WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade;
He laughs wherever he goes:
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose:
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad backed billows fall faint on the shore
In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark at will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from ocean's lips
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain.
—Bayard Taylor.

EXCHANGE OF RIGHTS

Mrs. John Morrison had just returned from the women's convention and as a result could talk of nothing else but woman's rights during dinner.

"Mamma," said her little daughter, who had been listening for a long time with great attention to the conversation without being able to gather much from it, "What is woman's rights?"

Her mamma did not answer right away; in fact, it was rather a puzzling question, but she thought for a few minutes over what she had heard at the lecture, and when the question was repeated, she had it all in quite good shape.

"Woman's rights, Bessie," she began—

"Is all bosh," broke in papa, finishing the sentence.

"No, John, it is not," said Mrs. Morrison, a little annoyed. "There is a great deal of justice and truth in it, and I don't want any child to grow up with any narrow and bigoted ideas about it. Woman's rights, daughter, is the emancipation of our sex from the yoke of inferiority under which we have so long labored, and as a natural result it allows to woman the right of suffrage."

"Well, if that is what it said," said Bessie, after pausing for a sufficient time to let the long words sink in, "if that's what it is, I guess I'm not a woman's rights. I don't want any more suffrage than I've got already. Why, last week when Carlo killed our poor rag baby," her tears rising up at the remembrance of the awful tragedy, "I know I suffered more than George did, cause he just said 'the dog had eaten one of the dolls' and went on making Indians all over his spelling book, and I felt so miserable I couldn't even go to Cousin Ada's tea party."

"Come here, daughter, and I'll tell you all about it so as you can understand," said papa, laughing heartily. "Woman's rights is where all the mammas and big sisters and aunts and girl cousins go to meetings and make speeches and vote and form clubs and preach sermons, and all the papas and brothers and boy cousins of every one stay home and take care of the babies and cook dinner and scrub floors and darn stockings and everything like that. Mamma isn't that far gone yet; but, never mind, you'll know all about it soon enough."

This was something Miss Bessie could understand, and though mamma laughed and said papa was only joking, and "that wasn't it at all," it seemed more fun than just suffering and my lady determined to try how she liked it the very next day. Accordingly the following morning she hurried over her little tasks as quickly as she could, and when George had pored over the much abused spelling book for the required length of time, she told him of her new plan, and got permission from mamma to play house in the nursery instead of going down to lunch.

Then the pair marched to the kitchen on an exploring tour and succeeded in capturing a few slices of cold ham, a lemon, a bunch of raisins, two apples, some ginger snaps and various lumps of sugar, on which to begin housekeeping.

After surveying the provisions for a few minutes George seemed as fully satisfied with the new plan as his sister had been, and as they went to the playroom both thought that "woman's rights" might be a very nice thing.

"Now, Mister Doogan," said the young lady, as she adjusted her mamma's big red shawl in a graceful train behind and tied a very forlorn little bonnet, which had been rescued from the ragbag, on her curly head, "I don't 'spect I'll be home before 6 o'clock, so you get the children dressed and put the things on to cook, and don't let any one in the house."

"All right, ma'am," replied her obedient spouse. "I'll 'tend to everything, and you just go down town and have a meeting and make some money, and you can tell the Indians there is not going to be any war to-day, 'cause I've got to stay home and take care of the children."

"I'll invite them to hear my sermon, and then they can be converted, and there needn't be any more wars ever," said Mrs. Doogan. "And don't you eat anything till I come home, George," she added as a parting injunction, "'cause if you do you're awful mean, and I won't play."

"All right," said George in a subdued tone. Then he called, "You better let those Indians alone, 'cause they're very savage and might cut your head off and eat your up."

Mr. Doogan went back to the house and obediently started to dress his numerous charges when it occurred to him that Miranda, Mrs. Doogan's jointed doll and the only member of the tribe that the paterfamilias had any interest in, was decidedly dirty and must have a bath right that minute. So off he went to the laundry with the fated Miranda under his arm, and getting on a chair which stood conveniently by he laid his charge carefully on the bottom of one of the washtrays and turned on both faucets.

As the tub filled he observed that Miranda rose on the waves, and this delighted him very much. "Why, Miranda, you can float beautiful," he observed, "and if you're not 'fraid of getting a chill I'll show you how to swim."

Miranda didn't say she was afraid, but she was beginning to look remarkably woebegone, especially in the vicinity of her flaxen hair. Her father did not seem to notice this, however. Tying one of the girl's aprons around his waist, he rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to give an object lesson.

"You see, my dear, you just put your two hands together like this and then splash 'em out as far as you can, and then splash 'em together again. Just as easy as anything when you once get into it, and it's lots of fun too."

Evidently Mr. Doogan thought it was lots of fun, for he became so engrossed in his occupation that he forgot all about Miranda for quite a long time. Then he saw the meat boy walk down the path on his way to the kitchen, and this reminded him about the dinner which was yet to be prepared.

"Now, Miranda, I guess you've had a long swim enough for today, and I'll just wash you up quick and go and get the dinner ready, so that when your ma comes home she won't have to wait."

Accordingly he got a large cake of brown soap and proceeded to give his daughter such a cleaning that she would probably never need another in all her life. Silence reigned for a few moments, till he came to wash what used to be her curls.

"Why, Miranda, I think your hair must be falling out," he remarked, as long strands of flax got tangled in his fingers. "I must tell your ma when she comes home to get you some hair tonic, and, my dear, you'll look so nice and clean that she won't hardly know you."

Then she was lifted out, and her fond father commenced to dry her in his apron. The next minute a startled expression came over his face.

"Oh, Miranda, you're peeling awful!" he cried. "My apron's all pink. I guess I'd better leave you dry in the sun while I go 'tend to the others, and then I'll dress you and p'r'aps your ma won't notice. You do look very pale, though," he added, as he laid her down on the chair in the sun and returned to his other household cares.

His sleeves felt wet and uncomfortable, but soon he forgot everything in the preparation of the dinner. He brought out the tea set, and all went smoothly till he went to make the lemonade. He looked around for something to cut the lemon. Mamma's scissors were nowhere in sight; all the little tin knives were broken on it with no avail. Then he tried his teeth, but the bitter acid of the skin got down his throat and into his eyes, and he was forced to abandon that method too. At last he bethought him of the rusty old kitchen knife which he carried in his Indian wars. After a long struggle and much loss of juice the feat was at last accomplished, but the lemon looked so jagged and red and uninviting that it was doubtful if the operation could be considered successful.

"I guess that is some of the Indians' blood," said the cook, not at all disturbed. Then one of the apples was cut by the same means unto little, tiny pieces, and a lump of sugar ground very fine by the aid of the hero's heels and sprinkled on top of the other ingredients.

"There, now; that is a very nice pudding, and it's about time Mrs. Doogan was home," remarked Mrs. Doogan's other half, testing the cakes and raisins.

"I'll take these children out of bed first and then I'll go and see if she is all right. The Indians were all ready to fight this morning, and they might have been disappointed about me not coming and killed her."

The thought did not seem to disturb Mr. Doogan in the least. He went on eating raisins and dressing the dolls quite upside down in a very leisurely manner.

"I don't see how your mother manages these strings and buttons," was the next uttered reflection as the last means of fastening the third infant's dress flew off with a snap. "Pins are much handier."

The next minute he would have probably retracted that last statement if his vocal organs had not been in active service, for after administering a sufficient quantity of pins to insure its clothes sticking on, when he went to lay the doll down, one of the "handy" articles made a deep red mark the whole length of his palm.

Several minutes elapsed in which he was in too great pain to think of anything else, but when his eyes happened to rest on the dinner, he thought he'd better eat his share then and keep something for his wife, if she were still in the land of the living, for there was no telling how much longer it would be before she got home. The ham tasted very good and so did the red lemonade and cakes and sugar. He was afraid to eat any more raisins, for there were only about five left out of a whole handful. When he came to the pudding, however, he stopped without hesitation.

"I think I'd better leave the pudding for Mrs. Doogan; she's fond of pudding, and I'd just as soon eat plain apples," which he accordingly did. During the process of "cleaning up" several plates were broken, besides two cups, and last of all the teapot, which had held the small amount of lemonade reserved for Mrs. D.

After that things became monotonous. He thought of washing out some clothes, but then he did not exactly like to open the laundry door and face Miranda. Not that he had any certain knowledge she was hurt, only there are those "Strange forebodings of ill unseen and that cannot be compassed."

And to these he had probably fallen a victim. He looked out of the window to see if there were any signs of Mrs. Doogan. But he had somehow or other ceased to be anxious for her return. It was rather a relief than otherwise when she failed to appear on the scene.

Meanwhile Mrs. Doogan had had as many experiences as could well befall a person of such a limited age in such a limited time.

After leaving her spouse, she had gone to the far end of the yard where the coal bin stood, and with many vigorous efforts, at the cost of several splinters and bruises, she at last succeeded in mounting.

Then she began her speech, but as there was no one in hearing distance except the old cat asleep on the fence it was a little tiresome. At last she grew impatient and determined to make a convert at any rate. She raised her voice to its highest pitch and began again:

"Ladies and gemplemens, I am a woman's wrights lady, and I has come here to tell you about woman's suffering. Woman's suffering is one kind of woman's wrights, and another kind is where they has meetings and preaches and votes. I have tried the suffering kind, and it ain't nice, and it is when people's babies is killed and they can't go to parties, and when people gets whipped and has to go to sleep in the dark and like that.

"Now I'm trying the other kind and"—

By this time the windows of two or three neighboring houses had been thrown open and several rude little boys were giggling over the fence, but Mrs. Doogan was so much excited she didn't notice anything till a little nigger, who had just come up, called: "Horrey! You'se gwine ter be a fine un if yer only keeps on."

The poor little "woman's suffering lady" flushed red to the very tips of her small fingers, and her eyes filled up with mortification. To finish all, in her haste to get down she forgot all about her long train. It caught on a nail at the edge of the open hole, and the light of the new woman was extinguished in the coal bin.

Her hand got an ugly cut, and there was a great big lump under the crushed hat, but the thing that hurt her most was the burst of merriment with which the audience greeted her fall. She waited down there on the coal for a long, long time till the people in the houses, guessing her distress, went away, or at least hid themselves behind the blinds, and only a few of the boys on the fence were left.

At last they, too, grew tired and went to hear the organ man around the corner play "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" and left the tear stained, aching Mrs. D. to the hard task of climbing out unseen. Her little head was throbbing with the pain, but she was too proud to let her husband see her first defeat, and when the kitchen girl had bound her wounds, she started out again.

This time she sought a more retired field in which to pursue her labors and at last determined to brave the dangers of the basement where the phantom Indians dwelt and try to make the squaws be "woman's rights."

It was quite dark down there, and she was afraid to venture far from the door or windows on account of spiders and "p'raps rats and ghosts and things." At last her eye was caught by an old trunk of mamma's which she knew contained a lot of party clothes and other things more interesting than just walking round and round talking to the Indians, who were not even civilized enough to answer her.

This fall was by far greater than the first. From noble efforts to improve her sex to the low vanities of gaudy dress! However, Mrs. Doogan didn't know and rummaged happily in faded silks, tried on high heeled slippers, yellow now with age, and old brocades her grandmother had worn when— Gracious heavens! What a frightful screech! No wonder. She had come upon a family of mice, and one horrid little one had fallen up her sleeve. Oh, my, such cries and moans and frenzied screams as she ran stumbling in her fineries till all the servants in the house, mamma and Mr. Doogan and papa, who had just come in, ran headlong to the cellar, thinking some one was being killed!

"I warned her not to," wailed her frightened spouse. "I knew the Indians would be savage when they found I didn't come and now I s'pose they're cooking her alive."

"Good gracious, pussy, what's up now?" asked papa as he took the weeping, trembling bundle in his arms. "Did something hurt or frighten you, pet?"

"No! No! No!" sobbed Mrs. D. "But papa it's a mouse!" And then there was another burst of tears till the poor baby mousie was found dead. Then Mrs. Doogan's tender heart was touched and she hid in her mother's friendly skirts.

"Oh, mamma! Did I kill it? Poor, dear, little thing. I didn't mean to, truly, but it frightened me so that I must have. Oh, oh, my! I guess I must have squeezed it hard! Oh, dear!"

"What's that?" said papa. "Woman's suffering people frightened by a mouse! For shame, my little daughter; you disgrace your cause!"

"I'm not a woman's suffering any more or woman's wrights or anything at all, but only me," affirmed the late new woman. "And I'm going home right now and see how Mr. Doogan's tended to the things and take care of Miranda and never make any more speeches and have everybody laugh and fall and hurt myself again.

"'Deed and its the great care Miranda'll need to bring her back to airth," put in the cook, "for when I saw her last she had her side split up of having too much bath!"

Then there were fresh bursts of tears and Mr. Doogan vowed "it was a thankless job to tend to children and more fun to go on battles with the kind of things it wouldn't hurt to wash once in awhile."

And Mrs. Doogan vowed she'd "never leave her home to such a careless thing as man, long as she lived."

And when the woman question is mentioned now, the children both look wise and shake their heads.—Margaret C. Nesfield in San Francisco Examiner.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Manuscripts by Dickens.

What have become of the manuscripts of Dickens' earlier works? Some light is thrown on the question in Mr. Shooling's paper in The Strand. The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given, as is well known, by the author to his friend Mr. Dallas, and subsequently bought by Mr. Childs, the publisher, of Philadelphia. The manuscript of "Pickwick" was, Miss Georgina Hogarth states, never preserved in its entirety, though stray fragments have turned up, and are dispersed about the world, but it was not given by its author to any one. "I don't think," adds Miss Hogarth, "he attached much importance to his manuscripts in those early days." Portions of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist" figure among the numerous interesting facsimiles which accompany the article. They are taken from a fragment of the manuscript still remaining, which begins with the twelfth chapter and ends with what is now called the forty-third chapter, "wherein is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble." "Oliver Twist" was written in a much larger hand than were most of the later works. The manuscript shows some notable variations. The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but a facsimile is given of part of the revised proof of the preface, which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens.—London News.

The tusks of the walrus were the first ice anchors. The instruments of this description used by seamen in arctic regions are modeled after the walrus tusks.

In 1880 the value of materials used in the cotton mills of this country was $102,000,000, while in 1890 the value had risen to $155,000,000.

THE ISLE OF BOREDOM.

As you sail through life take pains and steer
Away from the island that lies too near,
The isle of Boredom, which all men fear.

The island sets up like a shelf of rock,
But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock
And offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night and they talk all day,
And try as you will to get away
They pin you down and they make you stay.

They talk of the things they have done and said,
Thy talk you awake and they talk you to bed,
Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the queerest thing, and one to deplore,
About the dwellers upon that shore—
Not one of them knows that he is a bore.

So steer away from that island shelf
That is governed, they say, by a wicked elf,
Lest you be a bore and not know it yourself.
—Rochester Post-Express.

Matters According to the Pentateuch.

There is no mention of mules in the Pentateuch. Such breeding was contrary to the law, but the Assyrian sculptures, in later times, give figures of mules, and they are noticed in later books of the Bible (Ezekiel xxvii, 14; Zechariah xiv, 15). Nor are domestic fowls noticed, though known in Palestine in the time of Christ and represented on cylinders of the Persian period. There is no mention of the citron, which is native to Media, but which was only known in the Persian period in Palestine. Cotton (Esther i, 6) and silk (Ezekiel xvi, 10) are alike unnoticed in the Torah, but occur in later books, while flax, one of the most ancient materials in Asia and in Europe, is so noticed. The cochineal insect ("crimson," Isaiah i, 18) may early have supplied a dye, for it is found on the leaves of the Syrian oak, and the purple dye from the galbanum or operculum of the shellfish used at Tyre may date back to any age, since it is found all along the Palestine coast, as are the yellow crocus or saffron and the orange colored henna and kohel for blackening the eyes.

The Hebrews do not appear to have used horses before the time of Solomon, but the Canaanites had horses and chariots, which are noticed monumentally between 1700 and 1400 B. C., as well as later. The Egyptians also had chariots long before the Exodus. Trading caravans, such as led Joseph to Egypt, are noticed in the fifteenth century B. C., in Palestine, and ships on the Syrian coast as early as 1600 B. C.—Scottish Review.

A Millionaire's Hard Fate.

How sadly deficient some people are of any sense of humor when the subject is themselves! Take the Duke of Devonshire, who delivered a speech at the opening of a "Passmore Edwards House" for epileptics. So long as he kept to the epileptics the duke managed well enough, but before he sat down he must needs get on the subject of himself and the sorrows of the poor millionaire:

"It might perhaps be considered presumptuous for one who was reputed to be rich himself to offer advice to other rich men which he had not taken himself or was not himself prepared to follow, but perhaps he might be allowed to point out that there was some difference between those who happened to be in the possession of wealth inherited from several generations and those who had created their own fortunes. Their predecessors, in cases like his own, had generally contrived to find quite as many channels by which wealth flowed out as by which it flowed in, and those who had for the benefit and advantage of their successors created great estates, entailing much labor in administration and many responsibilities, had not left to their successors a legacy of unmitigated advantage."

The spectacle of the duke inviting the commiseration of his audience for the cruel fate which compelled him to keep up Chatsworth and Devonshire House instead of founding homes for epileptics is indeed excruciating.—Westminster Gazette.

A Brilliant Confederate.

A prestidigitator, in the course of an exhibition in New York recently, had one of the audience select one card from a pack and then he handed a sheet of paper to another spectator, a timid looking blond man. The professor, who did not see the card, announced that after it had been returned to the pack the description of it would be found written on the paper. The card was the eight of hearts. It was taken out by the professor. "Is that it—the eight of hearts?" asked the professor. "That's all right," answered the timid looking man. But he was a very conscientious man, and later he insisted on telling the audience that the professor had written on the paper, "Please say, 'That's all right.'"

Nature No Sabbatarian.

The Rev. David Macrae has brought together in a most interesting little volume, entitled "Quaint Sayings of Children," a number of stories, many of them old, but nearly all of them good. There is one, evidently told in print for the first time, of a little girl in Aberdeen who brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning. "Thank you, my little girl," he said; "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day?" "No, sir," replied the child, "I pulled them this morning. But they was growin all yesterday."

A Simple Diagnosis.

Professor Schuslich—I don't know what's the matter with me, doctor. I am perpetually limping today. Is it locomotor ataxy, I wonder?

Doctor—Why, professor, you are walking with one foot on the curbstone and the other in the gutter.—Lustige Blatter.

According to Professor Aristide Marre, a distinguished French linguist, the name of the Madagascar capital, Antananarivo, means "city of the thousand villages." It is composed of the Malagasy words "an" (the), "tanana" (village), "rivo" (thousand).

A Watch for Nothing

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IN EXCHANGE FOR 100 COUPONS,

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The watch is nickel, good timekeeper, quick stem wind and set. You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of

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

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

HIS VIGILANCE REWARDED.

The Story of a Man Who Was Prepared For Footpads.

There is a man in Buena Park who has always been afraid of being robbed by footpads. A few weeks ago he decided that he would prepare himself to defend his property and person if attacked. So he purchased a revolver—not an ordinary revolver, but a long barreled one, the sort the cowboys carry out west. For several nights he carried the gun, and the assurance with which he walked no doubt frightened the footpads, for they left him unmolested. He was pleased with the sense of security he felt from the thumping of this weapon against his leg, and his fears were quieted until one night not long ago.

The sidewalks were slippery, and he was picking his way along toward his home, when a man bumped against him. The offender was profuse in his apologies as he struggled to regain his foothold.

"It was purely accidental, I assure you, sir," said he. "Certainly, certainly," replied the Buena Park man, "no harm done," and they separated.

A moment later he felt for his watch, it was gone. Then he felt for his gun; it was safe, and its size and weight gave him courage. He turned and started on the run in the direction the man had taken, and before he had gone a block overtook him. He grabbed him by the collar with his left hand, and, sticking the pistol in his face, commanded him to give up the watch.

"All right, all right; don't shoot," said the trembling man, as he handed out a watch, and, breaking away, ran down the street as fast as his legs would carry him.

"I'll teach you footpads a thing or two," shouted the Buena Park man, but there was no response, and putting the watch in his pocket he started toward home. At each step he grew more and more indignant at the state of society that permitted such criminals as pickpockets and footpads, and when he reached home he was very angry.

"What makes you look so ferocious?" were his wife's first words.

"Been held up; fellow took my watch, but I got it back again," he said.

"What are you talking about? You left your watch at home this morning," said she as she took from his pocket the watch that belonged to the other man.

The Buena Park man is still advertising for the owner of that watch.—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Old Joke Exploded.

Another fine old tradition has been spoiled. Mrs. Glass' cookbook, published in the last century, gave a recipe for cooking a hare beginning with "first case your hare," that is, skin the animal. This was the reading in the first edition, the printer of the next changing the "case" to "catch." He was a wit, at all events, either by nature or accident.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Subterfuge.

"Look here, Hopkins, you said you were going to New York on legal business, and you went and got married."

"Well, isn't getting married legal business?"—Chicago Record.

EASY COME, EASY GO.

The man who creeps along bent over, with his spinal column feeling in a condition to snap like a pipestem at any minute, would readily give a great deal to get out of his dilemma, and yet this is only the commonest form by which lumbago seizes on and twists out of shape the muscles of the back. This is commonly known as backache, a crick in the back, but by whatever name it may be known, and however bad it may be, 10 minutes vigorous rubbing with St Jacobs Oil on the afflicted part will drive out the trouble and completely restore. It is a thing so easily caught, it may be wondered at why there is not more of it, but because it is so easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil may be the very reason that we hear so little of it.

"Maid of Boston, ere we part,
Give, O give me, love, your heart!"
"Sure!" she answered, on the spot,
And the marble heart he got

THE RACK, THE THUMBSCREW AND THE BOOT

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, biliousness, malaria, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.

"My family," said Miss Antique, "came over with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower." "Did they really?" exclaimed Hicks. "How very interesting! And were you seasick?"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 16th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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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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For ten years secretary of the National Better and Egg Association and since 1882 secretary of the Chicago produce exchange, Col. Robert M. Littler has been in constant demand as a bureau of information by correspondents who recognize Chicago as the commercial center of the country.

When such people as Col. Littler, State Treasurer Colvin of New York, Modjeska, the actress, ex-Minister to Austria John M. Francis, and hosts of other equally responsible persons volunteer testimonials as to the wonderful virtue of Paine's celery compound, no sick or suffering person can with any show of reason hesitate to make use of the great remedy that has made so many people well. Col. Litlter says:

"I have used with great benefit several bottles of Paine's celery compound and have recommended it to my friends. It is a wonderful spring remedy."

Go to the busiest lawyer, editor or business man of your acquaintance who has taken Paine's celery compound. There are hosts of such professional men in every city who would hardly spare you a moment's time for strictly business matters. Ask one of them in his busiest hours whether he can recommend Paine's celery compound, and ten chances to one he'll say: "Sit down. No matter about my being busy; always glad to praise Paine's celery compound."

That is the feeling among people who have been made strong and well by Paine's celery compound. They never feel happier than when they can persuade some man or woman who is out of health to try Paine's celery compound. Next to doing good to one's self there is a delight in doing good to others. There is no more enthusiastic body of intelligent men and women throughout the country than the great army of those who have recovered health by the use of Paine's celery compound.

The vast majority of diseases that end disastrously might be quickly and permanently cured if sick persons could only be induced to take Paine's celery compound. If women, burdened beyond their strength with household cares, would only take Paine's celery compound, when they feel that dispirited, enervated condition coming on, they would escape the martyrdom of backache, headache, disordered liver and heart trouble.

Insead of being thin, nervous and unhappy they would experience the joy of perfect health, sound digestion and quiet nerves.

Paine's celery compound is just the remedy needed by women who are in continual ill-health and spirits, seemingly well one day and almost sick abed the next. Their trouble lies plainly in the want of good rich blood, and plenty of it, and in the consequent famished state of their nerves. Paine's celery compound should be taken without delay. It will restore the health and stop every tendency toward a debilitated condition.

Breakfast Cocoa

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

"Save My Child!" is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it." Three sizes, 25c.; 50c.; $1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

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.

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Perfect seeds grow paying crops. Perfect seeds are not grown by chance. Nothing is left to chance in growing Ferry's Seeds. Dealers sell them everywhere. Write for

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

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.

SAW MILL, FLOUR, MINING, MARINE, WARE-HOUSE MACHINERY AT FIRST COST... BY CORRESPONDING WITH THE WILLAMETTE IRON WORKS PORTLAND, OREGON

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Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds of symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps for postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us

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TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING

Pushers can make big wages.

BLAIN & BLACK CLOTHING COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON

Illustrating a Sermon.

A north country clergyman once made clear even to the dullest of his flock the difficulty of treading the straight and narrow path, as contrasted with descent on the spacious highway leading in the other direction. Before he was well started in his discourse he ran down the pulpit stairs and proceeded to suit the action to the word.

"My brethren," he cried, "the road to heaven is like this." And lying flat on the banister he began to pull himself up, hand over hand, as laboriously as a boy climbs as greased pole.

At last he reached the top, and got on his feet again, happy in his Christian victory. Then, having taken breath, he exhorted his hearers to look at the road to the other place, doubled one leg under him and slid down the rail in a half sitting posture with a rapidity and grace that betrayed a juvenile familiarity with the route.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Woman Carpenter.

Miss Webster of Boston is a carpenter. She is the sister of Albert Webster, a writer who was to have married Anna, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and whose unfortunate death on a voyage for health was soon followed by that of his betrothed. Miss Webster a few years ago was thrown on her own resources. She had studied painting and possessed the usual accomplishments of women. None of these seemed available for bread winning, so, having a fondness for tools, she concluded to fit herself as a wood carver.

"Better a carpenter for money making," was her teacher's wise advice. She took it. Miss Webster has now a shop with a real bench and real shavings.

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

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Ointment and tube, Prepaid 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

FORAKER OF OHIO.

A Story of the Man Who Will Succeed Brice as Senator.

Ex-Governor Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio, who is to succeed Mr. Brice in the United States senate, is an intense person. His likes and dislikes are very strong. He is a mighty good friend and a positive enemy. For instance, he did not like the late Allen Grauber Thurman.

When Mr. Thurman was nominated at St. Louis for vice president in 1888, a Sun man was assigned to go to Columbus, the home of the Old Roman. The Sun man stopped at the Neil House, just opposite the state capitol. One morning he called on Governor Foraker for news. Foraker said: "Do you know what that man Thurman once did? His wife once fed the rebel prisoners at Camp Chase." Camp Chase was just outside of Columbus, where rebel prisoners were detained.

The Sun man spoke to ex-Senator Thurman an hour later and told of the serious charge that Governor Foraker had made. "Did he say that?" said the Old Roman in a towering rage. "Did he say that? Could he be so small as to say that? Why, damn him and God bless her, she did." But Governor Foraker subsequently withdrew his criticism of Mr. Thurman.—New York Sun

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