Something Very Soothing.

There is something very soothing in the use of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of Neuralgia. It soothes the pain, while it strengthens and restores the weak nerves to a natural condition. It is prompt and sure.

Curiosities of Lakes.

If lakes have no overflow to the sea the water always becomes salty, particularly if there is small rainfall and much evaporation. The Caspian sea is properly a salt lake. So is the Dead sea. There are several lakes of considerable size in Canada which have no visible inlets, being fed entirely from subterranean sources.—Chicago Chronicle.

True Greatness In Medicine

Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

DRIFT WOOD.

Bullets of stone were used as late as 1514.

Breeches among the Greeks were a sign of slavery.

The topaz was the second stone in the breast of the Hebrew high priests.

Chicona, from which quinine is made, was called "Jesuits' bark" by the Spaniards.

If all the tunnels of the world were placed end to end they would reach a distance of 514 miles. They number about 1,142.

The largest gold coin in existence is worth about $315. It is the ingot or "loof" of Annam, and its value is written on the coin with India ink.

AMONG THE ALMOND-EYED.

The Japanese are said to be the cleanest people in the world.

Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

A polite Chinaman considers it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

Snuff-taking originated in England from the capture of vast quantities of snuff by Sir George Rooke's expedition to Viego in 1784.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at

Your Grocer's

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There have been 27 cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family during the last 100 years.

It is curious fact that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Walter Scott.

Each of the 32 cities in Massachusetts has one or more public libraries and only 18 of the 321 towns are so supplied.

Henry Norman says it is calculated that Kipling made $75,000 by the serial book rights of his latest volume of stories, "The Day's Work."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has conferred the Order of Vasa on August Peterson, of Washington, in recognition of his services in founding colonies of his countrymen in America.

Mrs. Oliphant has written 74 novels and six biographies; Miss Braddon has produced 55 novels; Miss Yonge, 53; "Ouida," 35; William Black, 30; Sir Walter Besant, 27; and Rider Haggard, 16.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

THE TRIBUTE DAY OF LIBERTY AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE.

THE widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old bach." He had flouted and scorned womanhind most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it come to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly and so constantly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

Jared was not, like most avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneeringly cynical man, which made his celibacy all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers.

"He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," they said. "Then he has the nicest farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money out at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his full share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because he's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was proverbially cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby.

"Jared will never marry any one," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good looking girl of about 30 named Janet Deane from over Shelby way, who was visiting us. She'd of made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

"It's an elegant morning, isn't it?" said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the top rails of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"Oh, that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hanscom's dry goods store, any time you say."

"We'll call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women: I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the postoffice. I know that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains in until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out West, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive 'round that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter, I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine!"

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because!—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption!" said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it—some ridiculous thing about a widow likely."

"Why don't you open it and see?"

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsel and bright colored embossed pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "The idea of any one being ninny enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm forty-five!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't call myself an old man. Many a woman around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that and not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent me this. The writing on the envelope is evidently disguised, and—O here is something inside! Let's see what it says.

"'O wilt thou be my valentine
Forever and forever aye.
And wilt thou take this heart of mine,
And give me thine to-day?'"

There was another verse, but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out: "Jared Kent, that's your handwriting and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it. You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse

AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If 'yes' my answer is to be,
My heart with joy will fill,
If 'no,' I yet shall be your friend
And I shall love you still."

They had reached the outskirts of the town now. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mittened hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's day, you know, and if you are to be my valentine, I want you to-day."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.—Detroit Free Press.

Tear It Up.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—Standard.

Lincoln's First Speech.

Judge Bell of Mount Carmel, Ill., has a copy of Abraham Lincoln's first speech as a candidate. It was made near Springfield, and ran as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same."

WANTED HIS HALF OF THE BERTH

A Good Story Geo. M. Pullman Loved to Tell of Lincoln.

There was one story of his career that the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame used to tell with manifest delight. It was as follows:

"One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay $1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln's Appreciation of a Soldier.

Lincoln had a full appreciation of the feelings of a soldier, says a veteran. I remember in particular the case of one fellow who owed his life to the considerateness of the President. Just before one of the bloodiest engagements fought during the late war he ran away. He was caught, court martialed and condemned to be shot. His friends sought President Lincoln's interference, but before they had a chance to reach him, Stanton and Holt went to him and told him that an example must be made in the case of the young fellow, that he must be shot as a warning to others.

Lincoln was very serious and shook his head doubtfully.

"Stanton," he said, "have you ever been to war?"

"No," said Stanton, "I never have."

"Have you, Holt?" persisted Lincoln.

"I have not had that privilege, Mr. President," answered Holt.

"Well, I have," was Lincoln's rejoinder. "I was in the Blackhawk war, and I know what fear is. I will not have a man shot because he runs away in the face of almost certain annihilation. You may punish him some other way, but I will not permit you to shoot him."

James Parton's Prediction.

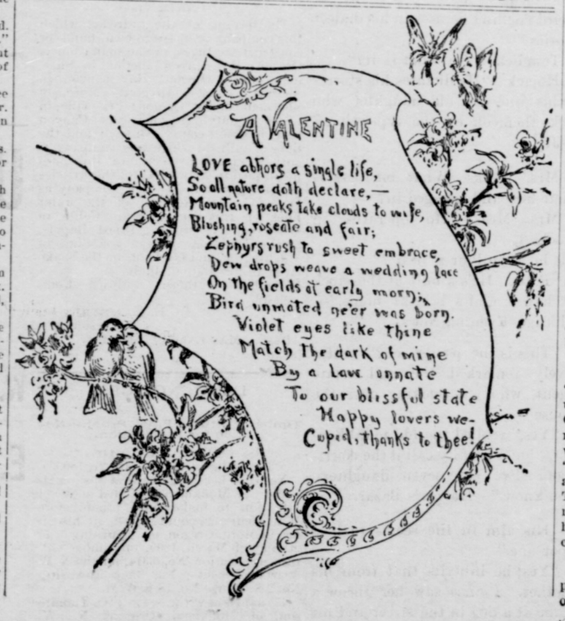
In 1862, James Parton, the celebrated biographical writer, made the following prediction in regard to Abraham Lincoln:

History will say of Mr. Lincoln that no man of a more genial temperament, a more kindly nature, ever tenanted the White House; that he gave all his time, his thoughts, his energies, to the discharge of duties of unprecedented magnitude and urgency; that, hating no man, he steadfastly endeavored to win the confidence and love of all the loyal and patriotic, and that, in spite of four chequered years of such responsibility and anxiety as has seldom fallen to the lot of man, he bore away from the Capitol the sunny temper and blithe frankness of his boyhood, returning to mingle with his old neighbors as one with them in heart and in manner, in retirement as in power a happy specimen of the men whom Liberty and Democracy train in the log cabin and by the rudest hearth to guide the counsels of the Republic and influence the destinies of the people.

The Ship of State.

Gen. John A. Logan related the following: "On the morning of President Lincoln's arrival in Washington I called upon him at Willard's Hotel, in company with Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. We both urged on the new President the necessity of a firm, vigorous policy. He listened to the end and then said very seriously, but cheerfully, 'As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship I'll try to steer her through.'"

Don't judge a man by the character given him by his next-door neighbor.



CIVILIZING THE SAVAGE.

Dialogue Between an African and a Christian Civilizer.

While Czar Nicholas II. recently expressed his opinion of the civilization brought to the benighted heathens by their Christian fellow-men as amounting frequently to nothing more than a shipload of cognac, Andrew Lang tells us of a "savage" tribe which is so shocked at the selfishness and cruelty of the whites that it has instituted a sort of purification rite for those of the tribe who have come in contact with them upon their returning home. The Freethinker contains the following dialogue of a large, strong man, dressed in uniform and armed to the teeth, knocking at the door of a hut on the coast of Africa, with the black native:

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked a voice from the inside.

"In the name of civilization, open your door, or I'll break it down for you and fill you full of lead."

"But what do you want here?"

"My name is Christian Civilization. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute. What do you suppose I want here but to civilize you, and make a reasonable human being out of you, if it is possible."

"What are you going to do?"

"In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. It's a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now on you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat and pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at a reasonable price."

"What shall I do with them?"

"Wear them, of course. You didn't expect to eat them, did you? The first step of civilization is to wear proper clothes."

"But it is too hot to wear such garments. I'm not used to them. I shall perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?"

"Well, if you die, you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilization."

"You are very kind."

"Don't mention it. What do you do for a living, anyhow?"

"When I get hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink or sleep just as I feel like it."

"What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don't I shall have to lock you up as a vagrant."

"If I've got to follow some occupation, I think I'll start a coffee house. I've got a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand."

"Oh, you have, have you? Why, you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place, you must pay me £5."

"What for?"

"An occupation tax, you innocent heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilization for nothing?"

"But I haven't got any money."

"That makes no difference. I'll take it out in sugar and coffee. If you don't pay, I'll put you in jail."

"What is a jail?"

"Jail is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for civilization, you know?"

"What a great thing civilization is!"

"You cannot possibly realize the benefits, but you will before I have done with you."

The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since.

GREEDY SHARKS.

Looked Upon by Sailors as Their Natural Enemy.

"Johnny Shark," as he is called, is all too voracious for his own comfort and safety. A writer in Badminton says that the sailor looks upon these tigers of the sea as his natural enemy, and plays upon their weakness for his own good. He never loses an oportunity for their extermination, and it is well known that a piece of white rag over a hook is often sufficient attraction wherewith to capture them.

The more modern method of destruction is neither by hook nor harpoon, but according to exact science. Into an empty soda water bottle is put a small charge of guncotton, with detonator attached; from this is led an electric wire, which, in turn, is connected with the battery after passing through the cork, which is hermetically sealed with India rubber solution. Having duly encased this deadly bottle in a piece of salt pork, it is paid out astern at the end of a line along which runs the wire.

The shark, swimming leisurely by, sees the tempting morsel, and with a single stroke of his tail secures at once his dinner and his death; for at the instant when his jaws close upon the bait our modern fisherman touches the key of the battery, completing the circuit, and blowing the head and shoulders of the shark into a thousand atoms.

Sharks are even greedy of each other. A huge specimen one day leaped more than half its length out of the water, and seized, in its capacious maw, the lower portion of its already captured companion, which was depending from the spanker boom-end, where he had been triced up until a bullet through the brain should have rendered him less dangerous to take on board.

Again, in the outer harbor of Aden, a sailor was on the point of hauling out of the water an average-sized rock-cod, when it was swallowed whole by a small but ravenous shark, which then, of course, became attached to the line. As the fisherman was debating in his mind whether or not his light tackle was equal to the added strain, the matter was settled for him by a very much larger shark which engulfed shark number one, and made off with fish, line and all.

Caesar on the Rhine.

The new and grand bridge across the Rhine, which the city of Bonn has just completed, is embellished by a most imposing entrance tower. Upon this the art-loving university town has erected a statue of Julius Caesar in honor of his having been the alleged first builder of a Rhine bridge near Bonn, although historical research has plainly proved that the great Roman general crossed the river further up, near Neuwied. The attention of the good people of Bonn was again called to this fact a week or two ago by a professor of its university, but they are determined to keep their false hero guarding the entrance to their magnificent Rheinbruecke.—London Times.

When a girl writes her name "Mayme" or "Mai," she puts a label upon herself that contains the word Cheap. She may be sensible in some respects, but no one seeing the label will believe it. The "Mai's" and "Mayme's" are not good daughters, and they will not make good wives. They are silly, irresponsible, and romantic. Show us a girl who changes her name from Mary to Mai, and we can read her palm like a fortune teller.

There is one thing about a boiling piece of meat—there is always enough of it. There is never enough steak.

BEECHER ON ADVERTISING DOCTORS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

* * * "I am glad that the doctor cured him; I am glad that the doctor put it into the paper that he could cure him. And if any doctor is certain he can cure such diseases and don't put it into the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor come to town with his wealth of science and experience and gone away leaving him uncured! What a pity it would have been if he had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificates of the doctor and gave him the go-by as a quack! What are newspapers for, if not to circulate information? What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured? If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperious. A really able man, whatever be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising."

The above extract from an article by the Rev. Mr. Beecher embodies a sound view of the subject of advertising. Suppose Dr. Darrin, at 285 Morrison street, this city, had come to the city and not advertised, who would know of his presence? Who would know of the following almost miraculous cure he performed in 1872, had not Mr. Dibble put it in the paper?

Mr. Editor: In 1872 my daughter was taken with the membraneous croup, and upon her recovery was left totally deaf. I called on two eminent physicians, who said they could do nothing for her. As a last resort, I took her to Dr. Darrin, who cured her; and she has never been troubled with deafness since. I consider it one of the greatest cures of electrical treatment on record, and with great satisfaction give this testimonial. I reside in Berkeley, Alameda county, Cal., and will take great pleasure in answering any inquiries concerning this most remarkable cure. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM S. DIBBLE.

Good and Sufficient.

Teacher—Have you any good excuse for your lateness this morning, Johnny?

Johnny (emphatically)—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what was it?

Johnny (beaming)—First buckwheat cakes this year, ma'am.—N. Y. World.

An inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 64,844 tons.

The largest woman in the South, Mrs. Mary Magique, colored, died recently at Little Rock, Ark. Her age was thirty, and she weighed 560 pounds.

The Philadelphia society girl has begun to turn her attention to cricket.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Elmira Female College needed $100,000 to give it a fresh lease of life, and the money has been raised.

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

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It has been estimated that a single plant of the Russian thistle six feet in diameter produces 2,000,000 seeds.

Nature and Art.

Uncle Ephriam Ravlfense—Why, that's a perfect picture of my hoss! What'll you sell it fur, mister?

Artist (who has been sketching in the neighborhood)—Well, when that painting is finished it will be worth $100, anyhow.

Uncle Ephriam—Ain't there goin' to be nothin' else in it?

Artist—No—nothing but the horse.

Uncle Ephriam—Well, you can't sell it anywhere's around here fur no $100. Everybody knows I've offered the hoss himself, time an' agin, fur $15, an' take it out in truck.—Chicago Tribune.

Loaded Down.

The air is loaded down with pains and aches, and some systems take them in like a sponge. St. Jacobs Oil rubbed in will take the pain away and leave a cure.

The young leaves and roots of ferns supply a considerable portion of food in the mountain districts of Japan.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The eldest unmarried daughter of Captain Sigsbee, Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, is doing good work as an illustrator of magazines.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Hamburg, Germany, chemist has succeeded with the aid of oxide of aluminum in creating a heat of up to 30,000 degrees.

THEY ALL WANT

THE '99 AGENCY FOR

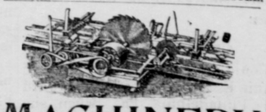
Rambler and IDEAL BICYCLES

$40, $30, $25, $22.50, $20.

If you want a paying agency write at once before all territory is taken.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO., PORTLAND, OR.

SPOKANE. TACOMA. SEATTLE.



MACHINERY

For Mills, Mines, Shops and Farms; Steel Logging and Hoisting Engines; Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, Albany Grease, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN

27 to 35 First Street Portland, Or.
94-96 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

There is a man in Newton, Kan., N. Murray by name, who has married the same woman four times. Each marriage, except the last, was followed by a divorce, then by reconciliation, then by remarriage, then by a row. The fourt marriage seems to have been the charm, for the couple have lived together several years as happily as a pair of doves.

Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from $115,000,000 to $150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

The Dutchess d'Uzes is, among other things, a sculptor of considerable talent.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

A Walkden, England, mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs 24 times in the last 52 years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a maevl.

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The chill of frost strikes in and carries with it aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil will follow close behind and drive them out of the system. It will search and cure.

By the electric hemostat of Lawson Tait bleeding is arrested without the use of a litagure.

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AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

MRS. W. E. PAXTON, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhœa badly and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I send for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Pinkham had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have too saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

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Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

	TAGS		TAGS
1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan	25	19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted	200
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good steel	200
3 Scissors, 4½-inch, good steel	25	21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best qual.	225
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles	250
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	24 Stove, Wasson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40	500
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best qual.	60	25 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	650
8 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality	60	26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
9 Stamp Box, sterling silver	75	27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled	1000
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	70	28 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments	1500
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade	75	29 Revolver, Colt's, best quality	1500
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel	75	30 Rifle, Winchester, 16-shot, 22-cal	1500
13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver	80	31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammerless, stub twist	2000
14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	100	32 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl	2000
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	100	33 Bicycle, standard make, ladies' or gents'	2500
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch	100	BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each.	
17 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100		
18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper	200		

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