DON'T TRUST IT.

Because the weather is mild and the air balmy we cannot count on being rid of rheumatism or neuralgia. The very sudden changes of temperature or exposure to draughts are both likely to increase rather than diminish both complaints. For this reason it is wise at this season to be well prepared for sudden attacks, and to have ready what is known as the best remedy for all visitations of aches or pains. All well regulated households ought to have a nook or corner for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. There are other reasons also why this master-cure should be kept at hand; rheumatism and neuralgia are chronic, acute or inflammatory, but to whatever degree of suffering they may come, the old reliable cure is the best for treatment and the surest to give permanent relief.

ON THE ORINOCO.

Two Young Men Will Hunt Along the Great River.

Christian and Andrew Christiansen, two young men of Norwegian birth, are building a steam launch at Brown's shipyard, Tottenville, N. Y., with which they intend to spend the next year or two hunting on the upper Orinoco.

The boat is being built with the profits of previous expeditions. The Christiansens hunt for business and not for pleasure. Their spoils are principally alligator hides, though the value of the season's hunt is often more than half of it in the plumes and feathers they have collected by the way while alligator hunting.

Parrots, parrakeets and monkeys fill out the list. It is the present intention of the brothers to sail from New York on the first West Indian steamer that leaves in the second week of May. Their launch La Fasosa will go with them, with its deckhouse and all easily detachable parts "knocked down," to be set up on their arrival at Trinidad, whence they start on their long journey into Venezuela.

Took the Doormat.

John O'Brien was held for trial in a New York police court recently charged with stealing a doormat from the residence of Civil Justice Roesch. Across the top of the mat, which lay on the front doorstep, was the word "Welcome." O'Brien walked up the steps ostensibly to ask for alms, and after gazing at the mat he took it away with him without ringing the bell.

HERE AND THERE.

Alabama's coal, coke and iron outputs for 1896 were the greatest in its history.

Italy broke its record of emigration in 1896, the number of persons leaving the country being 306,093.

Paris museums are to be kept open for an hour longer each day in winter and an hour and a half in summer.

The Massachusetts legislature has refused to entertain the bill to prohibit the exhibitions of pictorial reproductions of prizefights.

A Paris doctor has discovered the microbe that makes bald heads.

Trained bears, having been declared to be ferae naturæ by the court of queen's bench, may be treated cruelly in England with impunity. So the S. P. C. A. cannot interfere.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO'S VEHICLES.

Selling at about the same price as you pay for inferior makes. Also a large stock of harness, whips, robes and bicycles at less than cost. Big stock to select from.

A. G. & J. Q GLENN,
Manufacturers' Agents,
215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

"How do you stand on the financial question?" "I think I shall stand pat. At least, when I went to the bank I was told I could not draw."

Drop us a line if you can't get *Schilling's Best* of your grocer, or if you don't like it and can't get your money back.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 495

Too Much Knife!

The use of the surgeon's knife is becoming so general, resulting fatally in such a large number of cases, as to occasion general alarm.

Mr. William Walpole, of Walshtown, South Dakota, writes: "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea. It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S. S. S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after awhile ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and only a healthy little scar remained to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway.

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood. Books mailed free; address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

Send for our No. **21** Catalogue of
Vehicles and Harness.
Lowest Prices. HOOKER & CO.,
16-18 Drumm St., San Francisco, Cal.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 838 Market St., San Francisco.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Just It.

Lightlove—At last, Sophia, we are alone and I can tell you that I lo——

Sophia—Oh, please, no—Mr. Lightlove, don't tell me here.

Lightlove—Why not? There are no witnesses.

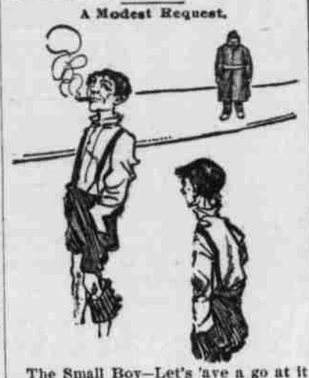
Sophia—That's just it!—Chips.

Obliging.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "hev ye got any cold coffee?"

"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins, in a tone of sympathy, "but you wait a few minutes and I'll put some on the refrigerator and cool it for you."—Washington Star.

A Modest Request.



The Small Boy—Let's 'ave a go at it when you're sick, Alf.—Ally Sloper.

Harmony.

Mr. Mann—For mercy's sake, what are the children quarreling about in the next room?

Mrs. Mann—Their music teacher came in a few minutes ago and I suppose they are now engaged in the study of harmony.—Boston Transcript.

Too Much for His Income.

Kindly Individual (going through prison)—My good man, tell me what brought you here?

Embezzler—I tried to keep a bicycle in repair on a small salary.—Up-to-Date.

Lots of Room.

Nonie—Oh, you ought to see our new flat.

Laura—Have you a nice janitor, or what?

Nonie—No, but we can get our wheels inside without taking them to pieces.—Pittsburg News.

Inconsistency.

He—Edward is very inconsistent.

She—Why so?

He—He refuses to mind his wife, yet he minds the baby.—New York Times.

Disguised.

Follett—I think I saw Mrs. Dart on the car yesterday evening when I was coming home, but I was not quite sure that it was she.

Golden—That's strange. I thought you had known her by sight for a long time.

Follett—I have, but what made me doubtful was the fact that she wasn't saying a word.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Definition.

"Faith," said the little boy, after a week's study, "faith is believing something that you know can't be true."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Persuasive Advocate.

Magistrate Simms—What is your plea, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Your honor, I fully intended to plead guilty, but since I have had a talk with my counsel I am convinced that I am innocent; so I plead not guilty.—New York World.

Just According.

"How far will a crow fly in a day, Eph?"

"'Cording to how many co'nfields dey is on de route, boss."—Detroit Free Press.

Making Him Mad.

"Say, boy, what did you kick that dog for?"

"He's mad."

"No, he isn't mad, either."

"Well, if anyone should kick me I'd be mad."—Truth.

A Narrow Escape.

"I passed you on der schtreet yesterday, already."

"Vy didn't you schpeak to me?"

"I didn't know it vas you."—New York World.

The Active Fighters.

Hojack—Have you heard of the war in the Steenth Presbyterian Church?

Hombik—No; what has the choir been doing this time?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Should Be Expelled.

Algy—I always said that George Gilders was crazy, and now he's proved that I was right.

Freddie—How's that?

Algy—Why, you know he married Horatio Milyun's only daughter, but in spite of that fact he is holding onto his old job and working for a living.—Cleveland Leader.

Willing to Have Him Stammer.

Mrs. Dewtell—Isn't is too bad that your husband stammers so dreadfully?

Mrs. Tock—Not at all. I find it an advantage in our little disputes, because he realizes the hopelessness of ever getting the last word and gives up at once.—New York Tribune.

A Good Word for Johnny.

Mamma—Sh, Johnny! You must not interrupt papa in the middle of a sentence.

Papa—He doesn't. He never lets me get as far as that.—New York Tribune.

In the Same Fix.

Willie Slimson—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning and he was wild.

Bobby Smitem—Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again.

Willie Slimson—No; neither will I.—Tid-Bits.

Time on His Hands.

"I never heard a more profound lecture on finance and how to get rich than that was last night. How can such a man afford to waste his time on the platform?"

"He was a wholesale tea merchant and 'busted.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Heartless.

Willie—I told her my love was so great that my brain was on fire.

Charlie—What did she say to that?

Willie—Told me I had better blow it out.—Yale Record.

A Poser.

She—What is the subject, Mr. Painter?

He—A sunrise on the Pacific.

She—I didn't know the sun ever rose in the west!—New York Times.

What She Said.

"What did she say when you ventured to kiss her?"

"She said 'Stop right where you are.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Hot Shot.

Visitor (from Boston)—So theaters are open on Sunday here in Chicago?

Chicagoan—Yes; they are patronized by nearly all the visitors in the city.—New York Tribune.

Sympathy.

Cadaver (six foot and lanky)—Yes, Johnnie, when I was a young man I had to make my own living.

Johnnie—Poor papa. An' is zat why 'oor so thin?—Pittsburg Daily News.

Unkind.

He—There is only one time when a woman doesn't exaggerate.

She—When is that?

"When she speaks of her age."—New York Times.

Silent Watches.

Gladys—What are "the silent watches of the night," Ethel?

Ethel—I don't know unless it's those they've forgotten to wind up.—Pick-Me-Up.

Yes, She Had.

He—Dearest, have you any idea how much I love you?

She—You don't suppose I'd have coaxed you for that ring if I didn't, do you?—Boston Transcript.

A High Rooster.

Uncle Rastus—Dey used ter be purty skeery down in de Tubbs neighborhood, but I 'clar ter goodness I neber seen 'em roos' ser high as dat before!—Up to Date.

Not Boasting.

Spanish General—How many men did we rout in the last victory?

Typewriter—Six, sir.

General—Ah! we will not boast, so put it down as twelve.—Pittsburg News.

Very Useful.

"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies."

"Is it?"

"I should say so. If you are drowning turn to page 103 and there you'll see how to save yourself."—Tit-Bits.

Could Be Accommodated There.

Deacon Goodman—Our minister, if he had selected his proper field of labor, ought to have been a missionary to the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. Goodman—Why do you think so?

Deacon Goodman—Because he is so fond of getting into a stew.—New York Tribune.

Necessary.

The tightrope walker who essays
To teach beginners ought
To bear in mind this simple fact—
The rope must first be taut.
—Memphis Scimitar.

Up-to-Date.

Dr. Oldtime—How is it, Dr. Newly, that you are so awfully busy?

Dr. Newly—I make bicycle accidents a specialty.—New York Tribune.

Never Saw Ice Before.

One of the funniest sights I ever saw was a South Sea islander with his first chunk of ice, remarked the captain of a trading schooner. I was lying at anchor at one of the Navigator islands once when some natives came aboard. It was an awfully hot day, and I had been getting some ice up from below. The natives looked at it curiously, so I handed one a chunk. The moment it touched his hand he dropped it like hot shot and looked at his palms to see if they were burned. After a deal of jabbering they all sat around it and watched it as it melted. They couldn't understand it, at all, and when there was nothing left but a wet spot on the deck they sat around it and discussed the phenomen. I put a piece of ice in my mouth and then gave them some. They shifted it from one hand to the other, put the tips of their tongues on it gingerly and finally ate the chunk. It was a source of great wonder to them.

Quid Pro Quo.

The Junior Partner—Did you see Grinder about extending that note?

The Senior Partner—Yes. He said he was willing to extend the time if we would extend the size.—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE FAMILY STORY

THE OTHER BOX.

A well-brought-up boy learns at a very early age that practical jokes are dangerous things. Sometimes he learns it at his mother's knee, sometimes on his father's—face down. Otherwise he receives physical demonstration from a bigger boy. From which it would appear that the youngsters gazetted to the Irrepressibles were not well brought up. At all events, they had the reputation of being the most rowdy crew in the army list. Now, in India, a reputation is only gained by being deserved. And it was in a hill-station that the subalterns of the Irrepressibles reached the loftiest pinnacle of their folly. The affair was hushed up afterward, for the honor of the regiment, as such things should be.

The Irrepressibles were unlucky in their quarters that year. They were fixed on the plains at a time when there was nothing to do, no game, no society, no anything. In a case like that they were thrown back on themselves, and the result was unfortunate. Men's tempers began to give way under the strain, and, from the commanding officer down to the smallest boy capable of beating a drum, there was not one who did not curse the hour he was born at least seven times a day.

The trouble came. It all arose out of the Junior Subaltern going out fishing one day, or out of the fact that he caught nothing. Coming back, however, he must needs run across a cobra, which, with his usual foolhardiness, he duly forked and transferred alive and wriggling into his creel. Thence, on arrival at quarters, it was removed to a perforated box and tenderly fed.

Two of the subalterns began to develop a most astonishing degree of hatred the one for the other. They were two men sufficiently alike in character and capabilities to be either the firmest of friends or the bitterest of enemies. As a matter of choice they were the latter. Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble, no doubt. In the natural order of things, this little feeling didn't make life any the pleasanter for the rest. At first it was treated as a welcome diversion, and for a time the other youngsters used to take an artistic pleasure in fanning the quarrel, foremost being the Junior Subaltern.

What was originally a variation of the monotony of life, however, soon came to be a nuisance, and the Irrepressibles began to feel very sick. Then they got to wishing that one or both of the men would die. This is not a nice sentiment to entertain toward any man, especially if he is a brother-officer. But, most of all, each of the men wished that the other would go out, and this was even worse.

At last matters came to a head. The two subalterns had a regular row one night after mess. They would have come to blows if it hadn't been for the interference of the older men. There were six men present, all subalterns except one, and it would have been better if they had let the two fight it out then and there. Probably the difficulty might have been settled finally. But peace was patched up for about three days, and then they broke out worse than ever, and said things that half a century ago would have led to pistols next morning. In the meantime, the Junior Subaltern and four other imps of mischief had matured a plan by which they hoped to fix up the matter once for all. And in this plan, naturally enough, the snake took some part. It was a grim enough practical joke at the best, and they ought to have possessed more sense between the five of them than to think of such a thing.

The idea was nothing more or less than to propose to the two men to spend a night together, and with the cobra, in a disused room in quarters. They were to be locked in and left to settle the matter among themselves during the night, and in the morning the rest of the party would release the survivors, if any. Of course there was no thought, even for a moment, of letting loose the corba in that way, but, as the Junior Subaltern said: "It won't do them any harm to think it out, and perhaps with reflection will come an increase of wisdom."

While the two men were still in the heat of anger, the Junior Subaltern propounded to them his idea of settling their difficulty by means of the snake. He and his confederates looked narrowly at the men, and fancied they blanched slightly at the prospect. This must have been imagination, however, for, as with one breath, they both agreed, and even seemed anxious to have the matter settled. They must have been very mad.

The affair being thus decided, a disused room was chosen as the scene of the ordeal, and was hastily cleared of what furniture was in it. This being done, the two men, who had not changed color during the scene, were stationed at opposite corners of the room, propped up in sitting positions, with a clear space between them of something like fifteen feet.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the boy brought in the fatal box and deposited it in the center of the room, in such a manner that the lid should open sideways. Here again his ingenuity came into play. It was obvious that the box must be opened when all except the principals were outside the door. Luckily, the box had a sliding lid, and the Junior Subaltern was able to arrange it so that, by attaching a piece of string, any one standing outside the door would be able to slide back the lid and so release the presumed occupant of the box.

During all these arrangements the five conspirators had felt very serious. They began to realize that it was rather a grim joke they were having, and it is probable that the two men who weren't behind the scenes, who each doubted whether he might be alive in the morning, were less nervous. But then they were still very angry, and hadn't had time yet to think out all the details.

At last all the arrangements had been settled with due exactness. The Junior Subaltern had been an unconscionable time at work. It is probable that he was getting very sick of his hoax, and would have been glad enough to show it up if anyone had given him the lead. After all, he knew that there was an ugly side to the farce, and as his first boyish enthusiasm died away he wanted to throw the thing up. But no one helped him out of it, and for very shame he could scarcely give himself away. Besides, the two principals wouldn't have thanked him.

Nothing more remained to be done. There was solemn enough leave-taking on all sides as the five youngsters filed out of the room and locked the door, leaving the two men in their corners and the box in the center of the room. For a moment or two the five stood in silence out in the passage, the Junior Subaltern holding the end of the string and shaking like an aspen leaf with suppressed excitement. Then he gave it a sharp tug, and they could hear the box-lid sliding back until it dropped to the floor with a slight smack.

It was a hushed and rather conscience-stricken band that dispersed to the various rooms in quarters, and the hours of that night hung heavily. It is a fact that the five youngsters did not average an hour of sleep between them. This was proved by the alacrity with which they all turned out at the first break of dawn, and assembled, shivering and drawn-looking and haggard, ready to go and release their voluntary prisoners.

They were, in fact, so disturbed that they took no notice of the Senior Captain, who, for some reason best known to himself, had turned out, too, and followed them as they trod softly along to the door of the disused room. He was still unnoticed as they reached it, and there made a marked halt; and his curiosity to see their little game prevented him from announcing himself. They stood for a moment in breathless silence, showing a strange, sudden disinclination to stir.

Then, as was the case the night before, the Junior Subaltern took the lead. There was a faint murmur as he turned the key in the lock and stepped boldly into the room the rest following in a crowd. The Senior Captain stood for a moment outside, wondering and trying to make out what it all meant. But a sudden, stifled cry caused him to step quickly after them.

He was a man who had been in several actions. He had seen men killed under all sorts of ghastly circumstances. He had commanded burial parties sent out after the Afghan women had been at their devilish work, and had seen sights that, hardened as he was, had made him feel sick and full of horror. But those scenes were in no way comparable with what met his eyes as he entered the room behind his juniors.

The two men were no longer propped up in the position in which they had been left. Their swollen, distorted bodies were huddled on the floor in attitudes that showed the awful manner in which they had met their doom. But the figures, almost grotesque in the contortions which had attended the last death agony, were as nothing. In each case the face was upturned, livid, with distended cheeks and cracked skin, with flecks of blood oozing from mouth and nose, and with eyes widely open and a fear and horror in them past all description. It was not so much the physical agony as the expression of terror in the fixed faces that rendered these corpses so dreadful to contemplate. Yet the two men, while alive, were as brave, with all their faults, as any men should be.

As he looked in, the Captain was glued to the ground by the nameless horror of that death-stare. He seemed forgetful of his companions, of where he was, all his faculties concentrated on the two huddled masses on the floor.

A ghastly incident aroused him. The Junior Subaltern burst into a laugh, faint at first, and then swelling into peal after peal of uproarious mirth. The others stood and watched him.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted, reeling from foot to foot, and holding his shaking sides. "Look at them! Don't they sham well? Aren't they first-rate actors?"

The Senior Captain stepped up to him, and laid a hand roughly on his shoulder.

Then the boy turned, and they could all see in his eyes that he was mad. But the touch had quieted him.

"They act beautifully, don't they?" he whispered confidentially to his senior officer. "I wonder when they first found out the joke."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, soothingly.

"Mean?" the maniac replied. "Why, don't you see? I had two boxes just alike, and I put the empty box in here. The snake is still in my own room.

It seemed something like a grim contradiction that, almost at the same moment, a flat, spectacled head reared itself under one of the bodies, and two baleful eyes surveyed the awe-struck group.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Bought the Island.

An amusing incident occurred during the last cruise of the English ship Royalist in the neighborhood of the New Hebrides. The time arrived for the holding of the annual prize shooting, but no suitable place could be found for the erection of a target except a small island in Southwest Bay. This, however, was tribal property, and as the natives had been taught to fear the power of big guns, they bargained that they should be paid for the island, as it was sure to be blown to pieces. Elaborate negotiations ended in a chief going off to the ship, when the requisite agreements were entered into, and Capt. Rason, of the Royalist, became the owner of the island, the consideration being five sticks of tobacco. A target was then erected and some excellent shooting took place

A DANGEROUS LETHARGY.

The forerunner of a train of evils, which too often culminate fatally, is inactivity or lethargy of the kidneys. Not only a Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, or some other dangerous internal disease of the organs themselves to be apprehended, but dropsical diffusions from the blood, rheumatism and gout, are all traceable to the non-removal from the blood by the kidneys of certain impurities. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters depurates the blood, renders the kidneys active and prevents their disease.

"You didn't resent my denial of our engagement?" "No, Mr. McWoozle; I inferred that you meant it as complimentary to me."

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters act as a mild cathartic, removing all undigested and refuse matter from the stomach and bowels, and cures constipation.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

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1-4	H. P. Otto,	do
1-4	H. P. Pacific,	do
1-6	H. P. Hercules,	do
1-10	H. P. Hercules,	do

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