ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

An Explanation of How Her Tricks May Easily Be Duplicated.

While in Chicago I saw the announcement of an electric girl who included in her repertory a new trick, or at least one that I had not yet seen. A stick about four feet long and as thick as a broomstick was produced, and I and another gentleman were requested to hold it in a vertical position before us while grasping it firmly in both hands. The girl, standing in front of and facing us, placed the palm of her open hand against the lower portion of the stick, resting it on the side nearest to us and farthest from herself. After rubbing her hand up and down for a few moments in order "to make better electric contact," as we were informed, and after enjoining us to hold the stick perfectly vertical, we were told to press down on it as hard as we could.

This we did until the veins seemed to stand out on our foreheads; but, exert ourselves as hard as we could, we, two strong men, were unable to press down hard enough to make the stick slip past the open palm of her hand. Had the girl grasped the stick with her two hands, I am sure she could not have withstood my downward pressure alone. I would have borne her, stick and all, to the floor. But there she stood, with but one open hand bearing against the side of the stick, and both us could not by our united efforts force the stick past that wonderful hand. Surely there seemed something uncanny about this. But it is very simply explained.

The whole secret consists in insisting upon the men holding the stick in a vertical position. When the girl's open hand is first placed against the lower portion of the stick, she moves it two or three times up and down, pulling gradually more and more against it. As this tends to pull the stick away from the vertical, she insists that the men keep it straight. Thus cautioned, they will exert more and more effort until, when she feels that the pressure against her hand is sufficient, she instructs them to push down with all their might. They do so and imagine that they are exerting a tremendous vertical thrust, whereas their vertical effort is actually very slight—insufficient even to overcome the friction of the stick against her moist hand. The men are really exerting a tremendous effort, but are deceived as to its direction. With their hands tightly grasping the upper end of the stick they are really trying to force the other end of the stick against the palm of her hand.—N. W. Perry in Cassier's Magazine.

WHY WOMEN MAKE POOR DETECTIVES

A Secret Service Man Says the Opposite Sex Make Bad Spies.

"Women are not good detectives," said an experienced secret service man on being asked his opinion. "To begin with, there are many places to which a woman cannot go without exciting suspicion, and this defeats her object at the outset, but beyond this woman is unfitted by nature for detective work.

"In the first place, she jumps at a conclusion and acts on it in opposition to all human probabilities, possibilities and reason. As a rule, a woman does not reason. She looks on a thing as she wants it to be or thinks it ought to be, and will follow that theory. She is led by prejudices, favors or sympathies, regardless of facts.

"As a detective she is sometimes a success in entrapping a man, but her work generally ends in a blunder which betrays her. She is persevering only when moved by passion. She does not look at a case dispassionately. She at once decides that he or she is guilty or innocent and works on that theory.

"A woman enjoys the mysterious, and she is so elated at her position as detective that she is unable to conceal her identity or the secret investigations of a case.

"Women are even failures in running down criminals of their own sex. A woman criminal will mislead a woman detective by working on her vanity, credulity or sympathy, and, worst of all, if the detective be attractive and the man criminal handsome—well, a man is better for detective work, and besides a woman will sell out a case, and cheaply at that, relying upon her sex to escape punishment if detected."

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source—impure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, stimulates digestive action, searches out disease-germs wherever they exist and puts the whole body into a vigorous, strong and healthy condition. It builds up solid, useful flesh, rubs out wrinkles, brightens the eyes and makes life really worth living.

SAVE SHOE LEATHER

HEELS NEVER RUN OVER.

Half Sole Sewn or Nailed for...35c.

Ask for Dyke's Diamond or Oval Soles and Revolving Heels. Imitations are worthless. For sale by leading shoe dealers. Eureka Sole Co., 24 Front street, Portland, Oregon.

If you want work, or can organize a lodge, write to the order of Fraternal Argonaut, Rooms 87 and 88, Donohoe building, San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. RAINSFORD A TRUSTEE.

A Clergyman's Wife Will Help Run New York City's Schools.

Mrs. W. S. Rainsford, who was recently appointed a school trustee by the board of education of New York city, is the wife of Rev. Dr. Rainsford, the well known rector of St. George's church. She is the first woman to be appointed a trustee in many years in New York and is the only member of her sex thus honored at present. She is a woman of unusual ability and education and has for some time been identified with the equal rights agitation. A year ago, when the woman suffrage movement was at its height in New York and fashionable drawing rooms were utilized as forums on which to discuss woman's right to the franchise, Mrs. Rainsford took a prominent part in the crusade and delivered a number of telling speeches. She has long been a member of the Society For Improving the Schools In New York, and her appointment was urged by the Federation of Good Government Clubs.

Mrs. Rainsford believes that very few men except specialists know anything about the education of children, and that women are born with a knowledge of the

MRS. W. S. RAINSFORD.

subject. She thinks that women trustees can work better with the principals and teachers than men, and there seems good ground for the hope she expresses that before long two out of five of the trustees in every New York ward will be women. The first woman trustee in New York was Miss Alice Pine, who officiated in the Sixteenth ward in 1887, and Mrs. Rainsford is the second. She is very English in appearance and manner and is the daughter of a wealthy London shipbuilder. Dr. Rainsford has attracted a great deal of attention during his pastorate in New York. His project of combating saloons by erecting church saloons where men could drink in moderation surrounded by pleasant and elevating influences caused a sensation in church circles. Despite the bitter criticism that he encountered, Dr. Rainsford established his saloon next door to his church, and it is still in operation.

The Conspiracy Failed.

The young attorney was telling the story to a Buffalo Express reporter. "The fellow came into my office," he said, "and we had a long conversation. Finally I said something he didn't like, and he got mad. He said he would make a complaint against me, and I told him he couldn't be too quick about it. Then he asked me how I spelled my name, pretending he wanted to make a note of it in a memorandum book. I told him. He boggled over it for awhile, then passed me the book and asked me to write it. I was glad enough to get rid of him, and I did write it.

"Just as he was going out the thought struck me that perhaps that was only a bluff, and he wanted my name to use for a promissory note. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that that was his game, and I ran after him bareheaded. I caught him just as he was going out of the door. I took him by the shoulder and asked him right out if that wasn't his motive in getting my name as he did. He stammered and stuttered, but I had him dead to rights, and he finally confessed that he had intended to make a note over the name and get it discounted."

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"Turn him over to the police?"

"No," said the young attorney, "I didn't do that. I told him to go on and get the note discounted if he could, but I made him promise he would give me half of what he got out of it."

The Seventy-two Races of Mankind.

M. de Quatrefages, the noted French ethnologist, read a paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences on his favorite study. In it he gives an interesting summary of his general conclusions with regard to the origin and distribution of the human species. Omitting minor differences, he estimates that there are no fewer than 72 distinct races of men now inhabiting the earth. All of these, he says, descend or branch off from three fundamental types—the white, the yellow and the black—which had their origin in north central Asia, which is without doubt the primitive Eden, or "cradle of the human race," M. de Quaterfages further states—in learned terms that would be meaningless to any one except an ethnologist—that representatives of these three primitive types may yet be found scattered over his Asian Eden—the whites to the west of the central point of origination, the yellow to the east and the black to the south. The yellow race spread to the northeast and crossed to America, where they "mixed with a local quaternary race," producing what we know as the American Indian.—St. Louis Republic.

The Camel as a Soldier.

The camel is a good soldier. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambwahs, or "little wasps." This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of these artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched 75 miles, defeated a brigand chief and marched home again. In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

THE DIFFERENCE.

How dry the world! a place of scant refreshing;
Of tasks of weakness done, too poor and mean
To win us from self scorn—of fears enmeshing,
And reeds on which to lean!

But suddenly our lives seem not unheeded!
Nearer the friends we thought so cold and few,
Some small success—the word of praise we needed—
And all the world is new!

—Cara W. Bronson in Kate Field's Washington.

A GIRL DETECTIVE.

She came into the office of the chief, Barry Lawrence, with a frightened look in her big brown eyes, reaching out a trembling hand as she approached the detective, in which was held a morning paper.

"I came in answer to this, sir," and Barry Lawrence took the paper, as with one hand he nonchalently removed his cigar from his lips, letting the blue smoke curl slowly upward, as with half closed eyes he looked at the girl narrowly, and after a close scrutiny the eyes fell upon the sheet before him, to a few printed lines, where the long, slender forefinger of the girl still pointed.

"That is intended for men," said the chief as he arose to his feet.

"But you didn't specify, sir," the girl's voice trembled, and there was a world of appeal in the big brown eyes.

Barry Lawrence laughed a little, low laugh.

"That is understood," he said and resumed his cigar.

"You want detectives, sir?" Her hands were tightly clinched now, and the chief noticed how cold and blue they looked and how wan and pitiful the white, young face. Her clothing, too, looked very poor.

"Come to the fire," he said kindly, and knocking the ashes from his cigar handed the girl a chair.

She took it gratefully and thanked him.

"What is it you want to do?" Lawrence stirred the fire briskly.

It was a morning in early midwinter. The chief had been alone in his office until the girl came. He was awaiting answers to his advertisement for "Detectives Wanted," etc., and expecting men and half grown boys, but not one woman or girl. Naturally he was surprised.

The girl cleared her voice and looked more hopeful. "Why, anything that you have to do, sir. I can find out things as well as any man." She paused and caught her breath hard and continued. "I must have work, and I am not strong enough to do hard work, and I have never been taught to do anything in particular, and I haven't much of an education."

"Can you read and write?" the chief asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; anybody can do that," naively; "but I speak of an education; that means a good deal more than that." She spoke eagerly and with the sound of longing in her voice.

"I see," said the chief quietly. He began to appreciate the girl.

"Now, what is your name and where do you live?"

"Margaret Lee," the girl answered. "I live at 251 Melon street. I have lived in the city all my life. I was born here."

"Parents living?"

"My mother, sir, and I have several small sisters and brothers."

"Any old enough to work?"

"One brother, 14, cashboy in Merwin's."

"So most of the support falls upon you?"

"Indeed, sir, until mother lost her health she washed and ironed, and even now sews when she is not able," depreciatingly.

"What put the idea into your head of being a detective?"

The chief was apparently becoming deeply interested, and the frightened look left the girl's face, and a faint color crept into her pale cheeks.

"I've seen things at different times in houses where I've worked, and in stores, when things were missing, and I often found out who did the wrong and who made the trouble when no one else could, but I never told. It wouldn't have done any good, and when I was looking over the paper this morning for work and saw your advertisement I thought I would answer it."

"Hem! How old are you?" asked Barry.

"Twenty-three."

"Indeed! I hardly thought that."

"Yes, sir, I am full 23," Margaret answered.

"Are you timid?"

"I am not afraid of most things, but I did feel a little afraid of you, sir."

The chief laughed heartily now.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I have some work I believe that you can do—at least I'll try you. There is a good deal of stealing going on at Potter's on Fourth street, and so far they haven't been able to fasten it on any one. You go down there tomorrow morning and apply for a position. I'll give them a tip meanwhile, and you will get the place. Now, I'm not going to give you a single direction. If you are a natural or acquired detective, you will know what to do. Others are coming in now—good morning," and a few moments later Margaret Lee found herself hastening homeward with a lightened heart.

The next morning she took her place in the great wholesale house very quietly, after a few moments' conversation with one of the proprietors, performing apparently the same duties as some of the other girls.

"It's all nonsense—she won't amount to anything," said the senior partner to Chief Lawrence as the latter strolled lazily into the house a few hours later. "I wish you had put on a man. Men are sharper."

"I've put on several men," Lawrence answered, "and so far they have amounted to nothing. You say this stealing has been going on systematically for a long time. You've watched, I've watched, and my men have been on guard, and yet we are all as much in the dark as ever. It is no harm to give this girl a trial. I promise you it shall not be a long one."

"Very well. Make it short," replied Mr. Potter, and soon after the chief took his departure.

It was the fourth day of Margaret Lee's trial when a sharp, decisive ring at the telephone in his office made Barry Lawrence spring to his feet with a bound.

"Hello! What's wanted?"

"Come up to the house at once." The number was stated, and the chief rushed out.

In a few moments more he stood in the private office of Potter & Co., wholesale house, where the senior and junior partners and Margaret Lee were congregated.

Mr. Potter, the senior partner, was greatly agitated and was pacing the floor excitedly to and fro. The junior partner sat in a big chair behind the desk and looking severely at Margaret Lee, who stood in the center of the room, very pale, but very erect and dignified, with her slender hands clasped before her.

"Well, what's up?" asked the chief as he entered the room and removed his cap.

The senior partner whirled around, hurriedly locked the door, and without looking at Margaret snapped his fingers in her direction.

"That girl accuses my forewoman, a lady who has been with us for two years, with being the miscreant. It's a lie—I—" he stamped his foot and grew very red in the face.

"But, sir," interrupted the chief, "let me hear Miss Lee's reasons."

The senior partner was furious.

"I want her to clear out. Why, Miss Ray," naming the forewoman, "is the soul of honor."

Margaret smiled against her will.

"She is certainly the thief," she said to the detective.

"Can you prove it?" asked Barry kindly, feeling that Miss Lee spoke the truth.

"Yes, sir, without a doubt."

"That is all we want." He returned to the junior partner.

"We don't want her proofs," said that gentleman sarcastically.

"But you must have them, and I must have them. This is business, not sentiment. Miss Lee," turning to Margaret, with a great deal of respect, "when can we have the proofs?"

"The best time is just after the closing hour, or rather after every one is supposed to have gone home for the night. Manage to secrete yourself near the toilet room, and you also, gentlemen," to her employers, "and I will prove my words true."

"Bah!" exclaimed the senior partner. "It will probably be a put up job."

"You are hardly just, Mr. Potter," said the chief mildly.

"Hem, hem, ugh!" grunted Mr. Potter. He was almost in love with his forelady, with her handsome face and stylish figure.

There was the usual bustle and chatter at closing time, and one after the other both girls, women, men and boys departed, Margaret among them. But in the dimly lighted hall she easily escaped notice and quietly returned.

No one saw her enter save the chief, Barry Lawrence, who was concealed behind a stack of boxes and goods.

Mr. Potter, the senior partner, had gone off in a hurry, but the junior partner remained, and he also was deftly hidden away, but his sharp eyes looked from a loophole and saw all.

Margaret Lee quietly slipped out of sight, and the janitor, looking hastily about, thinking everything was all right, quickly extinguished the lights.

A few moments later he closed the outside door, and the keys grated in the lock amid the fast gathering darkness.

A half hour passed, and it seemed a long time to the trio, when a light footstep was heard, and out from the darkness a form glided stealthily. The watchers caught their breath and silently waited. The form paused a moment and then glided to a sewing machine in the center of the room, and stooping struck a match softly upon the floor, and as it flared up the face of a woman bending over it was plainly visible. The woman was Miss Ray.

The match soon died out, but it gave sufficient light for an instant for her to reach out and draw several boxes toward her, and then she removed the lids and began removing the pieces of goods, silk and velvet, therein.

The watchers could not see just what she took, but they heard the rustle of the silk and paper and felt rather than saw her take a stout cord from her pocket, and after seemingly folding the goods into as small a compass as possible she arose to her feet, then lifting her dress skirt tied the string, across which hung the various pieces of goods, around her waist.

Softly shaking out her skirts, she then quietly unlocked the door and left the room.

All this time the watchers made no sign, but as the last sound of the echoing footsteps died away in the distance one and all arose.

Margaret, trembling and breathless, came forward from her place of concealment just as Barry Lawrence lit the gas and turned it down low, and seeing her approach he took off his hat and bowed.

"You are a jewel," he exclaimed heartily. "How did you find this out?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lee," and the junior partner, who had drawn near, extended his hand.

Margaret took it cordially. "It is granted, sir," she said, then turning to Barry: "Oh, I just watched. I frequently saw Miss R. folding and putting things away in what seemed to me a mysterious and unusual manner that at once awakened my suspicions. I knew she could have no opportunity of taking these things away in the daytime, and so for several nights I have remained here to find out. Two nights I remained here all night."

"Remained here alone?" ejaculated the junior partner in surprise.

"Certainly, sir."

"And you weren't afraid?" asked the chief jocularly.

"Well, no, but I'll acknowledge it was very cold and lonely," answered Margaret.

Barry Lawrence smiled. "You'll do," he said sententiously. The junior partner rubbed his hands. "Father will have to be convinced with his own eyes, for he'll not believe even me, so we will do nothing further until I have seen him."

The trio remained for some time after this, and then as it was growing very late dispersed, the chief seeing Margaret safely to her own door.

"I will detail a steady watch here after this," said Mr. P., Jr., as he bade the others good night.

A few nights later the senior partner was fully convinced, and in a very quiet manner sent for his forelady to come to his private office, where he plainly preferred his charges and dismissed her. At first she appeared very indignant and stoutly denied it, but when she learned that he was a witness she broke down and confessed all. Out of respect to her family no arrests were made.—American Farmer.

ROBERT BURNS IV.

The Poet's Great-grandson Is the Keeper of a Gunpowder Magazine.

The great-grandson of Robert Burns, the poet, has not distinguished himself in any way, but he may take a rise in life at most any time for the reason that he is keeper of a powder magazine. He is a direct descendant of Robert Burns II, the eldest son of the poet and Jean Armour, and is now about 50 years of age. He lives at Blackhall, "within a mile o' sweet Edinboro' toun," on the Queensferry road, in a gray stone cottage, before which is a gate bearing the legend, "City of Edinburgh Gunpowder Magazine." He is an invalid, and for 13 years he has dealt out powder to Edinburgh merchants and the miners in the neighboring quarry of Cragleith. He is given free rent and the use of a small garden, and his salary is $225 a year. He and his wife live very frugally on their modest income and are unable to lay anything away for the proverbial rainy day.

ROBERT BURNS IV.

Robert Burns II was about 10 years old when the poet died and was educated at Dumfries grammar school, Edinburgh academy and Glasgow university. His father expected great things of him, but he never made any stir in the world. He was appointed to a clerkship in the stamp office, London, married Anne Sherwood at the age of 22 and retired in 1833 with a modest pension of about $600 a year. He died in 1847 and was buried in the Burns mausoleum.

His brothers, with less expensive educations, did better in the world. William Nicol Burns and James Glencairn Burns each became a lieutenant colonel in the British army in India and were each retired on pensions of $5,000 a year. William did in 1872 and James in 1865, and their remains lie in the family mausoleum.

Robert Burns III, the eldest son of Robert Burns II, did something his famous grandfather longed to do, but could not—he married Mary Campbell, not the "Highland Mary" of which the poet sang, but another Scotch lass of the same name. He taught a private school in Dumfries for over 30 years and until an unfriendly school board forced him to step down. He died in 1879.

His eldest son was Robert Burns IV, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Dumfries and educated in his father's school. Early in life he enlisted in the Household brigade of Scots Fusileer guards and was garrisoned with his regiment in London for seven years. Three times he volunteered for active service, but never succeeded in getting away from garrison duty. He at last left the army, went to work as a day laborer and 13 years ago secured his present post.

Irving and Miss Terry's Dress.

They are telling the story in San Francisco, where Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had unusual social attentions, that at a dinner given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. De Young Miss Terry was unable to be present on account of her neuralgia. This Mr. Irving kindly explained. "But, I assure you," murmured Mr. Irving to his hostess, "Miss Terry is most disappointed, and she had a new dress, too, for the occasion." Then a happy thought struck him. "But here is the dress. Stand up, Edith, and show them all your mother's new brocade."—New York Sun.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

SMASHING TRADITION

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY ARE NOT DANGEROUS.

James A. Bailey Says Any One Can Safely Enter and Leave a Cage Full of Lions and Tigers, and Any Man Who Knows the Cues Can Put Them Through Their Acts.

Said Mr. James A. Bailey recently: "It is the general belief all over the world that a man who goes into a den of wild carnivorous beasts takes his life in his hands, and that each time he does so and escapes unharmed he has won by a lucky chance. Some persons believe that if the trainer who handles the animals in their acts were to turn his back upon them for a single instant they would leap upon and devour him. Others again believe that the lions and tigers only wait an opportunity for concerted action to destroy their keeper, while there are still others who declare that it is only through the power of the human eye that the beasts are held in subjection. To all of these opinions and beliefs and as a final answer to all questions on the subject I wish to state here and now that there is no danger whatever to any person entering a cage of wild beasts. Such a statement, however, will scarce be believed without some further explanation and proof.

"It is a fact that many men have been maimed and some killed by lions and tigers in menageries and zoological gardens throughout the world, but in every case, I venture to say, the causes leading to such accidents and deaths were of their own making. Unmerited or too severe punishment is the most frequent cause. Nearly all animals, no matter how small and insignificant, will turn and fight when cornered and in fear of their lives. A cat will make a desperate and determined fight if so placed that it cannot escape from what it believes is a dangerous enemy. Just so with larger cat animals. And nearly all of the accidents that have occurred have been brought about by the brutality of trainers who, having lost temper, have pursued to extremes an animal that did not understand what was wanted of it. Trainers of the present day, however, have come to realize this, and accidents are of rare occurrence. And I maintain that any man or woman, an entire stranger to the animals, can go in with them and in perfect safety.

"A case in point comes to my mind. A few years ago I employed an innocent sort of German to work in the menagerie, and one of the first tasks assigned to him was cleaning the lions' den. Instead of taking an iron scraper and working through the bars as customary, he took a broom, opened the iron door, went in the cage and began to sweep the floor. When a lion got in his way, he would punch it with the broom and tell it in German to get away, and it did so. The man repeated his experience every day and was never harmed. I now make this positive statement—that in both the handling and training of these animals there is no more danger than attends the training of a domestic animal. The snarling and growling of the beasts are no more indicative of a desire to claw and devour than is expressed in the bark or snarl of a canine house pet or the hiss of a sleek tabby when its tail is stepped upon. The big brutes may growl and crouch about their cages, look dangerous and act ferociously and all that, but I contend, and experience has taught me that my belief is correct, that it is only through a desire to escape from the man rather than to attack him.

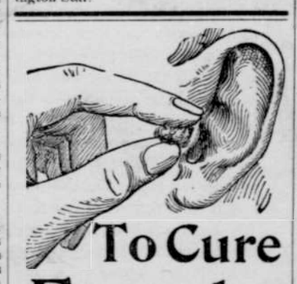
"It takes time and patience, more than any one not in the business can imagine, to perfect the training of these animals, and every trainer has a method of his own. I would further explain that trained animals will not perform the tricks taught them until the cue is given them. Even trained horses, which are supposed to have great intelligence, will only go through their performances when the ringmaster supplies the cue, whatever it may be. Sometimes it is a motion of the whip, at others a step backward or forward, when instantly the animal will respond. Now, all that is necessary for any one to put through his performances any kind of trained animal or number of them is for him to know when to give the proper cue.

"I do not believe the animals know one trainer from another unless one has been with them for a long time, for when some of my trainers have been taken sick, been discharged or for other causes have left my service the trained animal part of my show has not been interrupted, but has gone on just the same, a new man having been substituted, and it is safe to say that the animals never knew the difference between the men. I have changed the men as often as five times in a season, and one man has put the beasts through their tricks quite as well as another. Any person who will enter the arena fearlessly and confidently can take the trainer's whip and make the animals perform as well as a person who has handled them for months, provided always he knows what tricks the beasts are required to do and can supply the cues.

"I am aware that this statement may appear to most people extraordinary, because it is at variance with their preconceived notions concerning the brutal nature of all wild beasts, but I am firm in my belief and have no hesitation in making it public."—New York Sun.

It Would.

"This would be a nice world," said the careworn editor, "if writers had more originality and compositors less."—Washington Star.



To Cure Earache

Saturate a piece of cotton with Pain-Killer and place it in the ear. The pain will quickly cease. To cure toothache, place the cotton in the hollow of the tooth, and bathe the face with

Pain-Killer

This good old remedy will cure any ache or pain that ever attacked the old or young. Miners, Stockmen, and everyone who is not within calling distance of a doctor should never be without a bottle of Pain-Killer. Sold everywhere. The quantity has been doubled, but the price remains the same. Get a bottle at once.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.
Sole Proprietors.

RIPE FOR A HARVEST.

"It's the worst season for dampness I every saw," said a traveler on a train. "Yes," answered a man of big words, "it's the supersaturation of the atmosphere from fogs and vapors; these cause too much moisture and sickness follows." "Maybe 'tis, but, as I said, it is the worst season for wet and for such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, faceache, headache, toothache and the like." "Well, you've struck a combination I can break," said a third party. "How?" "With St. Jacobs Oil." If it's the worst season, St. Jacobs Oil is the best thing to use for the troubles which it brings. It will cure in no time anything in the shape of ache or pain.

Sickrooms.

A medical journal urges, sensibly enough, that in the present extravagant expenditure in house building a little money should be laid out in arranging for a sickroom, built on the sunny side and equipped with at least the simple means for isolation and care of a sick person. Ventilation should be well considered. The walls may be of washable material—paint tiles or covered with waterproof bath paper. The plumbing should be out of but convenient to it. A little of the time and money invested in libraries, ballrooms and oriental parlors spent on an apartment whose use in an emergency not unusual to frail humanity may insure the comfort and safety to the family that is necessary to the enjoyment of the more luxurious rooms.

English Women's Shoes.

English women are teaching American women some important facts about footgear. We know today that a touch of patent leather removes the shoe from street use, except in case of walking to and from afternoon teas and luncheons. That only seal or calf skin suits the pavements; that low shoes are to be reserved for summer wear; that spats are not good form, except for men, and that laced shoes are the smart thing for the forenoon.

Health and Morality.

He who recklessly injures his health does not prove his unselfishness—he simply curtails his powers of doing good. And he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is thereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community.—Exchange.

POOR INDEED!

The prospect of relief from drastic cathartics for persons troubled with constipation is poor indeed. True they act upon the bowels, but this they do with violence, and their operation tends to weaken the intestines, and is prejudicial to the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual laxative, but it neither gripes nor enfeebles. Furthermore it promotes digestion and a regular action of the liver and the kidneys. It is an efficient barrier against and remedy for malarial complaints and rheumatism, and is of great benefit to the weak, nervous and aged. As a medicinal stimulant it cannot be surpassed. Physicians cordially recommend it, and its professional indorsement is fully borne out by popular experience. Appetite and sleep are both improved by this agreeable invigorant and alterative.

A young woman in Denver is soon to start a paper called the Kiss. Contrary to the usual custom, it will in this case be considered a misdemeanor to steal one.

SELF PRAISE.

Self praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them. Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS arrest the progress of decay.

New York is about to have another census of her citizens. She seems to enjoy that performance as hugely as a small boy counting over his marbles.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

"With pleasure I will state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For several months I could not lie down to sleep on account of heart trouble and also

Prostration of the Nerves.

For three years I have been doctoring, but could not get cured. I received relief for a while, but not permanent. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling splendidly. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me. I keep it in my house all the time, and other members of the family take it, and all say there is

Nothing Like Hood's

Sarsaparilla. I have highly recommended it, and one of my neighbors has commenced taking it. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity."—MRS. S. BRADDOCK, 404 Erie Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

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LUCAS COUNTY

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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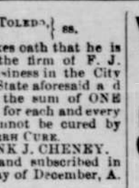
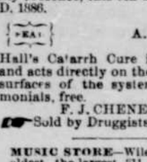


Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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