

“German Syrup”

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Nervousness, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve system, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and your patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now prepared under his direction by the **KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.** Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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A POOR TEACHER.

An Incident So Common That Its Realism Will Delight You.

Jonathan Briggs is the father of a bright little boy, five years of age, and he naturally takes a great deal of pride in the child and has a deep affection for the little fellow. About a week ago the idea got into Briggs' head that it was time for the child to commence on the foundation for an education.

"Maria," said Briggs to his wife, "Does little Henri know his letters?" "What letters do you mean?" asked his wife innocently. "The alphabet—does he know the alphabet? Can he say the letters a, b, c, d, and so on, like I could when I was his age?"

"No, of course he doesn't know the alphabet; he's never been taught it, the little dear." "I am surprised my dear, that his education has been neglected. I shall commence at once this evening, when I come home, to teach him the alphabet."

That evening, after tea, Briggs called the child to him. "Now, Henri, papa's going to teach you the alphabet, so that you can learn to read pretty stories. Here is a pretty book, and all these are the letters of the alphabet. This is A," pointing to each one, "and this is B, and this is C, and this is D. Now, remember them as I tell them to you." He named over the balance of the letters and returned to A.

"Now what is that?" Henri looked at it a moment, dubiously. "I don't know." "What! Don't know?" "No-o-o-o." "Well, I declare! It isn't five minutes since I told you that was A. Now, what is the next one?" "Don't know." "What! forgotten that, too? Don't you know what this is, nor that?" "No-o-o-o."

"If that don't beat all! Here I've just told the child what those letters are, and he doesn't know one of them." "My dear, did you expect him to learn the alphabet in five minutes?" "Well, no, not exactly; but I expect him to remember what I tell him. I begin to fear that the child has no memory. Now, sir, I shall tell you what each of these letters are, and I expect you to remember their names." Briggs repeated the alphabet over and again pointed to A. "Now, sir, what letter is that?" "I don't know. Boo-hoo-o-o." "See here, Jonathan Briggs," cried his wife, "you've made the child cry, and you stop tormenting him this minute and let him come to me!"

WILLING TO PLEASE.

The Druggist Had All Kinds of Poison, but He Only Sold Gum.

A weary-looking young woman came into a second avenue drug store when I was waiting for the shower to pass over, says M. Quad in the New York Evening World, and plaintively said to the druggist:

"I have had another quarrel with Mike, and I don't care to live any longer!" "Yes, just so, just so," he replied as he briskly rubbed his hands together. "Anything I can do for you to-day?" "I think I will try strychnine," she slowly replied as she cast her eyes along the shelves.

"Exactly, ma'am, finest strychnine in New York. I suppose you want about a dime's worth." "Would arsenic be better?" she asked, as he held the jar in his hands. "No better, but fully as good, ma'am. I have a fine lot of arsenic on hand just now, and can warrant it full strength. Just make a ham sandwich and spread on about 15 cents' worth?" "Mebbe," she drearily replied as he waited, "mebbe Rough on Rats would be better."

"Just as you think, ma'am. Give you a selection from two dozen boxes, all fresh stock only yesterday. It's a little slower than the other poisons, but perhaps you won't mind that. Can be sprinkled on bread and butter or taken in milk. One box, ma'am?" He took down a box and held it ready to dump, and she looked under the store, wiped a tear out of her left eye, and asked:

"How long does it take Paris green to kill?" "Not long, ma'am—only a few hours. Many prefer it to any other poison, as they want to write a farewell letter after taking it. I can warrant my stock as fresh and pure. Should it fail to kill, come right back and your money will be refunded. My object is to satisfy customers. Half a pound, ma'am?"

She wiped her nose. Then she sighed. Then she fished up two pennies out of her pocket, walked over to the chewing-gum machine, and dropped them in, and as she stuffed two sticks of gum into her mouth she turned and said:

ABOUT AXES.

The Process by Which an Axe is Evolved From an Iron Bar.

The first step in the operation of making an axe is the formation of the axe head without the blade. The glowing flat iron bars are withdrawn from the furnace and are taken to a powerful and somewhat complicated machine, which performs upon them four distinct operations—shaping the metal to form the upper and lower part of the axe, then the eye, and finally doubling the piece over so that the whole can be welded together.

A workman stands by, seizing the partially-fashioned pieces, one after another, with a pair of tongs, and hammering the lower edges together. Next the iron is put in a powerful natural-gas furnace and heated to a white heat. Taken out, it goes under a tilt hammer and is welded together in a second. This done, one blow from the "drop," and the pole of the axe is completely and firmly welded.

When the axe leaves the drop, there is some superfluous metal still adhering to the edges and forming what is technically known as a "fin." To get rid of this fin the axe is again heated in a furnace, and then taken in hand by a sawyer, who trims the ends and edges. The operator fits a glass in front of him to protect his eye from the sparks which fly off as the hot metal is pressed against the rapidly revolving saw. The iron part of the axe is now complete.

The steel for the blade, after being heated, is cut by machinery and shaped with a die. It is then ready for welding. A groove is cut in the edge of the iron, the steel for the blade is inserted, and the whole firmly welded by machine hammers. Next comes the operation of tempering. The steel portion of the axe is heated by being inserted in pots of molten lead, the blade only being immersed. It is then cooled by dipping in water and is given to the hands of the inspector. An axe is subject to rigid tests before it is pronounced perfect. The steel must be of the required temper, the weight of all axes of the same size must be uniform, all must be ground alike, and in various other ways conform to an established standard. The inspector who tests the quality of the steel does so by hammering the blade and striking the edge to ascertain whether it be too brittle or not. An axe that breaks during the process is thrown aside to be made over.

Before the material of an axe is in the proper shape, it has been heated five times, including the tempering process, and the axe, when completed, has passed through the hands of about forty workmen, each of whom has done something toward perfecting it. After passing inspection, the axes go to the grinding department, and from that to the polishers, who finish them upon emery wheels.—Manufacturer and Builder.

POOR JACK.

The Tamed Horse's Frantic Struggles to Rejoin His Wild Companions.

A noted horseman of the West, one familiar with the wild horses of the plains, relates the following incident of which he was a witness, and which, he said, made his "nerves tingle." Near the forks of the North and South Platte he came upon about two hundred wild horses in a drove.

LIFE IN CHINA.

Seemingly Too Many People, and Then Such Awful, Queer Food.

How hard life becomes when a land is over-populated, says a letter from China. There are more than a million souls in and about Amoy alone. They are so crowded together that when you see them you forget they are human and imagine them ants or bees on a larger scale than usual. They have to live and they do it in a way that would astonish a citizen of the great republic.

Labor is a drug in the market. An expert joiner, carpenter, or metalsmith receives 25 cents a day, \$1.40 for a week, or \$5.25 for a month. A laborer is glad to get 15 cents a day or \$3.50 a month. An old woman or small boy receives \$1 a month, but to live upon these rates demands infinite economy, and this prevails everywhere in China, at least in the beach is crowded with men, women, and children.

They gather sea-weed and convert it into gelatine, seaweed and change it into a nutritious food, sea worms and sea urchins, and by slow cooking transform these into mysterious stews and chowders. The driftwood thrown up by the sea is dried and utilized for fuel. Even the tiny animals which build little shell houses in the mud or under rocks and boulders are picked out one by one and served up on the dinner table. Two hundred scarcely fill a small cup and require four hours' hard work to gather, but they are in the market every day and sell for 3 or 4 cents a pound. The children are trained to pick up dead leaves, sticks, and straws and put them aside to dry until usable as firewood. One child keeps a family supplied by working eight hours a day.

Necessity teaches them how to prepare for food what we consider worthless articles. The tops of turnips, carrots, sweet potatoes, and onions, the seeds of watermelons, squashes, summer flowers, and fruits, the entrails of animals killed, and it must be confessed made into very savory dishes. What can not be digested by the human stomach is reserved for the pigs, chickens, and ducks with which every coolie family is provided. Thus nearly all the vegetable growths have esculent tips when they begin to grow. The coolie housewife boils them until they are soft and digestible, cuts off the extreme portions for the human members of her household, and puts aside the remainder for her various animals.

I have seen grass, clover, thistles, cabbage, stalks, cactus, century plants, and even palm-tops treated in this way, and witnessed the delight shown by the people to whom they were served as the chief dishes of their daily repast. The rich mandarins go to the opposite extreme and dine on bird's nests at \$20 a dozen, on hand-picked gold fish, fattened frogs, tiger livers, preserved duck's eggs, truffles, bamboo oysters, cock's combs, and other luxuries. Frequently a mandarin dinner will cost from \$20 to \$50 a plate. When it is remembered that little or no wine is used at these repasts the extravagance of the cuisine is easily appreciated.—Chicago Times.

THE COFFEE DRUNKARD.

Once Under the Influence of the Berry Release is Almost Impossible.

In the course of his studies, Dr. Mendel found very few instances in which the confirmed coffee drunkard was ever cured, says the London Standard. The symptoms constantly grow worse, and are only to be relieved by large quantities of the beverage, the abuse of which has caused them. In this way, the victims go from bad to worse, for though well aware of the mischief being wrought, they suffer so severely that they are afraid to abandon the habit lest death should end the agony they experience.

LINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

The Romance of the Life of the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

I was walking along Regent street this morning when there was pointed out to me a young woman. There was nothing about her manner, dress, or appearance to attract one's attention, and yet her life holds one of the prettiest little stories on record.

Many years ago there were united in marriage a far-famed authoress and the man she loved. The man was a cripple, but the couple lived an idyllic life not far from London town. One day the literary woman heard, quite incidentally, that a baby had been found on a stone at the cross roads; that it had been taken to the town hall, and that all the gentry about were going to look at it because it was such a sweet little child. So, following the example of her neighbors, she went, too. Looking upon it the sweet, sympathetic face of the mother met her eyes. The woman could not resist this, so she determined to take the child for her very own. Carefully it was wrapped up and then it became her baby. Devoted to it, she was yet determined, as it grew older it should never have its heart hurt by being told the story of its birth and adoption. So, as soon as the little girl was able to understand it, it was lovingly whispered to her that she had been found on the large stone which stood in the center of the hall and which always was decorated with flowers, and that God had put her there, that her mother might find her. As soon as she grew old enough, it became her daily duty to cut the flowers and arrange them to make beautiful the great rock that had been dug up from the cross roads and brought there. To her it represented the place where the hands of the angels had rested when they laid her down. Curiously enough, this child became very proud of the way in which she had reached the dear mother, who cared for her as lovingly and as tenderly as if she was of her own flesh and blood. Her birthday was the day on which she was found, and when the tenth one came around, and a child's party was given her, she was heard asking one little girl, "How old are you?" The other one answered, "I was born nine years ago." "Oh!" answered the baby, "you were born like other children, but I am better than that; I was found just where God had placed me." The childish pride was as amusing as it was pathetic. The years have gone by, the eyes of the good mother are closed forever to the sights of the world; but the child she cared for lives in the great town of London, and remembers. The child was the young woman I saw on Regent street this morning. The authoress? She was Dinah Mulock Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—London Letter.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

At a Roman Catholic conference in Wigan Father Power declared that never since Elizabeth's reign had been darker in England.

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