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SURE CURE FOR PILES. Best of all cures. Dr. J. C. HENNING'S PILE REMEDY.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

THE DEACON'S DISAPPEARANCE

By WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

"I would not like to take that responsibility either," rejoined I. "Besides the time is not far enough gone for any very serious apprehension. We must wait another day. There is an old saying something to the effect that 'if you want to keep your friends, don't prolong your visit beyond three days, and if you want to be thought not dead, don't be unaccountably absent from home beyond three nights.'"

To this Mr. Girvan agreed, and both of us saw the propriety of visiting the deaconess, who was hour by hour losing hope. We found her in the same position in which I had left her. I noticed that as we entered she turned a wistful eye upon us, with an expression that seemed to speak and say, "Is he not with you?" and there followed that blank look in which the orb seems dead.

There was silence everywhere, as if Angerona had then set up her temple, and the votaries were mute. The children, ignorant of the cause of change in their mother, had been put to bed. The servant whom we saw as we passed the kitchen sat at the fireside hanging her head, as if she mourned the death of a kind master, and no neighbors dared to intrude where they could carry no comfort—a species of kindness this in the people of Scotland which results from a delicacy they get small credit for from those who judge from a rude speech and homely if not coarse manners.

We sat down quietly and gravely, a clear enough indication to her that we brought no hopeful intelligence, nor had we sat many minutes when we came to understand what was the direction of the current of her thoughts. They had been all running toward the conclusion that Angus Macgillivray was in some way connected with the mysterious affair.

"Have you inquired," she asked as she cast her eyes over us, "if Angus has been at home yesterday? I could wait my marriage ring he's awa, and no sinner than he should be. Will ye no answer?" she continued in a wailing tone. "Is he in Edinburgh? When was he seen? Can naebody tell?"

I looked to Girvan, for I could not answer without falsehood, and he understood me.

"I have made no inquiry, Margaret," said he, "nor did I think it necessary to go there—the suspicion seems so unnatural. Besides are you not taking on too heavily? This is only the second day."

"The second day!" she burst forth. "And Deacon Macgillivray hasna seen his wife or his hairms nor sent a letter or a message to tell whaur he is. The second day!" she continued in the same wailing strain. "When was it that he was half an hour behind his dinner? And this has taken place in Edinburgh, which is just a lang street, whaur everybody kens everything about everybody."

"Many a longer absence has had a happy explanation," replied her brother. "We have only as yet one fact, and it will just look as you view it. You know peats will build the side of a house as well as make a fire that will burn you."

"But there's nae nae buttering peats," cried she impatiently. "I tell you Deacon Macgillivray is dead, and Angus is the man who has made me a widow and my hairms fatherless." And then came a fit of hysterical sobbing, which we had no means of alleviating. While I looked at her, and of course pitied her, I could not help thinking how completely her suspicion was confirmed by the information I had got, and which I dared not communicate to her. There was enough of sorrow for the hour. And as we saw we could be of no further service that night we left her to that kind of consolation which the heart seeks for itself, and sometimes the more readily and successfully that it is left to itself and to him who is master of the heart and the issues thereof.

Next forenoon I repaired to Girvan's, as arranged between us, in order that together we might make a more thorough search to the effect that at least of ascertaining whether the missing man had been seen, and when and where, during the forenoon, and the calmness into which she quickly relapsed appeared to be the consequence of resignation to the will of God.

Meanwhile the officer had intimated that the paper was to be preserved and taken up to the office in the morning, with an explanation that could be given of it. He then went away, and late as the hour was we resolved upon seeking out Mr. McPherson to ascertain from his own mouth the true circumstances connected with the finding of the extraordinary paper. We accordingly went to the Cowgate, and having found the man, who was on the eve of going to bed, proceeded with our examination. He adhered strictly to what he had stated in the bailies' office, nor had he any more to communicate, but we derived thus much from our visit that we became satisfied the man was honest and was not necessary to any trick or deception whereby some one might have supposed to have taken advantage of the public fermentation to infuse a new interest into what was already sufficiently engrossing. Girvan took the paper home with him, and we parted with the hope of getting some more light next day.

(To Be Continued.)

He Enjoyed It.

Old Johnson was very much given to "tipping," not wisely but too well, and would spend all his spare time at his favorite pub, says Sparo Moments. His house was so situated that it was necessary for him to go through the churchyard to reach it. One night, being a bit fuller than usual, he managed to fall into a newly made grave. He fell without hurting himself, and being tired went off to sleep. When he awoke the next morning, he couldn't make out where he got to, but after a struggle managed to reach the top of the grave and look around.

A broad grin spread over his face as he muttered to himself: "Dear, dear, it's resurrection day, and I'm up first."

His Little Scheme.

"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin?" "Yes, mother, Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

"Can ye no read?" said the officer.

"Read," added I impatiently.

And the same words trembled on the lips of the deaconess.

"Out it came at length, and the effect was certainly proportioned to the cause. I took the paper out of his hand and



I took the paper out of his hand, read for myself the following words, disseminated in this manner:

"Deacon Macgillivray, Borthwick's Close, Edinburgh, Killed on the 19th."

The paper was much crumpled, as if it had met with rough usage, and what added to the effect of the dreadful words, was besmeared with blood to such an extent that some of the letters were scarcely legible. I would willingly have kept it from the eyes of the deaconess, but she held out her hand tremblingly to get possession of it, and it was too late to attempt concealment. She read it at a glance, and, as if it had been on fire, threw it from her, unable to utter a word. "Stay a little," said Girvan as he rose and took his hat. "I will be back in 10 minutes." He hurriedly left the room. And I, taking up the paper, began to question the officer as to the person who left it at the bailies' office. I ascertained that his name was Hugh McPherson, a cobbler who resided in the Cowgate, and that his account of the manner of obtaining it was that he found it among straw on the street right opposite the coach office in the High street, from which the coach to Galashiels started twice a week. It was further stated by McPherson that his opinion was that the paper had fallen from the coach, along with the straw among which it was found. Before I had time to form any opinion as to the real purpose and meaning of this shilling scrap, Girvan came again hurriedly into the room, breathing hard, as if he had been running—an effect no doubt due more to his excitement than to his bodily exertion. Laying down his hat, he resumed his seat, and putting his hand into his pocket he drew out another paper something like an account.

"Look at that," said he as he handed it to me.

Glancing over it, I found it to be an account for skins, due by Girvan to Angus Macgillivray, duly discharged.

"What of this?" said I, utterly at a loss to know the meaning of it all.

"Examine the handwriting of the two papers," said he.

I did so and immediately ejaculated, "Why, that blood stained scrap is written by Angus Macgillivray."

"No doubt of it," said Girvan. "I knew it the moment I saw it, but I wanted to make sure work."

"And sure enough it is," replied I, "but what conclusion do you draw from it?"

"I am afraid to mention it," was the reply.

"But I'm no," cried the deaconess in a wild way. "It is just as I thought," she continued as she moved her arms as if to enable her to utter the words, "Angus Macgillivray has murdered my husband."

"But why should he publish the act in his own handwriting?" I rejoined.

"Because the awful man glories in his revenge," she cried again hysterically.

"That hardly squares with human nature," said Girvan. To this I assented, adding that "Angus was not so mad as not only to write his own condemnation, but give the officers of the law a direction to go in pursuit of him."

With all these qualifications, it was impossible to get rid of the direct effect of the words of the paper clearly enough indicating that the deacon had been killed by some one, whether Angus or not. The officer himself seemed to have no doubt, and, as for Mrs. Macgillivray, her former conclusion was only rendered more certain, and the calmness into which she quickly relapsed appeared to be the consequence of resignation to the will of God.

Meanwhile the officer had intimated that the paper was to be preserved and taken up to the office in the morning, with an explanation that could be given of it. He then went away, and late as the hour was we resolved upon seeking out Mr. McPherson to ascertain from his own mouth the true circumstances connected with the finding of the extraordinary paper. We accordingly went to the Cowgate, and having found the man, who was on the eve of going to bed, proceeded with our examination. He adhered strictly to what he had stated in the bailies' office, nor had he any more to communicate, but we derived thus much from our visit that we became satisfied the man was honest and was not necessary to any trick or deception whereby some one might have supposed to have taken advantage of the public fermentation to infuse a new interest into what was already sufficiently engrossing. Girvan took the paper home with him, and we parted with the hope of getting some more light next day.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Andrew Lang's Christmas book this year will be "The Animal Story Book."

"The Golliwogs Bicycle Club" is the promising title of a new illustrated gift book in preparation by the talented sisters, Bertha and Florence K. Upton.

William S. Lord, of Evanston, continues to write childhood verse worthy of Eugene Field. His latest piece is "Jingle and Jangle."

The long-expected "Life of the Rev. Benjamin Jowett," by Evelyn Abbott and the Rev. Lewis Campbell, is now completed, and will soon be issued by a London publisher.

Stuart Erskine has returned to London from Russia, where he reported the Moscow festivities for the Fall Mall Gazette. He is engaged upon a novel to be called "Lord Dullborough: His Life and Opinions." The book is a satire on the decadent school of fiction.

At an inquest recently held in London it has transpired that there is a Rudyard Kipling street, somewhere in the neighborhood of Bermondsey. The surprise of the London papers at the discovery indicates the appropriateness of the jungle man's name for use amid the London wilderness.

The second volume of "The Centenary Burns," edited by W. F. Hendry and T. F. Henderson, will appear in Edinburgh. It embraces the posthumous poems, including eight pieces printed for the first time from the original manuscript. The bibliographical and critical notes cover nearly 200 pages.

Chicagoans note with regret the retirement of S. C. Griggs from the publishing business on account of failing health. Mr. Griggs is the oldest general publisher in Chicago, having been engaged in the book business for nearly half a century.

"Our Seven Homes" is the title under which Mrs. Rundle Charles' autobiographical reminiscences will appear. The book was commenced by the author of "The Schomburgk-Cotta Family" more than ten years ago, "at the instigation of a great prince," and deals with her early life, home and parentage.

It is gratifying to note that the excellent Dent-Macmillan "Temple Shakespeare" has been accorded a welcome commensurate with its deserts. No less than 500,000 of the little volumes have already been sold. The same publishers are preparing to issue a similar series of the old English dramatists, and also "The Temple Classics," beginning with Goethe's "Faust," Bacon's Essays, Moore's "Utopia," and De Quincey's "Opium Eater."

Success in Literature.

"Oh, yes, I've been quite successful of late," said the writer in answer to a suggestion that he was looking more prosperous than when last seen. "It's all in knowing the business. You see, when I started in I didn't know anything about it and tried to work alone."

"And now you collaborate with some one, I suppose?"

"Collaborate nothing. I've simply formed a partnership that is of advantage to both me and my partner. You see, my stories and articles were always all right, but no one knew me, and no editor or publisher wanted anything by a man who wasn't known. Consequently I set out to find a man who was known. I had some trouble, but I finally located a desperado who was known from one end of the country to the other."

"But he couldn't write, could he?"

"Of course he couldn't, but the publishers and magazine editors didn't know that, and I gave him a percentage of what I got for the use of his name. I just put that on some of my old stories that I had been trying to sell for the last five years and disposed of them inside of thirty days. Then I got hold of a woman who had just got out of the divorce court, put her name on a couple of essays and sold them for about twice what I had ever expected to get for them. Just now I am using the name of a man who has become notorious through his connection with ward politics. He couldn't write a grammatical sentence, but the magazines are ready to pay high for his views on the political system of France, and I am giving them an old college essay of mine with his name on it. Oh, it's easy to set stuff when you know how. Now, next week I expect to close a deal with a publishing house for a book of poems."

"You are dealing with them personally in this case, then?"

"Yes, I'm conducting the negotiations, but I'm posing as the private secretary of a man who couldn't make a rhyme in seven years, but his sister married a nobleman and he got himself talked about by trying to get into a duel over a ballet girl. Besides, he had a famous father, which makes the outlook doubly promising."—Chicago Post.

Water as Costly as Champagne.

The Papago Indians inhabit a country of broad plains, with mountain ranges between. The mountains are remarkably rugged, and rise sharply from the lowlands. All over the plains live the Indians. The country is one of the most arid regions on the face of the globe, a whole year passing sometimes without a drop of rain. The streams rise in the mountains, but never reach the sea, and the debris carried by the rivers, instead of finding its way to the ocean, is spread out upon the plains, the rivers drying up before they reach the sea. Seriland, in the state of Sonora, was never seen by a white man until about two years ago, when the bureau of ethnology sent an expedition to explore that region. The natives are constantly vigilant every moment, from day to day, week to week, month to month, year to year, expecting and dreading the approach of the enemy. They are always prepared for an emergency. The death of water was the greatest obstacle to the exploration. Every drop we used by men under twelve to fifteen miles by men under heavy guard. Water there is more valuable than gold, and often we measured it out in spoonfuls. In counting the dangers and labor of securing water we estimated its worth at from \$3 to \$4 a quart.—Baltimore American.

Escaped From Chili.

THE DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF DETECTIVE W. M. LUGG.

Compelled to Cross the Mountains on Muleback—Taken Sick During the Journey.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Four years ago, at the time of the trouble between the United States and Chili, as a result of the killing of the sailors of the U. S. S. Baltimore, in the streets of a Chilean city, many Americans were obliged to leave the country for safety. Among them was W. M. Lugg, the private detective and collector, whose office is in the Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When Mr. Lugg left Chili he went across the mountains into Argentine, traveling on muleback.

Mr. Lugg says that the trip is a delightful one in point of beautiful scenery and perfect weather, but many people dislike to undertake it on account of the unhealthy stagnant water which they are compelled to drink along the way. Many persons have been stricken down with disease from having drunk of it, and in a number of cases the attacks have proven fatal. The native Chileans drink the water without injury to their systems but it has a bad effect upon those who are not used to it.

"I fell a victim to the injurious qualities of the water," said Mr. Lugg. "It affected my kidneys to an alarming degree. I had to get over into Argentina. I thought the trouble would gradually leave me, but instead of that it grew more aggravated and I suffered terribly from pains in the region of my kidneys. I was en route to Chicago and I determined to reach my destination before the complaint should grow so serious as to confine me to my bed. Upon reaching Chicago I at once consulted a physician, who told me my kidneys had been affected by drinking polluted water. He treated me for some time for that complaint, but I grew steadily worse and new ailments were added to my already serious condition. I began to have neuralgic pains in my head, my spine was affected with shooting pains and I had no control over the urinary organs. It was next to impossible for me to get any sleep. I lay awake many a night suffering the most intense pains, and the physician unable to relieve them."

"But relief came at last. One day one of my friends came to my room and handed me a box of Williams' Pink Pills. Of course I laughed at him for daring to think that any patent medicine could aid me when my physician had failed. I took the pills, however, to oblige my friend more than for any faith I had in them, and I was treated to the most joyous surprise of my life when I realized that I was being relieved of my pains. First the peculiar pains along my spine ceased, and then my neuralgic trouble began to grow less and finally left me entirely. It took a good while to improve the condition of my kidneys, but after I had taken a number of boxes of the pills I knew that they had done their work successfully, for then I had regained control of the urinary organs and the action of my kidneys was strong and steady."

"When I thought I was out of all danger I quit taking the pills. The relief that had afforded was permanent, however, and I have never since felt a recurrence of the complaints. I hardly know how to praise Williams' Pink Pills as they should be praised. They certainly are a wonderful preparation. I have recommended them to a number of my friends who were suffering from kidney complaints, and they have all been benefited by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a mucous inflammation, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address: J. C. HENNING & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

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Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Water-brash—Heartburn—Red Tinge in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Canker Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Constipation—Pickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable—Headache of the Head—Distension of the Stomach—Constipation or Diarrhea?

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Dr. Roscoe Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

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Battle Ax PLUG The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

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