A Wounded Life.

It was only a small square of yellow cord, with words printed upon it, his had been dropped accidentally in the gutter, and yet the destiny of a soul turned upon it.

She stooped and picked it up, mechan ically, with that attention to trifles that sometimes marks the last hours of a doomed man. She also was doomed. She was hurrying back to her miserable attic, clutching the tiny vial in her hand, She had procured the drug with difficulty, and the end would soon come.

She had not reached the prime of early womanhood, and yet she was old in sin and degradation. The beauty which had been a snare to her had faded; she had no friends among these who had helped to work her ruin, for she had descended to the lowest round of the ladder. Happier women glanced askance at her faded finery, and her face with that awful nameless expression upon it, and passed her with a shudder.

She glanced at the words. It was a ticket of admission to the "Christ Before Pilate," then on exhibition.

Christ! The word stirred the ashes of long dead and buried memories, which it was agony to remember, of the days when that name which latterly had beer. associated with oaths and curses had been sacred to her. The ticket seemed to sting her. She tried to fling it away, but it hung to her fingers as by volition. Ahead she saw the banner flung out from the hall of exhibition. The card would give her admission. But what had she to do with Christ or with the welldressed crowd who passed into the entrance? Perhaps they wouldn't admit her. She glanced down upon her faded finery, her frayed velvet cloak and brocade dress and soiled light gloves, and laughed aloud at the thought of an outcast, half-starving and about to take the final leap into the darkness, entering a hali to look at a picture.

But the "Christ Before Pilate!" She had chanced upon a criticism of it, in the daily paper which she had bought vesterday, with almost her last penny, in the forlorn hope to find a "want" she might fill.

Suddenly she turned, and looking neither right nor left, walked back to the hall, ascended the stairs and proffered the ticket with a half expectation of being ordered down stairs. But the youth took it in a monotonous way, without glancing at her, and she passed with the crowd up another flight, and in another moment was standing in the darkened hall, awe-struck and silent before the animated breathing, glowing figures, that confronted her from the canvas with such startling realism.

What is it that she feels as she stands sfore the serene kingliness of the Christ in the foreground, with the light and splendor and vast moral significance of the picture, concentrated in himself? She sinks trembling into a seat thrilled through and through with that vision of ineffable sweetness. She forgets what she is, forgets hunger, degradation, and despair. She does not regard the people who are moving softly and speaking in whispers. A hand seems to reach down to her from the picture and lay held upon the inner sanctuary of her soul, where the divine unquelchable spark that is to kindle the whole nature anew is slumber-

She needed no interpretation of the scene. She had heard the story of Christ in her childhood's home, in her Sunday school, in the dim church, where her father, in white vestments, had ministered to his people until it had lost its force through familiarity. It had remained for her, after years of sin and self-abandonment, to stand before this canvas, when on the verge of despair, and feel, in the finest fibres of her being, the intense and vivid realism of that half mythical, half forgotten story; feel with an intensity, proportioned to her own fearful lapse from purity; the mingled pathos and grandeur of that life which is the heaven of humanity.

She had moved up the aisle uncon-scious of all present. She crept near to the railing. The spell of the artist's im-agination had wrought upon her so that it was a living Christ, the hem of whose garment she longed to touch, who stood there. In happy ignorance of distracting, wrangling critics, she fastened her thought upon the great threbbing soul of the canvas and drew from its strength.

The malignant passion dominating the dark faces, answered to those she had id not dwell upon them. Long lines of ight seemed to radiate from the Christ, and shine roon her darkness, with some-

and shine epon her darkness, with something of healing virtue in them. She shuddered at sight of the long cruel spear, with which the roman soldier kept the rabble at bay, remembering how soon it was to pierce his side.

She hungered for a word from those lips. She knew it all, the gentle "Neither do I condemn thee," that has floated down to us along the path of history, the pity, the tenderness for the erring. She believed it all now. The hardness and defiance, and scorn for scorn which she believed it all now. The hardness and defiance, and acorn for scorn which she had met in thought, those who had called themselves his followers, was melting. They had passed by on the other side, but how were they, sitting high above temptation, to comprehend, how understand the gradations by which the had descended? She had been sinned against, as well as sinning, yet, she, she alone, was to blame, she told

self in her penitence.
Inother woman from the one to had seed was passing out. Her face was sit with tears. She stumbled down fairs and out into the twilight. She nust have been in the hall for hours, or the sun was high in the west when

She had slipped the vial into the bosom of her dress. Mechanically, she moved along in the direction of her miserable attic, where not even a crust awaited her. The reaction was coming from that high wrought mood that had sustained soul and body for a season. She felt faint and trembling. Yet the desire for self-de truction had passed. If she might but find food and home and friends. O Cod! if she might but begin anew, and

deem her life, which, whatever ay think, the knew by the light

street. The crowd were scattering right and left, with shrieks and shouts, as a great noble dog in the agony of madness came tearing down the street, with frothing mouth and wild, terrible eyes.

Ing mouth and wild, terrible eyes.

The excitement lent new strength to Madge for the moment. She came out of her dream, she rose superior to her hunger, as in the broad center of the street which had been cleared for the animal, she saw a beautiful child, standing alone, transfixed with terror, in dainty garb, which betokened her a warm-nexted bird who wandered lost in the animal site.

who wandered lost in the great city.
Did the thought that she had nothing to lose nerve the woman, as she sprang forward from among the fear-stricken crowds, in the very face of the maddened creature, seized the child and held it high above danger. But as the shout arose from the crowd, those nearest her saw the blood dropping from the cruel wound on the hand that had been outstretched.

An hour later the child was restored to its half frantic parents, while Madge was carried to the hospital. While they waited for the first fatal symptoms of the poison, the father of the golden-haired girl came with tremulous words of grati-

tude to the outcast.

"I am glad to die," she said, simply, calm in the face of the fearful certainty. The dread of death, or physical pain, had been taken away. How little they who nitial her dreamed of the hour to the pitied her dreamed of the boon to thus end an ignoble life, nobly to die with blessings breathed upon her head, and the love of the dear Christ glowing in her

Mr. Hill went home pondering. The face was familiar. Where had he seen her? "It is the woman who came to our door begging for work a few days ago,' he told the mother. "Her face haund

"And I refused her, though she said she was starving!" said the conscience-stricken mother. "May God forgive

But Madge's new life had begun.

JOE CANNON'S STORY.

Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, is a good story-teller, and I remember a remark he made lately in talking about the use of compliments which prevails so universally at Washington. This is, you know, a city of toadies and taffy, and every one delights in saying sweet things to his neighbor's face, whatever he may say to his neighbor's back. Speaking of this, Mr. Cannon said:

"It reminds me of an old fellow in my district, whom I will call Jones, who had a good word to say for every one in the community, and whose opinion never failed to be expressed at a funeral Whenever a neighbor died he lauded him the skies, and he did this apparently without respect to persons. At last one of the worst reprobates in the village dropped off. He was a man who had absolutely no good in him, and certain men of the town, in discussing the approaching funeral, made a bet that Jones could not find a good word to say about him. Jones was accustomed to make his remarks as he passed the coffin, which, you know, is always open in such villages for a last look of the friends upon the ghastly features of the deceased, and the betting men took their station back of the approaching column on the day of the funeral and waited for his approach. He came up solemnly, slowly, and with a benevolent look on his features. He leaned over the coffin and looked long and anxiously at the features of the dead repro-bate. At last he raised his head, looked around upon his friends, and whispered with a sigh :

"Well, he had good teeth!" "And so," concluded Mr. Cannon, "Washington is sure to find something good about every man, and if it would continue to say it as Jones did after a man's political life had passed away, I would ask no better chronicle of my virtues and my doings."—[N. Y. World.

ORIGIN OF THE COUN.

C. B. Griffin, of Newark, Ohio, gives the following account of the origin of "the coon" in politics: "Congress, during the winter of 1839-'40, witnessed the inauguration of 'stump speeches' on the floor of the house, and there were giants in those days. Tom Corwin, of Ohio, and Prentiss, of Mississippi, led the whig forces in the forensic battle. Dr. Duncan, of Cincinnati, General Crary, of Michigan, and others the opposition. General Crary was knocked out in the first round by the 'wagon boy' of 1812, the inimitable Tom Corwin. But Duncan carried a free lance and was not to be silenced by the eloquence of Prentiss or the keen wit of Corwin. He made a speech in which, after a vivid picture of speech in which, after a vivid picture of pioneer life, he turned upon the venerable Harrison the sharpest shafts of wit and sarcasm, in which (I write from memory) he described him as a tall, attenuated, singular specimen of the genus homo far down in 'the lean and slippered pantaloon of his life,' living in such obscurity that if furnished with a 'hunting shirt of linsey woolsey, a coonskin cap, a barrel of hard cider and a gourd, he would be content to remain in his cabin at North Bend the remainder of his life.' The whigs, indignant of such an attack, seized the opportunity to turn the tables and adopt the coon as their emblem, prophesying that he would in November devour Chapman's rooster. With the coon, the log cabin, the cider and the gourd and 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,' for their 'slogan' of victory they routed their opponents almost every where. The returns from rural precincts came in written on the flesh side of dried coon skins. meer life, he turned upon the venera-

Tone up the system and improve the appetige by taking Ayer's Sarasparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health and relief from suffering by the use of this great purifier when all other means failed.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

the Philadelphia Tim We've got a hen that laid two eggs in ne day," boasted a six-year-old girl to a "That's nothing! My papa has laid a

HAD BEEN THERE.

On the way he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?" "Why, yes, Eddie, I suppose he does,"

was the hesitating answer. Eddie, after a moment's thought: Well, if he got a good sniff of one once, I'll bet he'd never make another."- Babyhood.

MOVEABLE BIRTHDAY.

A small girl on Back bay was told that ie might have a birthday party, and in company with her nurse set out to deliver the invitations in person, a privi-lege upon which she insisted strenuously. On her return home she was asked if her friends were coming. "Oh, no, mamma," she returned placidly. "I didn't ask them. Mabel Turner is going to New York for a week, and I told her I would not have a birthday till she got home; so I didn't ask the others."—Boston Courier.

A CLOSE PARALLEL.

From a World corresbondent: Bertie and aunt Eve were whisking along on the street-cars, and one of the sights that met their eyes was a little boy holding a drum, while a mite of a girl used the drum sticks to good advantage. Now Bertie has a little brother and sister who do not get along very well together, and so Aunt Eve remarked:

"Your little brother and sister don get along as well as that, do they?" "I don't know," says Bertie, "or holds the cat while the other beats it."

THEOLOGY OF THE BOSTONIAN ORDER. From the Boston Transcript: Two jolly stories of a child contributed to the

"There is a little four-year-old niece of mine who was almost a babe in arms when we were living side by side on Swampscott Highlands. She had been prepared for bed one night, and was asked to say her prayers, when she re-

" 'I shan't say them any more; God knows them well enough by this time! "And afterwards, when her mother was about to turn off the gas and leave

the room, the child said-" 'I don't want to be left alone in the dark." "You won't be alone, dear; God will

be with you,' said the mother.
"'Well, I don't care for him; I'd rather have one of my own family."

TWO FROM THE SCHOOL ROOM.

A teacher in a city near New York had a small class is easy physiology. They had had several lessons on the ear, and names and uses of all its parts that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions, and receiving prompt and cor-rect answers, she asked: "What is the Senator N name of the canal in the ear?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then spoke up, loud and plain:

"The E-rie canal!" The visitors thought that if she judged by the sound it was no wonder if the child thought the Erie canal ought to be in the ear, and were perhaps better pleased than the teacher was with the

Another teacher in the same city asked one of her scholars the meaning of the word "vicissitude."

"Change," was the reply.
"That's right," said the teacher; "now give me a sentence with the word 'vicissitude' in it." "My mother sent me to the store to vi-

cissitude a dollar bill." SHOULD GET A RACK.

There are many funny little incidents occurring every day in the life of P. T. Barnum that never see the light of print, some of which are the result of the old showman's appreciation of a joke, even when the laugh is against him, and others the result of circumstances. Yesterday morning Mr. Barnum entered his office in Madison Square Garden, hung his overcoat on the rack, where there were a number of other coats, and began his daily work. Some time afterwards, and while talking to Mr. Bailey, he reached for his coat, but by mistake took one belonging to some one else. He replaced it and selected another, which he also quickly put back and secured a third, which he also returned to the rack, and while looking for his own, Mr. B. F. Hamilton remarked to him, "Don't take my coat, Governor." "Well," said Mr. Response at her reinted by mistake took Conductor Leslie Cific, fell between run over and killer Cascades. The box Tacoma. He leave child in Portland. Barnum, rather pointedly, it was thought, "I've taken down three; one contained a bottle of whisky, another a lot of cigars and the third a package of chewing tobacco. I'm sure I had nothing in mine but my papers and my gloves. I've discovered the peculiarities of some of my agents, though."—[New York World.

A CONGRESSMAN'S ROMANCE.

The marriage last Friday of Congress man Ezra B. Taylor (who delivered the ington, Ky., to Mrs. Annie L. Bosworth wor rld,- From Life. was the culmination of an old love affair with which quite a romance is connected. Mr. Taylor and the then Eunice Burrows were born and raised in the town of Garwere born and raised in the town of Garrettsville. Some years ago they were sweethearts and engaged to be married, but they were separated by a lovers' quarrel. Each married and raised a family, the sweetheart coming to this city with her husband. Her husband died and she took up her residence with her children at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Taylor, singularly enough, was left'a widower, but he never forgot his first love, and several months ago addressed her in marriage and was accepted. After the present session of Congress Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will take up their home in Warren, Ohio.—[Cincinnatti Enquirer.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Ex-Secretary Manning will die. Bulgarian throne getting hot again. S. B. Withington, Waterville, Oregon

> The organization of the house will no take place until after the holiday recess Marshal Blume, of Petaluma, Cali-fornia, killed in jumping off of a moving

> > Senator Dolph made a speech, desiring the surplus expended on our rivers and harbors.

tory legislature adjourned till after the

A \$20,000 fire in Irving, California, including the Alameda County Courier newspaper office. Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the dead

vice president, visited the placer mine owned by her husband above Oroville in California, which she now owns. A warm partisan debate in the senat evidently a prelude to lots of fun during the long winter evenings to follow. The senate adjourned until after the holi-

The house made a new committee consider the claims arising from Indian depredations. Binger Hermann, of Oregon, made a speech in favor of the new

Frederick Wilson, Edward A. Webste Abram Rogers, and John Lee killed an about twenty others seriously wounded by an explosion of gas, at Rochester, N. Y. Loss of property, \$300,000.

The state board of health of California issued a warning to the people of Cali-fornia, telling them smallpox is prevalent, and recommending that competent physicians be appointed in every city and town as public vaccinators.

December 22.

Freezing in Galveston, Texas. Hermann is still after a position on the

ommittee on rivers and harbers. Dolph introduced a bill in the senate

to provide for the payment of claims for damages by Indian depredations. Three steel steamships will be built in England to run on the Canadian Pacific's Japan and British Columbia service.

The Pacific coast delegation will gener ally remain in Washington during the holiday recess and get in their fine work.

Mrs. William K. Boyd, aged 62 years, burned to death in San Francisco. Her clothes caught fire while she was cooking.

It is expected the president will, after the holidays, send a message to congress urging some legislation to remedy the defects in the present law restricting Chinese immigration.

Dolph spoke upon his joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment had had several lessons on the ear, and upon the subject of marriage and divorce had been so thoroughly drilled on the and prohibiting bigamy and polygamy. mission of Utah as a state, so long as there was any possibility of the continu-ance of the dominion of the Mormon

> Senator Mitchell presented the memorial in the senate from the legislature of Oregon asking for a modification of the treaty between the United States and China so as to stop and prohibit the fur-ther immigration of Chinese and other Asiatic laborers altogether, and adopt such lawful measures as may be necess ry to rid the country of those already

The last spike party arrived home. Earthquake at New Bedford, Mass.

Ed. Emery drowned at Aberdeen. W T., aged 26.

Senator Stanford made each of fourteen senate pages a present of \$5. Ex-Secretary Manning's disease was caused by bad drainage in the treasury

Said that Senator Sherman has drawn out of the presidential rece, leaving

The affairs of the Cherokee nation sacefully settled by the election of Joel layers as president.

Fred Neitzel, proprietor of the Brew-ers' saloon in Old Tacoma, murdered by an unknown person, for his money.

President Cleveland will present Pope Leo XII, on the occasion of his golden jubilee, with a most magnificent bound copy of the constitution of the United tates. It will cost \$250.

Conductor Leslie, of the Northern Pacific, fell between the wheels and was Cascades. The body was brought on to Tacoma. He leaves a young wife and

WRECKED BY FASHION.

Benevolent Gentleman (bestowing a trifle)-So you failed in business, my dear fellow. How was it?

Tramp-On account of the rise in shirt collars, sor. It left me bankrupt.

Benevolent Gentleman-What? Were you in the furnishing-goods trade?

Tramp—No, sor; but whin the judges took to wearin' collars three inches woide me ould woman laid aside the wash man Ezra B. Taylor (who delivered the board and shut up shop. Now oi depend Garfield oration at Music Hall) at Lex- on the mershies of the could, could

SHE HAD THE AMMUNITION.

Relief agent of "The Royal Order of Coons"-Wad's de nacher ob de dis-

Knocked-out Member of the Order-Dey yaint no nacher 'bout it, Mistah Graives. I wus tryin' ter git some sainee inter Phebe las' night, en de kittle ob hot water done got inter her harnds fust!

Serofulous humors, ery-ipeins, canker and catarrh can be cured by taking Ayer's Earnaparilla. "I have used this medicine in my family for scrofula, and know, if it is taken persistently it will eradicate this terrible disease."—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tems. Dear.

WINTER PROGNOSTICATIONS.

Turtles have been imbedded only nine ches in mud, hence the winter will be light one. An old residenter down in Cumberland county has found the discolored head of a large spike in the giasard of a hen; therefore the winter will be a hard one. When nails, horse-shoes, flat-irons, etc., are found at this season of the year in the gizzard of the well-regulated hen, it is an unfailing sign that the winter will be a hard one. The man who gets out his square and compass and takes the latitude and longitude of the melt of the butchered hog has not been so scientifically industrious as usual this season, but enough has been gleaned to show that the melt this year is situated one degree north of the gall, pointing thence three degrees westerly to a rib. Hence the winds will be northwesterly, strong and cold to brisk, shifting to northwesterly and from thence to north, and thence down over the fence and out. On the other hand it has been shown that the cucumber seeds have been more oblong than usual this year, that the bickory nut shucks have been thin and the covering of the onions loose and baggy and cut low in the neck. The winds, therefore, will be light and low, and the winter as open as a barn. Very little oil is observed to stick to the feathers of the ducks that bathe in Oil Creek this month; hence the ice gorge at the Rynd farm next spring will be greater or less, as the case may be. Other indications equally reliable might be cited, but these will suffice for the present.—[Oil City Blizzard.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Unhappily for the wretched victim of their assaults, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness are faithful allies. When one of these foes attack the system, the other two speedily follow in its wake, and successively make their ouslaught. Successively, but not successfully, if Gostetter's Stomach Bitters be used to repel the onset. The Bitters as easily extirpates these monsters as St. George is depicted in the act of doing to the dragon in the steel vignette upen the glass bottles which contain the medicine. Their flight, like their advance, is nearly simultaneous. Their mutuality destroyed, they precipitately retreat, leaving health master of the position and strongly entrenched by the Bitters. This grand fortifier is also a reliable bulwark against the insidious assuits of malaria disease, and stops the approach of rheumatism. , moreover, relieves nervous complaints, and imparts vigor to the weak. assaults, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your est by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winelow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. Its value is incale It will relieve the poor little sufferor immedistely. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures disentery and diarr-hoes, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the guma, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists through the World. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES.

iles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application, of Dr. Bonsanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts effected, absorbing the tumorr, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Besanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scovill's Barsaparilla and Stillingia or Blood and Liver Syrup will sestore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has eften proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphititic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS Hon. Edward A. Moore, Member of Assembly from Richmond county, New York, writes:

"Some two years ago I was taken with inflammation of the kidneys. The pain was intense I applied as soon as possible an Alleock's Porus Plaster over each kidney. Wonderful to say the pain and inflamation began to abate in three hours. In two days I was entirely cured. I always take great pleasure in recommending Alleock's Plasters; they are certainly the best external remedy known. I used them as chest protectors, and found them most efficient."

UNEQUALED. UNEQUALED.

For cleaning and healing foul and indolent Ulcers. Sores, and Abscesses, and removing the bad odors arising therefrom, and for sloughing, contused, and lacerated wounds, Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is unequaled.

"I have used Darbys Prophylactic Fluid in hospital and in private practice for ten years, and know of nothing better for sloughing, contused, and lacerated wounds, foul and indolent ulcers, and as a disinfectant."—J. F. Heustis, professer Mobile Med. College.

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we posses a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fiber and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. A mong a dozen dysperties no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspepties of active mental power and a billous temperament are subject to sick headsche; those, fleshy and phiegmatic have constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to gloomy forebodings. Some dyspepties are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper.

Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,

The underlaying cause is in the LIVER,

And one thing is equally certain, no one will emain a dyspeptic who will

It will correct SIMMONS Expel foul gases,

Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disap-

"My wife was a cofinrmed dyspeptic. Some hree years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, use Simmons Liver regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who w

Having been a suffer for two years and a helf from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the Cuticura Remedies when all other methods and remedies failed, I deem it my duty to recommend them. I visited hot springs to no avail, and tried several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finley (to whom I shall ever feel grateful), spoke to me about Cuticura, and I consented to give them a trial with the result that I am perfectly cured There is now no sere about me. I think I can show the largest surface where my sufferings sprang from of any person in the state. The Cuticura Remedies are the best blood and skin cure manufactured. I refer to druggist John P. Finly and Dr. D. C. Montgomery, both of this place, and to Dr. Smith, of Lake Lee, Miss.

ALEXANDER BEACH, Greenville, Miss. Mr. Beech used the Cuticura Remedies, at our request with results as above stated.

A. B. FINLAY & CO., Druggist.

SAVED MY MOTHER'S LIFE.

Ever since I can remember, my mother has suffered from a milk leg. Nothing would do her any good. She had the best medical talent but they all did her no good. She suffered with her leg for thirty years and never knew a well day. She would have to sit up half the night, holding up her leg and monning. She had no peace. She used all the best known remedies in the country without effect. I asked her to try your Cuticura Remedies. Got her a botter of Cuticura Resolvent, and she took it, and has taken in all about six or seven bottles, and now she is a well woman to-day. Her leg is entirely healed, and her health was never better. She can go out every day, something she has not done in ten years, so you see I cannot help stating to you about your wonderful Cuticura Remedies. You have saved my mother's life. I cannot find words to express my gratitude. I have advertised your Cuticura Remedies far and near.

EDWARD LUEDER, 1505 Broadway, N. Y.

Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, prepared from it externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood puriner, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Scap., 25c; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 54 pages, 56 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and ofly skin preserved by Cuticura Medicat

SNEEZING CATARRH.

This distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the orid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swell of the mucous lining, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noise in the head and splitting headaches—how familiar tnesse symptoms are to the thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who lire in ignorance of the fact that a single application of Sanford's Radical Cure for catarrh will afford instantaneous relief.

But this treatment in cases of simple catarrh gives but a faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, putrid mucous accumulations, the hearing affected, smell and taste gone, throat ulcerated and backing cough gradually fastening itself upon the debiliated system. Then it is that the marvelous curative powers of Sanfords Radical Cure manifests itself in instantaneous and grateful relief. Chrebegins from the first application. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, asfe.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of the Catarrhal Solvent, and one improved Inhaler; price, \$1.

Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston. lose, the painful inflammation extending to

PAINS & WEAKNESSES

OF FEMALES. Instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, most argec-ble, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster, especially adapted to relieve female pains and weaknesses. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters, and the most perfect antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness yet compounded. At all druggists, 25 cents: five for \$1; or, postage free, of Potter, Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Oregon Development

-First-class steamship line between-

Vaguina and San Francisco.

Connecting at Yaquina with the trains of the Oregon Pacific Raitroad Company.

---- Sailing dates.--FROM SAN FRANCISCO. Eastern Oregon, Monday, December 19.
Willamette Valley, Wednesday, 21.
Eastern Oregon, Friday, 30.

FROM YAQUINA. Saturday, December 24. Eastern Oregon, Willamette Valley, Eastern Oregon

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing dates.

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225 MILES SLY JTER. 20 HOURS LESS TIME.

Daily passenger trains except Sundays; Leave Yaquina Leave Corvallis Arrive Albany 11:15 a. m Leave Albany Leave Corvallis Arrive Yaquina O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
C. C. HOGUE. Acting G. F. & P. Agent, Corvallia, Or WM. M. HOAG, Ac General Manager.

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