CHAMPION HAMMER THROWER.

James Mitchell, champion hammer thrower of America and holder of the world's record at throwing hammer and fifty-six-pound weight, says:

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and found them without an equal. In the early spring, when starting in to train for the field events, I have always found that stiffness in the joints and back set in. As soon, however, as I applied one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, pains and stiffness departed like magic. When I am affected with pains, etc., the result of a cold contracted while in training, I always use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS with good results. I can safely recommend them to any one who is affected with pains or stiffness, the result of any kind of exercise."

Many a prominent man has tattoo marks on his hands. Thus showing the possession of ability to overcome youthful folly.

For allaying hoarseness and irritation of the throat it is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious.

The world is full of men who never forget a promise that is made to them.

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Which will you have, sickness, suffering and despair, or health, strength, and spirit? You can take your choice. All chronic diseases and derangements peculiar to women are permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the female functions to healthy action. It removes the obstructions and suppressions which cause trouble and misery. For periodical pains, internal inflammation, ulceration and kindred ailments, it is a positive remedy. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only *one* that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

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Of all kinds and in any quantity—wholesale and retail—at bedrock prices.

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Tested goods and cash prices. Our catalogue tells the rest.

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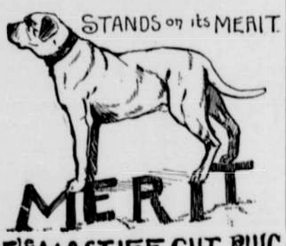

THE MASTIFF CUT PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO.

A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Every-"thing I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer

For that "again. I took a

Horrid "little of your med-

Stomach "icine, and felt much

Feeling. "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it." 68

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, T. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Busting" a Barber Monopoly.

Drifting from the judiciary to governors, my congressional friend told how Governor "Dick" Oglesby "busted" a monopoly. In his sight a barber monopoly is as odious as a big railroad corporation's pool. When he was in the senate Oglesby was one of the best story tellers there, and the story of his experience won't lose anything if given in his own language, though at second hand. It was in the bonanza days of Leadville when the stranger within its gates paid for what he got. "I had a little hole in the ground out there," Governor Oglesby tells his friends, "and went to see when I was going to get dividends. I wanted a shave and they sent me to the only barber in the place. It was the toughest shave I ever got, and I'm blessed if the robber didn't ask for four bits when I offered him a quarter. Now, when you're on the borders of civilization mebbe two bits isn't too much for a shave, but half a dollar when you've just stood another assessment on your mining stock is too much. I swore and said the next time I'd go somewhere else. But the robber only laughed and told me to try it on.

"Sure enough there wasn't another barber in the town. There had been one, but he had struck a lead and was able to buy all the tonsorial establishments in the country. However, pretty soon one came along. He didn't have much to begin with, but I told him to start up and I'd get him some customers. Then I stood out in front of the other fellow's shop and told every man who came along what a robber's den it was. Some of them only laughed, but others went to my man and saved two bits. The monopolist tried to raise a row, I wouldn't be bluffed, and in less than a week he'd come down to twenty-five cents. Then my man put the price at fifteen cents, and before I left that was the regular charge in Leadville, and you could get a shave for less than it cost to take a drink."—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

The Diamond Dealer's Methods.

Jacob Dreicer, the diamond dealer who made the sensational sale of jewelry to George Law's friends, the sloggers, is a Saratoga character. He seems as soft and amiable and flexible as a maiden, but that is merely his way of accomplishing his business. "There is more looking at diamonds than buying them," he says. "That is true of every place in the world. If I could charge 5 cents a look from all who come here I would soon be rich without selling a stone." As it is, the shrewd fellow says he is merely paying his rent and his fare back to New York. "It is a queer business," he says. "People think a man buys diamonds when he has made a little extra money. It takes more than that, I tell you. He buys diamonds only when he feels good. If a man feels just right, diamonds seem just the thing to invest in for himself and his wife. If he didn't feel good they might as well be so many bricks. Suppose a man made a pot of money, and got up with a headache, or his wife made him cross by refusing him something—he has no use for diamonds then. The littlest thing that crosses a man who has diamonds in his mind will drive them out."

He knows another thing, does this shrewd dealer in luxury.

He knows enough to sell his goods in the store, and nowhere else. "The store is my stage," he says. "There is where I play and understand my part. If a man takes diamonds away to his hotel to show to his wife I might as well give him up as a customer. She shows them to one lady. The lady is envious. 'Isn't that a flaw in that one?' she says. She shows them to another. 'Beautiful,' says that lady, 'but I like 'em clear white,' or rosy or whatever color these don't have. She shows them to a third lady, and that one says, 'They're splendid, but Mrs. Jones' are bigger.' That settles it, particularly as the husband has been told by one man that he saw a finer pair sold for less money once."—Saratoga Cor. New York Sun.

Is Death Preventable?

Why should men, women and children die of disease at all? There is no provision for death in early life except by accident, ignorance of the laws of health and neglect of duty toward our neighbor on the part of somebody. . . . Why do some die, and some recover? Why should disease be fatal at all? Fatality is connected to some extent with the surroundings in which the patient has lived before he became affected, and is living at the time at which the disease commences in a given district. If there has been a large number of fatal cases of inflammation of the lungs, you may be certain that the air of that district is not so pure as it ought to be, and the habits of the inhabitants are not so prudent as they might be. No man dies of inflammation of the lungs in middle life, or indeed of any acute disease, be it what it may, if he has lived healthily both as to habits and character of surroundings.

If a district has a death rate of twenty-four in the 1,000, it is double what it ought to be. The half of the deaths which take place might have been prevented if the people would obey the laws of health, keep their houses and their persons clean, dispose of their excreta in a proper way, and be temperate in their habits of living, and at the same time do their duty to their neighbor by avoiding the sophistication of articles of diet, or the mischief of adulteration.—Dr. Alfred Carpenter.

How He Expressed It.

In a thriving village of Oxford county are people who still enjoy relating a little incident illustrative of the confusion likely to fall upon the stranger to our language who uses synonyms indiscriminately. The pastor of the leading church had made arrangements to exchange with a good German brother of the same denomination. Having himself been a witness to some ludicrous mistakes of that worthy, the minister was not without a feeling of uneasiness.

The German having arrived in the village Saturday was courteously invited to a pleasant gathering near the parsonage. The elite of the town were present. All went well with our German friend until he was introduced to the beautiful Miss Howard, whose matchless complexion was the pride of the village. Feeling that such beauty deserved some recognition, and wishing to compliment the beautiful stranger, the German exclaimed with his beaming admiration, "Why, fraulein, what a beautiful hide you have!"—Lewiston Journal.

Cause of Corpulency.

It is very evident that corpulency is due to some peculiarity within the system which favors the increase and storage of fat, but the actual cause is yet to be determined. Physicians who have been corpulent, and therefore have had the most favorable opportunities for study and experiment, have all reached the same conclusions—namely, that corpulency indicates a degree of ill health—not of excellent health, as many people suppose. They also hold that one and very potential cause of the abnormal storage of fat is the lack of functional activity in certain important organs of the body, and particularly those concerned in freeing the system of waste products. In other words, when the system is choked up with waste less fat is consumed therein, and its accumulation is favored.—Boston Herald.

LACRYMÆ RERUM.

O, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow.
And the best of our dreams drive asunder:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear, we are all—too near
With the thick and the world between us.

O, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong.
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.
—W. E. Henley in New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Effects of Novel Reading.

The mischief of voracious novel reading is really much more like the mischief of dram drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable, just as dram drinking tends to make all true food intolerable, and to supersede food by drink. The voracious novel reader of today, as we have said, rejects Scott, because Scott's novels contain so much good food that it is not mere story telling. The genuine novel reader detests what he calls tame stories, stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life. He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves, always to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one.

No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenter hooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, and if it did occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements. The habit of dram drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart, i. e., excessive fattening round the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel reading leads to fatty degeneration of the literary mind, i. e., to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thoroughly into the solid interests of real life. So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one, almost cruel in its disillusionizing power.—London Spectator.

The Care of Domestic Animals.

The family cat is regarded with far greater respect in England than America. Every householder in New York, when he packs off for the summer, leaves the cat to live in the streets. The consequence is that during the hot weather the cats of the Empire city cry aloud and shout; they wail in anguish to the carless moon in moans "most musicall, most melancholic." They make night hideous for callous hearted man, who ignores their affection and rejects their companionship. Among cranks, commend me to the animal loving crank. He is a bit weak headed at times, but softness of heart is quite compatible with strongness of mind. Whether the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was cranky or not as a connoisseur in husbandry she shows admirable judgment in the care of animals. And her care for them when they cease from age or malady to be serviceable beasts of burden entitles her to public homage. At Holly Lodge, her beautiful suburban home at Highgate, she keeps her worn out horses, donkeys, cattle, dogs, cats and other pets in well tended pastures and stables until they die. And she visits them with the regularity of a doctor, sparing nothing that can give them comfort. Others here and there do the same.

I have seen pedigree cattle with famous names and records living in luxury to a grand old age, and I have also seen poor folks' broken down horses and pets kept in country quarters at an expense they could but ill afford. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." What of New Yorkers and their cats? If they sneer at the bare idea of imitating the example of those who have established a home for cats in London, let them do something better. For a very small fee the Londoner who locks up house to go a-holiday making can have his cat properly cared for until the family return. This is common humanity and common sense. If the wealthy New York housekeeper cannot afford to keep his cat all the year round, he should have it killed rather than cruelly subject it to the horrors of New York street life.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

People of New Brunswick.

They are a splendid people here. There is a certain dignity about every one of them far more striking than with any English in England. And what is better, they are truly kind hearted and polite. I used to know, a quarter of a century ago, some of those grand old Hudson Bay company's factors; and fine fellows they were—brave, cultured, chivalrous, gentle and good, but with a roaring sort of way with them that suggested the entrancing Manitoban Indian summer with a lurking, howling blizzard element beneath. These are like them. Climate has had to do with it; true culture of brain and brawn, more. They are near enough to the states to be emulative; far enough from England to abhor incivility.

They—and all New Brunswick folk—are less pretentious than we; more tolerant than others of their nationality. In all that makes sociologic distinction, these people are immeasurably better than Englishmen, and infinitely less the time servers and snobs than some Americans. I should say they had got further away from the England we profess to condemn than many of us whose cheeks should flame for our cockney apings; that they were, in moderation, level headedness, clean culture, and in the freedom from feverish ambitions and vanities, far in advance of most of our communities; that they possessed the best of Old World equipoise and conservatism, and of New World virility; and that if by any good fortune of diplomacy or war their country should become our country, we would secure a fine bit of possession and as admirable a class of people as are now within our farthest boundaries.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

A Non-Transferable Railroad Ticket.

A young railroad man of Atlanta has come to the front with an invention in the way of a ticket that will bring him fame and an enviable bank account. It is simply this: The purchaser of an ironclad ticket is not to be required to write his name or make any formal declaration as to his intention in regard to the ticket. Nothing of the kind. The agent who sells the low rate round trip points his little camera at you while he gives you your change. It records the image of the purchaser in an instant. The agent pulls out the slide, rubs his chemical sponge over the sensitized paper and—there you are. In the upper left hand corner of the ticket he pastes that picture, puts it in under a stamp that embosses the edges, and unless you can find somebody that looks enough like you to risk the chance of a return on your image the ticket will carry the original purchaser and nobody else.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Blame for Dirty Streets.

A walk in the principal streets and avenues from 7 to 9 o'clock in the morning will convince the observer that, whatever the shortcomings of the street cleaning department, storekeepers and housekeepers are primarily and incidentally responsible for dirty streets by allowing their employes to sweep into the streets the dust of their houses or stores, and the dirt and refuse found upon the sidewalk.

If the walk is extended to the tenement house districts at any hour of the day it will be noticed that it is quite the custom to throw ashes and garbage into the streets, and to allow these materials to escape into the street or upon the sidewalk from insufficient, improper or overflowing receptacles. It will also be noticed that soon after a street has been cleaned it is again defiled by the refuse and garbage from the neighboring buildings, and that the carts which transport street dirt, ashes and garbage, sand for new buildings, earth from cellar excavations and the dust and dirt from buildings torn down, scatter some part of their contents into the street as they proceed to their destination.

A student of the problem of street cleaning has only to make the above observations to learn the primary cause of dirty streets in New York, and that without a thorough reform in this particular relief is well nigh hopeless. This simple solution of the problem is only the application to the streets of the familiar rules which govern every well regulated household. Can a house be clean if the members of the family throw waste paper and other refuse on the floors, and ignore the waste basket and the cuspidore; and how many times a day must the floors of the house be swept if such a practice is tolerated?—General Emmons Clark in Popular Science Monthly.

Small Fortunes for Flowers.

The most expensive dinner decoration I ever had charge of was on the occasion of a banquet given to General Cutting, at Delmonico's. The whole outlay for flowers alone was $3,000. But even this does not approach the lavish extravagance of the Roman Emperor Nero, who gave a feast where $100,000 was spent in roses alone.

For a dinner of twelve people it is an ordinary thing to spend from $50 to $500 upon flowers. For a banquet $1,000 to $3,000 is usually laid out. But these latter outlays are seldom made, because of the infrequency of large dinners. One hundred and fifty dollars is an expenditure of every day occurrence. In the large cities like New York it is a common thing for wealthy people to spend from $100 to $500 a week in flowers, exclusively for home use. Where do they put all these flowers, you ask? You are wrong if you think there is a large quantity of flowers. Whenever I have been asked to decorate a house or furnish flowers for daily use I have selected quality rather than quantity.

Among wealthy people, the choicest flowers for the dinner table are orchids. These flowers exhibit a remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and color. A boutonniere for the gentlemen should be made of a "Philanopsis," and about three "Catalyas" tied with a cluster of narrow ribbons to match, for the ladies. This is the most beautiful manner of table decoration, if well arranged and properly carried out. But it is also the most expensive.—C. F. Klunder in Ladies' Home Journal.

You Can Tell a Man from His Walk.

We have professors who offer to read our characters by our handwriting, by the lines on our faces, our expressions, our voices and what not. It is a little absurd, considering what dissemblers nature has put it in our power to be.

You can tell much more about a man from his walk. To begin with, after sufficient practice, you may determine his profession—which is more than the caligraphy interpreters dare pretend to, and afterward you may make a fair estimate of the nature of the man.

I have read a tale in which, somewhat wickedly, a bishop was introduced into an establishment of Turkish baths, whence his episcopal clothes were purloined by another bather, who left a plebeian suit of loud check for his lordship. The bishop made a great outcry, but he could not convince the proprietor of the baths that he was really the bishop and not the other man. It was a heartrending situation for the bishop, and eventually he had to retire in the suit of plebeian check, much humiliated.

Now if only the bath proprietor had been a man of talent, he might in a moment have seen that the bishop was worthy of better fortunes than the check suit implied. He should have asked him to walk unaffectedly once up and down his largest room. An episcopal walk is no ordinary one. It would have declared him at once.—All the Year Round.

An Angry Client.

A lawyer of some eminence in this city, while enjoying a social hour with some friends the other night, narrated an incident of his practice in which Daniel Drew, then a "king of Wall street," figured. Mr. Drew had been sued by persons who had been let out at the small end of the horn by him in a stock transaction. The rugged financier was indignant and vicious when he sought the aforesaid lawyer and requested him to take the case. The amount for which the plaintiffs sued was about $35,000, and Drew said that he wanted the case brought into court so that he might "show up them fellers."

The lawyer made a careful investigation of the facts and found that his client had scarcely a leg to stand on in court. He was anxious to win the case, however, and determined to see what ingenuity and an exhaustive knowledge of legal technicalities would accomplish. Circumstances favored him, and through carelessness on the other side he succeeded in non-suiting the plaintiffs. Elated with this result he called on Mr. Drew and triumphantly announced that victory was theirs.

"But I haven't had a chance to testify," said the old speculator peevishly.

"That was not necessary. We have won the case without a trial."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mr. Drew angrily. "Well, you are a fine lawyer to look after the interests of your clients. I wouldn't give a dollar a bunch for such lawyers as you are."

"You don't seem to understand, Mr. Drew," explained the lawyer. "We have won the suit and you are $35,000 ahead, to say nothing of the costs."

"Thunder and lightning, man!" fumed the brusque Daniel, "what do I care about the $35,000? I wanted to get on the witness stand and tell what I thought of them fellers."—New York Times.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Should any one ask your opinion about the Histogenetic system of medicine, just answer boldly that it is no good. Should he ask you the reason why it is no good, tell him—just because. If this answer does not confound him by its profundity and he still persists, tell him that it is a new-fangled idea. This will probably prove effective, as it bankrupted the first iron plow establishment. Should you fail in that, too, don't give up, but insist with the powerful argument that your grandmother never heard of it; that you can't see how mercury, arsenic, strychnine, etc., can be improved upon, and that the old schools of medicine must necessarily have exhausted all the stock of wisdom, and that there cannot possibly be anything left to learn. And if all your powerful arguments have failed to convince him of the reasonableness of your position—you have still one Parthian shot—tell him that you are simply astonished; that you thought him an intelligent man!

And still there are men—and women, too—upon whom such arguments have no effect, but they are thinking people who are willing to investigate before they form an opinion.

MOJAVE, Kern County, Cal.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I am glad to tell you that my wife still continues to improve. Looks like a different person. Skin clearing up; eyes look brighter, and is feeling better generally; no pain in stomach, and has good appetite. We feel glad that we have found some one who can do her good, and you will have other patients from this section. Very respectfully, JOSEPH ROWAN.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultations 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, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

After a man passes forty the greatest hero in the world to him is the man who became famous after fifty.

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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.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itchiug of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

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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.

THE COST IS THE SAME.

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Costs no more than an ordinary clumsy wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will rot or fall apart in a short time. The "Hartman" Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds without concealing them and is practically EVERLASTING. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE.

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CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"I wept when I was born and every day shows why," said House-keeper — who didn't use

SAPOLIO

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes

"Ah! Ah!" Cried the housewife, "The Secret I know, no DIRT can resist SAPOLIO."

"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT, "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."

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ADVANCE THRESHERS,

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DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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There is millions of money in and around New York City seeking investment. If you have a farm, ranch, mine, we can probably sell it for you. If you have a mercantile business for sale, or if you want a partner with capital for any legitimate business, we can help you. Address J. A. PEARCE & CO., 229 Broadway, New York.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

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Cures all unnatural discharges of men, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being a internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Price, $3.00. Circular or application. Sold by Druggists or sent on receipt of price by The A. Schoenhelt Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.

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Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

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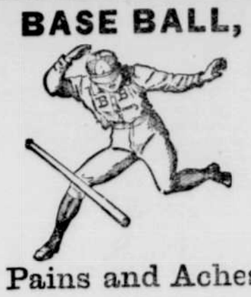

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