KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

$20 REWARD WILL BE PAID TO ANY MAN or WOMAN,

Youth or Maiden, between the ages of 16 and 70, who can supply the full list of correct answers to the following FOUR SKELETON WORD-STUDIES, and a proportionate award for A SINGLE WINNING ANSWER to ANY ONE of the four.

HERE ARE THE 4 BRAIN-BURNISHERS:

1 •R••••••NT — What many politicians, political orators and others would like to be.

2 •EA•TY — Desirable for all women, and especially for those with pious aspirations.

3 •R••S — That for which women fond of showy attire often spend too much money.

4 •I•HT — Desirable in their "business" by pugilists Corbett, Mitchell, Sullivan, and others.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

Simply write out what, after careful study, you believe are the answers required to win the $20 reward; AND DON'T FORGET that if your answers are only partially right you will still win a just proportion of the full reward. Then write your name and address underneath your answers and mail them to this address:

AM. PUB. CO. Clerk 87 Jersey City, N. J.

You are not required to send a penny of money with your answers—not even return postage on the Awarding Committee's reply to you—we pay that.

THE JUDGES of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA, ...
Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . .
Vanilla Chocolate, ...
German Sweet Chocolate, . .
Cocoa Butter. . . . . .

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

SANTUZZA

DICK CAVERLY was whistling softly as he moved about the one bare room of his little cabin, but there was no jubilance in the strain. Yet Dick was making his toilet for a dinner—and dinner parties were rare up on San Luis. This one to be sure was but a stag-party of two, and moreover it was a farewell, since his prospective host was to leave the camp on the next morning's stage. Travers was the only man on the mountain with whom Dick could fraternize. Therefore he was melancholy even with the prospect before him of Travers chili con carne, upon the strength of which the latter claimed for himself the title of the best cook on the mountain. Caverly had finished shaving—an extra touch in honor of the event—and now he pulled on his corduroy coat and surveyed as much of his picturesquely-clad six-feet-two of brawn as the small cracked mirror on the wall would accommodate.

Suddenly across the pale square of the window flashed a shadow. A moment later it darkened the doorway. Caverly wheeled about sharply as a man sprang into the cabin and slamming the door, shot the heavy bolt in the socket. Instantly the small room was almost dark.

"Who's that?" demanded Caverly, backing toward the shelf where his revolver lay.

Breathing heavily like a hunted animal, the man came a few steps nearer and Caverly recognized one of the Mexican hands at the lumber-mill.

"Juan Valera! What's the matter—are you loco?"

The Mexican shook his head, staggered sideways and leaned against the wall, panting for breath.

"No, senor, no! Don't let them take me! Por el amar de Dios!"

Caverly pushed forward the only chair in the room and stood silent for a moment, his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and his eyes on Valera, who had collapsed limply into the seat.

"Now, Valera, if you've got your breath, tell me what the trouble is. What have you done?"

"Nothing, senor—I swear by the blessed Virgin!"

In the faint light from the window the Mexican's face showed ghastly white with terror.

"Hear that! They're coming! O, Senor Richards, help me, hide me somewhere!"

"Nonsense, it's the wind in the pine trees," said Caverly, exasperated by the man's cowardice. "Can't you—"

He paused suddenly and stood alert, listening. Was that the murmur of the pines, or was it the trampling of feet in the dry needles which carpet the forest? Valera too caught the sound and got to his feet. A shout outside was echoed by his stifled cry of terror as he started toward Caverly.

"Keep back!" cried the latter warily.

"Senor, they'll hang me! I didn't kill him, I swear to you! O my wife, my Santuzza! and my poor little Pedro! Ah—"

There was the red flash of a lantern and a rush of feet past the window, and then a sharp rap on the door.

"Mr. Caverly! are you here?" cried a rough voice.

"Senor, don't let them in!" cried Valera as Caverly moved past him.

"Be still! I'm going to open the door and see what these men want. I won't let them hurt you unless you deserve it. Sabe that? Then shut up."

With this Cavelry shot the bolt and flung the door open. A murmur of surprise greeted him from a dozen men dimly visible in the red light of the lanterns outside.

"What, you here? We didn't see any light and thought—"

"What's the matter?" demanded Caverly.

"A man's been killed and we're after the fellow that done it!" said one of the foremost hoarsely.

"Who's killed?"

"Travers."

"My God!" Caverly caught the door-casing. "It can't be!"

For an instant his brain reeled. He leaned against the side of the door, hearing dimly, as in a confused dream, the voices of the men around him.

"—Juan Valera," some one was saying when he pulled himself together. "We were close on his trail and we know he's here. Bring him out, Caverly. We'll show the greaser that a white man—" the speaker shook the lariat which was coiled about his arm.

"Are you sure he did it?" asked Caverly, strangely calm.

"Sure? Of course we are. Wasn't his knife lying in the blood by poor Travers when we found him?"

"Was he dead?" here Caverly's voice trembled slightly.

"No, he isn't dead, but Doc says—"

"Not dead? Why in Heaven's name didn't you tell me? I must go. Johnson, don't hang Valera till you're dead sure he deserves it. Lock him up and then if—if Travers—"

"Doc says he can't live," said Johnson doggedly. "And we propose to finish the job while we're about it. We ain't the men to tramp six miles through the woods for nothing. Don't bother us, Mr. Caverly. Go on and see your friend and let us alone."

"I won't let you murder a defenseless man," said Caverly doggedly. "I promised to protect him and I will. You can take him and guard him till he's proved guilty—"

"He's proved guilty now!" shouted another man. "Stand aside, or it'll be the worse for you!"

Caverly knew the fierce temper of these men and their ill-feeling toward the Mexicans, and he saw that both were now exasperated to a dangerous pitch. But he could not desert Valera.

"You cannot take him unless you promise me not to harm him now," he said.

"How're you going to help yourself?" jeered one of the men.

"I advise you not to try it. I'll do for one of you anyway and you'll have to kill me first!" cried Caverly recklessly. His blood was thoroughly up. Every muscle and sinew in his magnificent body was tense with resolution.

The angry crowd paused a moment. This was considerably more than they had bargained for. Suddenly Johnson dropped the coiled lariat from his arm and stepped forward.

"Come on, boys, let's end this!" he cried. Caverly measured with a glance the heavy frame of his advancing adversary. He saw that the man meant to match physical force with him. The weapon in his hand was not natural to him. He thrust it into his belt and stepped to the ground, feeling the old exultant confidence in his tried strength and skill sweep over him like a flash. Caverly parried and in his turn lunged but Johnson ducked under his arm and the two men clinched. For some moments they struggled, almost motionless, so evenly were they matched. Suddenly Johnson, too impatient to feint, stooped and shot forward, his arms low down to get his favorite hold. But at that instant the half-Nelson of the college gymnasium came into play against him. There was a half-turn of Caverly's body, a wrench forward, and Johnson, lifted clear from his feet, was whirled on a pivot and crashed full-length on the ground. Stunned by the terrible shock for some moments he lay motionless.

"Any of the rest of you want to try it?" demanded Caverly, breathing hard. In an instant he saw from the expression of the men's faces that the victory was gained. Johnson had been the ring-leader, and his discomfiture had momentarily paralyzed them.

"Give me your word that you won't harm Valera to-night," said Caverly, changing his tone. "And let me go to Travers. I may be too late now."

The men hesitated and then yielded a grudging assent.

"We aren't afraid of you, young feller—you know that," began one.

"Of course," agreed Caverly. "Now you're acting like men. Valera!"

He turned and called twice, but there was no answer. Hastily he lit a candle. The little room was empty. Valera had made his escape through the window. There was an angry murmur from the crowd when this fact was made certain.

"Let him go," said Caverly. "If he's really guilty I'll turn out myself and help you track him to-morrow. Good-night."

He sprang down the steps leaving the door wide open and struck off into the woods at a run. The never-ceasing murmur of the great pines sounded above him like the wash of the sea. The dry needles crackled under his feet. Between the tops of the trees gleamed the marvellously clear starry sky, and the divine air of the mountains flowed and eddied about him like a living thing. He plunged down the slopes at a rate that soon brought him into view of the scattered lights of the little hamlet, and a moment later to the door of Travers' cabin, which stood a little apart from the others. The door was open. He stepped inside. The front room was empty, but in the other "Doc" Simpson sat tilted back in a chair reading an old newspaper by the light of a tallow candle, and in one corner on the low cot lay a still figure, the face turned to the wall. At Caverly's almost noiseless approach, Doc looked over his paper and in response to the other's signal rose cautiously and came out.

"Is he—dead?" whispered Caverly.

"No, not yet—but he won't live till morning," answered Doc with professional nonchalance.

"Is he asleep—can I see him?"

"Yes, you can see him. Nothing'll hurt him now."

Caverly went up to the cot and stooped over it with bated breath.

"KEEP BACK."

There was a slight movement of Travers' head and his eyes half opened.

"Travers, old fellow!" whispered Caverly.

The dying man smiled faintly and nodded. Caverly dropped on his knees beside the cot.

"How did this happen?" he groaned between his teeth. "Who did it, Travers?"

"Juan Valera's wife," answered Travers faintly.

"Santuzza!" exclaimed Caverly with a gasp of surprise; and then as a light broke over him, he added slowly, "Ah! I understand. These Mexican women are devils when they are jealous. Travers lay with closed eyes. Presently he opened them wide and looked at Caverly anxiously. "In here; get the picture, "he whispered with an effort laying his hand on his breast. Caverly put his hand in his dying friend's coat pocket and drew out a worn envelope. In it, he knew, was a photograph of the fair faced girl "back East" whom Travers was to have married in a few weeks.

"Send it to her, and tell her I loved her," Travers whispered again.

"I will; I will, old fellow," Caverly said pressing his friend's hand. "Did Santuzza ever see this?" pointing to the photograph.

Travers seemed to be striving to remember and finally nodded.

"How did she do it. Can't you tell me? asked Caverly anxiously. But Travers eyes were closed and no words seemed to reach his brain. Hour after hour Caverly sat and watched beside his friend while the night wore on and the doctor read and dozed in his chair. No one came in. The village was as quiet as though deserted.

As the faint light of the dawn caused the candle to burn more dimly the dying man's breathing became shorter and fainter and then stopped.

Caverly pushed open the cabin door and stepped out just as a group of men came out of the woods and moved down the trail to the camp. They were carrying something. Caverly went to meet them. Before he had asked a question, Johnson called to him:

"It's Valera's wife," he said, "That devil of a greaser has vamoosed. Thought he'd shut her up, first, I reckon." Caverly had now come up. One of the men was carrying the boy Pedro.

"Likely she followed him and he couldn't get away if he took her with him," Johnson added as the rough men laid the body gently down on the floor of the general store. "You see, we thought we might as well be hunting him, and we found this. He won't never show his face around here again." Caverly did not contradict him. He sent the photograph and the message as he had promised. And when he went back to his lonely cabin on the mountain he carried the child Pedro with him.

He alone knew that Santuzza had taken the only way to prevent the man whom she secretly loved from returning to the girl who waited for him "back East."

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder Has all the Honors—In Strength and Value 20 per cent. above its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. The result at the Chicago World's Fair is no exception. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various state and industrial fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent World's Fair the examinations for the baking powder awards were directed by the chief chemist of the agricultural department at Washington. The chief chemist's official report of the tests of the baking powders, which was made for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited, the next highest in strength tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent. greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness, could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sale of all other baking powders combined.

An Umbrella Story.

"Pshaw," said the man from Georgia, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin! Why, just look here. Last spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbrella, which I laid down on some rocks. Well, about an hour afterward I went to get my umbrella, as it had begun to rain a little. I took hold of the handle and as I gave it a shove something began to tear and as the umbrella flew open a black snake fell to the ground split in two from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swallowed my umbrella and I never noticed it until I shoved up the thing and split the cuss open from stem to stern."—*Philadelphia Post.*

The Best He Could Do.

The seedy individual, blear-eyed and unkempt slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"Five cents."

"And a steak?"

"Five cents."

"Fried eggs."

"Five cents."

"Potatoes?"

"Five cents."

"Bread and butter?"

"Five cents."

"Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?"

"Oh, no."

Then he ran his hand down into his pocket.

"Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Troubles Threatening the Kidney,

Although they are grievous and very often fatal if disregarded, may be prevented by a timely resort to that admirable safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a genial promoter of activity in the renal organs, the stomach and the liver. Ere inaction of the kidneys developes into Bright's disease, diabetes or other dangerous disorders, recourse should be had to the Bitters. If this suggestion is followed, the happiest outcome of the earliest symptoms may be anticipated with confidence. Check a development of these maladies at the outset by the means indicated, since at their maturity they are hard indeed to conquer. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, insomnia, nervousness, constipation, malarial complaints are eradicated by the Bitters, a medicine of comprehensive use and prompt effects.

The name Queen Victoria got with her husband was Wettin. Perhaps this may have something to do with her long reign.

Asthma Sufferers

Who have in vain tried every other means of relief should try "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, as a single trial proves. Send to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first.

The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him, says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An exchange tell "How to Boil Onions." What is needed most is a recipe for boiling the man who eats them.

USE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. —"Pre-eminently the best." — *Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

There is a new cemetery out West that is rushing up trade in lots by advertising bargains in misfit graves.

Sixteen World's Fair Photos for One Dime.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has made an arrangement with a first-class publishing house to furnish a series of beautiful World's Fair pictures, of a large size, at the nominal cost to the purchaser of only ten cents for a portfolio of sixteen illustrations. Nothing so handsome in regard to the World's Fair has yet been published. The series would be worth at least twelve dollars if the pictures were not published in such large quantities, and we are therefore able to furnish these works of art for only ten cents.

Remit your money to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at Chicago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promptly to any specified address. They will make a handsome holiday gift.

A lady had some goods sent home marked C. O. D. A little nine-year-old girl exclaimed: "I know what C. O. D. means. It means "Call on Dad," which was singularly near the mark.

Something New.

The "Santa Fe Route" has inaugurated a through daily free reclining chair car service

A FINE LAW POINT.

An Indiana Judge Decides What Is Larceny and What Is Trespass.

"Do you know anything about law?" nonchalantly remarked the drummer to the postal clerk.

"No," replied the innocent.

"Well, ignorance of the law is no excuse," laughed the drummer; "but that is not what I am here for. I want to tell you of a fine law point I recently saw decided by a justice of the peace in Indiana. You don't know, of course," and the drummer looked as if he were very sorry for the clerk, "so I'll tell you that the law in Indiana is that if a man steals fruit from the tree, corn from the stalk or potatoes from the hill he can only be held for trespass, but if the property becomes detached from the realty and is then taken, he may be held for larceny, and larceny is a serious offense.

The clerk nodded as if he knew perfectly the difference between realty and larceny.

"Last week," continued the drummer, "I was in that state and one afternoon I dropped into a justice's court where a man was being examined for stealing a bag of potatoes. The justice was a new one, the prisoner was an old offender, and the crowd in the room seemed anxious to see how the novice was going to deport himself on his first case. They also wanted to see the prisoner get a dose that he deserved, for they had all suffered by him, and not a few bets were laid that the new squire couldn't do any better with the law than his predecessors had done. It was a clear case against the prisoner, for the owner of the potatoes had chased him out of the field, seen him throw the bag over the fence, get over after it, pick it up and disappear in the woods adjoining, but could not capture the thief, as he was old and lame. The prisoner was smiling, for the trespass penalty was light and he had been caught but once."

"Come to the point, will you?" kindly suggested the clerk.

"By and by," responded the drummer. "The case being as I have stated, and the learned justice having heard the testimony, to the surprise and pleasure of everybody except the thief, held the prisoner for larceny, for, said he, 'While it is trespass to steal potatoes from the hill, it is larceny to steal them when they are separated from the realty, and I hold that it was trespass until he threw them over the fence and separated them from the realty; then when he picked them up again, on the far side of the fence, the offense became larceny, and I shall hold the prisoner for larceny.'"

"Whether it was good law or not," concluded the drummer, "I am not here to say, but it went just the same and it paralyzed the prisoner."

In Its Infancy.

With all the progress that has been made, sanguine men of science are of the opinion that the world is yet on the threshold of electrical experiment, and that with the aid of this magical power of nature results will be produced surpassing what is now deemed impossible. Every patent that is issued represents a new idea, a new application of electricity or a new method for its production. For every patent that is granted a dozen are rejected; and each application is the result of numerous experiments. Thousands are busied in wresting the innermost secrets of this power, and in finding new ways of turning them to the uses of mankind. The age of steam propulsion, which was ushered in 100 years ago, has been followed by the age of electricity, which in less than twenty years has already accomplished marvels. Achievement is so rapid and so continuous in this domain of human efforts that imagination can scarcely keep pace with it.

An Abcess in the Church.

There is a negro church in Somerville and some funny things happen there. It seems that there was a little recess behind the pulpit which was used for the pastor's dressing-room. One day in a heavy rain the fresco fell with a crash upon the floor. Preparations were being made to repair the damage with the customary African promptness. The pastor, however, soon got disgusted, and one morning, after getting his feet covered with the dusty mortar, he ascended the pulpit. Casting his eye upon the dusky deacons of the church he announced with dignity: "Bredren and sistern, it gibs yo' pastor great pain to call attention to the state of affairs in dis yere church, but, bredren, de gospel in dis yere church must cease to be dispensed with till de abcess in de rear ob de puplit am fricasseed."

The fresco was put up the next day.—Boston Budget.

Death of the Pet Name.

The "pet name" is disappearing from the face of the earth. In a large hotel last summer, where there were a large number of children, there were Daniels, Samuels, Marthas and Emelines, without one "ie" in them all. The antiquated titles of the first half of the century are resurrected again as in this case, and no attempt to soften them. The Eloise and Leilas and Mauds are likewise dying out. It will not be long, at this rate, before one can tell a body's age by the name he bears, they belong so completely to periods.

Musical Item.

Mr. Morris Parke called at the house of Mr. Hudson Rivers and they were having a quiet chat together when a peculiar noise was heard.

"What is that noise I hear?" asked Mr. Morris Parke.

"Now you've got me," replied Rivers. "It's either my wife singing or the dog howling in the back yard. I am always getting myself into trouble by mistaking one for the other."—Texas Siftings.

Reason for His Change.

Dukane—You must come and see us in our new location.

Gaswell—Have you moved again so soon?

"Yes."

American Tea Growing.

An experiment at tea growing was made in North Carolina last season. The result was the harvesting of 150 pounds of superior leaves. A more elaborate plantation has been grown this season, and, from present indications, the results will show much better. It was grown from seeds obtained from the American consuls in China. Enough has been accomplished to demonstrate that a superior article can be grown in this country. The plant is suited to many sections of the West, and we hope to see some of our irrigation farmers try the business.

Tea plants may be grown either from seeds or cuttings. Many of the Chinese varieties and most of the Assam hybrids develop into luxuriant plants in this country. The yield for 1892, under high cultivation, was equal to that of the best Indian gardens of the same age. The rate of production of a well manured garden of 1,500 plants, at six years of age, is reckoned at from 250 to 500 pounds. It is probable that the profit can never be of any consequence, except in picking the small, young leaves, used in the manufacture of high-grade teas. This is prevented by the Asiatic cheap labor where tea pickers work for from six to eleven cents per day.

Only the Assam varieties have been tested at the Pinehurst plantation, but the Chinese plants will bear this season. The outlook is good for at least 160 acres being planted and a first quality of tea being harvested. But, its value as a crop for profit remains to be demonstrated. It is thought that by hiring women and children at very low wages to pick the leaves, the industry can be made a success. This is of course not advisable.

The velocity of light has been recorded, but the velocity with which a woman can scatter bad reports over a neighborhood is still a matter of guesswork.

An editor thinks that people of the right stamp are those who enclose return postage.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, published at Denver, Colo., is the only daily Populist paper in the nation. Its cartoon, apropos to the times, with every issue is worth the subscription, and it is full, fair and strong for the cause of reform. Daily, 50 cents per month; weekly, $1 a year in advance. Send 5c for a sample copy.

Most of these cranks seem to have their mouths with them when they are arrested.

No mineral water will produce the beneficial results that follow taking ONE or more of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" with a glass of water.

Some men get down on their neighbors when they find they can't come up to them.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A full-blooded crank is merely an animated idiosyncrasy with a handle to it.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. & $1.00.

The frogs are the greatest croakers in the world, and they never do any work.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Silk is grown in twenty states, while men who buy it groan in every state.

'Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Men locked in jail are always in favor of a lockout.

PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE** OR MONEY RETURNED.

For over a quarter of a century, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been effecting cures of Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections. The makers have such confidence in the "Discovery" for curing Asthma, Bronchitis, and incipient Consumption, that they can afford to guarantee it.

MRS. ISAAC LOTMAN, of *Thurlow, Delaware Co., Pa.*, writes as follows:

H. C. TROUP.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: "*Dear Sir*—I wish to write you of my brother, Harry C. Troup, who has been sick for ten years with asthma. He has been treated by ten different physicians, who have said he could not be cured. He had to sit up at night, he got so short of breath; he suffered with fearful headaches and had a bad cough. After taking Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, he did not get short of breath, and can sleep all night."

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

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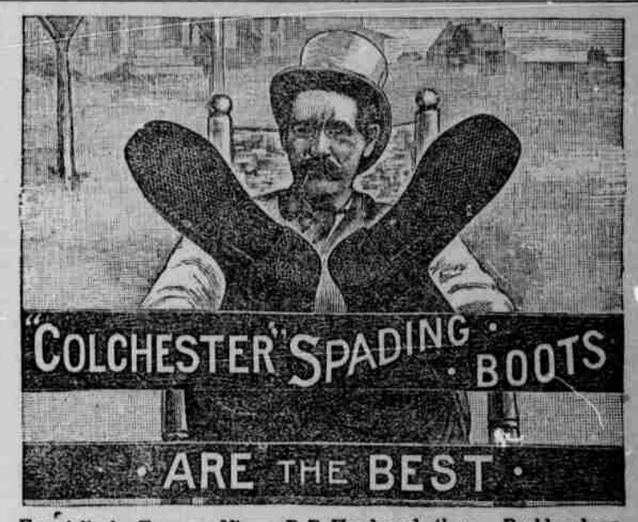

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