

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

"You say the man 'is worth a million,'
And think you've answered me;
I care not if he owns a billion,
'Tis the man I want to see!

And now I'll ask a question or two—
This man—what is he worth?
It is cash that came from the Lord knows who,
And broad, square miles of earth!

Dare you assert, in broad daylight,
That this is the worth of a man?
It takes indeed a sordid wile
With favor this to scan.

The treasures of the brain and heart,
The mind and body's health,
And what turns men to the better part—
These constitute true wealth.

If your friend has only what you said,
He is worth just nothing at all;
Let his acres of earth cover him, dead,
And buy him a funeral pall.

—Detroit Free Press.

THEY MADE FUR FLY.

A Free Fight Between Two Lions and a Grizzly.

The Bloody Battle Was Not Fought to a Finish Owing to Interpositions in the Shape of a Hunter's Bullets.

I have often met old hunters who have heard of battles between the grizzly bear and the immense, tawny panther of the Rocky mountains; but I have only once known a man who had seen such a combat.

Sergeant Roseman, of the United States Cavalry, whom I met in Wyoming while on a hunting expedition in '86, told me of a fierce fight between "Old Eph" and two mountain lions which he had "umpired"—as he put it—near Caspar Mountain several years before.

At that time he was stationed at Fort Fetterman. A party of citizens had come out from St. Paul, Minn., to hunt the big game, then so plentiful in Eastern Wyoming, and the sergeant, one of the best hunters in his regiment, was allowed to go with them, taking a small detachment of soldiers to look after the camp, and take care of the game. The party had been hunting elk among the foothills of the Caspar range, and near the great rugged mountain which is their chief feature, when the adventure befell him.

"I killed an elk," said he, "early one morning, and as I often did in a region where there were grizzly or silver-tip bears, I left it where it fell, for bear bait. There is nothing the big bears of this region are more fond of than a freshly killed elk or a black-tail. I had already, at one time and another, shot seven bears by baiting in this way, and watching by the bodies of the dead elk.

"Perched comfortably in the branches of an evergreen, or lying upon the top of some high rock within a few rods of your bait, it isn't such a desperate adventure, the killing of a grizzly. A good gun, using heavy ammunition, decent marksmanship, and a steady nerve are all that is required. If you are fresh at the business though, you probably won't fret a great deal if the bear fails to come.

"This time I had killed an elk in just such a spot and with just such surroundings as I would have selected could I have had full choice. I shot it in the act of drinking at a small basin of water in the bed of a canyon, which cut back into the foot of old Caspar Mountain. The side of the mountain on either hand was rutted with deep gorges leading into the canyon. Quaking asp thickets clustered around the heads of these ravines, while the bottoms, wherever vegetation could take hold, were grown to willows, currant and bullberry bushes. It was just the place for bears, and their sign was as plentiful as I had ever seen it anywhere.

"The spot was only a mile from our camp, and when I came in from my hunt—for we hunted singly or in two and three as the notion took us—I found three of the St. Paul men taking a late dinner. I told them of my success, and invited them to go with me, and lie in wait for bears that evening. They declined, declaring that they hadn't lost any bears, and therefore, didn't feel called upon to hunt for 'em. I was welcome, they said, to gather all the stray grizzlies in the region, and put my particular brand on 'em.

"So about three o'clock I went up to my bait alone. I found it undisturbed, and perched myself in the crevice of a ledge of rock some thirty yards distant, which position I reached by making a ladder of dry poles that lay among some drift of a recent 'washout.' My hiding-place was perfectly safe from the attack of a bear, should I be lucky enough to lure one within shot, as it was fully fifteen feet from the base of the ledge, at a perpendicular height.

"I found the crack, in which I could stretch myself at full length, such a comfortable place that I concluded to watch all night, provided no bear came to my bait sooner. I had not long to wait, however, before I was treated to the most thorough and thrilling surprise of all my hunting experience.

"I had lain, perhaps, an hour, and the sun had just sunk behind the mountains back of me, so that their shadows had crawled over the tops of the lower ones in front, when I heard the sound of soft foot-falls just on the other side of a fringe of bullberry bushes, which skirted the stream above the spring where my elk lay. I pricked my ears and looked sharply for the game, which from the muffled sound I took to be two or three bears running down the canyon.

"I had no time to speculate upon the nature of the animals, before they bounded in sight two big tawny mountain-lions! They were racing down the canon, jumping sidewise and running against each other in a way that was, no doubt, intended to be playful, and I was just about to stop one of them with a shot from my rifle, when in the same breath each of them caught a scent of the elk's carcass, and came to a sudden halt.

"They stood for a moment with heads erect, ears pricked forward, and tails switching eagerly, their yellow eyes gleaming and scintillating, the white spots on their breasts offering a splendid target if I had cared to shoot at once. They were fine, sleek animals with glossy coats, far more imposing in looks, and much larger than the

panther of the East and South, and I was anxious to bag both of them, which I thought I might make sure of doing if they attacked my bait, as I might easily bore them both with a single shot from my Winchester if they got in range.

"They hesitated but an instant, a few seconds rather, then leaped the channel of the stream with catlike jumps, and approached the elk which they cautiously sniffed with pointed noses. I rejoiced at the prospect of securing two such magnificent cats.

"One of them, the larger and a male, came up to the bait first, sniffed it over, licked the fresh blood about the neck, then with a sudden proprietary air he mounted the carcass with his forefeet, gave a satisfied purr, that sounded like the muffled drumming of a partridge's wings, and switching his tail about with a snapping motion at the end, just as a cat with a fresh-caught mouse in her paws might have done.

"The female took her turn at licking the bloody neck, and snarled her cat-pleasure at the prospect of a gratuitous feast. They did not seem to be in the least hungry for they made no move toward devouring, but after snuffing and examining the game for a bit, they sat about scratching leaves and dirt over it, with the evident intention of preserving or hiding it for future use.

"Thinking my time had now come, I shifted my position carefully, and brought my gun to bear upon them, making only for an opportunity to make one bullet kill or cripple them both, as I feared that the unhurt one would get out of sight before I could get a fair shot at it.

"Suddenly, the big one threw himself upon the elk with a harsh snarl, his hair raising on end, his ears laid back, and his tail twitching viciously as he lay at full length, his head turned away from me, evidently watching some object down the canyon. The female too advanced nearly beside him, her hair sticking out like bristles, and her angry snarling was deeper and more threatening than his.

"At first I could see nothing of the intruder against which this fierce threatening was launched, but I more than suspected its nature, and my excitement rose. Either another lion or a bear was approaching, I felt certain, and so it proved; it was a grizzly, and one of the largest I had ever seen!

"He reared himself suddenly out of the bed of the little stream, only a few yards from the lions, and the elk. He had already, at one time and another, shot seven bears by baiting in this way, and watching by the bodies of the dead elk.

"To my delight he took in the situation at a glance, and without a minute's hesitation he shambled toward the belligerent cats, mingling his hoarse growls with their savage snarlings.

"I had heard that the mountain lion would not run from a grizzly, but did not believe it, and despite the fearful threatening of the two before me, I expected to see them give way to a monstrous bear came up. Imagine my astonishment when as the grizzly charged within leaping distance, both of the panthers sprang upon him instantly.

"I could not properly describe the scene which followed; both brutes pounced upon the grizzly tooth and nail, and closed with him in such a fury of savage outcries as made my hair rise, and my whole body prickled with intense excitement.

"The grizzly roared as the two animals struck him; as he came up into a sitting position upon his haunches he shook the female lion from his shoulder. But the male lion held him by the throat, his tawny body lay along the bear's belly, and his hind legs were working with lightning-like speed and strength.

"The bear opened his mouth wide, and roared as he turned his head sidewise and downward, and strove to catch his antagonist's neck with his teeth. He failed in his attempt, but at the same moment he caught the lion's body just below the shoulders in a clutch of his terrible claws, which seemed literally to flatten the animal between them.

"The lion relaxed his hold of the bear's neck, threw back his head, and sought to writhe loose from the bear. It would have gone hard with him, had not the female lion by a desperate spring fastened herself so strongly upon the back of the bear's neck that he was forced to drop the male and turn to her.

"Over and over they rolled about the elk carcass. They clawed, bit and tore at each other with deep, muffled snarl and growls. Sometimes the bear was on top of a lion, and again both lions were on top of him.

"The grizzly would gather one of them suddenly in his huge forearms, bear it down upon the ground in the effort to crush and bite the life out of it, then feeling the teeth of the other, which would invariably seize upon the back of his neck, the infuriated monster would loose his hold, and whirl upon that one.

"Soon, in one of these whirls, he caught the smaller lion, and gave her such a terrific bite before the male's attack—which was from behind as usual—could induce him to release her that she lost 'sand' completely, and slunk limping away, evidently badly hurt.

"The male lion immediately took the defensive, dodged about the grizzly, and leaped easily out of reach of his furious charges. I saw that bruin had the best of the fight and was likely to maintain his advantage; and as I was far more anxious to secure the tremendous beast than I was to get the lions, I opened fire upon him with my Winchester, and gave him a ball between the shoulder as he turned broadside in one of his rushes at the lion. Luckily the first shot killed him.

"The lion, more frightened at the report of the gun than he had been at the bear, bounded across the creek, and though I fired two shots at him before he got out of sight I missed him. The male got off scot-free, as I do not think the bear had given him more than a

few scratches, but I followed the female, and overtook her in a crippled condition some half a mile up the canon; a single bullet killed her.—Youth's Companion.

THREE GOOD FABLES

Like Most Good Things, They are Short

THE DONKEY AND THE TRAVELER.

A Belated Traveler on the King's highway was made terribly anxious at a certain spot by Fearful Sounds. He went forward very Timidly, ready to turn and Fly for his Life at any moment, but all of a sudden discovered that the Dreaded Sounds had been uttered by a Donkey.

"See here, you Miserable Beast, what are you trying to get at, anyhow?" demanded the Traveler.

"Why, it is a case of Self-Sacrifice," replied the Donkey. "Instead of Standing in my stall I come out and brave the Inclement Weather to cheer the belated Traveler with my voice and let him know that Friends are near."

"You old dunder-head, but it is your voice which adds Terror to the mud and darkness! Go hence and let up!"

MORAL: The Blunders of Friends are more to be Dreaded than the Machinations of Enemies.

HERCULES AND THE WOODMAN.

It is related that Hercules was passing through a Forest one day when he came upon a Woodman who was idle and Inquired:

"Have you amassed Wealth until you no longer have to work?"

"Nay, my friend," was the answer; "but this Log needs Moving, and I have not the Strength to Accomplish the Task."

"O, as to that, I'll Lend you a Hand," cheerfully replied Hercules, and he seized the Log and Moved it into the Position desired.

Returning over the same course a week later, he found the same Woodman again Idle, and to his Inquiries the man Replied:

"I was Waiting for you to Return and Move another Log for me."

MORAL: He who Helps the man who can Help himself does him an injury.

THE ANT AND THE BEETLE.

One day while the Ant was rolling a grain of corn over the ground a Beetle happened along and inquired:

"My Industrious Friend, why all this Labor?"

"I am Working to get this Grain of Corn into my Store-House for the Winter. I must have a store laid by or I shall Starve."

"But how Foolish to Work so hard for it! You don't see me sweating under the collar, and yet I get along as well as most Insects."

"Yes, you are all right now because it is Summer, but wait until the Winter comes on. If you are Idle now you will Perish then."

"Thanks, my dear Ant, but don't worry over the undersigned. Call on me about the middle of January."

Time passed on. The Ant Worked industriously to lay by a Store, and as the winter came on and she was congratulating herself on her Foresight and Prudence, the Beetle came that way. He was fat and sleek and in fine spirits, and he halted to say:

"Morning, Old Economy. How goes it?"

"I have two kinds of Estates laid by for the winter," replied the Ant, "while you—"

"While I am located in the Governor's Kitchen for the next six months, and count on no less than seven kinds of Food per day."

"But how is that?"

"Simply that I work with my mouth, while you work with your muscles. I Talk Politics, while you talk Corn."

MORAL: Let's all Talk Politics.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEDS OF ROYALTY.

Fancies of Illustrious Personages About Their Sleeping Apartments.

Clarence House is one of the most comfortable houses in London, and is famous for its good beds, for the only daughter of Alexander II, of Russia is, like many Muscovite ladies, very particular about her beds, and will tolerate in her house none but the very best. Even when a mere child, and long before her marriage, she was so particular about this very important item in domestic comfort that, to insure the sheets being tightly stretched over the mattress, she used to have them sewn down, for even the slightest crease or wrinkle would entirely destroy the repose of this imperial spitt child for the night.

Her Royal Highness used to be greatly chaffed about this weakness by members of our royal family when first she came to this country, but the Queen, who is also very particular about her beds, stuck up for her, and although now the sheets are no longer sewn down to the mattress, they are composed of the most exquisitely fine linen that can be procured, and stretched like a tight rope over the most perfect mattresses that can be manufactured in Paris, in which capital the making of mattresses has been brought up to the level of a fine art.

A curious and amusing chapter might indeed be written about the beds of illustrious personages. The ex-Empress Eugenie is quite as particular about her beds as the Duchess of Edinburgh or our Gracious Sovereign, and quite agrees with the first-named lady as to the fitness of the linen and the tightness of the drawing of the sheets, but Her Imperial Majesty has an odd fancy to have her bed so low as to give a visitor to the Imperial bedchamber the impression that the widow of Cæsar is almost sleeping on the floor. It is indeed hardly elevated more than a foot from the floor, as all who have visited in old days the private apartments at St. Cloud, Compiegne and the Tuilleries will remember. Another curious bed is that of Sarah Bernhardt. It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the great comedienne is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reposing on her couch she looks like a little golden-haired bird lost in a great sea of white satin.—Modern Society.

Dairy schools, at a cost not exceeding \$55,000 a year, have increased Denmark's butter export in twenty years from \$2,100,000 of poor quality to \$13,000,000 of excellent quality annually.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There wouldn't have been any milk in the ocean if some dairymen had had the construction of it.—Texas Siftings.

—A Wisconsin lover wrote to his sweetheart: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart that does not bear your photograph."

—Mr. Frills—"What were you when I married you? Nobody!" Mrs. Frills (serenely)—"Well, that's a good point; you're nobody's fool."—Puck.

—A good many men who are talking very bitterly about the difficulty of getting into a church have never tried it.—N. Y. World.

—Present—"I am thinking seriously of arresting one of my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?" Candid friend—"The one you're looking at."

—"Paw me honest, me dear boy," I beg of you, don't you could raise enough on it to buy a cord for your eye-glass." And the conversation was not resumed.—Michigan Farmer.

—To cut up a victim to find out what is the matter with him after he has been doctored a year is a dead give-away on the part of the doctor, who should know what is needed when he gives the medicine.—N. O. Picayune.

—In the street car.—First lady (seated)—"Madam, please remove your umbrella from my lap. I'm not an umbrella stand." Second lady (standing)—"O, indeed! Well, now I take a good look at you, I see my mistake."

—"Do you like the Greek Poets?" asked Miss Theodosia Thuddington, of Brown, who is not in the least literary.

"Yes; better than any of the modern poets." "For what reason?" "Principally because they are all dead."

—Merchant Traveler.

—Cadley—"The great point of a jest is that it should be spontaneous. It should be as quick as a flash, you know. Now, I never think a joke over before I utter it." Bagley—"No; if you did, you wouldn't say it all, would you?" Cadley—"Certainly not." America.

—"Mrs. Spittorf (handing her husband a photograph)—"How do you like my pictures, John?" "Who is it?" "Why, it's me." "Who do you suppose it is?" "I wouldn't have known it. I never saw you look that way before." "What way?" "Pleasant."—Chicago Herald.

—"A timely caution—Husband—'Don't worry, my dear, if I get home a trifle late occasionally, now that I've joined the Athletic Club. I used to be a great athlete when I was a boy, you know, and it seems like renewing my youth to go through with the old exercises again.'" Wife—"No, John, I won't, but when you get home at two a. m., as you did this morning, please don't renew your youth by standing on your head in the front porch, nor climbing through the transom, because it's apt to excite remark, you know—that's all, dear."—Epoch.

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

Provincialism Rampant Among Younger Portions of Society.

Provincialism, then, is the great curse of the Australasian; and so it must needs be for years. Especially unfortunate, however, is the tendency already existent amongst certain young Australasians to feel indifferent towards all influences from other parts of the world.

I heard indeed more of this indifference than I saw. "Many of our young men," the older world, fancy that nothing can be of great value in civilization which has not already been transplanted here. They are intolerant and narrow. I confess that such bigotry is not very noticeable on the surface of things as yet. The Australian newspaper presses, on the whole, the sound old English traditions; devotes large space to the rest of the world; has correspondents in England, and often also in America and on the continent of Europe; and discusses many of the world's current social and literary questions almost as much as we do. But the healthy sporting life of the intelligent young men does not leave them much time for reading or for thinking. Their parents still speak familiarly of "home," meaning England; but ere long this home feeling will pass away; and one question whether that intimate union with the world's intellectual life, which we ourselves have cultivated with a very warm zeal only within the last quarter of a century, will be possible for the coming generation in the colonies. Nothing could be more dangerous for Australia than to "cut the painter" in the intellectual life, whatever may be the result in politics. And the fact remains that a land which at best is about three weeks farther removed from Europe than our eastern border can only too easily become apathetic about so difficult a matter as the course of modern thought.

Meanwhile, the very tendencies that make the Australian journals so well edited and so encyclopedic seem to threaten in another direction the cause of popular education. In early California days newspapers were almost the only printed matter. That the mining population read. Knowing this fact, I was rather strongly impressed by the very first remark that I heard from one prominent gentleman as to the intellectual condition of Australia. "You must not know," he said, "four people do not read books; they devour journals."

Against this opinion one must of course put the existence of the splendid public library at Melbourne, the numerous town libraries scattered throughout the colonies, and the very respectable trade of the booksellers in Melbourne, in Sydney, and even in the much smaller city of Auckland. Yet, after all, there are undoubtedly many influences at work in the colonies against the formation of a strong literary class. I do not think these influences at all remarkable in their results so far; what I fear is the future, when the better part of the people will have forgotten the old home, and when a provincial self-consciousness will tend more and more to fight against the vast industry required to keep pace with the world's mental work. Think how vastly our own intellectual life, such as it is, would suffer if we were two or three weeks farther removed from Europe!—Joshua Boyce, in Atlantic.

IN THE SAME LINE.

How Abraham Goldstein Wasted His Eloquence on Isaac Moss.

He had halted under an awning to get out of the rain, and his back was to Abraham as the latter sat in the store door and remarked:

"Ny frendt, lot me sell you a rubber overcoat very cheap. I can make you one at a dollar. If you haf a rubber overcoat you can go along and nefer mind der rain."

The man did not turn or answer.

"You vhas very foolish," continued the clothier, "fer you neffer get another soch bargain ash dot. How you like an umbrella for sixty cents, eh? I haf some dollar ash good ash you pay for two dollar at der stores. If you haf an umbrella you vhas all right in der wet weather. Come in, my frendt, and select der sort of handle dot suits you."

The man under the awning was like a piece of statuary.

"It vhas a dull day mit me, and I like to get rid of something. Dot good of yours vhas werry shabby for sooch a gentlemen ash you vhas. It vhas no match for your pants, anyhow. I haf two hooneered to select from, and if you like to shtop in I make der price all right. I can sell you a petter one for tree dollars—a misth dot some Congressman don't take away. Please walk right in."

But the stranger didn't.

"Or may be you like to look at a trunk. My place vhas der original und only trunk store for der sale of der best trunks at der lowest prices. Estepody should have a trunk. She vhas handy if you go away, und shust ash handy if you shtay at home. I can sell a trunk mit a patent tray and Yale lock for two dollar. Dot vhas one-half der price sharged on der next street. I can fix you outd all der way from feety cents up to seeteeen dollar. It vhas no trouble to show goods. Shtep right in und examine my line of trunks."

If the stranger heard a word of what was said, no action of his betrayed the fact.

"Well, if you doan like a trunk, perhaps you look at my spring suits in tweeds. I can fit you outd in fine materials, and gif you great satisfaction. Dose spring glose vhas no second-hand peennes. All vhas mistifs from der werry pest tailor shops, und I take 'em at sooch a low price dot I can fit you outd at your own figure. Please come in und make der greatest bargain of your life. Dis shtore vhat shange hands next week, und der opportunity vhas forever lost to you."

The stranger still stood like a crowsbar.

"My frendt, it vhas a leedle late for overcoats, und for dot reason I vhas willing to make a great shave. It vill pay you to buy one now for next winter. I vhas long on overcoats und short on cash. Come in und take one at your own price. You can haf brown, blue, green, black—"

"Abraham, who vhas you talking to?" queried the wife, as she came from the back room.

"To dis shentleman outd here, who can haf an overcoat for five doll—"

"You vhas an old fool!" she exclaimed, as she looked out. "Dot vhas old Isaac, who vhas in der same peennes around der corner!"—N. Y. Sun.

HE TALKS A LITTLE.

Just Enough to Say that He Is Rather Fond of Naughty Boys.

"He says 'Yes,' now," said the baby's mamma, as the baby's papa came in; "he said it lots of times to-day, and he knows just what it means. Does Willie love mamma?" she continued, looking at the baby with great earnestness, while papa pushed with his overcoat half off.

"Papa—gone!" said Willie.

"No, no; papa come. Does Willie love mamma?" wait a minute, George, he's going to say it now; he knows. Does—Willie—love—Mamma?"

"Got it down pretty fine, hasn't he," said George, as he finished taking off his coat.

"Well, I don't care, he does know, only—say, Willie! Look straight at Mamma, now. Does—Willie—love—Mamma? Y—y—Does Willie love Mamma?"

"Pity!" said Willie, looking suddenly at the glass pendants on the chandelier, with well-feigned excitement.

"Now, Willie—let him alone a minute, George—Willie, be real good, now—just step into the hall, George, where he won't see you; there, now; Willie, do you love Mamma?"

"Papa—um?" said Willie.

"No, Papa gone, now."

"Now?" said Willie.

"Yes, now; why can't you say what I want you to?"

"To?" said Willie.

"You're as naughty, naughty boy. You might as well come in, George, he isn't going to say it; he's awfully contrary and disagreeable sometimes, and he just tries me to death."

"Willie," said his father, solemnly; "Papa doesn't like naughty boys. Mamma doesn't; and I don't know who does. Do you like naughty boys?"

"Yes," said Willie, with remarkable distinctness.—Morris Waite, in Puck.

The "Monstuart" mansion of Lord Bute, near Rothsay, is said to have cost not less than \$3,000,000, and is believed to be the largest and costliest private palace in existence.

Among the degrees conferred by Princeton College at its recent commencement was that of Doctor of Laws upon President Harrison.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A Chinese leper was discovered in the Sacramento jail recently. He had been sent there from Folsom for refusing to pay a poll tax.

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was sold I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial." W. B. BEANBUSH, 321 Spring Street, New York City.

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Sold by all druggists. 50¢ per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Our Girls.

Kitty is witty,
Lottie is pretty,
Irene is a queen,
Bertha is the belle of the ball;
And her hair is healthy,
And her hair is healthy,
And her hair is healthy.

Perfect health keeps her rosy and radiant, beautiful and blooming, sensible and sweet. It is secured by wholesome habits and the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Food-Preparation. Bertha takes it, and she also "takes the cake." The only guaranteed cure for those distressing ailments peculiar to women. Satisfaction or your money returned.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

The noted rifle shot, Dr. Carver, said in a recent interview that he began killing buffalo for the market in 1877, and during 1874 his record was 3,500 head, the greatest number he ever killed in one year.

A Northern syndicate is buying up the historic lands at Appomattox, Va., where General Lee surrendered to Grant. Over 1,500 acres have already been secured.

Sound Reasons for Approval.

There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic and health-giving agent. It cures indigestion and weakens the bowels, but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is both safe and sure; its action is never preceded by an internal earthquake like that produced by a drastic purgative. For thirty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney troubles, malaria and rheumatism.

It has been found necessary to turn the City Hall at Walla Walla, W. T., into a temporary home for immigrants, the rush into the Territory is so great.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

The cultivation of pineapples is rapidly extending to Southern Florida. One grower will have 100,000 pines to ship this season.

Don't you want to save money, sweeten, time and labor? All can be saved if you will try Dobbin's Electric Soap. It does not "dry," knowing if you try it once, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

There is a plan on foot to erect in New York a great mausoleum capable of holding the remains of 30,000 people.

BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

READY-MADE underclothing can be bought to-day for about the price of making it twenty years ago.

It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

The Indiana Supreme Court lately decided that shaving on Sunday is not a work of necessity.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

It is announced that two prominent insurance companies lost \$200,000 by the deaths from the flood in Conemaugh Valley.

The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

Johnstown Horror!

One New Book. The Standard Association has provided 9000 children with books in families, of which 7000 have been distributed since the flood. All children received under the name of the Standard Association. The books are of the best quality and cover a wide range of subjects. They are of the highest quality and cover a wide range of subjects. They are of the highest quality and cover a wide range of subjects. They are of the highest quality and cover a wide range of subjects.

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