PROGRESS.

People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequaled. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may *be better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help. Address for free sample, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

This extraordinary Restorative is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America. Hudyan is purely vegetable. Hudyan stops smallness in the old, large in 30 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD, Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts. Strengthens, Invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions and develops and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, loses by day or nightstoppers quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements. Premature means impotency in the first age. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan. The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy 6 boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts San Francisco, Cal.

Mexican Mustang Liniment for

Burns,
Sprains,
Stiff & Inflamed Udders,
Bruises,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Day.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment Co. Pain.

Money Refunded if Best will Spoil.

WITH MY PIPE.

When the wind blows cold and shrill through the black December night,
And the oak logs pile the chimney, and the flame is burning bright,
When witch tales are in order, and the children cease their play,
I light my pipe contentedly and puff and puff away.

Puff, puff, puff!
Though the wind the casement cuff,
A full pipe of tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

Is sleep the time for dreaming? Well, I dream my dreams awake.
I love the varying visions that a wreath of smoke can make.
The scent of my tobacco makes me reconciled to stay
In a world which hath no sorrow but a pipe can puff away.

Puff, puff, puff!
Let the world go smooth or rough,
A pipe of rich tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

In the blue smoke round me curling rise the Carolina hills,
The sunlight on the meadows and the ripple on the rills.
And the valleys of Virginia seem to blossom with the May,
And I hear the reapers singing as I puff and puff away.

Puff, puff, puff!
What though fortune should rebuff?
A pipe of fine tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

Old friends I loved come smiling through each misty wreath that curls.
I hear the fiddle's music, see the red lips of the girls.
The snows of life's December have a rainbow tinted ray,
And a sweet face I remember makes me sigh and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff!
Life is rosy, life is rough,
But a pipe of sweet tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

But I smile, for I'm contented, and no visions can provoke,
When the frosty air is scented with old time tobacco smoke.
The girls I love are married, and their golden locks are gray,
Be my blessing to them carried as I puff and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff!
Let the wind the casement cuff.
A pipe of rare tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

—F. L. Stanton in Southern Tobacco Journal.

A DESERT MYSTERY.

Colonel Whitehead is a story teller from way back and has a reputation as a raconteur that spreads over a dozen western states and territories and from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. He has had innumerable thrilling adventures, both in war and in peace, and when in the proper humor he will spin yarns of the most absorbing interest by the hour.

One story that he related as we were jogging along behind the mules on a recent trip to the undoubted gateway of sheol—i. e., the sulphur banks of Kern county—is so uncanny and strange that I will venture to repeat it.

"Some three years ago," said the colonel, "I was engaged in making a survey from Rogers, on the Mojave desert, to Antioch. We made rapid progress toward Fort Tejon pass, and it became necessary to check up the line, measuring distances from government corners, that the road might be accurately located upon the filing map. This work was assigned to an odd genius whom I will call Buck, a man past 65, tough as a knot and as wicked as a pirate. Frequently he would set his rickety old transit with the lens wrong end to, and after trying to locate the flag for 15 or 20 minutes he would discover his error, and then such swearing as he indulged in is rarely heard outside the forecastle of a man-of-war. I sometimes think the strange manifestation which I am about to relate to you might have been due to Buck's profanity. Certainly if man can ever have power to summon spirits, evil or good, from the nether world, Buck ought to have had that power in no small measure.

"I began the inspection of the survey preparatory to the right of way work, starting at Rogers, a desolate station on the A. and P. road, on the borders of an immense dry lake. We made our first camp some 15 miles west of that point. The regular survey camp was at this time near Gorman's Station, under the shadows of Mount Frazier. Our camp was a rude settler's cabin, and near it was a shack bare with a little hay stored in it. A well of fairly good water close by made a comfortable camp a possibility. It was late in October, and the water had risen near the surface in the bed of the dry lake. We had eaten our supper the first night out and were having a quiet smoke, looking out over the desolate expanse of desert toward Lancaster, a station on the Southern Pacific road, some 25 or 30 miles to the southwest. Buck had been entertaining us with yarns about ghosts that he insisted haunted an old mining camp near Owens' lake and was inclined to feel hurt because I laughed at his tales.

"When darkness came on and only the outlines of the gaunt mountains across the desert were discernible in the starlight, Buck of a sudden said, 'Colonel, I never thought an engine headlight could be seen so plainly at Lancaster.'

"'Nor did I,' was my reply, as I saw close to the ground at a distance difficult to estimate a round, strange colored light or ball of fire, very like a locomotive headlight. A moment's watching, however, sufficiently convinced me that the light was erratic in its movements and was nothing more or less than a grand display of the 'ignis fatuus' or will o' the wisp, something I had seen many times at the ends of the spars or masthead of a ship at sea, but never on land or to such magnitude. I said to Buck: 'It's no headlight. It's one of your ghosts come to confirm one of the truth of your stories.' He turned white as a sheet and grasped me by the arm, saying, 'It's coming dead for us, sure as we live.'

"'Calm as it was,' backing up and down in magic orbits, and kicking. I must confess it did look like a living creature, or as if the force by which the ghost is said to move had risen from the earth to meet us. Buck was completely panic stricken. 'For God's sake!' he cried, 'let us get out of this,' and was on the point of jumping up and running off into the desert when all of a sudden the light disappeared and was seen no more that night.

"Buck finally quieted down, though I could see by his nervousness and frequent quick glances in the direction in which the light had appeared that he was still in dread of its reappearance.

"I discussed the matter with him for hours, trying to explain the real nature of the phenomenon, and that no possible harm could come of it. But he would not have it that way, and all that I could say did not influence his superstitious dread of the strange appearance.

"'Colonel,' he said, 'it's a hoodoo. This railroad scheme and its promoters will die suddenly. Sure!'

"I laughed at his fears, and we lay down to rather a restless night. The work in this section was not completed next day in time to return to the main camp, and half a dozen times in the course of the work Buck spoke about the 'ghosts,' as he persisted in calling the phenomenon, and he was even more muddled than usual in his manipulation of the transit. Finally his slowness caused night to come on before our task was completed, and we therefore returned at dusk to the same camping place as the night before.

"After we had eaten supper Buck said: 'Colonel, I never want to see that infernal light again. Ghosts or no ghosts, it's no good, and no luck will come of it.'

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, apparently not more than a hundred yards away, the huge ball of fire appeared like a flash, dancing up and down and seemingly coming dead toward us. Now Buck became almost beside himself with terror. 'Let's go, and the quicker the better,' shouted my now thoroughly alarmed companion, but suddenly, as on the previous night, the light vanished. Buck then recovered some portion of his equanimity, and though he was still anxious to return to camp I finally persuaded him that there was danger that we would lose our way if we ventured out on the desert after dark, while if we remained there was nothing to be afraid of. Neither of us slept much, however, for I must confess that I had a sort of 'creepy' sensation myself, and we were up early next morning, completed our work and got an early start back to camp.

"While we were on the road Buck said: 'Colonel, I don't want to discourage you, but the people who are at the head of this scheme to build a competing railroad will die suddenly, and this work will stop. In fact, I wouldn't wonder if you and I both went over the range with them to keep them company. But they are going, sure!'

"'How little you know!' I replied, and I could say no more, as my backers were then unknown.

"Now let me tell you the strange sequel. The very same week that Buck made his prediction the Barings failed. Early in November Henry D. Minot, the leading spirit and financial head of the enterprise, was killed in a railroad accident while returning from Washington, where he had concluded the purchase of General Beale's ranches in every detail save the passing of the papers and paying the money, the intention having been to subdivide that immense estate of 264,000 acres.

"On Thanksgiving day of the same month came orders to close the work, discharge everybody and break camp. The following year Allan Manvel, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, died after a brief illness, he having been the second backer of this great enterprise, and soon followed the death of Mr. Magoun of the great banking house of Baring, Magoun & Co., the third and last of the promoters of a rival railroad to the Southern Pacific system."

"What became of Buck?" I asked as the colonel paused.

"Buck? Just read that clipping," and the colonel took from his pocketbook a worn bit of newspaper and handed it to me. It read as follows:

BARSTOW, Colorado Desert, Jan. 15, 1889.

An old inspector and surveyor known as Buck Pomeroy disappeared mysteriously from his camp at this point three days ago, and no trace of him has been found. He was in company with two friends and was apparently in good health and spirits. They all retired as customary early in the evening, but in the morning Buck was missing, and diligent search has failed to find him. He went away just as he was rolled in his blankets—barefooted and half dressed. One of the men said he thought he heard Buck's voice in the night saying something about some ghosts being after him, but he thought it was a dream and paid no attention to it. Buck has evidently joined that innumerable caravan of men whose bones whiten the remote sections of the desert and will doubtless remain forever without burial.

I folded up the clipping and returned it to the colonel. He put it back in his pocketbook without a word.—San Francisco Call.

Swords of Ancient Egypt.

From what has come down to us, written, painted or chiseled, the Egyptian lord must have been a great swell. The details of the twelfth dynasty show Egyptian elegance at its best. The lord has a male housekeeper, his maître d'hôte, called "superintendent of the provision house." There was a "superintendent of the baking house," and the intendant of drinks had the title of "sorter of the sideboard." Perhaps he was a butler and regulated the supply of wines from the cellar. There were gardeners, porters and handicraft men, all busy in attending to the master. "A preparer of sweets" must have been a confectioner. The Egyptian, when he was no longer mortal, had hopes of being well fed in the hereafter, as he believed he would be constituted in his particular heaven with abundant goose and beef. Offerings to the gods show the variety of the Egyptian menu, and in one are included 16 pieces of cooked meat, 6 kinds of fowl, 16 varieties of bread and cake, 6 selected wines, a leaves of lettuce, a piece of lotus root, an onion, cucumber, a bunch of grapes, a pomegranate, a sycamore fig, a bowl of milk, a bowl of honey, a bowl of butter, a bowl of cream, a bowl of curds, a bowl of whey, a bowl of water, a bowl of wine, a bowl of beer