

Double the Quantity, Same Price. Such is the highly important change made by the proprietors of this standard remedy, Perry's Kidney Pills, for internal and external use. This will be very acceptable to the public, and will doubtless result in a largely increased demand for this justly popular preparation.

DIPLOMATIC TITON.—Who do you know about him, Prince? (Pause, occasioned by the silence of the august pupil.) "Your highness is right, perfectly right. The least said about this emperor the better."—La Revue de Yocco.

AFTER SIX YEARS' suffering, I was cured by PISO'S Cure.—MAY THOMSON, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 10, '94.

MAGISTRATE.—"You are a big man. Why didn't you let those tough half-breed fellows instead of defending 'em?" "Because I preferred a clean bed in a hospital to a dirty cot in a cell."—Puck.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. This is a Constitutional Cure. Every one who has used it, and who has seen the results, will be convinced that it is the best medicine for Catarrh of the Bladder, and for all the ailments of the Urinary System.

**MUCH IN LITTLE.**  
In the score lies the oak;  
From its trunk a forest grows;  
In this rough and shaggy mass  
Gleams the beauty of the rose.

Gracious fields are in the grain  
That so small and worthless seem  
Tender state-patrols a word;  
Why brooks make mighty streams.

In one golden instant's flash  
Stirs the germ of thought sublime,  
That will move the world's great part  
Through a century of time.

In one soft purpose glove,  
Let it be a queen's boy  
And some day the people lay  
Gerlands at the hero's feet.

Every eye holds latent power,  
Every word has potent powers  
That will move the world's great part  
Through a century of time.

—Cicero's Thalia, in Good Housekeeping.

through his spectacles. "Quest! Now I remember I used to be called Quest myself. Don't know but I am apt. Well, two queer ones ought to be able to make out together." The squire looked quite cheerful as he gave his instructions. "Now mind, boy! What's your name?"

"Billy Stapleton."

"Oh! Now mind, Billy, all you've got to do is just to do as I tell you. I had a boy here last year, and spite of I could do he just mixed them different kinds of sticks all up. I ain't rightly settled it in my mind yet whether he done it a-purpose or not."

"I won't mix 'em," answered Billy, cheerily.

"Set 'em down," returned the squire.

"Wonder if I can't make a boomerang out of 'left dealin'." said Billy, when he was left alone. "I ain't got time to do 'em for people very much, and besides I don't get the chance. This town seems to think Widow Grimby's all I want for company. They wouldn't if they could see her set by the hour-a-sayin' nothin' to nobody. I guess I'll try makin' a boomerang out of this wood wheelin' an' pullin'."

"Well! well! I declare for't!" commented the squire—his dim old eyes sparkled and his lips were parted in a delighted smile—"this is something like."

And then he said to Billy:

"That must be one of your wifey-in' boomerangs," reflected the boy, with a whimsical smile, as he jingled his coins on the road home. "I thought I just felt it touch me when the squire was so tickled. Fair dealin' the word."

He had lost half a day's school, a thing in Billy's case sometimes necessary to be done when a good job offered itself, and there was no one waiting to be made up; but "Fair dealin' the word," he repeated.

The squire lived with his sister, who was a maiden lady. He was a bachelor. That night he thought often of the chance of wood in the shed, and he thought often of his own rheumatic joints.

"What business has the town a-puttin' me to board at Widow Grimby's? If I had him here he could build fires of mornings and lay out ashes without spillin' them, and get in all the wood and water without making a mess and trackin' in more dirt for Margaret to clean than he's worth. I'm getting too old for such work, and I'm a-going to have him here if I can get him. 'Twill be best for him and 'twill be best for me."

That was how it happened that the waylaid Billy the next morning. The boy lent a favorable ear to all the old man had to say.

"The Widow Grimby don't like me anyhow," he responded.

"Don't she? Why not?" asked the squire, with cautious anxiety.

"Well, for something I can't help," he answered humbly. "She says she never did have no use for boys; and I'm a boy, you know."

The old man laughed.

"Billy nodded. "Boys eat too much," he said. "She says she can't get nothin' nothin' made, and boarders had ought to be a profit."

"I'm going before the trustees of the poor and get you changed off to," said the squire, with decision. "Boys need lookin' after as well as Widder Grimby. I'll feed and clothe you for what you can do, and then your money can be out at interest till you're a man. How'll that suit you?"

Billy almost caught his breath in astonishment.

"Well, it'll suit," he answered.

And then with a handshake the old man and the boy separated.

"Tell you so what," said Billy, as he went on to school. "This boomerang business is a pretty big business. 'Twasn't lookin' for nothin' 'all to have it make me feel good, and here it's got me a home. Wonder if badness hits as much harder than you think it will when it gets back to you? 'Twill be when I get there to live."—N. Y. Independent.

**FOREIGN GOSSIP.**

—Morrison, an English traveler of the seventeenth century, while at Dantzic, Prussia, says he saw a mill-fair. He had also a child, a young lad, had said boards. He had a great iron wheel, which did not only drive the saw but which did also look in and turn the logs onto the saw. Dr. John West must have seen a similar mill at Prague. Of it he says: "I saw me a mill at Prague of which I verily believe the devil himself was master."

—London is as yet without a permanent orchestra capable of giving the highest class music. A movement has just been started to organize one on much the same footing as that on which the Boston Symphony orchestra is kept together. A Scottish orchestra was maintained last year at a financial loss of £1,000. The orchestra consists of about 100 performers, and it is the most complete of its kind in the world. It is now in the hands of a private individual, and it is the most complete of its kind in the world. It is now in the hands of a private individual, and it is the most complete of its kind in the world.

—In dredging the harbor at Bivera, in the river Adige, a valuable find was made in the form of a piece of workmanship in the precious metal of gold discovered in Africa. It is oval in shape, shallow, has two handles and weighs 100 grains. It is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients. It is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients. It is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients.

—The Blake, the flagship of the British North Atlantic squadron, is to return to England early next spring, after an absence of nearly three years. Her place will be taken by the Crescent, a new vessel of the British navy, and realized expectation. Her machinery gave trouble during her trial, and has not worked as smoothly as it should while she has been in commission. The new vessel, the Blake, is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients. It is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients. It is a fine specimen of the art of the ancients.

**THE WOMAN BACHELOR.**

Two Classes of Girls Who Stay Single.

Why are there so many bachelors and old maids nowadays? Perhaps one reason lies in the education of our modern young girls, and the blame must rest with their mothers. Consider the girl who is brought up in the upper middle class. From the age of eighteen to twenty-eight, it is a careless, selfish, irresponsible epoch, in which the daughter studies her own convenience and pleasure solely, and the mother's ordinary duty, as a parent, and hadn't a thing to wear."

"I'm glad to hear it," she said.

"Yes. She actually wanted to borrow my lovely chiffon frock; did you ever hear of such impudence?"

"Never. I suppose it was all because she had loaned your fur string of pearls to wear with your low-cut gown last winter."

"Yes; and what a cold I caught— they were just as good as dead. Of course I refused to loan the gown; I never sit down in it and Ethel is so careless."

"I know; and so crazy after the men that if they had a piece of soap in a chair she can't refuse to give it to them."

"Just so. Well, she went away in a huff. Next day, however, our committee visited me and told me the election would be so close that I must get Ethel's vote. I decided to sacrifice my gown to my party."

"Well, you are a stateswoman."

"So I wrote a note to Ethel telling her that if she would promise to vote our ticket and not sit down in the gown she might wear it all right over, promised, and took the gown away with her last I charge my mind."

"O, Marie, I saw her sitting on the stairs with Wilfred nearly all that evening."

"So I heard, and the gown came home ruined, but I was afraid of losing her vote, so I decided to hold my tongue until after the election."

"You poor martyr! Did she register?"

"No; in spite of the fact that we sent a carriage for her. I knew she couldn't vote, so right after breakfast the next morning I went over to the school to see if she had registered. Then I wrote her a scorching note—it took two hours and a quire of paper to write it, though it was only six lines."

"Served her right."

"Yes; but the answer? O, I shall die of rage. It was like this: 'Miss Smithson presents her compliments to Miss Ballotter and begs to say that in future she must decline the acquaintance of Miss Ballotter, as a person of her political methods is at any time liable to die in the penitentiary for trying to bribe voters.'"

"And she actually had your note to prove it! Well, no wonder you are out of politics."—Chicago Tribune.

**SHE'S OUT OF POLITICS.**

All on Account of Too Much Zeal in Attempting to Influence Votes.

"I'm out of politics," remarked the girl with the Prince Albert coat.

"Mercy sakes, why?" gasped the girl with her hair in puffs.

"Yes; I shall resign from the chairmanship of the woman's National Political Protective association and join the United Order of Daughters of the Ballot-Buff; I shall go to an afternoon tea on election day, and wear a long skirt over my bicycle bloomers; I shall faint at sight of a rubber mouse, and—"

"Good gracious, Marie! Is there insanity in your family? Or have you suddenly become engaged?"

"Neither. It's all on account of that Ethel Briggs."

"If it's anything mean about her do tell me; she—"

"Mean! It's the meanest thing I ever heard of. You know, she pretended to be a friend of mine, and she was bent on convincing her that it was her duty. She flattered herself to do it—said a lot of women she didn't visit voted in her ward, and that it was vulgar anyhow."

"Vulgar indeed! I'd like to shake her!"

"So should I. Well, the next day she came to me in a great state; somebody had spilled a cup of coffee over the front of her best evening gown. She was dying to go to Clara's reception and hadn't a thing to wear."

"I'm glad to hear it; she—"

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**Highest of all in Learning Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report**

**Wheat Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

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**BILLY'S BOOMERANGS.**  
BY GUILLERMA SOLWINGER.

**BILLY STAPLETON** was undeniably a queer boy—the only one in the class. Miss Hollingsworth might teach as she would, but Billy took her teaching as the other boys took it. He sat and listened respectfully and attentively as well-brought-up boys should; but Billy just kept one eye on her and the other on the door, as if he were waiting for her to leave. He had a book in his hand, but he was not reading it. He was looking at the door, as if he were waiting for someone to come in.

When he was alone, he would take out his book and read it. He was a very good reader, and he was very fond of books. He had a great many books, and he was always reading one of them. He was a very quiet boy, and he was very kind to everyone. He was a very good friend to everyone, and he was very popular in the school.

One day, he was sitting at his desk, and he was reading a book. He was very interested in the book, and he was reading it very fast. He was reading about a boy who was very brave, and he was very kind to everyone. He was reading about a boy who was very brave, and he was very kind to everyone. He was reading about a boy who was very brave, and he was very kind to everyone.

**Little Glyde Suffered**  
With scrofula or salt rheum on the top of his head. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Cures  
Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Itch, Ringworm, and all other skin diseases.

**W. L. DOUGLAS'S**  
S3 SHOES

**McELREES' WINE OF CARDUI.**  
For Female Diseases.

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**CATARRH**  
W. L. DOUGLAS'S S3 SHOES

**JAPANESE TOOTH POWDER**  
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**THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT**  
**KENNY'S MEDICAL**  
DONALD KENNY, M.D.  
Has discovered a new and powerful medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the human system. It is a powerful medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the human system. It is a powerful medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the human system.

**PROGRESS.**  
People who get the greatest benefit from the great opportunity of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. They are those who make the most out of their opportunities. They are those who make the most out of their opportunities.

**KOKO TULU**  
SOL COLEMAN, M.D.  
GREATEST OF THE GREAT  
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**It's a**  
**COBOL**  
for the housewife  
which saves her  
left. Takes her time  
washing and cleaning  
and nothing remains  
but to wash it.

**BEWARE**  
of cheap imitations  
of this famous  
product. The only  
genuine product  
is sold by  
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.

**Complete Fertilizers**  
for potatoes, fruits, and all vegetables require (to secure the yield and best quality)

**At Least 10% Actual Potash**  
Results of experiments prove this conclusively. How and why, is told in our pamphlets.

**THE ONLY PRESENT**  
G. & C. MERRILL CO.  
The only present  
of the world  
of the world  
of the world

**Weak Mother**  
and all women who are nursing babies, derive an invaluable benefit from the nourishing properties of Scott's Emulsion.