

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

The mechanism of the human body reminds one very much of the mechanical construction of a fine watch. The wheels, cogs and screws answering to the muscles and the delicate springs are what may be likened to the nerves. One cannot move without the other, and yet the action of each is separate and distinct. So it is with the nerves and muscles of the human body. The ailments of the muscles are distinct from the ailments of the nerves, and, like the mechanism of a watch, if exposed to sudden change of heat and cold, they get out of order and for the time are useless. Especially is this so at this season of the year, when from exposure, negligence or want of care, the nerves are attacked and neutralized in its worst form sets in. But like oil to the works of a watch so is St. Jacobs Oil to the nerves thus deranged. It is acknowledged by thousands to be the best and most permanent cure for this most dreaded disease; hence it is well to look after the human watch as well as the one in the pocket.

True beauty does not rest for the pleasures of a flirt. And all the charming girls take off their hats now at the play.

THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT

Of the human system is the stomach. In consequence of its activity, the body is supplied with the elements of bone, brain, nervous and muscular tissue. When indigestion impedes its functions, the best agent for imparting a healthy impetus to its operations is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, also a curative for malaria, bilious and kidney complaints, nervousness and constipation.

Prospective Pere—Do you think you can fill the requirement of a son-in-law? The Sultan—Why, yes, er—huh—uh—you would do hat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We have analyzed, and have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. 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. Mailed free on receipt of name and trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEY GERMA for breakfast.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

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. 820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS IMPROVED and are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c, a box 50c. Samples Free. Address the Dr., Besanko Med. Co., Phila., Pa.

"Save My Child!" is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it." Three sizes, 25c.; 50c.; \$1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

There is no cure for CONSUMPTION

WARNED BY BILL NYE.

The Late Humorist Informs a Cleveland Editor of Danger.

A. E. Hyer of Cleveland, editor of a weekly paper called The Cuyahogan, bears a physical resemblance to the late Bill Nye. He is also a bit of a humorist, as his writings in his paper show. In the matter of a bald head, spectacles and a smooth face he and Nye were well nigh doubles. Two years ago Nye's manager, H. B. Thearle, wrote Hyer's suggestion that the two should travel together. Photographs were exchanged, and Nye wrote Hyer from Arden, N. C., a letter which Hyer still has, and in which Nye said, "I realize fully the novelty that the two Dromios would furnish, but I am sure I shall not go out for a year and possibly never again."

In September the journalist wrote up Hyer and printed his picture. Then began a correspondence. The humorist wrote, urging Hyer not to pose any longer as Bill Nye. "Do stop looking like me," he urged, and he warned the Cleveland editor of the awful fate which had overtaken others who had looked like him. One had been confined in Bloomingdale asylum and another had been rotten egged and jugged in California. Mr. Nye sent a clipping from a Fort Scott paper telling of a man who looked like Bill Nye having had a paralytic stroke on the street, and one from the New York World telling of a man who had been sent to the Market Street police station for pretending to be Bill Nye. The negotiations pending were dropped at Mr. Hyer's request, and Mr. Hyer wrote to Mr. Nye informing him that he could not alter his physical appearance. His glasses, he declared, were a necessity.—Philadelphia Times.

GAMBLER ON DEATH.

Novel Life Insurance Scheme in a Massachusetts Almshouse.

It has just been discovered that the managers of the Springfield (Mass.) almshouse gambled upon the life of an aged inmate who committed suicide last summer and made a good thing out of it. The scheme was a novel one. L. W. Sexton, master of the almshouse, and James H. Lewis, agent of the overseers of the poor, placed Edward B. Smith, who was 75 years old, in the institution, agreeing to take care of him for life, and he entered into the plan by deeding over to them his property, valued at \$2,600.

It was a case of independent insurance, but the insurance negotiators were in great luck. After five months of life in the almshouse the insured man committed suicide.

Lewis and Sexton admit that they paid out only \$60 for his board, and that after paying for his burial they netted a profit of more than \$600 each.

They claim that they ran a risk that the man might live ten years, and that it is the same risk that annuity insurance companies take. They say that they will not do it again.—New York Recorder.

OPENED WITH PRAYER.

Striking Innovation in a Circuit Court in Alabama.

Circuit court convened at St. Stephen's, Ala., the other day, Judge W. S. Anderson presiding. A novelty was sprung on the court as well as the crowded courtroom of citizens by a motion made by Colonel Samuel B. Browne that the court be opened each day by reading a chapter from the Bible and prayer. Judge Anderson granted the motion, stating that he thought it a very appropriate service. Colonel Browne volunteered to read the first chapter, which he did, choosing the first chapter of Peter.

After the reading Solicitor Stewart Brooks was requested to lead the prayer, and responded in an able petition imploring divine direction for the court and that justice might be done and the country benefited by the session, closing with an earnest appeal for divine blessings upon all present. The assembly room paid respectful attention to this novel feature of the court, standing during the prayer.—Mobile Register.

Novel Wedding Ceremony.

Johanna Huiberdina van der Kaay will be married by a ceremony as odd as her name. She is the belle of Ginneken, County Noord-Brabant, Holland. To this place Theodore J. Bonte of Colorado has sent a marriage license and a glove. When these are received, the couple will be legally wed according to the old Dutch marriage by the glove custom.

Bonte, who is a Hollander, has lived in this country for four years and lost his heart on a visit to his native country two years ago.

For the Masonic University.

The Morrow farm of 50 acres at Beaver, Pa., has been purchased upon which to erect the Masonic National university and the deed transferred. Adjoining lands will be purchased when reasonable arrangements can be made.

Work on the buildings will be started just as soon as the weather will permit.

Work For a Prospective Ancestor.

"You don't seem to boast much about your ancestors."

"No. I'm too busy fixing things so my posterity can brag on me."—Chicago Record.

Lots of men who are looking for work wouldn't know what to do with it if they should find it.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of so years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PECK, P. O. 4 Cedar St., New York.

THE DOLL THAT GREW.

Two children sat in a window low. Where graceful vines ever loved to creep. A cradle swinging, now fast now slow. Rocking a doll to sleep.

His chubby face and his ringlets brown. Her laughing eyes and her dimples fair— A cushion, lost in the vines, looked down Glinting her yellow hair.

I said, "Goodby, happy ones, goodby; 'Er I come back, little girl and boy, Your laugh will fade to a common sigh, Mocking this childish joy."

Their eyes looked grave, for a moment's thought. But could not take in the meaning cold. She shook her head till his brown crown caught Showers of curling gold.

"When you come back, me will be so tall," He said, "and proud." "Yes, me will," said she.

"The doll will grow, and the cradle—all, Lovely as they can be."

And far away in the world of tide, In dreams and fancies that picture fair— The girl's sweet faith and the boy's glad pride, Followed me everywhere.

Ah, could it stay, could it always be! But each joy falls with a broken wing; Then right comes on, and it cannot see, Meaning, it cannot sing.

With years of winter upon my head, With years of summer upon my face, I came, by haunting desire led, Back to the self same place.

The same sun struggled and wandered through, And glinted ringlets of brown and gold; The doll had grown, and the cradle, too, Lovelier than of old.

The two still sat in the window low, Their hearts so full of a love so deep— A cradle swinging, so soft and slow, Rocking their child to sleep. —Edward D. Oldham in Youth's Companion.

A MEAN REVENGE.

"Sam! Sam! Sam! Where the deuce is that fellow?"

I had rung the bell until I was tired and out of patience, and then called for him until I was out of breath, and still he did not come.

If you want to know who I am, allow me to inform you that my name is George Boomerang, better known in Frazedona, where I reside, as Captain Boomerang, late of the army. I am a man of considerable wealth, own the finest house in town and keep, or did keep, a man by the name of Sam, whose duty it was to brush my clothes, hat and boots and adjust my leg.

I refer to a wooden leg. The original leg ran against a cannon ball during our late unpleasantness, and I have never seen it since.

Well, it was Sam's duty to take that wooden leg off at night and to be on hand in the morning to put it on before I got out of bed, and now you know why I was yelling, "Sam! Sam! Sam!" And when I inform you that this was the morning of my wedding day perhaps you can imagine how anxious I was to get on to my legs as soon as possible.

"Yes, ma'am, I was the lucky fellow that had walked into the affections—on a wooden leg too—of the handsomest girl in Frazedona and was that day to lead her to the altar. But I must get my leg on first, and as Sam wouldn't or couldn't come, I rolled out of bed and went hopping around on one foot to find my leg.

Now, my dear reader, when the surgeon trimmed my stump after that little affair with the cannon ball he sawed it off uncommonly short, so perhaps you can faintly imagine my feeling when, after hopping around my room, I found what I supposed to be my leg, but, upon attempting to adjust it, discovered that it was intended to go on below the knee.

"Do wooden legs shrink? That's just what I want to know," said I. And then I rang the bell and called "Sam!"

Well, Samuel didn't come, but my housekeeper, Mrs. Bloom, did.

"Mrs. Bloom," I cried, "where is Sam?"

She answered me through the keyhole of the door. "He left the house last night about 11 o'clock. Took his trunk with him, and said he was going to leave town by the midnight train."

I couldn't understand it at first. I had always used Sam well, paid him good wages, and he had seemed perfectly contented with his situation, and served me faithfully until now.

Suddenly an idea struck me, and the whole cause of Sam's perfidy was revealed to me.

"By heavens, it is Slympkins!" I yelled. "Slympkins is the cause of all my woe. He bribed Sam to steal my leg on this my wedding day and leave this insufficient prop in place of it."

Jim Slympkins is or was my rival. He is the only son of his father, who, by the way, is the most wealthy gentleman in Frazedona. Consequently Jim doesn't do anything but smoke cigars, drive round town behind his splendid grays, and devote himself to the ladies generally.

I rather had the advantage of Slympkins. To be sure, Slympkins had or was expecting to have much more wealth than I could boast of, but he hadn't my face, you know, or anything like it.

I was sorry for Slympkins, but, hang it, my dear sir, what could I do? If he had chosen Miss Short, Miss Ginx, Miss Broad, or, in fact, any one but Miss Amelia Seymour, it would have been well. But it was really absurd for Slympkins to suppose that I would allow him or any other man to marry Amelia—at least while I had a wooden leg.

I would have given Slympkins anything in reason, but it was truly ridiculous for him to think that I would give him Amelia. I told her so, and then I folded her to my breast, and she folded me to her breast, and I allowed her to sip the honey from my ruby lips.

Yes, I had won her, and poor Slympkins was fairly wild with rage. He had sworn to be revenged, but I laughed at his threats.

I was seated at the breakfast table sipping my coffee half an hour afterward when Mrs. Bloom came running in, crying: "Oh, captain, I know all about it!"

"What, the leg?"

"Yes, I think so. My daughter Eliza

says she saw Mr. Slympkins give Sam some money last night."

"Yes, I know it was Slympkins." "More than that. Sam was married last night to Miss Seymour's maid, and they went off together by the 12 o'clock train."

"But, my dear woman," said I, "I don't care anything about whom he has married or where he has gone. The question is, Has he carried my leg with him?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, that is just what I want to know, ma'am. This isn't a time for trifling. You must remember that I am to be married today, and, by Jove! I want my leg!"

"Why don't you ask Slympkins for it?"

"Yes, and be laughed at. No, I don't intend to let him know anything about the trouble he has caused me. Besides I don't know that he has got to do."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Why, just as soon as I finish my breakfast I shall go to Mr. Seymour's and tell him of the perfidy of my servant—and I shall take that leg to prove my statement—and, unless he objects very strongly, I shall insist on being married upon crutches rather than to have the wedding postponed. That would please Slympkins too much. It's what he expects, but I'll disappoint him, by Jove!"

I finished my coffee, and going to my chamber I took the ownerless leg, and wrapped it up in paper. Then I came down, and ordering my carriage rode out to Mr. Seymour's residence.

The old gentleman met me at the door. He took no notice of my crutches. With averted face he bade me good-morning and led me into the parlor.

"I'm sorry, Captain Boomerang, very sorry, but the wedding will have to be postponed."

"What, not on my account, I hope?" for you see I thought he had already heard of my loss.

"Amelia is—"

"What? My dear Amelia! Oh, has anything happened to her. Is she ill?"

"It's nothing serious, my dear captain."

"But is she ill? Oh, where is she? Let me go to her. Do let me see her!"

"She's in her boudoir. Go. Perhaps you can comfort her."

I did go. I burst into the room and found her lying on the sofa.

I rushed forward to clasp her in my arms, but recoiled in surprise and amazement when I saw upon the chair in front of the lounge upon which she was lying my—

"Great heavens! Amelia, where did you get my leg?" For you see I recognized the limb instantly.

"The leg—Oh, George Henry, I—I can never be your wife!" she sobbed, fixing her liquid orbs on the limb before her.

"But where did you get my leg?" I reiterated, at the same time unfolding the paper from the short one that I had brought with me.

"Where did you get mine?" she screamed, hopping up from the lounge and clutching the limb that I still held in my hand.

"Yours!" I gasped.

"Mine!"

"Oh, this is too much!"

Amelia sat down, too, and for about two minutes we gazed into one another's faces without speaking a word. At last I spoke.

"Oh, Amelia, Slympkins has played a cruel joke upon us! He bribed your maid and my man to change these limbs."

"Yes, and now—"

"But luckily we have found it out in time, and now the wedding can go on as if nothing had happened."

"What! Would you marry me now?"

"Now!" I cried clasping her to my breast. "I'd marry you now if you hadn't a leg to stand upon."

Then I kissed the dear creature, while she laid her beautiful head upon my breast and cried for joy.

In conclusion I am happy to inform the reader that the wedding took place at precisely 2 o'clock that day. Slympkins was not there, and I haven't seen him since, but when I do see him—well, I'll write you about it.—Tit-Bits.

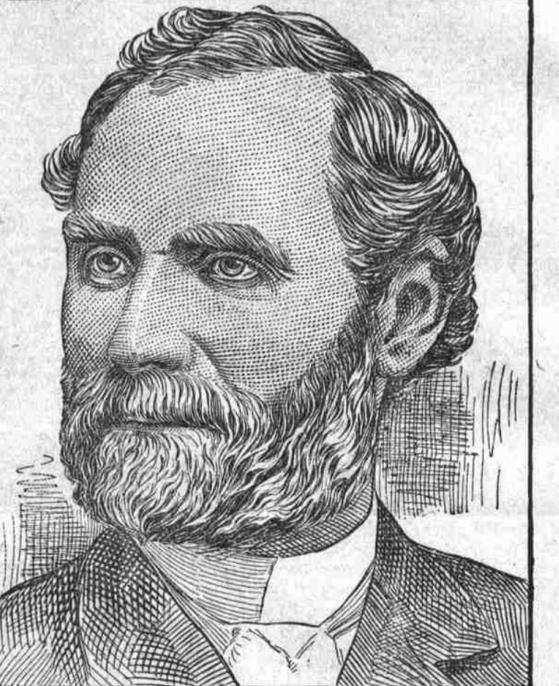
Colder Than the North Pole. Walter Wellman, who has been to the arctic regions himself, says that Melville's theory of an eternal ocean ice cap is as indefensible as the old notion of an open polar sea. At the pole the mean annual temperature is reckoned at 2 degrees F. above zero. In summer it is doubtless often so warm there that the lucky explorer who reaches its neighborhood will pull at his sledge with bare hands and without any coat to incubate him. During three months of summer the mercury would not fall below 10 degrees above zero. He might pass a whole winter there without seeing the mercury drop any lower than it occasionally falls in Manitoba and northern Minnesota. But he would find a steadier cold. For three months, probably, he would have no higher temperature than 20 degrees below.

Arctic climate, like many other things in that region, is little understood by people who have not given the subject special study. In that country it is always cold when the wind blows, summer or winter. But even in winter, when the wind is light or still, a well clad man can move about in comfort.

In Memory of Flora MacDonald. It is well over a century since the death of Flora MacDonald, who made herself famous by the aid she gave in 1746 to "the pretender" Charles Stuart in his escape from the king's troops, but never before this has her memory been honored by a monument of any kind. Now, at last, a stained glass window is to be put up as memorial of her courage and devotion in a church in the Isle of Skye. This is the place of safety, it will be recalled, to which she conducted Bonnie Prince Charlie disguised as her woman servant—a piece of loyalty to the exiled house for which she was rewarded by several months' imprisonment.

ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN.

Paine's Celery Compound, the Great Spring Remedy, Made Him Well.



A congressman is a public servant in the full sense of the word. He is responsible to his constituents, to his party, to himself—the honorable office is full of hard, thankless work, and heavy responsibility.

Congressman William W. Grout is grateful to the friend who directed him to Paine's celery compound, when prolonged official work had well nigh exhausted his health and strength. His letter reads:

Committee on Expenditures of the War Dept., House Rep., U. S. Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, 1896. I found relief in Paine's celery compound for insomnia. Its action on the circulation and digestion was also beneficial. Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GROUT.

There is something wrong when one feels "tired all the time." It is contrary to every condition of good health. There ought to be no necessity of drumming into the ears of tired men and women who feel they are broken in health, and are every day losing in weight and strength, the urgent need of taking Paine's celery compound, now 'tis spring, to restore their spent nerve force and purify their blood.

Some of the earliest good results noticed from taking Paine's celery compound during these spring days is a regularity of the bowels, a better appetite, sound sleep, and good digestion. A healthy blood supply is regulated by the nerves, and when these vital ties

Look Out For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. The Rev. Dr. Henry Wheeler was to have preached his farewell sermon in the Methodist church of Media, Pa., on a recent Sunday, but was so ill that he was unable to do so. The people got a farewell sermon, however, for his wife took his place in the pulpit and preached an effective sermon appropriate to the occasion.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle. N. P. N. U. No. 652.—S. F. N. U. No. 729

Blackwell's BULL DURHAM Smoking Tobacco. The highest claim for other tobaccos is "Just as good as Durham." Every old smoker knows there is none just as good as Blackwell's BULL DURHAM Smoking Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them. WOMAN The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful and weakness life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.