Not Unenviable.

Mrs. Gadabout—That Mrs. Hardhead next door doesn't seem to have many friends.

Hostess (wearily)—No-o; I wonder how she manages it?—Judy.

A West Indian Hurricane

Recently traveled up the coast at will, and acted in an entirely different manner from any other storm. Sometimes dyspepsia acts the same way. It refuses to yield to treatment which has cured similar cases. Then Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It has cured stomach trouble for half a century.

A train running from New York to Boston made over 80 miles an hour recently.

In France advertsing posters must bear revnnue stamps varying in value according to size of the poster.

"Circumstances Alter Cases."

In cases of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the great remedy for all ages and both sexes. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

An Oddity in Railroading.

"The craze for fast time on railways is taking a new feature," observed a prominent railroad official to a Star writer recently. "It is the shortening of lines and reconstruction of surveys in order to make a given line as straight as possible between two points. It is, in fact, a scheme to make time by saving distance. A railway without a curve or a cutting is, of course, a splendid thing from an engineering standpoint, but it is a very tedious affair to the passenger. To thoroughly realize how extremely monotonous a long journey on a railway without a curve or cutting is, one must travel over the road from Buenos Ayres to the Andes. That railroad beats all known records for having 200 miles of track almost on a line, such as mathematicians describe as the shortest distance between any two points. No one who has not seen this remarkable stretch of road, straight in front and behind as far as the eye can reach, even when aided by a field glass, can grasp what it means or what an amount of wearisome monotony it involves and entails."—Washington Star.

At Kansas City the following is the scale of wages being paid the different trades: Tile and bricklayers, $4; stonecutters, $3.60; plasterers, $3.50; plumbers, $3.50; steamfitters, $3.25; masons, $3.20; lathers $3; gasfitters, $3.25; painters $2.40; caprenters $2.40.

Electrical Workers' Union No. 31, of Baltimore has secured the conviction of several parties for violation of the municipal eight-hour ordinance in compelling members of the union to work longer than eight hours on a city contract. Fines of $25 and costs were imposed in each instance.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

The Betrothal Kiss.

First Boarder—Did you hear the report of the engagement of our landlady's daughter?

Second Boarder—I should say I did. I was sitting in the next room at the time, and it was a pretty loud report, let me tell you.—Richmond Dispatch.

Bostonians' Manners Abroad.

Fuddy—The Hulcums are very discreet. Duddy—In what way. Fuddy—They never smile when they are in public together. They are afraid people will think they are not married. They both of them hate a scandal above all things.—Boston Tanscript.

The largest mass of pure salt in the world lies under the Province of Galica, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

London annually consumes 40,000 tons of imported meat.

Germany manufactures 70 per cent of the world's production of coal-tar colors.

The New York Varnishers' Union reports that all its members are busily employed, and its business agents have applications from employers for more men. All union varnishers receive not less than $3 a day, and some are getting $3.25 and $3.50 for eight hours' work.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

THE LOGIC OF JOHN MILLS, MINER.

As this is simply a plain story of John Mills, miner, no introduction, beyond a statement of the identity of the man is necessary. Mills lived near Rocky Canon, and had often aroused the people thereabouts (or within a radius of twenty-five miles) to a state of interrogative curiosity which had never been fully satisfied. He dwelt alone, in a cabin not worth describing, because just such cabins have often been described before. When he first appeared he had said nothing as to his origin. A tall, silent man of forty years, he went at once into his chosen field, prospecting, asking advice, and giving none.

Mills had a good eye for "leads," and had been moderately successful, for several times he had developed claims until they had begun to assume the dignity of mines, had sold them and moved on. In 1891 he located a claim that seemed promising, and for weeks toiled at it single-handed. He was strong and skillful, and his progress remarkably rapid, but oocasionally he felt a pang of solitude and thought he ought to secure help, not only for the forwarding of the work but the sake of companionship. One summer day as this mood was upon him, he heard a voice at the mouth of the slope marking the spot where he had started into the side of the mountain.

"Hello there," said the voice, "may I come down?"

Mills dropped the sledge just then poised for a blow and turned toward the patch of light. "No," he answered; "I'll come up."

As he walked, curving his long back, he saw outlined against a bit of sky a sturdy figure and a head surmounted by a felt hat, the flapping rim of which had been secured in front, and from beneath which there escaped a wavy mass of hair tossed on the breeze. The miner wondered vaguely why a boy should be so handsome. Emerging from the slope he straightened himself, taking a full breath of the sweet mountain air. Then he drew from his pocket pipe and tobacco, filled, lighted, absorbed a few satisfactory whiffs, and said slowly: "Well?"

"I'm Rube Jackson," said the boy in return; "an' I'm here for work."

John puffed on. "Better come to the cabin while I yank a little grub together. I take it," he added, starting down the path, "that ye're prospectin' without no stake?"

The boy did not understand this, but he gave an assent, and started with Mills, who noticed that the sole of the visitor's shoe flapped at right angles with every step. "I'll cobble it after supper," was his comment.

"But about a job, you know," the boy put in, timidly, stepping high on account of the loose sole.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mills; "ye're hired. Didn't I tell yeh?" And they walked on.

In the evening they grew in a measure confidential, although Rube did most of the talking, as Mills cobbled the defective shoe into a state of usefulness. Before bed-time Rube had told of Susie Campbell. She was back in Missouri, where he himself had been "born and raised."

"I didn't have much money after father and mother died," he went on, simply, "and Sue—her father has a pile. I'll bet old man Campbell has two thousand dollars out on mortgage right now." He paused to note the effect; Mills drove another peg, while Rube laughed nervously. "I fell in love with Sue," he continued, "but she wouldn't have it; that is," he corrected, recognizing the awkwardness of the expression, "she didn't seem to be in earnest about it. Not like me, anyhow, but finally she laughed and said that if I'd get a fortune she'd marry me. So I struck out West."

"Must be a fine gal," said Mills. "Hope it ain't serious. Has she got any holt on yeh?"

Rube laughed again. "I wish she had," was his rejoinder; "but since I came away she hasn't written. Sue's just tryin' me, that's what she's doin'. It's a way women have. When I go back with a pocketful of money she'll be ready. Oh, I know what women are."

John took a last stitch in silence, and held up the reconstructed shoe. Thus began, between John Mills, miner, and Rube Jackson, boyish, hopeful tramp, one of the serene friendships which last until death. Let the limit not be placed even there; perhaps, strengthened and renewed, they last forever.

During the days the pair worked, speaking little. In the evening they read and talked, or Mills brought out an ancient fiddle whereupon he discoursed melody most fearsome, but duly applauded. The usual theme of conversation was Sue. Gradually the two built up an ideal woman, and a home that she was to adorn after the Millennium—for such they had named the mine—had begun to produce. Rube would not listen to any plan that did not involve the membership of Mills in the family.

"P'raps an' old feller like me 'ud be in the way," Mills would say, and, regularly, Rube would rebuke this view.

Yet Sue never wrote. "Mighty long trial an' slow verdick," Mills opined once. Rube convinced him that this bordered on treason.

Weeks went by, and the crucial test of the Millennium was at hand. The hole for the "shot" which was to determine the character of the vein toward which they had been laboring had been drilled, the powder tamped about the fuse. It was then, stopping to wipe his forehead, leaving it grime-streaked, that Mills delivered a speech which, so far as recorded, was the longest he ever made.

"Rube, boy," he said, "we're pardners. Understand? Pardners. This shot tells whether we find somethin' lously with gold or goes broke ag'in barren rock. In any case, thar's wages due you, an' a-comin.' It wouldn't be no squar' deal fur me to git rich and you only to draw pay for days' works; so, thar'fore, I, John Mills, miner, as heretofore and ginerally known, do hereby make over to you, Rube Jackson, a full half-interest in the Millennium, to have an' to hold, an' yer heirs an' assigns forever, amen. That's a kerrect form, I guess, and no lawyers needed nor papers, neither."

Rube grasped the hand of Mills. "Not a scrap of paper, John," he replied. "Your word's enough for any man, and I thank you. You've been a good friend to me—me and Sue. I——"

"There, there," interrupted Mills, "it's nothin', it's all right." He seemed happy, and a trifle embarrassed, concealing the emotions by a sudden display of energy.

Not another word was spoken. Soon all was ready, an open lamp applied to the waiting fuse, and the men retreated to the open.

"In five minutes, pardner," Mills said, "we'll be a couple of them capitalist chaps."

"And Sue, too," amended Rube.

"Yes, Sue, too," assented the senior member of the firm. "You see, she's nachelly one of them 'heirs an' assigns forever,' which the document would mention, so be we had one.

He started for the cabin, but Rube lingered. "Better come to grum," counseled Mills. "The old hole won't be fitten to live in fur an hour."

Rube seemed to assent, but he did not follow. As Mills reached the cabin there was muffled sound, a tremor of rock as the granite mountain quivered, and out from the slope rolled a cloud of smoke. Mills was soon in the cabin getting supper.

In twenty minutes the coffee had been made, the bacon fried, and biscuit were crisping in the oven. Still Rube did not come. "I wonder where he is," said Mills. "Boys is so reckless," and with an uneasy feeling he started back up the trail.

"Rube, come to supper!" he called.

His voice bounded from side to side of the canon, but there was no response. The heart of Mills sank with the thought of impending evil. Calling again and again, he went to the mouth of the slope, out of which an acrid vapor floated, hovering in the air. "I'm afeard Rube went in," conjectured Mills, and hastily removing his coat he dropped it in a powder keg of water, swatched it about his face, and started blindly down the slope.

At the foot of it, held down by a cruel block, he found Rube, inert, apparently lifeless. With a giant effort he almost hurled the block aside, and taking Rube in his arms staggered, stumbled, crept to the outer air. Oh! the blessed balm of that air as it touched his face. He took one breath, laid his burden down, and fell beside it, prone, motionless. The sun was giving the loftiest peak its farewell caress. Below a bird was singing a good-night song. The rosy glow passed; the bird was still; the shadows crept higher. But there lay the dead and the stricken.

The inquest was short, resulting in the finding that Reuben Jackson had come to his death by a dispensation of Providence, "aided and abetted by his own carelessness, for the which, he being a boy, we do not blame him."

There was a funeral, too, picturesque and pathetic, where the music was the harping of the wind in the pine-tops, and the finest tribute the tears of John Mills. Then the grave was rounded over, the participants—all but one—withdrew, and that night the moon shone down on a solitary figure, sitting by a mound, his head bowed in his hands. "Too late, too late," the figure murmured. "We're rich, my pardner and me, and it won't do him no good." Nor was Mills speaking idly, for, clutched in the rigid fingers of Rube, John had discovered a fragment of quartz threaded and bound by wires of virgin gold.

The next day Mills was in Denver. His first visit was to a mining expert somewhat familiar with the district. "The Millennium," said John, pointing over his shoulder in the general direction of Rocky Canon, "she's fur sale. The price is two hundred thousand. Take her or leave her."

Next he took his way to a lawyer. "Draw me up one of them papers," he said, "makin' over to Susan Campbell, of Missouri, a half-interest in the Millennium."

"What consideration?" asked the man of business.

"Consideration? Why, for my pardner, of course."

Necessary explanations followed, and the consideration was placed at $10, which Mills conscientiously took out of one pocket and put into another. "It's best to have every thing on the squar'," he thought.

"Want this recorded?" continued the lawyer, when the dips, spurs, and angles had been described with technical nicety.

"Not fur a spell," replied Mills. "Jest give it to me." An hour later he was on an east-bound train.

He reached a little town in Missouri. As he walked the streets, he thought, with a strange thrill of affection, that he was where Rube had been "born and raised." Every villager knew the residence of Henry Campbell, and soon Mills was ringing the bell. The door was opened by a young woman—Sue! But surely not the Sue of Rube's dreams and his own imaginings. She was pretty, in a careless way, but her wrapper was begrimed, her slippers, one of which protruded, displayed a hole, and her hair was in papers. Mills was shocked and puzzled. The girl said "Good morning," and awaited developments.

"I'm from out West," said the visitor—"Colorado." Then, after a pause, conscious of an important omission, he added: "My name's John Mills."

"Colorado," rejoined the young woman; "I knew a fellow that went out there—Rube Jackson. Come in. I suppose you want to see paw. Ever meet Rube?" She almost laughed. "Rube used to think I'd marry him; but gracious, I never thought of it. Come in. Did you say you'd met Rube?"

"Him and me's pardners," answered Mills, quietly.

"Do tell! And how's Rube getting along?"

"Rube? Oh, he's all right. He's had a streak o' luck lately. Thought likely you'd want to hear about it. Well, I must be goin'. Good-by."

Once in the street, he took a paper from his breast—a document of legal aspect—tore it into minute pieces and scattered them in the mud of the thoroughfare. "God knows," he muttered, "that I've tried to be squar' with my pardner, but it appears Rube didn't leave no 'neirs an' assigns forever.'"

"Paw, remarked Susan, that evening, "there was an awful funny man called here to-day. Said he knew Rube Jackson out West."

"Didn't know no good of him," returned the father. "That Jackson place'll never bring the amount of the mortgage."

A few days later Mills was in the office of the mining expert. "The Millennium," he began; "take her or leave her?"

"Take her," exclaimed the expert, trying to conceal his jubilation. "Here's the papers and your check, all ready to sign. Where in thunder'd you go to?"

"Jest took a little business trip fur my pardner," answered John.—Argonaut.

RECOVERED HIS VOICE.

Under Stress of Painful and Trying Circumstances.

One rather sad case occurred in one of the military hospitals here. A sick soldier was frequently visited by his wife, who lived out in the country. The two put their heads together and agreed upon a scheme to secure the man's discharge from the army.

One day the invalid refused to talk to the hospital physician, and wrote a note to him stating that he had lost the power of speech and was also as deaf as a stone.

The doctor was somewhat puzzled and suspicious. He had observed the whispered conversations between the soldier and his wife, and he was convinced that the fellow was trying to deceive him.

Various attempts were made to surprise the man into betraying himself, but the patient had a stolid face without any expression, and he showed no signs of hearing anything, nor could he be forced to speak.

Finally Dr. John G. Westmoreland was summoned. He examined the man and heard what the hospital surgeon had to say. The doctor ordered the soldier's wife to be sent for, and when she appeared she was told that if she did not induce her husband to quit shamming he would be whipped. The woman expressed great grief and indignation, and protested that the man was really afflicted.

An officer and two soldiers then took the alleged deaf mute into the back yard, where he was tied to a post and stripped to the waist. The wife was carried along to witness the affair.

The prisoner was stubborn. He would not speak, or show that he heard anything.

The rawhide descended several times upon his bare back, and when the first sign of blood appeared his wife could stand it no longer.

"Speak, John!" she cried. "They will kill you if you don't!"

Then John raised his voice in a lusty yell. He d——d his tormentors in a hearty fashion, and demanded his release at once.

He was untied and sent to camp without delay, leaving his weeping wife wringing her hands as she watched him marching off under guard.

Perhaps he left a starving family, and perhaps he did not live to see his home again. War brings untold sufferings to the cottages and cabins of the poor.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Historic Slip of Paper.

A scrap of paper that carries one back to the very atmosphere of a great decisive battle in the world's history is among the historical treasures of Blenheim House. On the paper are a dozen lines scribbled in pencil. They were written by the Duke of Marlborough at the close of the fierce struggle at Blenheim.

The tumult of battle was rolling westward, where French and Bavarians were in disordered retreat, with Marlborough's cavalry riding fiercely in their rear. The slopes of the hills and the marshy plain were strewn with thirty thousand killed and wounded.

But Marlborough, with the excitement of the great fight yet strong within him, pulled up his horse on one of the little rustic bridges across the Schwanbuch, and scribbled these dozen lines to his imperious wife in London to tell her of the great event.

Apparently, says the Cornhill Magazine, the Duke borrowed the scrap of paper from some member of his staff, for on the back of it are the faded items of a tavern bill. He used the parapet of the bridge for a writing-desk. He had been seventeen hours in the saddle, most of that time riding in the very heart of one of the greatest battles in all history, yet the letters are firm in shape, a curious testimony to that serenely unspeakable temperament which was Marlborough's most striking characteristic.

Big Pieces of String.

The largest cable of modern times is, perhaps, the manila hawser which was used to tow the drydock to Havana. It is twenty-three inches in circumference, but it is by no means the largest that ever has been made, although it has the reputation of breaking the record. There are at least two others of a greater circumference, but both older. One of these had a circumference of twenty-three inches and was used for the purpose of anchoring the ship North Carolina in the navy yard at Brooklyn, while the other was a twenty-four-inch hawser, which was used as a sheet-anchor cable on the Tennessee when she was stationed in the Mediterranean in the '60s. Such an enormous rope was naturally found to be unwieldy—a fact which was abundantly demonstrated when the vessel encountered a storm in the Bay of Naples. When the Tennessee returned to her native home in America the hawser was sent to the oakum mills and made into oakum.—Boston Traveler.

The Fifth Age.

Until a few days ago I had always supposed that there were but four ages in a woman's life—the young, the still young, the well preserved and the elderly—but a man I know has added to my knowledge a fifth age. It comes in somewhere between the still young and the well preserved, I imagine. I said to him, maliciously:

"How old is Mrs. Blank? Is she a young woman?"

"Not exactly," he made answer; "she's—well, she's at the age when a woman always tells you, when she introduces her eldest son to you, that she was married ridiculously young."—Washington Post.

Colored Hustler on His Rounds.

One of the old-time Georgia darkies on being asked 'how he was making out," replied in this fashion: "Well, suh, times is mighty tight wid me, but I manage ter make a livin'." "What are you doing now?" "Well, suh, I keeps de pot b'lilin' by doin' a little plowin', a little votin', en a little baptizin'; en w'en dey's nuttin' doin' at dem three I hangs roun' de white folks en waits 'twell dey gets in de notion ter run fer office ag'in!"

A Th betan Week.

The Thibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water feathers and earth.

Followed Her Doctor's Advice

Mrs. G. W. Palmer, of Jonesville, Vt., said: "Two years ago I was afflicted with stomach and bowel trouble. My case puzzled the doctors. I subsisted only on the lightest kind of diet. My stomach would not retain solid food. The pain in my stomach and bowels was so intense that I cannot describe it. I continued to grow worse. I lost 48 pounds, my nerves were completely shattered, and I was very weak. Dr. C. W. Jacobs, of Richmond, advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began to use the pills, and the first effect was the restoration of my appetite, and the quieting of my shattered nervous system. I began to regain my lost strength, and in one month after commencing to take the pills I was able to do my housework. I have gained 30 pounds and to-day am in good health."

From the Free Press, Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

Not Always.

Bertha—"It's a curious expression, 'She went in bathing.' Why is it not enough to say, 'She went bathing?'"

Bobby—"Sure enough. When a girl goes bathing she doesn't usually go in."—Boston Transcript.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

At Tacoma tinsmiths and men skilled in regular tin an sheet iron work are hard to get and are getting $2.50 a day.

At Dawson City eggs cost 50 cents a dozen.

The number of mining firms using coal-cutting machines in 1898 in the United States was 36 per cent greater than in 1897, and the gain in Pennsylvania was about 50 per cent.

Men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of snow.

The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 460 miles.

The animal that lays the greatest number of eggs at a time is the white ant of tropical countries, which, according to a high authority, produces 86,400 each day during the season.

Analyses made recently by the agricultural department in Germany showed that of 557 samples of fertilizers, 198 were adulterated, and of the samples of bran 74.1 per cent were adulterated.

A War-Time Mistake.

In a Missouri court recently a rather novel case came up for decision. During the civil war a certain Northern soldier went into the service, leaving a young wife at home. In due time the news reached him that his bride had died and when the war ended he did not return to his old home, but settled out West. He married again, and with his second wife accumulated a large amount of property in Pratt county. Not long ago he learned that his first wife had not died, but, supposing him to have been killed, had married another man. This man died, leaving her a widow. When the Pratt county man learned these facts he brought suit for divorce, and the woman in the East heard of it and went out and fought the case, asserting a claim to part of the Pratt county man's property. However, after the lawyers had made a great fight before him, the judge granted the divorce and left the Pratt county man free to marry the woman who has been living with him for many years as his wife.—N. Y. Tribune.

Conscripts in Cologne produced symptoms of heart disease by taking pills recommended for that purpose by local doctors. Several of the physicians have been arrested.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Millions.

A small boy was one day asked by a clergyman if he knew what was meant by energy and enterprise.

"No, sir, I don't think I do."

The clergyman said:

"Well, I will tell you, my boy. One of the richest men in the world came here without a shirt on his back, and now he has millions."

"Millions!" replied the boy. "How many does he put on at a time?"—Spare Moments.

While in Washington women are in disfavor as government employes, they are in creasing in number in the British civil service.

Jonas W. Thompson, of Pine Plains, N. Y., found a black snake milking one of his heifers. He struck the reptile with a stick, and it attacked him, sinking its fangs in his leg. Thompson finally killed the snake, but it is thought that his leg will have to be amputated.

The city council of Akron, O., recently passed an ordinance requiring the union plumbers' label to be affixed on all city work.

Telegraphic communication will be established between the Scottish islands of Muck, Egg, Canna and Rum. They are all to be connected with the mainland and with the Isle of Skye.

So great has been the improvement of the storage batteries of late that, according to an English engineer, a car now requires 500 pounds of cells that two years ago needed 1,600 pounds.

Now

Is the time to subscribe for the volume for 1900 to take advantage of the special offer below:

The Youth's Companion

Issued Every Week.
$1.75 a Year.

FAMOUS soldiers and sailors, statesmen, scholars, travellers, hunters, and the most gifted writers of stories will enrich the pages of The Companion during 1900. Send your address on a postal card, and we will mail you our Illustrated Announcement Number, giving a full Prospectus of articles and authors already engaged for the 1900 Volume.

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The Companion Calendar for 1900, given also to all New Subscribers, lithographed in twelve colors, is the most beautiful one in the long series of exquisite Companion Calendars.

O 303

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Coffee tobloids or lozenges are coming into use in Brazil. One of them dropped into a cup of boiling water produces excellent coffee in three minutes.

The Compania General of Manila, the largest cigar making concern in the world, employs 10,000 hands, and turns out every year 80,000,000 cigars, 40,000,000 cigarettes and nearly 3,000 tons of cut tobacco.

Hereafter bells that can be heard a distance of 500 feet must be attached to all private scavenger wagons in Chicago, and these bells must be rung continuously while the wagons are in service, which may be between sunset and sunrise.

The authorities in Algeria gave $40,000 toward fighting the grasshoppers. In one section 3,200 camels were employed to carry the material for burning over the place where eggs had been deposited.

In the ship bulding and engineering trades of Belfast, Ireland, 270 out of 8,000 members of the union are employed; in the linen trades, 60 out of 1,012; building trades, 43 out of 2,168; furnishing and wool-working trades, 20 out of 880; printing trades, 43 out of 958; miscellaneous, 36 out of 1,864.

In the United States 390,000 cubic feet of pine is used annually in making matches.

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., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The National Association of Master Bakers has placed itself on record in the most emphatic manner in favor of pure food legislation and the regulation of bakers in the interest of perfect cleanliness and sanitation.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Arcola, Ill., with a population of less than 3,000, leads the world in the broom-corn industry.

The machine shops of the Northern Pacific railroad are compelled to run half a day overtime every other night in some departments in order to catch up. All the engines of the railroad company are in service.

There are 850,000 men in the world who gain a livelihood chiefly by fishing, making an annual catch of $225 worth of fish for each man. The fisheries of the United States supply 800,000 pounds annually, and those of Europe 1,800,000 pounds.

At Tacoma while in some lines the supply of skilled labor is equal to the demand, there are others in which employers complain of lack of help and could employ more men if the right kind offered. Men employed on scrapers and graders on the streets are paid $1.75 a day, while men in positions requiring somewhat harder work get $2 a day. Skilled artisans, such as carpenters for finishing work, get from $2.25 to $3 a day, Machinists' wages run from $2.25 to $3.50, depending largely upon the ability of the man and the nature of the work.

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will be promptly paid to any one furnishing us evidence on which we can secure conviction of any substitutor or dealer who attempts to palm off inferior imitations when Cascarets Candy Cathartic are called for. Be on the lookout for imitations and counterfeits of Cascarets, and don't you ever buy preparations that are made and sometimes pushed by unscrupulous dealers whose intention is to mislead the buyer and infringe on our trade-mark and trade-name. As soon as some one tries to sell you something else when you ask for Cascarets, look out for him! Get all the details and confidentially write us on the subject at once.

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To polish your piano saturate a piece of chamois skin in sweet oil and apply faithfully to every part. Then with a dry skin rub well, renewing the pieces as they becoome greased with oil. It will require one hour, or even longer, of constant rubbing to give it the gloss desired. For your walnut furniture take three quarts of linseed oil to one part of spirits of turpentine. Put on with a woolen cloth, and when dry rub with woolen. The polish not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores the wood to its original color and leaves a lustre upon the surface. Crude petroleum is very good for cleaning any kind of hard wood and it is the cheapest furniture polish possible. To remove white marks from mahogany furniture rub the stains with a little sweet oil; wipe it off, then rub with a few drops of spirtis of wine and polish with an old silk handkerchief.

What seems to be a severe provision of the Wisconsin statutes was brought out in a suit brought by Mrs. Adelaid Lehfeldt against Martin Howley for the recovery of $5 rent, as the result of which Howley was confined to jail.

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