6 feet 4 inches tall, has broad shoulders and weighs 260 pounds. He wears a full, short gray beard. With the exception of a slight rheumatic affection he is hale and hearty. His rheumatism has caused him to abandon deer and fox hunting, of which he has been a great lover. At Wolf's Crag he has his pack of dogs and the horses which have carried him on many a fox hunt.

For years he has been noted as the best deer shot in the state. Men who have been with him on the hunt say he can bring down a deer running at full speed 100 yards distant. He is one of the people. All over the state he is known as "Old Pete Turney." It was his county under his leadership which first seceded from the Union. Before the state of Tennessee had seceded he had organized the first Tennessee regiment and gone to the front. Though many times offered promotion, he declined to leave his regiment and went through the war as colonel of the First Tennessee. At the battle of Seven Pines he was shot through the face.—New York World.

Time to Go.

Mr. Ferguson—It is 8 o'clock, and I get to bed at 10, regular as clock work.

Ethel—Don't look at that clock, it is generally about two hours slow.—Truth.

Great care should be taken to preserve the feed in the best condition and to feed in the most economical way. Raising a crop is only one point in the business.

An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated not by constipation alone but by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure upon the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives, which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world famous anti bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a lazative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

The engineering department of the Kansas state university is making a map of kansas, showing the geology and the mineral resources. It is to be exhibited at the world's fair.

Draw Your Own Conclusion.

Mr J. O. Davenport, manager of the Fort Bragg Redwood Co., Fort Bragg California, has this to say of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy: "I used it for a severe cold and cough and obtained immediate relief. In the Fort Bragg Redwood company's store we have sold large quantities of Chamberlain's medicines." For sale by all druggists.

The principal at Los Angeles the other day dismissed the schools so as to allow the scholars to visit the circus. The trustees considered his act unlawful and against the rules and requested his resignation.

One *Small* Bile Bean every night for a week arouse Torpid Livers. 25c. per bottle.

C. O. D. are the initials of an express messenger at Atchinson, Kansas. Signed to his various documents they may be, probably are, the innocent cause of embarrasing mistakes, but undoubtedly on the safe side always.

Reverend Sylvanus Lane,

Of the Cincinnati M. E. conference makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

Hood's Pills cure liver ills.

The last issue of the Lakeview Examiner came out printed on wrapping paper because their winter supply of news is snowed in. The merchants there have not yet received their Christmas goods, owing to the blockade. They will have to observe the holidays later in the season.

I have had nasal catarrh for ten years so bad that there were great sores in my nose, and one place was eaten through. I got Ely's Cream Balm. Two bottles did the work. My nose and head are well. I feel like another man.—C. S. McMillan, Sibley, Jackson county, Mo.

Harry Heath, of Portland, recently sold over 600 acres of land on the Chehalis river to Tiffany, the famous jeweler and capitalist of New York.

Crime Due to Rum.

General Eaton, United States commissioner of education, states that "80 per cent. of the crime of our country is the result of intemperance, and 95 per cent. of the depraved youth are the children of drunken and depraved households."

The Spider Web.

Whenever I see
On bush or tree
A great big spider web,
I say with a shout:
"Little fly, look out!
That web seems so pretty and white,
But a spider hides there, and he's ready to bite."

So if any one here
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now,
With my very best bow,
"Have a care of that lager or cider,
For there hides a wicked old spider
And it fills him with joy
To catch man or boy
And weave all about him with terrible might
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite."

—Mrs. Clara Smith Colton in Advance.

If You Think any kind of a crop will do, then any kind of seeds will do; but for the best results you should plant

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is invaluable to the planter. We send it free.

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

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

In Christian England More Children Perish Than in the Worst Days of Terror.

It is not only men who are sufferers from drink. Women maddened into fiends by gin may be seen in our streets fighting and tearing each other among a circle of dirty and drink degraded spectators, mid language foul enough to make fire burst from the polluted air. Read of the cruelty and loathsome tragedies which the police courts reveal, and of which the wives and daughters and mothers of drunkards are the victims.

Hear the shrieks of the drunkard's wife through the bylane when the gin shops are closed and then go home and repeat at your table the stale and decrepit joke that temperance reformers use such intemperate language. Think of the daughters whom drink has made unmaidenly, of the mothers made shameless, and then think if we should be satisfied with our position when we have repeated some paltry and threadbare epigram for the continuance in a Christian land of the system which brought in its train such things as these.

If you symbolize the demon of drink in Christian England, it will be more besmeared with children's sacrifice and parent's tears than Moloch. In the worst days of terror not 100 children in a year were ever burned in any kingdom of Ammon or of Moab, but I have read how, in a single English city in the year, 150 children were overlain by drunken mothers.

I know of children poisoned by gin, killed by the taint of gin; children burning with a horrid craving for gin; children starved, knocked about, neglected, beaten, left at home to burn themselves, flying from the horror of drunken parents to sleep in cellars among the rats or to hide themselves, as one did, in the chimney of a neighbor's house. They die like flies from the taint, or grow up dirty, repellent, depraved, thievish, beyond the reach of beneficent activity, to occupy the cell of the felon, to lie in the suicide's grave or to become the scourge of the society of which they are the helpless victims.

Some one must be responsible and some one must be guilty for this massacre of the innocents, and when any one of them who, even by immoral acquiescence in such a state of things, is in any degree guilty of it shall stand before the throne of God do they suppose the angels of the little ones who see the face of their Father in heaven will not plead, trumpet tongued, against the deep damnation of their taking off?

England must summon up her courage and burst these strangling bonds, or she will perish by them. Rid of the present system of drink, she may fearlessly face the perils of the future. Yet sometimes I wonder whether a scourge has not been placed in the hands of our foes—a scourge that will smite and not spare. God grant that the consciences of this great nation may yet be aroused, and this terrible and continuous curse put to an end.—Extract from a Sermon by Canon Farrar.

Gave His Life for a Drink.

In Rhenish Prussia, where they have no antiliquor laws in a comprehensive sense of the word, the municipal authorities of the smaller towns occasionally try to reclaim a drunkard by warning the local tavern keepers, but like other half way measures that plan is apt to lead to unexpected results.

In the hamlet of Herzogenrath, some twenty miles north of Aachen (Aix la Chapelle), the rum venders had been fined so often for selling liquor to an incorrigible toper that they at last declined his patronage in earnest, but advised him to supply his wants at a tavern on the other side of the Belgian frontier. The bibulous desperado decided to act upon that suggestion, and under cover of the next dark night crossed the border, and after glutting his thirst tried to regain his home with a jug full of brandy. By that time, however, the moon was up, and on a lonely hill road the nocturnal wanderer was halted by a Prussian douanier or revenue officer.

Fearing that his freedom—or what our beer-sophists would call his "personal liberty"—might be jeopardized by an arrest, the smuggler faced about and took to his heels, till stopped by a charge of buckshot. His pursuers soon reached the place where he was lying prostrate, with his fingers still clutching the neck of his jug, but when they tried to help him on his legs they found that he had taken his last drink.—Union Signal.

Drunkards Are Short Lived.

Only sixty years ago an eminent French physician recorded his doubt in the actual existence of centenarians, and asserted that not a single case of that sort had been established by satisfactory proof. International statistics have since completely removed that doubt. The Austrian empire in 1890 could boast a pre-eminence of longevity by proving the possession of not less than thirty-five centenarians. North America (Canada and the United States) can almost match that record, and there is no doubt that the average of longevity has considerably increased since the revival of temperance among the north Caucasian nations.

Statistics were unknown in the Middle Ages, but the premature death of countless princes, prelates and scholars during the zenith period of the drink vice is a suggestive circumstance, and the Venetian nobleman, Cornaro (author of a once famous work on diet reform), incidentally mentions that a dozen of his own relatives had by persistent intemperance and gluttony shortened their lives to an average of forty-five years.—World's White Ribbon.

Temperance in Norway.

The Norwegian Total Abstinence society has about 100,000 members in 853 local unions. The membership is divided as follows: 43,000 women, 42,000 men and 15,000 children under the age of sixteen years. Many of the public schools in Norway have decided to instruct the children about the nature and effect of alcohol. The temperance people in Norway will not be satisfied before they can lay their loving hand on the coming generation and give it the blessing of temperance, love and liberty.

"A Godsend is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me." Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

Put up in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar coated, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

Oregon's output of wool for 1892 is estimated at 16,000,000 pounds.

They increase appetite, purify the whole system and act on the liver, *Small* Bile Beans.

Minneapolis is making 38,000 barrels of flour on an average a day.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks and Constipation, *Small* Bile Beans.

Great Britain has enough coal stored in her mines to last her 900 years.

To all Dyspeptics: Take one *Small* Bile Bean after eating. 25c. per bottle.

The dictionary was made by Chinese scholars B. C. 1109.

Prevent and cure Constipation and Sick-Headache, *Small* Bile Beans.

Dickens wrote twenty-our book comprising 1,123 characters.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

A nursing bottle advertisement has been discovered which reads as follows: When the by is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not believe on fresh milk it should be boiled.

My wife cured of malaria by Simmon's Liver Regulator.—J. N. Thompson, pastor M. E. church, Leigh, Nebraska.

Ticks are more likely to infest the open than the close wooled sheep.

The healthy people you meet have healthy livers. They take Simmon's Liver Regulator.

Feeding grain to sheep will make the wool grow faster and more dense.

Do not almost kill yourself by violent purgatives. Take Simmon's Liver Regulator.

Medium sized sheep usually have the best as well as heaviest fleece.

To feel bright and cheerful, attend to your stomach. Take Simmon's Liver Regulator.

Twy big California lions are dodging hunters and destroying sheep at Pine Ridge, Fresno county.

Handy for travelers is Simmon's Liver Regulator. It can be carried in the pocket.

Berlin's 1,315,600 people have only 26,000 dwellings.

A poor man without patience is like a lamp without oil.

BOYS, LEARN TO SAY NO.

If Courageously Spoken It Will Bring Health, Wealth and Prosperity.

Boys, say no when offered a drink of intoxicating liquor, even though the request comes from the lips of your dearest boy friend. Let your answer be no, courteously but firmly spoken.

When invited to smoke a cigar, a cigarette or to take a "chaw" of tobacco it will take courage, the best kind of courage, moral courage, to speak the little word so distinctly and firmly that all who hear will understand what you mean: but speak it and prove yourselves a hero. No matter if boys or even men rail at you. Their jokes and quibs will not harm you in the least, nor will they cost you a cent, but the tobacco will.

When asked to play pool, billiards, cards and kindred games of chance for money—money is a good thing when it is got in a good way, but the touch of ill gotten gold is pollution. You can get money honestly in but one way—by giving in exchange a fair equivalent according to the standard of the country where the barter is made. When you win at pool, billiards or cards, what do you give a return? Nothing; it is masked robbery. Say no!

When invited to go where you would be ashamed to meet your father and mother—the gilded saloons, low theaters and like places of amusement are boy traps, and they catch thousands every year. Don't be one of the boys caught.

When asked to do what you know to be a mean thing—wantonly torturing or tormenting any creature is pure wickedness. Say no! You may think it fun but God and the unfortunate creature know that it is downright meanness.

Boys, learn when and how to say this wondrous little word no. If courageously spoken at all proper times, it will bring you health, wealth, self respect, the respect of others, and, what is better than all, the Master's "Well done!"—Christian at Work.

Held by a Mighty Grasp.

The superintendent of a mission in a large city was visiting the people in one of its slums when he saw a woman of refined manner, but of degraded appearance. He found that she lived in a miserable room with another woman, and both, week after week, toiled for a small sum barely sufficient to keep them alive. She told the missionary who she was and the name of her father, which he recognized as that of a saloon keeper of considerable wealth. The curse of his trade had fallen upon her, and she was a drunkard. She had left her home to consort with the lowest, that she might pander to her insatiable appetite for strong drink.

When the missionary visited her she was ill and not expected to recover. She knew that it was drink which had caused her illness, and she acknowledged her sin. She was anxious to be saved, if there was salvation for her. Her visitor assured her that there was mercy for all, that Jesus could save even to the uttermost, and urged her to put her whole trust in him. She professed to trust Jesus and avowed never to touch drink again. To the surprise of every one she recovered, and for a short time it seemed as if she was going to lead a different life; but, alas! strong drink is a bondage not easily thrown off, and a month saw her back to her old life. When expostulated with she could only say, "Oh, sir you don't know the awful power of the drink."—Christian Herald.

Lenient.

Young Tutter—Do you mind me calling on your daughter, Mrs. Slimson, in a business suit?

Mrs. Slimson—No, Mr. Tutter, not if you really mean business.—Exchange.

A Panic.

Little Dick—There was a panic in the theater I went to las' night.

Little Johnny—Wot's a panic?

Little Dick—W'y, everybody gets scared cept you.—Good News.

Liked Excitement.

Little Jimmie—Mom, I wish you'd let me hair grow long an dress me in er reg'lar Lord Fauntleroy suit.

His Mother—Jus' hear th' lad! What fur?

Little Jimmie—'Cause I kin lick any boy er me size, an then I'd have more chances.—

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

That's What She Did.

The fair young Chicagoan's hand had been sought and to some extent found by a distinguished European nobleman.

That she was rich it is hardly necessary to state.

That he was poor, but titled, is equally unnecessary to state.

The girl's father was a simon pure American. He had sized up the nobleman.

At the same time he was fond of his joke.

"Daddy," she said to him in her airy-fairy-Lillian-lake-front manner, "the count has popped the question."

"Has he?" inquired the father with interest. "Well, my dear, we don't want any foreign poppers around here, so you just unpop it and let him slide."

And the noble, patriotic girl let him slide.—Detroit Free Press.

Hadn't Been Out All Day.

Maid—Please, ma'am, may I have this afternoon off?

Mistress—Why, Annie, you were out all last evening.

Maid—Yes, ma'am, I know it, ma'am, but that was yesterday, ma'am.—Harper's Bazar.

Deceitful Billy.

Mr. McSwat came home tired, hungry and impatient, and found that his supper wasn't ready or likely to be ready for an hour or more.

If there is any point in which Mr McSwat is rigid, inflexible and uncompromising it is meals.

"Now you know well enough, Lobelia,' he said, throwing his overcoat on the lounge and walking up and down the room, "that I don't like to be kept waiting for my supper in this way. When a man has been working hard all day"——

"Billiger," exclaimed Mrs. McSwat in a broken voice, "don't reproach me. I have had something else to think of, and I didn't speak to Sally about supper till a few minutes ago. I have had such a shock—you don't know!"

"What is the matter? Any bad news from the relatives?"

"No, no!"

"Had a quarrel with the neighbors?"

"No. It's——"

"Aunt Jerusha coming?"

"I'll tell you if you'll give me a chance, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, wiping her eyes. "It's Billy!"

"Billy who?"

"Billy the canary."

"Oh, it's the canary, is it? If he's got away, Lobelia, I think I can stand it. That bird, madam, has cost me in cages and feed and medicine since you first got him, three years ago, about sixteen dollars, and"——

"He hasn't got away, Billiger!" sobbed Mrs. McSwat. "It's—it's not that!"

"Is he dead?"

"N no! No!"

"What then?"

"Billy has—has laid an egg!"—Chicago Tribune.

Quin's Replies.

James Quin, the actor, was extremely indignant at the success of Garrick and retired from the stage. The public missed him, but not to the extent he imagined, and he therefore became anxious to return. By way of hinting the possibility of such an occurrence he wrote to Rich, the manager, a note remarkable for its brevity: "I am at Bath. Quin." To this an answer, equally laconic, came back: "Stay there. Rich." But Quin could be sarcastic too. One day a young jackanapes said to him, "What would you give to be as young as I am?" "In truth, sir, I would submit to be almost as foolish," said the old fellow.—Argonaut.

Revenge.

Slimson—Why, Willie, you must have been in a terrible fight.

Willie—Yes, I was. I got licked by the minister's son.

Slimson—What did he whip you for?

Willie—He had on a suit of my clothes you sent him, and he said that was the only way he could get even.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Long Job.

Pushpen—That last poem of mine was a long job.

Inkleigh—Is that so? Why, it was only an eight line stanza. Not more than an hour's work at the most.

Pushpen—Oh, it only took me an hour to write it, but it took two weeks to sell it.—New York Herald.

Couldn't Stand Both.

"What did the Browns break up housekeeping for?"

"Why, Mrs. Brown is taking a course of physical training, and the housework was too much for her."—Detroit Tribune.

His Fear.

"Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect poem, John?" asked the poet's wife.

"I'm afraid it's several poems," sighed John as he thought of the bill.—Harper's Bazar.

Very Green.

She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age?

He—Well, I should say so! He was bunkoed three times after he was seventy.—Life.

The World's Fair Buildings.

It is interesting to note in connection with the World's fair that but five foreign buildings have been planned and work begun. Of the forty-four sites set aside for state buildings twenty-six have structures rising upon them.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

He told her of the val'rous knights
Who lived in days gone by,
And how they shed each other's blood
To please a lady's eye,
And down her cheeks the soft tears sped—
"That seems so strange today," she said.

He told her how, in gaunt old towers
That looked down from above
On storm lashed seas, fair maids were locked,
And all because of love.
Her gentle heart in pity bled—
"That seems so strange today," she said.

He pictured Cleopatra's wiles,
And what her beauty cost,
And how for love, that mighty power
An empire had been lost.
She sighed to think where love had led—
"It seems so strange today," she said.

And then he told her how his love
For her had grown so great
That he would die if she said no,
And begged to learn his fate.
She laughed and tossed her pretty head—
"I've heard all that before," she said.

—Brooklyn Life.

What He Wanted.

A big raw boned fellow came stamping into the room that served as an office to a small hotel in the West Virginia mountains and walked up to a wiry little cuss behind a desk in the corner.

"I want to see the tavern keeper," he said angrily.

"What for?" asked the little man in a tremulous tone.

"None o' yer business," snapped the visitor. "I want to see the tavern keeper that's what."

"Well, tell me what you want with him and I'll find out if you can see him."

"Whether I kin or not," persisted the big fellow. "I want to see him, and I'm goin to."

"You'll have to tell me what you want first."

"Tain't none o' your mix. I want to see the tavern keeper. I tell yer, an I will."

The little man was beginning to look gray.

"I say you won't unless you tell me what you want with him."

"He beat me out of a dollar, an he's a liar an a thief, an I want to see him."

The next minute the little one was right on top of him, and in about a minute and a half he had him down in the corner sitting on him.

"Well," he said, puffing like a porpoise, "I'm—the—tavern—keeper. What do—you—want—to—see—him about?" The big fellow underneath only groaned.—Detroit Free Press.

The Day Had Come.

The declaration of love by the well fed man with a diamond pin had a marked effect on the woman who was fast approaching the meridian of life.

She burst into tears.

"Why"——

Anxiously he leaned over the bowed and trembling figure.

——"do you weep?"

"F f for—boo, boo—joy."

He was satisfied and kissed her hand. She raised her eyes and gazed at him incredulously.

"And do you really love me?" she asked in faltering tones.

"I do."

She felt that he meant it.

"Then"——

Her demeanor grew suddenly rapturous.

——"you can marry my daughter. Many a time and oft has she failed of matrimony because her suitor couldn't love me. At"——

She had clasped her hands in devout thanksgiving.

——"last, at last!"

Then her emotions overcame her afresh.—Detroit Tribune.

"The Sun Do Move."

—Raymond's Monthly.

A French Expression.

Fin de siecle means "end of the century." The expression is French, and, as we have not reached the end of the century, means something very "advanced"—something that is strange now, but will be common at the end of the century. The pronunciation is almost fanh deh see vakl.—New York Sun.

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LEAVE:		ARRIVE:	
Portland	8:05 A M	Roseburg	5:40 P M
Roseburg	6:20 A M	Portland	4:00 P M

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LEAVE:		ARRIVE:	
Portland	5:00 P M	Albany	9:00 P M
Albany	5:00 A M	Portland	8:25 A M

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