### JACQUEMINOTS.

I may not speak in words, dear, but let my words
be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant
fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields
for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite
desire.

O let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft
confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope
they prove;
And press their heart leaves back, love, to drink
their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the
whisper of my love.

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and
the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting
for its bliss;
And tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are lying
For the melting of her lovelook and the rapture
of her kiss. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

## MURDER OR SUICIDE?

[This story was told me by a young medical student just over from Paris. You may believe it if you want to; I don't think I do myself.—L. S.]

We were sitting at the cafe, he said, one evening last summer and discussing the new law in the state of New York for the execution of criminals by electricity. There were three of us, all medical students, who were putting in time at the hospitals at Paris. We held different opinions on the subject and were discussing it rather warmly, when a tall young man who had been sitting at a table near us rose and came over to where we sat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been listening to part of your conversation and am very much interested in the subject which you were discussing. I have been been in Paris for three months and I intend to leave the city to-morrow. I intended to go by way of the Seine. In other words, gentlemen, I proposed to commit suicide. After what I have heard you say I have been convinced that this would be a waste of valuable material. I therefore offer myself to you, gentlemen, to be executed by electricity or to have any of the experiments which you propose tried upon me as long as the experiment will result in a speedy and painless death. I am not particular as to the methods you use or to any plan you may try upon me as long as it involves no extra suffering to myself. I confess I do not at all look with pleasure towards the committing of suicide by throwing myself into the river, it seems a waste of good material and it is so absurdly conventional. Therefore, if you will take my offer, I am at your disposal."

We looked at the young man with astonishment. I know that I thought he was probably insane, and the others doubtless had the same opinion. I had a glimmering of an idea that it might be a practical joke of some kind, whose point I was unable to see.

"Gentlemen," continued the young man, "if you have no objections I will join your group, that we may discuss the matter at our leisure. Please fill up your glasses, gentlemen, and drink with me."

"You say you have been in Paris three months. Are you studying anything?"

"No, I'm studying nothing; I am here for treatment."

"And what is your idea—that is, what is the reason that you propose the act which you told us of? Financial difficulties? If that is the case we might be able to help you out."

"No, my finances are all right, and that reminds me I know a medical student is not too well blessed with this world's goods. If the experiment which you propose to conduct costs more than you think you would like to spend, you may draw on my bank account to whatever extent you desire. There is nobody to whom I wish in particular to leave what money I shall have to leave behind, and so if it will help you any in your experiment, my cash as well as myself is at your disposal."

"Are you fully determined on suicide?"

"Certainly, I made up my mind to it a week ago. You see, I am afflicted with an incurable disease; in fact my case and that of the late crown prince are very similar. I have seen the best specialists in France and Germany and they offer me no hope. I have no desire to linger along. I have no intentions of dying a lingering death. The moment I satisfied myself that my malady was incurable I resolved to commit suicide, and I can see nothing that would induce me to change that intention. Now, gentlemen, you will probably desire to have some conversation together about this proposal, which I presume you will look upon as somewhat extraordinary, and if you will give me the address of one of you, or if you will meet me here to-morrow morning I shall keep any appointment that you choose to make. My time is entirely unoccupied, and one place of meeting is as convenient for me as another."

I gave him the address at which I lodged, and asked him to call the next day at about 11 o'clock. With that he bade us "Good-by" in a very gentlemanly manner, and paying his bill to the waiter, disappeared down the boulevard.

"Well, boys," said Brown, "do you think he is in earnest?"

"I don't know, I am sure," I said. "It seems to me he has some kind of practical joke to work on us, but I hardly see what his object would be. It is well known that medical students never commit practical jokes on anybody else, and I therefore fail to understand why he should want to try a practical joke on us."

"He might find it rather a serious practical joke," said Smith, "if he once got into our clutches. Perhaps the quickest way of killing him would be to undertake to cure his trouble."

"If he's in earnest," said Brown, who was the most serious of our party, "suppose that we arrange an interview between him and our professor? He will tell us at once whether his throat trouble is incurable or not. If it is incurable, I, for my part, think it no harm in assisting the young fellow to carry out his design. It would be, as he says, a waste of valuable material if he threw himself into the Seine and were fished out by some waterman and taken to the morgue."

"Very well," I said, "we can arrange with our professor to call up at my rooms at 11 o'clock to-morrow, and then he will examine the young man and if he still persists in his intention I propose that we take him at his word."

"Certainly," answered Brown. "Now the fault that I have with the proposed method of execution is not that it will not kill a man quick enough, but that the appalling preparation adds an agony to the death which makes it quite as objectionable as hanging. It is proposed that the victim shall take his place upon a reclining chair and that a band of copper shall be placed around his temples and another around his throat, and these bands shall be attached to sponges saturated with a solution of zinc, and that each band shall be connected with the different wires that communicate with the dynamo. Now, I maintain that it will take an appalling time to have it adjusted as it will be necessary to adjust it. Although I have very little sympathy with the criminal, yet you must admit that the amount of agony which he will spend in that reclining chair, with two or three doctors around him adjusting this cumbersome apparatus, will equal a life time of ordinary torture. What I propose is this: there can be arranged in a room certain metallic ornaments or other fixtures that can be charged with electricity; and the victim on touching one of these will be killed instantly and without the torturing of a long wait during cumbersome adjustment. What do you think of that?"

"Very well, then," I said. "Brown, you make all the arrangements for the execution; manage it your own way. Smith and I will see the young man tomorrow with the professor, and if there is absolutely no hope for him, and if he continues in the state of mind he is today, why, then we will be ready for him."

At 11 o'clock the next morning the professor was in my room waiting for his patient. A few minutes after the hour the young man entered. The moment he did so the professor recognized him.

"Ah," he said, "you have returned from Germany?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "I have returned. I have also been in England. All the physicians I have seen agree with you in the diagnosis of the case."

The professor shook his head and spoke sympathetically to the young man.

"You seem to know each other," said I to the professor.

"Oh, yes," answered that gentleman. "Mr. Stevens did me the honor of calling on me as soon as he arrived in Paris. Unfortunately I could give him no hope, but advised him to consult other specialists, both in Germany and in England."

With this the professor left us.

"Your name is Stevens, then?" I said to the young man.

"Yes, and my home is New York. Have you gone any further with the matter which I proposed yesterday?"

"Well, my friend, Mr. Brown, has that in charge, and I presume he will wish to see if you still persist in your intention."

"My dear sir, of course I persist; in fact I look upon myself as a dead man. I expected to have committed suicide before this time; perhaps last night, probably this morning. All I ask is that there shall be as little delay as possible, and that I shall know nothing whatever of the arrangements."

"Very good then. Supposing we say to-morrow at 11 at this place?"

"Thank you. Now as a token of my earnestness I wish to leave you this check. Ask Mr. Brown to see that everything is done properly, so that there will be no mistake. Don't spare money. I, in particular, am anxious for complete success."

Next morning by 11 we had all arrangements completed. Brown had taken a room next his own, which was unfurnished as far as carpet was concerned, the floor being the usual polished floor of the Parisian lodging room in the Latin quarter. Brown had attached the electric wires to the gas fixtures which depended from the ceiling in the center of the room, so arranged that if a man touched the fixture at any point, or attempted to light the gas, he would receive the strongest shock of electricity that it was possible for the dynamo company of Paris to supply.

Mr. Stevens came up at 11 o'clock. We asked him if he would have any objections to occupying this room, which was next to that of Mr. Brown's?

He replied that he was perfectly at our disposal, and said that he would be ready to occupy the room by 4 o'clock that afternoon.

At 5 o'clock Brown turned on the electricity so that we could watch the lone tenant of the room as we sat next to the wall in Brown's room through holes made for that purpose. Brown kept his hands upon the switch, so that if any one else entered the room he would be ready at a moment to turn off the current. We watched with palpitating hearts for an hour. Stevens was reading by the window. As the evening grew darker he put down his book and sat looking out the window for a few minutes; then he arose, whistling an air, went to the match safe and struck a match, which he held in his fingers until it flared up, and lighted the room, then he reached up to turn on the gas. The next moment he was a heap upon the floor. We rushed in and found him quite dead. The electrical appliances were removed and a coroner called in. The verdict was that the young man had died from a stroke of apoplexy.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

**His Hard Lot.**

Head of Family—I'm discouraged and tired of life.

Friend—Why so despondent?

"Statistics."

"Statistics?"

"Yes; they say that five hours of work a day is enough to supply each member of the community with a living, provided the work be equally shared by all."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm the only one in five in my family that labors. So, if the statistics are true, to support the crowd I've got to work twenty-five hours a day."—Chicago Times.

**In the Dark Continent.**

First Explorer—How in Sam Hill are we going to get across this river?

Second Explorer—I have a scheme. Get into line there, Cuffy.

Both Explorers—Now talk about your Brooklyn bridge!—Munsey's Weekly.

**Getting Ready Fast.**

"Why, George, married to you and secure in your love, I could live upon nothing!"

"I am rapidly getting into a condition to marry, then," sighed George. "Here are the matinee tickets, and the earrings will come by messenger."—Philadelphia Times.

**A Questionable Venture.**

Public Character—I don't relish the idea of writing an autobiography.

Publisher—What can be your objection?

Public Character—It seems too much like a man taking his life in his own hands.—Chicago Times.

**An Obliging House.**

Customer (to Boston clerk)—I'd like to change a collar here.

Boston Clerk—All right, I presume the proprietor will make no objection if you go down in the basement to change it.—Munsey's Weekly.

**Fabaceous Grief.**

Simpson (on a visit)—Excuse me, Miss Ethel, but aren't these—er—vegetables burnt?

Cousin Ethel (of Boston)—Oh, no; those are natural black beans. You know, Charles, there's a death in the family!—American Grocer.

**Of Course They Ought.**

Boarder—You advertise that you let rooms cheap, yet you charge me $5 a week for that little room on the sixth floor.

Landlord—Well, people that live high ought to be willing to pay for it.—Yankee Blade.

**Something She Did Need.**

Lady of the House (sharply)—No, sir; I don't need no soaps.

Peddler (suavely, opening another valise)—"Elements of Grammar," ma'am? Only fifteen cents.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Natural Proceeding.**

"I see that Trollope is still writing 'What I Remember.'"

"That's quite natural. He couldn't write what he had forgotten, could he?"—New York World.

**A Great Demand.**

"It is wonderful," said Spriggs.

"What?"

"The number of holes a porous plaster factory can use up in a year."—Racket.

**No Discrimination.**

"Johnny, what teacher are you under most?"

"They all sit on me when they get a chance."—Munsey's Weekly.

**Repartee.**

Customer (in cheap restaurant)—I hope you don't call this a square meal?

Waiter—Well, we'll call it square when you settle for it.—Racket.

**Explosion of Petroleum.**

Experiments made since the late explosion of a petroleum vessel in a French harbor show that a mixture of one part of petroleum vapor to five or less of air does not explode. With six parts of air the mixture is feebly explosive, with seven to twelve parts violently so, with sixteen parts feebly explosive, and with twenty parts of air is not likely to explode.—New York Telegram.

**How the Conscientious Suffer.**

Wife—William, the harness is so far gone at the traces that I am afraid to go out driving until it has been repaired.

Husband (wearily)—Another bill!

Wife (despondently)—So many small expenses!

Husband (brightening)—Now's the time to lend the horse to the minister.—Life.

**His Honor's Joke.**

"What's this next case?" asked the judge.

"The prisoner was arrested for ogling women."

"Ah! sort of stare case?" said the judge, and the prisoner laughed so uproariously that the judge was very lenient.—Racket.

**Age Was an Important Consideration.**

Clerk (in a bric-a-brac store)—I can sell you a beautiful bronze of a 10-year-old boy for $3.65.

Miss Bashful—What will one about 20 years old with a—a—cute little mustache cost?—Jeweler's Weekly.

**The Right Thing.**

"Waiter, bring the pepper."

"Yes, sir; red or black?"

The guest (who has the appearance of a widower in mourning)—I guess you had better bring the black. It will look better.—Philadelphia Times.

## SCHOOL RULES AND HOME LIFE.

**The Bright Pupil's Brief Excuse for Being Late at School.**

School Teacher (who lives at a hotel)—Miss, you are five minutes late this morning, and you were two minutes late yesterday. Now there is no excuse for such tardiness, no excuse at all.

Pupil—Please, ma'am, the alarm clock stopped last night, and it was so dark and foggy this morning that the girl did not wake up until late, and then, in trying to get to the kitchen window in the dark, she upset some water on the kindling wood; it was the water the mackerel was soaking in, and it was on a chair, and the wood was under it, and then because the wood was wet the fire wouldn't burn, and the other wood we ordered the day before hadn't come, and our neighbor in the next flat hadn't any either, and the girl had to go to the store for some, and she was a good while getting there, and then the storekeeper told her she needn't bring it, 'cause he would send it right around before she got back, and 'cause she didn't know him she believed him, and when she got back the wood wasn't there, and it was a long time before it came, and then it was all wet from the fog and rain, 'cause he didn't cover it up, and when we tried to start the fire again it wouldn't burn any better than the first time, and then mamma hurried down to our kind neighbor in the next flat to get the use of her stove, but they was getting their breakfast and we could only use one hole at a time, and our kettles and pans wouldn't fit their stove, and we had to wait till some of theirs was cleaned, and then mamma tried to cook some oatmeal so I could hurry and get to school, and then the baker didn't come, and the girl had to go out for bread while I dressed Sally and Johnny and Mamie, and then the baby woke up and began to cry hard, as if he was hurt, and mamma hurried upstairs to see what was the matter, and while she was finding out the oatmeal burned, and we had to wait until the kettle could be cleaned and some more cooked, and when that was done I hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't be late to school, and I had just time to get here, but Johnny got the nose bleed awful, and I had to wait until mamma could get through with him and wash her hands so she could write me an excuse for being late yesterday.—New York Weekly.


No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a $500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment.

That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you.

The reason for their faith is this:

Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of your being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—*a cure!*

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell street, San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell street, four doors from Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.

**STERN FACTS ARE EVER CONVINCING.**

CARBONADO, Pierce Co., Wash., March 6, 1891.

*Dr. Jordan*—DEAR SIR: Please look on your records for my name, Benjamin Edwards, and send me the same kind of medicine that I used for the lump which was in my side. I remember that one of them was TF, and I think the other was M. You have cured the lump, for which I am very thankful, and you can publish my name if you think it will be of any advantage to you. I want the medicines now to send back to my daughter in the State of Indiana, who has a lump in her side similar to the one I had, as near as I can judge by the letters that we receive from her. One doctor says it is a tumor, and another says it is caused from the spleen. Please send the medicines at once, for which inclosed find money order. Yours respectfully,

BENJAMIN EDWARDS.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb 24 1891.

*Dr. J. Eugene Jordan:* I am another one who can testify to the wonderful cures made by your Histogenetic Medicines. After taking treatment from several different physicians in the East for ten years and receiving but little benefit, I gave up all hope of being any better. After coming West I heard of the Hystogenetic system and gave it a trial. I was restored to health, and I hope many others may be benefited as I have been. Any one wishing to know more than the above statement can find me on Eaton street, between McClair and Wilfred. ELLA HUDDLESTON.

PRAIRIE, Wash., April 2, 1891.

*Dr. Jordan*—DEAR SIR: You have done my brother such wonderful good that I wish you would please send one of your books explaining the Histogenetic system to the inclosed address, marking scrofulous troubles. Very respectfully,

TAYLOR ARMANTROUT.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.


"THE return of sprig," sings the poet with a cold in his head.


**PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.**

Cold and moisture combined have a torporizing effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true also of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the bilious attacks, and the nervous visitations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.


WHEN a man is living he is in the singular number; when he is dead he becomes plural. He becomes not a "remain," but "remains."


**GET RID OF THAT BAD TASTE.**

When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it was all caused by what you ate the night before. Of course, everybody does that and everybody "swears off" from again eating such food. The trouble is that your liver is clogged, your kidneys are overworked and your bowels are not doing their duty. Take from three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and note the sudden and wonderful change in your system.


IT is the men who pay compliments; the women pay for them.


EVER since 1864 there have been women (*more each year*) who claim that there is no soap half as good or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There *must* be some truth in their claim. Try it; see how much. Your grocer has it.


ITALY has a fruit standing army of about 15,000 men in the United States.


**RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.**

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

**PILES! PILES! PILES!**

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1 per box.

WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer $100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.


THE stubborn man is the man who will not listen to reason. Whose reason? Yours.


**VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.**

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell st., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

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**Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier** is the best remedy for that dread disease, dyspepsia, for it regulates the lymphatic system and bad secretions.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

# Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—

40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

# "German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

**An Episcopal Rector.**

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

# St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE. A PROMPT CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backaches, Headaches, Neuralgia.

IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST.

**Old Gold** and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory, will return gold.

TAKE IT. W. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. —CURES— KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS.

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YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures all unnatural discharges, whether from youthful indiscretion or long standing. Cures Stricture, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Lost Power, Blood Poison, Gleet, Stricture, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Epilepsy, Fits, Nervous Prostration, Headache, Pain in the Back, Premature Decay, Wakefulness, Blotches on the Face, Diseases that lead to Consumption and Insanity, and many other diseases that we do not care to mention here. It stops Nocturnal Emissions in a night. It makes the Prostate Gland as healthy as that of a young man. It makes the Urine as healthy as that of a child. It makes the Kidneys healthy. It makes the Bladder healthy. It makes the Blood healthy. It makes the Nerves healthy. It makes the Brain healthy. It makes the Body healthy. It makes the Mind healthy. It makes the Heart healthy. It makes the Whole System healthy. It makes Marriage a Pleasure instead of a Misery. It makes Life a Pleasure instead of a Burden. It makes Life Worth Living instead of Death. It makes Life Worth Living instead of Suicide. It makes Life Worth Living instead of Insanity. It makes Life Worth Living instead of Idiocy. It makes Life Worth Living instead of Imbecility