State Chemist, California:

The ROYAL fulfils all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

CECIL JOHN RHODES.

Man Whose Master Hand Was Behind the Transvaal Trouble.

Behind the trouble in the Transvaal and behind the Jameson expedition, whose sole purpose is now admitted to have been the absorption of the South African republic and its gold fields by the British, is the master hand of Cecil John Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, richest man in South Africa, and, in reality, lord of the dark continent.

Managing director of the Imperial South Africa Company, his uncompromising ambition has ever been to extend the power and the possessions of the company northward to the Zambesi and to establish the grandest and richest of British possessions abroad. Born of a poor English clergyman and immigrating to South Africa at 16 for the sake of his health, Cecil Rhodes has grown to be the uncrowned king of the country, and has, by shrewdness, foresight and matchless executive ability, built up a fortune of $75,000,000 or more.

By consolidating all the diamond companies in the mining districts he advanced the price of precious stones in the world's marts, and through his indefatigable effort and comprehensive management Great Britain has slowly but surely marched northward in Africa, until now she is in a fair way of thrusting her great, conquering foot on the little Dutch republic of the Transvaal. Rhodes' power began in 1869, when at 16 years of age he claimed the fields of Kimberly with both hands, afterward to cement the diamond wealth of the country by consolidating all the companies, controlling the output. While working his mines he pursued his studies and one day went to England, passed the examination at Oxford, and returned to Africa an A. B. Since then his rise has been rapid, and he has left no scheme untried that was calculated to advance the interests of the company of which he is the practical master.

CECIL JOHN RHODES.

A new advertising wagon introduced in New York is fitted up with two cylinders which keep revolving, giving a momentary view of various business announcements. There are people who would rather spend $10 to catch the eye of 2,000 or 3,000 people with a contraption of this kind than invest 50 cents to reach 100,000 readers in a good newspaper.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

North Carolina has risen rapidly in the line of manufacturing states. At present her factories employ 36,214 hands and turn out $40,375,450 worth of product.

It is not true that equality is a law of nature. Nature has no equality. Its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—Vauvenargues.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—*Salem Observer.*
An article of great merit and virtue.—*Chas. Konparell.*
We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*
A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—*Montreal Transcript.*
Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Tenn. Organ.*
It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport (Ky.) Daily News.*
It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—*Boston Traveller.*
Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere. Large bottles, 25 and 50c.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

THE OLDEST OBELISK.

It Stands on the Banks of the Nile Not Far From Cairo.

The oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite which stands alone among the green fields on the banks of the Nile not far from Cairo. It is the gravestone of a great city which has vanished and left only this relic behind. That city was Beth-shemes of Scripture, the famous On, which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of On, Potipherah, whose daughter Asenath Joseph married. The Greeks called it Heliopolis, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief center and its most sacred shrine. It was the seat of the most ancient university in the world, to which youthful students came from all parts of the world to learn the occult wisdom which the priests of On alone could teach.

Thales, Solon, Eudoxus, Pythagoras and Plato all studied there; perhaps Moses too. It was also the birthplace of the sacred literature of Egypt, where were written on papyrus leaves the original chapter of the oldest book in the world, generally known as "The Book of the Dead," giving a most striking account of the conflicts and triumphs of the life after death, a whole copy or fragment of which every Egyptian, rich or poor, wished to have buried with him in his coffin, and portions of which are found inscribed on every mummy case and on the walls of every tomb. In front of one of the principal temples of the sun in this magnificent city stood, along with a companion long since destroyed, the solitary obelisk which we now behold on the spot. It alone has survived the wreck of all the glory of the place. It was constructed by Usertesen I, who is supposed to have reigned 2800 B. C., and has outlived all the dynastic changes of the land and still stands where it originally stood nearly 47 centuries ago. What appears of its shaft above ground is 68 feet in height, but its base is buried in the mud of the Nile, and year after year the inundation of the river deposits its film of soil around its foot and buries it still deeper in its sacred grave.—Pall Mall Gazette.

LONDON'S GREAT PARK.

The Hum of the Metropolis Penetrates It With Ever Varying Cadence.

The greatest attraction of Hyde park is one which Londoners and most visitors fail to discover and appreciate. It is a unique and subtle charm whose meaning only those can know who have fallen under its spell. Hyde park, be it remembered, is the only great plot of verdure in the world set in the very center of a great city. Boston Common is but a garden compared with it, Central park may soon be hemmed in by New York's teeming millions, but not yet. Hyde park is a grateful refuge of silence in the midst of turmoil. Only upon its outer borders does the restless mob infringe. Within, away from Rotten row, away from carriage drive and fashionable promenade, there is always rest, tranquillity, silence—no, not silence, but in its place the thing which is the mysterious charm of the spot.

Find a seat upon a bench in the midst of the wide, sweeping, open green where the eye sees only grass and trees, with no sign of the vast city on any side. Sit for a few moments and listen—listen, and there will come to your ears the most wonderful sound in all the world. It is the voice of London—an ever changing, inarticulate, pregnant soliloquy. One day it will be the gentle murmur of a sea shell. Again it is the harsh grinding of the mill of the gods crushing human grain beneath its upper and nether millstones. The mighty but distant reverberation is sometimes a triumphant harmony, sometimes a minor note, melancholy and despairing. The myriad tongued voice which comes from the east is sullen, protesting, enduring; that from the west is a careless chorus of pleasure and prosperity; that from the north is a hopeful strain of patient progress; that from the south is a cadence of strugglе and sorrow, and the whole is a symphony of human life, majestic, inspiring, infinitely pathetic.

Nowhere save in this spot does the greatness of London impress itself upon me.—Boston Transcript.

A Genius For Farming.

Miss Annie Dennis of Talbottom, Ga., is a fine looking young woman of 25, who seems to have a genius for farming. According to a Georgia paper, she owns a handsome estate of 1,000 acres, which she cultivates with great skill and success. Upon it she conducts a dairy, a stock farm, a cannery, a preserving establishment, a vineyard and wine distillery and a piggery. Each of these is prosperous to a high degree. The owner is public spirited and exhibits her products at every fair and exposition. She began this work in 1888 and in seven years has carried off nearly 100 prizes. She ascribes her success to a good education and careful reading. She makes a special study of the application of science, particularly chemistry, to her fields of industry and utilizes every new idea which appears.

Uncle Josh—I ain't sure whether edication done me any good or not. Mebbe I'd a done better if I didn't know how to read or write. Aunt Samantha—How so? Uncle Josh—Well, I wouldn't a read any "Hints to Farmers."—Brooklyn Life.

FREE

SILVERWARE

WE WILL SEND YOU EITHER

2 Silver-Plated Teaspoons, OR, 1 Tablespoon, OR, 1 Fork,

IN EXCHANGE FOR 30 Coupons, OR, for 2 Coupons and 30 Cents.

You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of

BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.

THE QUALITY of this silverware is first-class. Rogers' make, King's pattern. NOT the ware ordinarily offered as premiums. Will last for years. Smoke Blackwell's Durham Tobacco and secure a set of silverware suitable for palace or cottage. Send coupons with name and address to

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C.

Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

THE FOREST POOL.

Lean down and see your little face
Reflected in the forest pool.
Tall foxgloves grow about the place;
Forgetmenots grow blue and cool.
Look deep and see the naiad rise
To meet the sunshine of your eyes.

Your face lies where the lilies rest.
The naiad rises clothed in grace.
She lays a lily on your breast.
She lays her face against your face—
Her face, more fair than any maid's
Whoever trod these sylvan glades.

Ah—look no more—the waters stirs
The naiad weeps your face to see.
Your beauty is more rare than hers,
And you are more beloved than she.
Fly, fly, before she steal the charms
The pool has trusted to her arms!

—New York Tribune.

A WORK OF GENIUS.

Hardly a week had passed since the man of genius had died in a shabby bedroom on the second floor of that dingy lodging house on the Kensington road, when some people entered the chamber.

They were the few friends who adhered to the dead man in the last black days of his adversity. Between them they had paid his landlady, his doctor and his nurse. One of them had adopted his little child—the only relative that he was known to have. Now they had come to see the removal of such papers and personal effects as he might have left. More particularly they wanted to take possession, on the child's behalf, of the "Work of Genius," the great play to which he had been putting his finishing touches when he was taken ill.

Mrs. Saunders, the servant girl said, was out. Yes, she had had Mr. Bourne's letter, but didn't expect him quite so early. She had gone shopping, but was sure to be back soon. Would the gentlemen step in and wait?

They would. So she showed the visitors into the little front parlor, where the man of genius had lived and worked.

There were three of them—St. John Bourne, the great tragedian, lessee and manager of the Hyde Park theater, who, seven years before, had produced the play which had first made the man of genius known. Philip Gaythorne, the dramatic critic, who had extolled it, in hysterical and almost tearful periods, in the columns of The Daily Meteor, and Ralph Ericson, the young bohemian barrister, who did not practice, but cultivated the muses on a parental allowance of $2,000 a year.

The room in which they sat down to wait was miserably dismal. A medical student, who was just then away enjoying himself in the operating theater of St. Thomas' hospital, had succeeded to it. Indications of his calling were not wanting. On the mantelpiece were a skull and a disorderly arrangement of microscopic slides. On the table there was a stethoscope, half covered with a dirty pack of cards. In a corner there were test tubes filled with glycerin, for the culture of tubercle bacilli. There was a mingled odor of iodoform and stale tobacco smoke. Altogether the place was very melancholy and not at all fit to be the dwelling of a man of genius.

The three men took off their hats and gloves and unbuttoned their fur lined overcoats and sat down on the least uncomfortable of the chairs and talked. Their talk, as was natural, was of the man of genius—of his sudden rise, of his gradual decline, of the great work that was at last to have retrieved his fortunes, if he had lived.

For the man had sprung in a night from obscurity to greatness His name till then had been unknown even to those who make it their business to keep their eyes upon the young men of promise who are presently to rise. One day it had been mysteriously whispered abroad that St. John Bourne had discovered a new dramatist of extraordinary talent. When public curiosity was thus sufficiently aroused, there had duly followed the announcement of "The Knight Errant, a New and Original Play, by Norman Voules." Then came the production, hailed with tumultuous acclamations, and the author passed at a single step into the front rank of writers for the English stage.

Philip Gaythorne spoke of the memorable first night.

"I never saw a house more enthusiastic," he said. "You never had a part, Bourne, which fitted you better, but, for once, I think, there was even more enthusiasm for the author than for the actor. Nobody knew him. We were all asking each other who he was and where he came from, and nobody would say. Indeed I'm not sure that I know where he came from even now. He was always very reticent about his beginnings. Have you any idea what they were?"

"Something commercial," Bourne answered. "I rather fancied he manufactured vinegar, in a small way, in Bermondsey, or was it mineral waters? I can't be sure. Whatever it was, the poor fellow would have done better for himself if he'd stuck to it."

"You think his success turned his head, then?" said Ericson.

"Undoubtedly. He'd been working and waiting for it for years, caring for nothing else, thinking of nothing else. Nobody encouraged him; nobody would read his plays. I only read 'The Knight Errant' myself by the merest accident. I took it up one night when I was suffering from insomnia, thinking it would send me to sleep. Instead of that it kept me awake, and I put it in rehearsal and produced it two months afterward. Poor Voules was quite overwhelmed by the success. He walked about like a man in a dream. He couldn't work. He couldn't do anything but talk about himself and ask what people were saying about him. He gave up his business and fell away from his old friends and became a bohemian of the bohemians."

Ralph Ericson, who himself had deserted Philistia for Bohemia, put in a word for the bohemian life.

"Bohemia is all very well for some of us," Bourne continued, "but it is very bad for a man like Norman Voules, who plunges into it suddenly at 35. He can't take it as a matter of course. He enjoys it too much. He gets to regard midnight suppers as the serious business of life. He hangs about clubs drinking whisky and saying smart things when he ought to be sitting at home putting them on paper. When he does get home, he finds that the whisky and soda have taken away all his energy for work; that, instead of going to bed early and getting fit for it, he sits up drinking more whisky and soda and thinking of it. Then he finds, as poor Norman did, that he is spending money a good deal faster than he is making it. Sometimes he makes a desperate effort and recovers himself; sometimes he doesn't."

In this way the talk turned upon the gradual lapse of Norman Voules, which made a melancholy story. His first signal triumph had never been followed by a second. In the course of seven years two one act pieces of moderate but by no means startling merit were the only works of his pen that had been seen upon the stage.

A part of the money earned by "The Knight Errant" he had lost in a magazine which had failed miserably, owing to inefficient management. Extravagant living accounted for the rest. So he had come to poverty.

St. John Bourne, who never turned his back on an old friend, had given him a small annuity, and on that he lived. But, for the most part, la haute Boheme had ceased to know him or take interest in him. He haunted stage doors, shabbily dressed. He failed to pay his subscription to the clubs and was seldom invited to visit them as a guest.

"I remember," Ericson said, "about two years ago, poor Norman always used to turn up at the monthly dinners of the Silurians at the Criterion. He wasn't a member, and he wasn't a guest, but he used to look in with the jaunty pretense of having an appointment with some man who he knew perfectly well was not likely to be there. It was very painful, but some half dozen of us used to take it in turns to ask him to join us. He was excellent company, when we'd cheered him up a little. But that was before his wife left him. After that we never saw him there."

"Yes," said Bourne, "that was a sad story too. Norman was fond of her. The Bohemia life is bad for women of that sort when they're too pretty and their husbands can't give them as much money as they want."

It was so sad a story that they did not dwell on it. But Ericson went on:

"It sounds almost like a paradox. But I really believe that while his first success practically ruined him this great blow nearly made him a man again."

Philip Gaythorne observed regretfully that he had not noticed it.

"It did, though," Ericson rejoined. "You would have found it out if you'd seen as much of him as I did. He was quite crushed at first, for he was very fond of his wife, though he was too indolent to work for her. But afterward he began to feel that he wanted an object again in life, and he took to working again to give himself one. 'Art, my boy,' he used to say, 'is the only thing worth living for. I mean to live for art and nothing else. It will help me to forget. I'm going home to begin another play.'"

"And that was the play," Bourne said, "that he was finishing when he died?"

"Yes; the play that we have come down here to look for. It should be good. Poor Norman was taking infinite pains with it. He meant to put his whole soul into it. For the last year of his life I hardly ever heard him speak of anything else. I forget how many times he told me he had rewritten the first act. He wouldn't show it to me, he said, till he was quite satisfied that he had done his best. I suppose he never read you any of it for the same reason."

"Never," Bourne answered, "and I didn't press him. I hate criticising unfinished work. He used to talk of it often enough, though, in the Hyde Park greenroom. So far as I could make out, everybody he knew was to have a part in it—just the sort of part he liked best. He used to buttonhole everybody in turn. 'Ah, me boy,' he would say, 'I've got such a part for you—a rattling part—lots of "fat" and two or three splendid moments! I'm going home to work it up tonight.' But he did not get home very early, as a rule, on those nights. The men who were promised such splendid parts used to be hospitable to him. He must have worked very slowly."

"Yes, but also very carefully," said Gaythorne. "He was determined to have every detail right. I remember him consulting me about the names he would give his characters."

"A good choice of names is a very important consideration," interrupted St. John Bourne.

"I know it. There was to be a strike in Norman's play, and he spent a whole afternoon in my chamber trying to think of a good name with a good, sterling, honest ring like John Burns. Between us we thought of several, but none of them quite pleased him. He said he must think it out when he got home. Yes; he worked very slowly, but he was very confident of success when he should have got everything right."

"And all the while," said Bourne, "the poor fellow was killing himself with drink. I wonder if he knew it."

"He knew it well enough," Ralph Ericson replied. "He didn't particularly pant to live. The one thing that made life tolerable to him in those days was his work, and in the state he was in he could do no work without the drink. It whipped up his imagination and took him out of the world of commonplaces into which he had declined, and to which he always tended to relapse. Sometimes I remonstrated with him. He always listened patiently, and he always made the same reply. 'It was no use,' he said. If he gave up drinking, he would have to give up working. He didn't mind dying soon, but he wanted to do something worth doing before he died. In the old time ideas used to come to him spontaneously. Now he could only bring them back artistically by drinking. Once, I remember, he took down Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' and showed me that wonderful passage where the historian describes the poet sitting in his workroom at Jena wrecking his health with stimulants to quicken the working of his genius—'the toilworn but devoted soul alone, under the silent, starry canopy of night, offering up the troubled moments of existence on the altar of eternity!' That was his case, he said. The drink might kill him, but if it only helped him to leave a work of genius behind he didn't care. Then he went on talking of his work, telling me of scenes he had projected for it, scenes of such marvelous dramatic strength that I had not the heart to reproach him any more, but I felt instead that the sacrifice of his health and life to such an end was well worth the making."

He spoke with a rare and wonderful enthusiasm, which carried his listeners with him. They sat thinking silently for a few minutes, and then St. John Bourne said:

"Ericson, I shall produce that play."

After a further pause he added:

"I will put it on at a benefit matinee for Jessie. If it succeeds, it shall go into the evening's bill, and there will be the author's fees for Jessie. By Jove, Norman Voules' child will be an heiress, after all."

Then, reflectively:

"I suppose the play isn't left quite in a finished state. If it wants anything done to it, I think I will let you try your hand on it, Ericson. You seem to know better than the rest of us what Norman's ideas were. It'll be a chance for you, my boy."

It was a chance he had not dared to hope for. He smiled his thanks, telling himself that St. John Bourne was one of the few theatrical managers who sometimes carry out their promises. A few minutes later Mrs. Saunders came into the room, and the business of getting together the effects and papers of the man of genius could be begun.

The valuables were mostly gone, a bundle of pawn tickets bearing witness to their whereabouts. Beyond these there were only a few books and photographs, a drawer full of letters and some pictorial souvenirs of popular dramas, and, finally, there was the play, the chief object of their visit.

It was contained in a battered rosewood desk, carefully locked, which the landlady brought them, together with the key. St. John Bourne, to whom, as the duly appointed guardian of the dead man's child, the document belonged, took the desk from her and opened it.

He drew the sheets out one by one and laid them on the table. On the first, neatly and laboriously printed in archaic characters, was the title, "A Modern Hero, a New and Original Drama in Four Acts, by Norman Voules." The second contained a carefully drawn diagram of the stage, with the mysterious letters, "O. P.," "R. U. E.," etc., entered in their proper places. The next had a long list of characters, with the names scratched out and altered here and there, and an imaginary cast. There followed other lists of characters, with other names, Tom altered to Harry, for example, and Helen changed to Kate, and other imaginary casts. Next came stray scraps of isolated dialogue and stray hints for individual scenes, and brief memoranda concerning them, such as: "N. B.—A very strong situation this. Must work up to it very carefully." "Mem.—This must play not less than seven minutes." "Query.—Is this curtain original?" And that was all. The other sheets were blank, or, at the most, only stained with whisky.

"There must be some mistake," St. John Bourne exclaimed. "There is no play here, Ericson."

Then he addressed the landlady, who was still waiting in the room.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Saunders, that you have shown me all of Mr. Norman Voules' papers?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bourne. The gentleman locked them up himself the very day he was took ill, and nobody has had the chance to touch them since, not even Saunders, though he did ask where the key was, always being an inquisitive man, but I wouldn't tell him."

There was no reason to doubt her word, but he continued:

"I will ask you a further question, Mrs. Saunders. Were you aware of the nature of the documents which Mr. Voules kept in that desk?"

"Oh, Lor', yes, sir. Everybody knew. It was the play Mr. Voules was writing. Many's the time Mr. Voules used to talk to me about it when I was getting out his whisky for him at nights when he came home. 'Mrs. Saunders,' he used to say to me, 'one of the characters in my play is a respectable married woman of the lower middle class. What do you think would be a good name to give her? Your own name, now, is rather a good one. How would it be if I were to call her Elizabeth Saunders? Or do you think Jane Saunders would be better?'"

So she rattled on until she found that they had ceased to listen, being satisfied by the circumstantial evidence of the truth of what she said.

Bourne gathered up the papers and replaced them in the desk, smiling a hollow, sickly smile.

"We shall have to put on something else for Jessie's benefit," he said. "Poor fellow! It seems the drink had destroyed his genius long before it destroyed his life."

But Ralph Ericson would not have it so. His mind traveled back to that evening six months before, when Norman Voules had sat with him in his chambers and sketched the outline of the wonderful fabric that his brain was building up. Brilliant snatches of dialogue and startling pictures of powerful dramatic scenes darted back into his memory and dwelt there. His faith in the man of genius remained unshaken even under this last ordeal.

"No, no," he faltered. "I can't let you say that. The genius was always there. He hadn't written his play out, it seems, and the world will never know anything about it. But it was a work of genius, all the same."—Francis Gribble in London Sun.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine." MRS. PETER BURBY, Leominster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

PERCENTAGE OF POOR EYES.

Only One Person In Fifteen Has Both Eyes In Good Condition.

Only one person in 15 has both eyes in good condition, and in 7 cases out of 10 one eye, generally the right, is stronger than the other. It is found that just as people are right or left handed so they are right or left sighted, and while apparently looking with both eyes they often really use only one. Out of 20 persons whose eyes were tested by a German doctor two only were found to be left sighted.

The reason of the greater strength generally possessed by the right eye is not altogether understood, but probably the natural tendency to the greater use of the right side of the body has something to do with it. In using weapons, for instance, mankind has been taught to assume for ages attitudes in which the right hand and side have most exercise, and this discipline has undoubtedly had its effect on the eye.

Old sea captains after long use of the telescope find their right eyes much stronger than the left—the direct effect of exercise. This law is confirmed by the experience of aurists. If a person who has ears of equal hearing power has cause to use one ear more than the other for a long period, the ear brought into requisition is found to be strengthened and the ear not used loses its hearing in a corresponding degree.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Waiter," said the guest, "I'm a little afraid of this milk. Haven't you any boiled water?" "We can boil you some, sah," replied the waiter, "but the milk is all right. We use nothing but artesian well water here, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

A SUNBEAM BROKE A BANK.

The Faro Dealer Thought Its End Was a White Check.

"That piece in your paper 'bout the guy that cleaned up the faro banks out in Seattle," mused Bettam High, the Chicago gambler, as he told the waiter to "bring on three fer a half," "ain't in it with my personal experience. This was out in Cripple Creek when the boom was way up an a good play agin a right bank, see, was wuth more to the banker than a split in the best claim you could git if they broke even. Do you know Eatem Up Jake? That wasn't his name of course, but the gang give him the handle 'cause he could chew so fast, see? Well, Eatem Up got hold of a piece of money in Chicago—he win out a roll off'n short money, see, an he goes off to Cripple Creek an starts to dealin. De lay out was in a little frame, pine board joint 'bout's big's a dry goods box. Jake gets a good play, you know—took a minute to settle after every turn, see? But I didn't tell you 'bout the knothole. You see, there's a knothole in a board right back of the dealer. Jake, he's in the lookout chair, see? Jake don't have no clock there, see, so nobody minds the daylight, only it makes the dealer a little sleepy, an Jake, he's kinda dopy.

"Well, there's a tin horn from over in another joint—a plugger in the stud game, see? He blows in an buys two red checks, waits fer cases, fergits the copper one play an gets whipsawed, see—loses both bets. Then he buys half a stack of whites an keeps the seat, playing mostly cases. He keeps his checks in his hands, an Jake don't keep cases on him. Well, he goes broke, but Jake doesn't know it.

"The jack's a case, see, an the sunlight's coming through the knothole over the dealer's shoulder, hits the jack right in the center, an it looks like a white check. The jack wins. Dealer pays a white check on the jack. Tin horn pushes the sleeper over between the queen an the king, an it wins again, see? An, on the level, the guy win and win, an nothin can stop him. Five deals afterward he has the check rack out, an Jack says:

"'I can't deal fer you no more. Me roll is gone.'

"Next day I stake Jake in the poker game an tell him how it happened, an he says:

"'Well, watyetink of that? Wouldn't that skin you? I've heerd of guys winning out de bank roll off'n eat money, but I never heard of winning out on a shadder.'"—Elmira Telegram.

ROUND THE HEARTHSTONES.

Household necessities, cheer and warmth in winter, require the building of more fires. A cheerful warm fire-place is a gracious comfort, but the harm fire may do has no limit. Hearthstones have storied legends, and there are stories of how houses are burned down by carelessness. But it is because we have more fires that there are more burns and scalds, the treatment of which, to allay at once the torturing pains, requires something for immediate use. No household should be without it, and St. Jacobs Oil supplies the need. Used according to direction, it heals, soothes and cures and leaves no scars behind.

Family Doctor—Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else. Husband—But she won't go out. What am I to do? Family Doctor—Give her plenty of money to shop with.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL,

as Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the half-belief that their complaint is imaginary or an affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malarial, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

Mother—I hear that the lieutenant had the impudence to kiss you at the station. What did you do? Daughter—Oh, I kissed him, too, so as to make people think we were relatives.

A Slave From Boyhood.

From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.

"I am now 24 years old," said Edwin Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue county, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was 11 years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought, but to no avail; I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite; abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

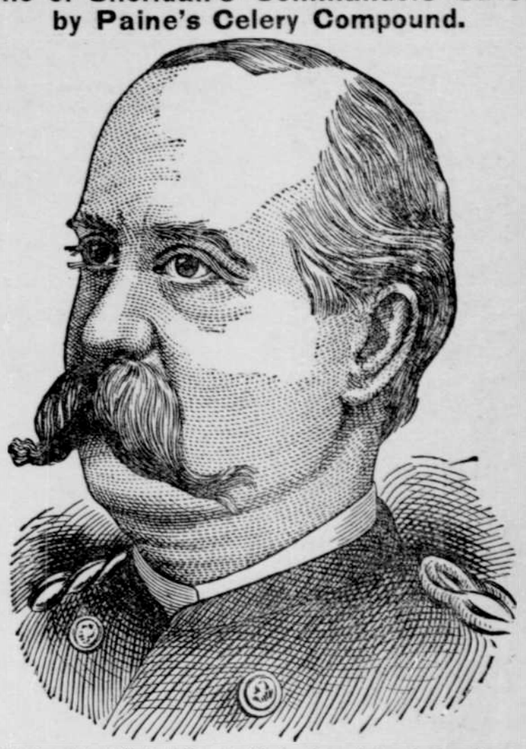
"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full today as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

COL. JOSEPH L. FOLLETT

One of Sheridan's Commanders Saved by Paine's Celery Compound.



Col. Joseph L. Follett of New York has a national reputation.

At the age of 21, Col. Follett enlisted in Battery G, First Missouri Light Artillery, and soon rose to its command. At Lookout Mountain his was the only Battery that reached the summit.

Since the war he has devoted himself to mechanical engineering, and has invented several important improvements on the sewing machine, and a bicycle that promises to be one of the surprises of next season. The tension on the nervous system of an inventor, kept up for months and months, seriously weakened the health of a busy brain-worker like Col. Follett, and his constitution, which even the hardships of war did not weaken, threatened to succumb to nervous exhaustion. What Col. Follett has to say in regard to his restoration to health, cannot fail to carry great weight. In a letter to Wells & Richardson Co. of Burlington, Vt., he writes:

"When suffering from mental exhaustion and a generally disorganized system, and overwork, I used Paine's celery compound. The compound acted like a charm on my bowels and kept them in fine condition, and I experienced great relief from my brain troubles. I have not used Paine's celery compound for six months, but I shall when in need of a tonic and general regulator of the system. I have recommended it to a great many, and every one who tried it got relief.

"It is the best general remedy I ever used or knew anything about."

When the nervous system has become weakened from any cause, Paine's celery compound builds it up as nothing else can. It makes people well.

People in every walk of life have reason to be grateful to Prof. Phelps of Dartmouth, the eminent scientist who discovered Paine's celery compound. He understood the peculiar needs of the nervous system; he knew that the backache, headache, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and disordered blood all mean that the nerves are weakened and inadequate to the demands upon them. The experience of thousands has proven all over this broad country that Paines' celery compound will give health to the nerves, and through them to the entire body. Colleges conferred upon Dr. Phelps their highest honors for his invaluable investigations in medicine, but all this seems insignificant in comparison with the chorus of gratitude that has gone up all over the world from men, women and children, who have outgrown weakness and the lack of health by the use of Paine's celery compound, the most wonderful nerve and blood restorative.

It's Pure

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

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"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

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$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

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