Opelousas Courier.
[...]CE & L. A. SANDOZ, Publishers.
[OP]ELOUSAS. - - - LOUISIANA.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

[Loo]k at the Dial and See How the Hours Are Marked.

"Mark down the figures on the face [of] watch," said a Summit street [jew]eler to a reporter.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—began the reporter [as] he put pencil to paper.

"No, I mean Roman numerals."

Then this was produced.

I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, [X], XI, XII.

"You are wrong," said the jeweler.

"I guess not," said the reporter.

"Try again," said the jeweler.

"Perhaps I don't know how to count Roman figures," said the reporter.

"You know that well enough, but [clock]makers use different ones. Look [at] your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Well, look at mine. See the figure which stands for four o'clock."

The reporter looked, and was surprised. It was IIII and not IV.

"Are all the clocks and watches that way," he asked.

"Every one which has Roman figures on [the dial]."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watchmakers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was made by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called 'The Wise.'

"Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil-service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

"'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

"'Wherein, Your Majesty?' asked Vick.

"'That four should be four ones,' said the King.

"'You are wrong, Your Majesty,' said Vick.

"'I am never wrong,' thundered the King. 'Take it away and correct the mistake!' and corrected it was, and from that day to this four o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII. instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."—Toledo Blade.

A GALLANT SOLDIER.

How He Rescued a British Officer at the Risk of His Own Life.

Death has just removed an aged man in North Shields, England, who, though he bore upon his breast the coveted emblem of the Victoria Cross, was getting his living by sweeping the roadways as a servant of the Tyne corporation. Edward Jennings was the name of this distinguished scavenger, who was seventy-four years old. An Irishman by birth, he entered the service of the "John Company" at the age of [six]teen, and was with the British army that entered Cabul in 1839. The first engagement in which he fought was that of Ghuznif, where he received a medal. He also took part in the capture of Delhi, during the great mutiny, and in the relief of Lucknow, and the saving of Agra from the mutineers, as well as in a severe engagement at Cawnpore under Sir Colin Campbell. According to report, it was during the siege of Lucknow that Jennings, accompanied by half a dozen of his troops, was one day intrusted with the conveyance of a dispatch to a Captain Bennington. On the return journey the attention of the party was arrested by the cries of a European. Jennings at once volunteered to go in quest, the others remaining on the look-out. A high wall had to be surmounted; then the horseman galloped along a narrow street, at the end of which he discovered a British officer standing with his back against a wall, bayonet in hand, endeavoring to keep at bay a small host of excited natives, armed with short swords. The trooper shouted in the vernacular, "They are coming," on hearing which the horde broke and scattered, not before, however, the Irish private had cut down at least half a dozen. The ground thus cleared, Jennings dismounted, and attended to the wants of his superior, whom he found bleeding freely from several saber wounds, and a gunshot wound, the most serious, on the hip. The trooper had with him some rum, which he administered, and then put the well-nigh exhausted Lieutenant on his own beast, and, safely emerging, deposited his charge at the general hospital. It is stated that it was in return for this act that Sir Colin Campbell recommended him for the Victoria Cross. Unfortunately, the fact that Jennings could neither read nor write was a fatal bar to his obtaining a commission.—London Telegraph.

The Best Work to Do.

The best work for any man to do is the work that is just before him, by the ordering of God's providence. If he neglects that work, in the hope of finding something better suited to his abilities, there are two things in which he is practically a failure—the work to which God has set him, and the work which he has picked out for himself. Doing what he has to do is easier for any man than doing what he wants to do. If, indeed, what a man has to do happens to be what he wants to do, there is no objection to [that].—S. S. Times.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India has been found to measure ten feet six inches high.

—An old bachelor died recently in Rome leaving the Pope 1,000,000 lire. To his sister he left a monthly allowance of five lire.

—At a bazaar in Vienna an English millionaire paid $5,000 for a kiss from one of the beautiful stall holders—the Marchioness Pallaviccini.

—Sir Conrad Reeves, the Chief Justice of Barbados, is of slave descent on his mother's side, and is the first mulatto who has received the honor of Knighthood.

—The Sepoys of India kicked up a great rebelion about hog's grease, but their tastes have changed in the last five years and they now eat American ham and bacon with as much gusto as a European.

—A prominent Turkish official in Constantinople laments the spread of Christianity among the women of Turkey, on the ground that it will soon lead the Turkish ladies to dress as immodestly as Christian ladies.

—Cremation is apparently growing in favor with the aristocratic classes in England. One of the great landed owners of London, and the descendant of an illustrious line of dukes (name not given) is reported to have made a donation of $5,000 to the Cremation Society of England, and his body is to be burned after death.

—The total population of Bulgaria and Rumelia, strangers included, was ascertained on January 1st, 1888, to be 3,154,575. Of these 2,336,250 were Bulgarians, 904,000 Turks, and only 86,000 Greeks. The Turkish race in Bulgaria exhibits a singular predominance of females, who number 607,000, and 58,000 of the Greeks are females. Among the Bulgarians and other races the males are in excess.

—The Empress of Russia, like her sister, the Princess of Wales, never wears high-crowned or large-brimmed hats, which, indeed, would be unsuited to the delicate type of her beauty. Every thing must be small and neat and compact, whether hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors are pale blue and mauve.

—In the town library of Nuremberg is preserved an interesting globe, made by John Schoner, professor of mathematics in the gymnasium there A. D. 1520. It is very remarkable that the passage through the Isthmus of Panama, so much sought after in later times, is on this old globe carefully delineated.

—Hair-dyeing is becoming general among the laboring people of England—not from motives of vanity, but under the spur of necessity. Working women, and even men, it appears, are given to decorating themselves in this way as a matter of necessity, and in order to earn their living. Gray hair looks aged, and suggests inefficiency; or perhaps it does not, for some other reason, satisfy the fancy of critical customers; consequently it is not in favor with employers. Hair-dyeing has therefore become an established custom among persons seeking employment.

—From the last report of Krupp's establishment at Essen it appears that in 1833 there were only nine workmen, and in 1848, seventy-four. In July, 188[.] the establishment employed 20,960 men, of whom 13,626 were at Essen. Including the families of the workmen they supported a population of 73,969 souls, of whom 24,193 lived in houses provided by the firm. There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, ninety-two steam hammers of from 100 to 50,000 kilos, 370 steam engines, with a total of 27,000 horse-power, 1,724 different machines, and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke, 2,735 tons are daily used, and eleven high furnaces of the latest constructions produce 600 tons of iron per day.

ACROSS GREENLAND.

The Thrilling Story of a Danish Explorer's Snow-Shoe Trip.

Since Dr. Nansen's return to Denmark he has added very interesting details to the story of his trip across Greenland. The fact that his party, after leaving the ship within twelve miles of Umivik, where they expected to begin their land journey, drifted many miles south in the ice and were over three weeks reaching their destination on the coast, shows the immense difficulty of penetrating the ice barrier that the prevailing winds keep constantly packed against the eastern shores of Greenland.

Some of the isolated natives unaccustomed to the sight of white men, fled in terror, though Captain Holm's sojourn among them during one winter should have taught them better. Probably no tribe were so thoroughly introduced to the public by means of the camera as these natives, of whom numerous photographs appear in Captain Holm's recent book.

The six men of the Nansen expedition were a spectacle worth seeing as they gained the lofty summit of the inland ice, all tied together with a rope, as though they were climbing the Matterhorn. It was a wise precaution, for the snow concealed not a few gaping crevices in the thick ice, and now and then the fragile bridge gave way under some member of the party. It was heavy sledging in the soft snow of the Arctic summer, but the party, on their snow-shoes, dragging five little sledges, made fifty miles in the first twelve days. They were steadily climbing toward the summit of Greenland's ice plain, which, as we have learned within the past few years, is higher than any other extensive plateau in the world except those of the Pamir and some parts of Thibet.

The party occupied over two weeks in crossing this almost level expanse of ice, 9,000 feet above the sea. It was now September, and at the enormous height of nearly 3,000 feet above the summit of our Mount Washington, it is easy to understand that the Greenland tourists were impeded no longer by soft and yielding snow. The temperature, however, was seldom lower than twenty degrees below zero, but many snow storms and great drifts impeded the progress of the travelers.

At last they reached the eastern slope of the frozen sea, and, hoisting their sails, they found that much of the time it was no longer necessary to haul on the sledge ropes. Often they traveled behind their sledges to hold them back and rattled down the long slope at a splendid rate. Now and then, however, they were face to face with the most startling dangers, as once, when they paused on the edge of a great crevice which seemed like the mouth of a bottomless abyss. They had other hairbreadth escapes, and once nearly lost their lives through the breaking of a snow-bridge. Earlier travelers on the inland ice of Greenland have found that the need of making long detours to get around crevices was one of the greatest obstacles in their way.

At last the fiords of the western coast were reached. In forty days the little party had traveled three hundred miles, from sea to sea. We do not yet know what scientific value attaches to this expedition; but it is likely to add interesting facts to our knowledge of this stupendous ice mass, which, moving very slowly toward the coasts, finds some outlet for its accumulations through the fiords. Contemplating this tremendous ice movement, it is not difficult to believe that we see in the Greenland of to-day the conditions that, in a past geological age, tore great bowlders of trap from the Palisades, and huge granite and other rock masses from far northern regions, and strewed them along the shores of Long Island.—N. Y. Sun.

ENCAUSTIC PROCESSES.

Those Practiced by the Egyptians in the Time of the Roman Emperors.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine coloring and skillful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's workshop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and lifelike; the ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment and the men in white, with a red orphrey. The modeling of the flesh is very skillful, and in some cases the coloring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone. A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in the hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax, and then fixed in their places by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy *impasto* of the surface is due to the hardening of the melted wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, the subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wooden stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate mediæval pictures on panel, especially retables, or ancone, as the Venetians called them.—Saturday Review.

EXCITEMENT IN MUNICH.

The Serious Mistake Accidentally Made by a Bavarian Drug Clerk.

A lady entered one of the prominent drug stores, the other day, desiring a cure for a cold. The clerk, a man of long experience, reached into one of the chests for a popular remedy for colds, and handed it to the woman, who went on her way rejoicing. A few minutes later he opened the chest again, and, to his horror, found it filled with a poison which had been placed there temporarily owing to the lack of labels. The police were immediately notified, but failed to find the lady in question. Criers were sent out, who ran about the city proclaiming the incident, and telling all who had purchased the popular remedy to proceed to the station to have it examined. Red placards were placed upon the bill boards. "Extras" were thrown about the city, with sensational headings—"A Life Endangered," "A Case of Poison," and the like—until the whole town was excited, and the majority [wa]s the inhabitants seemed hunting the woman with the "popular remedy."

The station was overcrowded with people and invalids of all kinds, who had come to have their medicines examined. There was moaning and gnashing of teeth, and hysterical women declaring, despite ruddy cheeks, that they were at the point of death; others ready to take farewell of their dear ones; in all, a scene like a mild pandemonium, frightening the poor policemen out of their senses. But though the firm paid over one thousand marks in advertising, the investigation proved unavailing. The unfortunate woman did not appear.—Munich Letter.

The Crocodile's Rich Feast.

Better far to bear the ills you know than fly to those you know not of. If the seventy-five Kaffirs at the cape who bolted from the May Queen reef to rid themselves of daily toil had borne the old adage in mind the bulk of them would have been in the land of the living to-day. Instead of that some of them are in the land of the leal—perhaps—and others in a much warmer place. This is how it all happened: When said natives bolted pursuit was hot. Black men jumped into a river but only four out of the lot reached the other side. It was a case of crocodile first, and natives next to nowhere. The crocodiles had a high old time of it with seventy-five plump Kaffirs to feed upon. In a race for liberty a policeman may be outstripped or outmaneuvered—a crocodile never—or scarcely ever.—Cape Town Argus.

A BANQUET OF DEATH.

One of the Most Thrilling Episodes Recorded in Japanese History.

During the civil war in Japan that broke out upon the death of the Shogun (military Emperor) Nobunago, in the closing years of the sixteenth century, occurred the following incident. Shibata, brother-in-law to the dead Shogun, had espoused the cause of the latter's son, Nobutaku, against the designs of the unscrupulous Hideyoshi, the Japanese Napoleon Bonaparte of that age. The fortunes of war turned against Nobutaku, and his gallant General, Shibata, was compelled to retreat through the mountains into his own province, and shut himself up with some five hundred of his faithful vassals in his ancestral castle at Fukui. Hideyoshi, breathing out vengeance against the enemy who had so long defied him, followed in hurried pursuit, and, pitching his camp on Atago mountain before the castle of Shibata, vowed never to remove it hence until he had the head of his foe.

Day after day the siege was pressed closer and closer, and Shibata and his brave little garrison found it more and more difficult to repulse the furious assaults of their enemies, who outnumbered them twenty to one. To the danger from the foe without the walls was soon added the horrible prospect of starvation within. Finally, finding his case altogether hopeless, Shibata called together the surviving remnant of his little band and thus addressed them:

"My beloved followers, it often behooves the warrior to choose between death with glory and life with ignominy; between honorable self-destruction and captivity in the hands of an insolent foe. Our fortunes have brought us to the necessity of making such a choice. Only three things are possible—to remain here and starve like dogs, to sally out to battle and court death from hostile weapons, or to destroy ourselves as becomes brave soldiers who would die by their own swords rather than by those of the enemy."

With one accord the retainers raised their voice for *hara-kiri*, or suicide. That night Shibata had a splendid banquet prepared from the provisions still left, and he ordered the men to saturate the wood-work of the castle with oil, and to heap up piles of combustible material in the lower rooms. When all was in readiness the women within the castle were called, and Shibata said to his wife: "You and the other women may now quietly pass through the gates, and under cover of the night, it is possible you can escape detection by our foes. We shall remain here to die, as becomes the lords and retainers of the house of Shibata."

Then the sister of Nobunago, with a spirit that was as brave as that of her husband, speaking for herself and the other women, said to her lord: "I, too, am sprung from a lineage no less noble than that of my husband. Why, then should he deny to me and my women the honor he and his retainers have planned for themselves? A thousand times to be preferred is the privilege of dying at the hands of those that love us, than the possibility of falling into the power of Hideyoshi's butchers."

At midnight the sentinels were called off from the walls, and all assembled in a large upper room of the castle. Here was served the banquet that had been prepared. The doomed little company ate, and drank, and danced, and sang songs of defiance to their foes. At a signal from Shibata, the servants below fired the castle in a score of places, and at the same instant the warriors sprang to their feet, and the women, chanting their death-song, received the dirks of their husbands and fathers into their hearts. Then, while the lights from their burning castle, that turned the night into day, revealed to Shibata and his retainers the camp of the besieging army on the wooded heights of Atago, they raised their voices together in one wild cry of defiant hate to the foe whose anticipated vengeance they had balked. This was the last sound that Hideyoshi and his astonished soldiers heard from the castle, for each of the little band, kneeling on the floor in grim and terrible silence, died the coveted death of the vanquished warrior—that of the dreadful *hara-kiri*.—N. Y. Ledger.

CHARMING TOILETTES.

Ecru Batiste, White China Silk and Other Stylish Summer Gowns.

The cotton dresses that are considered suitable for wearing when driving in the afternoon in the park will be worn all day in the country, even at the most fashionable watering-places. The novelty for such gowns this season is a revival of the ecru batiste of long ago, made up with a parasol to match, the fabric barred or striped with the same shade woven in twills, and the edges printed with great bunches of blossoms, life-like in size and color—convolvuli, bluets, poppies or myosotis—tied with fluttering ribbons, and bordered with real ribbons of similar or contrasting shades. The skirts hang quite straight over the silk petticoat, which is rather full for a foundation skirt, and the flower clusters on the selvages are so large that only four bunches appear lengthwise on the skirt from belt to toe, each side of the front breadth, down the sides, and in the back. A tucked breadth of plain batiste is set in on each side, and the bordered breadths show their selvages against ribbons which peer from under them as a facing, one pretty dress having pink moire ribbon resting on Suede-colored moire ribbon, while wider Suede moire forms the sash in the back, and pink moire crosses the front of the waist as an Empire sash. This waist is a round full-belted affair with large sleeves, and the front covered by pink fluffy jabots and throat bow of silk muslin. The parasol of the muslin is gathered very full on the frame with a flower cluster in each gore, and ruffles around the edge and standing up in the middle.

Felix and Worth use other batistes that have small bouquets, or rose-vine stripes, or else tiny palms or arabesques in old-rose, blue, or mauve all over them, trimming them with the fashionable heavy open-patterned laces and many ribbons. Worth makes rose lawn gowns with accordion breadths for the front and side of the skirt, and long drapery in the back, the waist gathered over a fitted lining, the round front covered by a Greek draped breadth beginning on the right shoulder, dropping down to the waist line, and curved upward to fasten on the left shoulder. In the right under-arm seam green moire ribbon (four inches wide) is set its whole width, and drawn down to tie in a knot in front at the waist line, then carried up to hook on the left under-arm seam. Old Mechlin lace is plaited as a deep collarette, and forms a puff and ruffle like an under sleeve at the wrist of the easy coat sleeves. A Felix gown of cream lawn, with small rose-colored palm leaves, has a French waist gathered on a grass linen lining, with its open throat widely trimmed with open-meshed Breton lace, and the lawn cut in square tabs that lie on the lace frills. Two red ribbons are set wide in the under-arm seams and pointed in folds below the waist line in front and back. The straight full skirt is slightly draped on the hips, while the foot has an Empire flounce of lace crossing it, with square tabs falling upon it, and red ribbon butterfly bows set at the top of the tabs in a gay and pretty fashion.

Some of the prettiest white gowns are made entirely of plain white China silk in a youthful fashion introduced by Worth this season, with only thick cording and ruffles gathered on cords for trimming. The round belted waist has its fullness on the shoulders drawn on rows of thick cords that form two points in front and one in the back, and a similar point is drawn at the top of each full sleeve. The very deep over-skirt of six breadths has five points drawn below the waist in front and on the sides, and is merely gathered at the top of the two back breadths. This over-skirt is slightly caught up on each side, and shows all around the foot a false skirt, which is merely a flounce half a yard deep sewed on the foundation skirt and trimmed all along its edge with a ruffle of the silk drawn on two thick cords, forming an inch-wide standing ruffle at the top and a ruffle two inches wide below. White moire ribbon with Rhinestone buckles forms the smooth belt, the collar and the wristbands of this immaculate dress, and the white hat is of shirred net trimmed with white morning-glories.—Harper's Bazar.

GOING TO SEE A MAN.

The Origin of a Popular Sentence in the Language of Slang.

One night in the winter of 1865 Artemus Ward lectured at Lincoln Hall, and when the great humorist was about half through his discourse he paralyzed the audience with the announcement that they would have to take a recess of fifteen minutes so as to enable him to go across the street to "see a man." H. R. Tracy, then editor of the Washington Republican, was in the audience, and seeing an opportunity to improve upon the joke penciled the following lines and sent them to the platform:

"Dear Artemus: If you will place yourself under my guidance I'll take you to 'see a man' without crossing the street."

Artemus accepted the invitation, and while the great audience impatiently, but with much amusement, awaited the reappearance of the humorist, the latter was making the acquaintance of Aman and luxuriating at a well-laden refreshment board. Of course every body "caught on to" the phrase, and men became fond of getting up between the acts and "going out to see Aman." The restaurateur's business from this time forward boomed. Men who would ordinarily sit quietly through an entertainment and behave themselves allowed themselves to be influenced by contagion.—Washington Letter.

A Reformed Indian.

A recent issue of the Farmington Register of Oregon contains a letter from Andrew Saltise, the head of the Cœur d'Alene Indians, asking the saloon men not to sell his people liquor. He says if any of them are found drunk in town he would like to have the city marshals arrest them and send word to him, and he will go and get them and put them in his jail. He also talks to the county clerk about estrays, and says his people lose many horses. He closes by saying: "I want to be at peace with all the whites, and would like to have the whites use my people as they use one another." It is but a few years since Saltise rode at the head of the Cœur d'Alene warriors, and was a savage chief bent on destroying the whites. Now he rides around the country taking a fatherly interest in his tribe, and keeping them straight. He is thrifty and well-to-do, and rides into town in a comfortable carriage behind a good pair of horses.

A Large Tree.

Morgan County boasts of the largest beech tree in Georgia. It is situated on W. J. Van Winkle's place four miles below Madison, on the right side of the Georgia railroad, and is plainly visible from the train, but attracts little attention from travelers from the fact that, owing to the immense size, persons take it for granted that it is an entire grove. So large, in fact, is the tree, that its dimensions sound almost incredable. It is twenty-one feet in circumference, and at twelve o'clock in the day it casts a shadow 114 feet in diameter.

An Exclusive Person.

On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller he said politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check."

Drawing herself up quite haughtily she said, freezingly: "But I do not want to know you, sir!"—Richmond Dispatch.

—There is a reason for all things, and the small boy always wants to know it.—Somerville Journal.

—Thirty years ago the Thomas Dickason, a New Bedford whaling ship, was lost in the Ochotsk Sea. Last summer the bark Cape Horn Pigeon took a whale in the same sea, and embedded in the blubber was the iron of a harpoon, with the words "Thomas Dickason" stamped on it. It was as bright and sharp as when it was first struck into the whale, at least thirty years ago.

LADIES, from all the diseases from which you especially suffer, from all the weakness—physical and mental, which tortures you, from your nervous prostration and bodily pains, there is relief in Brown's Iron Bitters. Many ladies now living healthy, happy lives, having been freed from chronic difficulties peculiar to their sex, who bear cheerful testimony to the value of this sovereign remedy for mental and physical suffering; this sure cure for nervous depression and bodily weakness known as Female Complaints.

AMONG the degrees conferred by Princeton College at its recent commencement that of Doctor of Laws upon President [Harri]son.

The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.

H. L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zalaba, Fla., writes: "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. [...], Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a[...] 15 years was I free from headache [...] B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like [another] person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion, I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other medicines had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says there is nothing like B. B. B., as it quickly gave her relief."

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.

Our Girls.

Kitty is witty,
Nettie is pretty,
Lutie is cute and small;
Irene is a queen,
Annette is a pet,
Nell is the belle of the ball;
Diantha is wealthy,
Bertha is healthy,
And health is the best of all.

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 Prescription. 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 Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

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

Sound Reasons for Approval.

There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters above the ordinary cathartics. It does not drench and weaken the bowels, but *assists* rather than *forces* nature to act; it is botanic and safe; 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.

THE most potent remedies for the cure of disease have been discovered by accident. The first dose of Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria was given, as an experiment, to an old lady almost dying from the effects of Malaria, on whom Quinine acted as a poison. *One dose* cured her; and a single dose has cured thousands since. It is the only known Antidote for the poison of Malaria. Sold by Druggists.

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

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

THE cultivation of pineapples is rapidly extending to Southern Florida. One grower will have 106,000 pines to ship this season.

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.

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.

IT is announced that two prominent insurance companies lost $520,000 by the deaths from the flood in Conemaugh Valley.

WE recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

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

A Fair Trial

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