HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an effect or antithesis which we have to contend in the form of aches and pains. In some way and by some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, therefore, of this kind that we have a right to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of aches and pains are easily subdued and permanently cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well regulated household ought to be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. One good reason for this is that some kinds of sudden pain are acute enough to be fatal where the application of the great cure might save life. You want it also in the house at all times for hurts, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a sort of insurance against pain.

She bought a pretty parasol
Of an entrancing shade;
But dared not take it in the sun,
For fear that it would fade.

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

"Do you take fuel in exchange for subscriptions?" asked the caller at the country newspaper office. "What have you got—a poem?"

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

"Just as Good"

never yet equalled the

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Simply refuse the "just as good" sort.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699 N. Y. City.

American Type Founders Co.

Electrotypers Stereotypers...

Cor. Second and Stark Sts., Portland, Or.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

It's wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

WHO CARRIES THE LARGEST

Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber Supplies and Bazaar Goods? Why, don't you know

THE WILL & FINCK COMPANY?

They will supply you with anything you want at lowest market prices. Send for General Catalogue or Catalogue of Sporting Goods or Barber Supplies. 520 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

SEEKS AFTER TRUTH.

DENVER WATCHMAKER TO DWELL WITH NATURE FAR FROM CROWDS.

Will Travel In a Novel Wagon—Hidden Secrets Will Be Fathomed—Such the Eastern Mystics Have Learned on Tibet's Lofty Heights.

Elisha Lane of Denver has just started out on an expedition so novel that the paltry quest of Diogenes for an honest man is child's play compared with it.

Mr. Lane's mission is "to wrest from nature her secrets," and he philosophically proposes to go about this task by "putting himself in harmony with nature."

To this end he has had built a house wagon in which he will travel from Denver clear through to southern California, halting by the way wherever the lisp of leaves, the brawl of mountain streams or the soughing of winds in primeval forests seems to be telling the secret of which he longs to become possessed.

This latest seeker after truth will not, however, travel alone. He will be accompanied by his wife and three little children, aged 5 years, 3 years and 10 months, respectively.

The itinerant home for this family cost $750, and it will be drawn by two horses. It is 12 feet long, 6 feet wide and 6 feet high, and is made of pine boards 2¼ inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, placed vertically. Under the driver's seat is a tool box, the space beneath the body of the wagon is to be used for storing household goods, and at the rear is a feed box for the horses. The entrance is at the rear through a door of polished oak with glass panels, and the interior is quite in keeping with this handsome entrance.

The floor is handsomely carpeted, the portieres are hung on bronze rods, the walls and ceiling are artistically papered and the two windows, 20 by 24 inches each, are provided with dainty lace curtains.

Across the front end of the wagon an oak seat runs which becomes the support for the head of a bed, which is released by a spring from its position in the wall. A bed similarly devised is at the left of the door.

By careful economy in space this room also contains a tiny chiffonier, a plate glass mirror, a washstand, a folding writing table with drawers and pigeonholes, and a stove, the ashes of which will be dropped to the ground through a sort of funnel.

Every detail of this conveyance was planned by Mr. Lane himself, who is a man of about 31 years and a watchmaker by trade. He was born in Bowling Green, Ky. He married Miss Carrie MacFarland of Leavenworth, Kan., and lived in Kansas City until July last, when he removed to Denver. In appearance Lane bears a striking resemblance to Schlatter. He is entirely self educated, not to say uneducated, for by his own confession only two years ago he was unable to read Shakespeare with any appreciation of his meaning.

The sum total of his philosophy as expressed by him is: "I claim that there is some secret force, some hidden power in nature, which men have not discovered. A few men have caught faint gleams of this occult force, and thereby they have become wise beyond their generation. Luther was one of these men and Schlatter is another. To gain this knowledge a man must follow nature, and it is for that reason that I allow my hair and beard to grow. When I reach the mountains, I shall hope to touch that higher state which has enabled the adepts of India in Tibet to acquire their mystic power."

In order to sustain the material man on the way to the wellsprings of "Hidden Truth," Mr. Lane will halt from time to time in mining camps and in small towns, and take heed of time by mending watches and selling eyeglasses. —New York World.

A tramp visited all the houses at Cloverport and begged from every kind lady he met a postage stamp with which to write a letter to his sick mother. He got the stamp every time, and went out of town with several dollars in his pockets as a result of the successful ruse.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another Little Kipling.

The little Kiplings continue to multiply up in Vermont. Now there are two.—Boston Herald.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box. Samples Free. Address the Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

WILL BE HIS OWN FATHER.

How Judge Scott Will Be Affected by Ex-President Harrison's Marriage.

Ex-President Harrison's brother-in-law, Judge J. N. Scott of Port Townshend, Wash., at a social gathering the other evening discovered very unexpectedly that he was about to become his own father. The subject of General Harrison's approaching wedding was being discussed with a party of friends when some one asked Judge Scott if that would not somewhat complicate and tangle up the limbs on the family tree. For a moment the question somewhat stunned the gentleman, and then the party commenced to try to solve the matrimonial problem, and the deeper they went into the subject the more mystified they became, and finally it was given up as an unfathomable tangle. Several of the notes made and calculations formed were preserved and given to the press.

Of the existing relationship Judge Scott is fully informed. It was in trying to locate the limb of his own family tree after the wedding shall have taken place that he became confused. After several hours of deep mental exercise he arrived at these conclusions: "I am now General Harrison's brother-in-law, and Mrs. Dimmick, his prospective bride, is my niece. After they are married my brother-in-law will become my nephew, and my niece, consequently, will become my sister-in-law. Then, of course, I will become my own brother-in-law, and also, my niece's brother-in-law. Now," slowly continued the philosophical reasoner, delving into the future a little deeper, "if this contemplated union should be productive of a claimant for the ancestral hat, he will be my nephew, and also my grandnephew. I will be his uncle and his granduncle. Whew," ejaculated the judge, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "that will complicate matters. Just see here. Now, in order to be uncle and granduncle to one and the same person, it must necessarily follow that I am my own father, and—oh, hang the whole thing anyhow, I am not going to rack my brain over other people's troubles," and up jumped the judge, somewhat exasperated.

The logical result of the union was quite astonishing; the judge and the guests sat down to figure it out again, arriving at the same conclusion. Then some one ascertained that General Harrison would become his own nephew and a cousin of his own son, should one be born, and who will, also, be a second cousin to his own brother and his father's nephew. At this point the mental exercise subsided, Judge Scott agreeing to furnish a palatable beverage if his guests would keep inviolate the secret. But it leaked out, and has been given to the press.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PREHISTORIC INDIANS.

Remains of a Remarkable Race of Men Found In Florida.

Early in December Frank Hamilton Cushing of the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian institution; Wells M. Sawyer, an artist and photographer of the art department of the United States geological survey, and Carl F. W. Bergman, museum expert of the United States National museum, completed arrangements to visit Florida, with the intention of making an investigation of the Shell keys and ancient reef settlements of Charlotte harbor, and the very interesting mounds at Naples, about 150 miles south of Tampa.

A camp was established at Finley's Hammock, or Hope Grove, a few miles north of the Anclote river, where, under the direction of Mr. Sawyer, a number of interesting discoveries were made.

In the mounds the burials were numerous, and although some hundreds of such burials were encountered the remains were so affected by age as to render it almost impossible to preserve them. By very careful treatment a large collection of skulls and other portions of skeletons, interesting for study, were secured. The skulls are in many respects remarkable, possessing features that are apparently unusual. This is especially the case in reference to the great narrowness of the temporal regions, the massive development of the jaws and the prominence of the brows. A study of this collection will probably definitely decide to what group of Indians these people were allied.

All of the remains are prehistoric. The find is necessarily large on account of their peculiar burial customs. A remarkably representative collection of all of their various arts of life in pottery, stone and bone implements and ornaments was found.

IN A SMALL BOAT.

Captain Freitch Plans to Circle the Globe In That Manner.

Captain Adolph Freitch, who left Milwaukee in the 40 foot schooner yacht or scow Nina, which he built himself, April 26, 1894, for a voyage down the lakes and across the Atlantic, has returned. He says he is the only man who ever made the entire passage across the Atlantic in a small boat absolutely alone.

Captain Freitch now proposes to build another boat in Milwaukee to sail down the Mississippi; thence, after crossing the isthmus of Panama, to steer for Melbourne, thence to Sydney, to Bombay, to Aden, on Suez canal, along the Mediterranean to France, to Paris, to London and to New York.—Chicago Tribune.

Echoes From Horses' Skulls.

Those curious twists and turns superstitions take are to be found in the introduction of horses' skulls in or about the church buildings in England and Scotland, the reason alleged being to help the sound in church.

This habit is unquestionably a relic of heathenism where an animal was sacrificed. Some years ago, when an old meeting house in Edinburgh was pulled down, the sounding board space above the pulpit was found to be filled with horses' skulls.

In some parts of England there still exists the idea that if a horse's head is buried in a field there will be an echo. —Pick Me Up.

General Grant's Prediction.

"Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when in my opinion some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court recognized by all nations will settle international differences instead of keeping large standing armies, as they do in Europe."

AT A MALAY PICNIC.

A JOLLY DAY OF SIMPLE PLEASURES IN THE JUNGLE.

Old and Young Mingle Together and Are Happy—No Tiresome Advance Preparation of Food—How Fish Are Captured and Cooked For the Banquet.

Of all picturesque sights a Malay picnic is one of the prettiest. With the first dawn of morning the start is made. Nothing as yet can be seen distinctly. A few saffron arrows of light are thrown up in the eastern horizon, and distant mountain heads begin to glow. Simultaneously a stir arises in the village, and gaping villagers of all ages begin to issue out from their graceful atap houses and make toward the place of rendezvous. By the time the party has gathered, some 20 minutes, the horizon seems to explode, a wide rush of orange light spreads near and far, and the great hot sun comes up, panting. Then follows the most delicious hour of the day. A hundred hues of green are brought out into shining relief, every dewy leaf becomes a prism in which rainbows float. The jungle life awakens into its morning psalm, brilliant birds twitter and coo together seeking the early bug, gorgeous butterflies come forth to dry their spangled wings on leafy shrubs, while far in the jungle often the hoarse, guttural, fearsome growl of the Malayan tiger sounds bass to the chorus.

The picnickers are now under way. Before them is a march of six or seven miles through virgin jungle and open spaces of country. That will consume some two or three hours. Some of the females are mounted upon elephants—if there are any well to do families in the village. They sit very gracefully on their lofty mounts and enjoy the ride, if we may judge from their faces and frequent peals of laughter. Most of the party is afoot. They are in holiday costume. A finely woven sarong of cotton or silk forms the lower garment of men and women alike. The sarong is many hued and the most graceful of garments. It consists of a piece of material of suitable length sewed together at the side, both ends being open. The upper end, in wearing, is tucked neatly and tightly together with the hand and held securely around the waist by a belt. Sometimes these krosangs, or belts, are richly jeweled and worth as much as 2,000 silver dollars. But we shall not see that sort at a picnic. The upper garment of men and women alike is a cloth or cotton jacket (kabaia). Instead of buttons the women use for fastenings a number of gold or silver brooches. The men largely affect brass buttons. Over this jacket the females wear another sarong, which is made to meet over the head, and serves the damsel as a shade, and when she pleases as a veil. The feet of all are protected by a kind of wooden sandal. All these garments are loose, are a poem for harmony of colors, and there is no fold that does violence to beauty and grace. This is a poor enough picture of our picnic party, or 70 or 100 Malay men, women, boys and girls passing, joking and laughing along their pleasure way. The braves carry some spears and parangs, in case a tiger or leopard molest. The fair bear along a little rice and curry spice. The bulk of provisions they trust Tuhan Allah to provide at the picnic ground. "How very nice," I hear the gentle lady reader say. "Why, preparation of meats and pies and confections, you know, is such a bother."

Our outing party now feel that they have gone far enough and they may halt, no matter just where—for everywhere is lovely—so long as they are in the vicinity of a mountain and its water pools. So a pool is chosen as one likely to contain in its black depths a sufficiency of good, fat fish. The men at once prepare to dynamite this pool, or else throw the fish paralyzing tuba root into the water. Then 20 men leap into the pool, while a number of women are stationed at the shallow and lower end to catch the escaping finny tribe. Ah, no big fish are caught! They must be lying dead or benumbed at the bottom of the pool. And now the boldest swimmers dive in and far down. They search the bottom, they even thrust their hands into the water filled caves of the rocky sides. One by one the divers come panting up. Some of them grasp in each hand a great, shining, silvery fish. What luck! Two fish at a time, each 10 or 15 pounders. Then the stolid Malay relaxes, he shouts, he praises Allah, and the whole camp becomes a scene of rejoicing, as the spoil is flung alive into the pot of already boiling water, or squirms grilling, roasting, frying, on ground fires kindled by boys and girls as the prey was being taken. Rice is also prepared, and before long the whole party is seated around the green banquet board, enjoying fish as you like it and curry and rice such as only the Malay housewife can concoct. The joysome meal finished, the party betakes itself to smoking, chewing betel and telling stories, under all of which influences it is not surprising that the next scene is a general siesta, which lasts till about 3 o'clock, when the old man of the party wisely observes it is getting late and it is time to be starting back. Night must not overtake them, or they may meet Stripes or Spots, out also for a picnic, and vastly preferring fresh meat to fish. —New York Independent.

Ingalls In a Fuss.

"Speaking of lawyers fussing in court," said Chief of Police Seip, "one of the most violent affairs I can remember occurred about 20 years ago, and John J. Ingalls and Judge C. G. Foster were the principals. I was sheriff at the time, and a man was being tried on some kind of a criminal charge. Foster was acting as county attorney, and Ingalls represented the prisoner. Ingalls and Foster became involved in an argument about some point of evidence, and, after jawing each other for some time, Ingalls finally called Foster a liar. Foster was at one end of a long table and Ingalls at the other. Foster grabbed a huge ink fountain and threw it at Ingalls, hitting him in the the breast and spattering ink all over judge, jury and all kinds of legal papers. The late Nathan Price was judge, and he fined them $50 each. They apologized next morning, and their fines were remitted.—Atchison Globe.

Corbett Was In Luck.

Corbett had a little disagreement with the fireman in a theater, and—well, it's a good thing for him that he didn't have that championship belt with him. —Chicago Post.

SOUTH AFRICAN RULER.

Judge Steyn, the New President of the Orange Free State.

Judge Steyn, who has recently been elected president of the Orange Free State, was chief justice of that country before his elevation to the office of the presidency. The position had been filled by the late F. W. Reitz.

JUDGE STEYN.

Judge Steyn's election is considered a Boer victory, as his candidacy was indorsed and promoted by President Kruger, of the Transvaal. Dr. Jameson and his raid into the South African republic had the sympathy of the uitlanders, or noncitizens, of the Orange Free State. Steyn stood for the conservative or Boer interests, and his election shows the tide is flowing against British domination in this part of Africa. He is an able jurist, a good statesman and a strong man. The country over which he will rule is an independent Dutch republic in South Africa. On the south of it is Cape Colony, on the west Griqualand, the Transvaal on the north and Natal on the east. Its area is 48,326 square miles. The total population numbers 207,503, of whom nearly 80,000 are whites. The government consists of a president and a council appointed by the volksraad. The country is divided into nineteen districts, with a "landrost" to each appointed by the president and confirmed by the volksraad. The volksraad is a legislative body elected by the adult white burghers, half of the body vacating seats every two years.

SONG OF TEARS.

Composer Who Gave It to the World Is Now Dying in Poverty.

Frederick Nicholas Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is dying in Baltimore in poverty. The old man's mind is gone and he raves about the coronation of William IV., the cupidity of music publishers, his old triumphs and troubles. Hundreds of thousands of people who have been moved to tears by the recital of his famous song will be amazed to learn that its composer is alive. For it is an old song and is involuntarily referred back to years long since dead. But it was a classic before it had become old and will remain a living power in the realm of feeling until human nature is essentially changed. The poem itself was not written by Mr. Crouch. It was first published in an English magazine. Here it was that Crouch saw it. That was in 1837, when the musician was but 19 years of age. These are the verses:

Kathleen Mavourneen! The gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen! What! Slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part
It may be for years and it may be forever.
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! Awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! Where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Crouch wrote out his melody and offered it to a firm of music sellers, who

FREDERICK NICHOLAS CROUCH.

paid him in hand just £5. They took the piece and coined money with it. Edition after edition was sold and the song swept over the world.

Mr. Gratebar's Advice to Philip.

"It isn't new, the idea of living within one's income," said Mr. Gratebar, "but I am trying to impress on Philip the importance of beginning in his youth. I don't want him to be mean or stingy, but I do want him to save something every year, without interruption, and to begin when he is young. Begun early and kept up continuously, it is almost wonderful how even small savings accumulate. There is scarcely a man who cannot provide himself with a moderate fortune from his savings alone by beginning early and keeping at it.

"Old? Of course it's old; old as the hills, but how many of us have profited by it? And I want Philip to begin now." —New York Sun.

The first ropemakers were the spiders, which spin a thread so fine that, although it is composed of 50 or 60 strands, it is a dozen times smaller than the finest thread spun by the hands of men.

Blood in its natural state contains a surprising amount of pure air, amounting to nearly seven-eighths of its entire bulk.

ANOTHER GRATEFUL FAMILY.

Mr. Miller Considers Paine's Celery Compound a National Blessing.

There is no spring remedy equal to Paine's celery compound.

Sufferers from debility who find their convalescence too slow, are joyously surprised by the brisk impetus toward recovery that comes from Paine's celery compound. Its healing, nerve-restoring, blood-making, nourishing powers go so directly to the root of the trouble that the progress toward health and strength is steady and uninterrupted.

No relapses come when Paine's celery compound has once fairly begun its healthful action.

With a stronger appetite, sounder sleep, and better digestion (results that everyone has experienced who has taken Paine's celery compound), the weak and sore kidneys and the tired stomach cease to trouble, and the nerves allow one to work unvexed by day and to sleep by night without disturbance. This is what physicians mean when they say that Paine's celery compound cures nervous diseases permanently.

For disordered liver, and for all blood diseases, physicians use this great formula of Prof Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college—Paine's celery compound. It has lifted thousands from beds of sickness. It does what nothing else ever did for the sleepless, the dyspeptic, and the despondent—it cures them once and for all. Here is a testimonial from E. A. Miller of Columbus, O., accompanying the photograph of his family.

"For two years past I have been a constant sufferer with severe nervous headaches, ofttimes being compelled to go to bed, when my business necessitated my personal attention. Last week my physician recommended Paine's celery compound. I have taken now four bottles, and have not suffered with headache since. This government, in my mind, should pay the discoverer of Paine's celery compound a sum of money sufficient to keep him and all his relatives in luxury during their natural life."

Mr. Miller is the son of Dr. J. D. Miller. His wife is the granddaughter of the late Gov. Lucas of Ohio. Mr. Miller's praise of Paine's celery compound is equaled by that of thousands of others who owe their health and strength to this greatest of all remedies.

Women at the Helm.

Among the curiosities of the Russian dominions is a group of communes in the government of Smolensk, surrounding the convent of Besjukow, where not only do women vote, but where they practically do all the voting and officeholding.

As the returns from agriculture are very meager in the district, and there are large towns not far away, the male inhabitants of the Besjukow neighborhood emigrate to these towns early in spring to find work, leaving few but women and children at home, and not coming home to attend to the little matter of voting.

Inasmuch as the women have to do all the farm work as well as the housework in this singular community, it does not seem strange that they rather insist upon holding the offices, and not assigning them to such old men as may be about. Futhermore, it is said that they have for a period of several years managed all the public affairs of the Besjukow district so well that the men are quite content to abandon the tedious work of government to them.

Sometimes, when the "head woman" of the joint communes is presiding over a public assembly of women to pass upon important financial and other concerns, certain of the men have been known to come home for the purpose of merely looking on and admiring the method of procedure—or else of heartily felicitating themselves upon being rid of so bothersome a duty.

People Who Patronize Banks.

There is one savings bank here which keeps an accurate record of the calling of its depositors. During the last year there was only one actor on the list, while there were 1,392 tailors; there was but one editor, while there were 725 laborers; there was but one boarding house keeper and 337 peddlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, cigar makers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, lawyers or policemen.—Chicago Tribune.

Not In One Instance, Anyhow.

"My wife is a woman who is very hard to please."

"She has never given any evidence of it."—Detroit Free Press.

MERCURIAL POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.

I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of

SSS I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DAILEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 10 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Bleeding, Boring or Protruding Piles yield at once to Dr. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

N. P. N. U. No. 649.—S. F. N. U. No. 726

OFFICE OF BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY. DURHAM, N. C.

To ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

Dear Sir:

You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco you buy. One bar of soap Free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2201 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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