MEMORIAL HYMN.

COME strew the flowers, twine the wreaths,
Above the soldier's head;
We'll place the brightest flowers of May
Around our honored dead.

'Tis fitting thus to decorate
And lay the sweet perfume
Of flowers that bloom around our homes,
Upon the soldier's tomb.

This sad, sweet hour brings to our minds
The parting and the pain,
And all the sad heart-breaking days
Ere we should meet again.

Ah! those were days when parents' hearts
Seemed breaking with their grief,
When hair grew gray, and toiling hands
Shook like the falling leaf.

When wives and children toiled by day
And wept and prayed at night,
And sisters knelt with blanching cheek,
Prayed: "God defend the right."

The war is o'er; we purchased peace,
But oh, at what a price!
All o'er the land the mounds are proof
Of freedom's sacrifice.

But while we place earth's fairest flowers
Above our home-brought brave,
Our hearts go out in sympathy
To many an unmarked grave.

In honoring one we honor all
Brave soldiers of our land.
For just as dear are those who rest
Beneath the southern sand.

Then place the flowers with gentle hand
Upon the velvet sod,
And pray that all may meet again
Around the throne of God.

—Mary W. Tucker, in Ohio Farmer.

FOUND IN A COAT POCKET.

THE 30th of May was raw and chill in Aurora, a small village near the edge of the northern pineries. The sun had hidden behind a cloud, and a keen blast from off the great lake swept over the country like a parting taunt from the long, furious winter that had just taken leave. A sharp frost had touched the gardens the night before, and the meager bounty of bud and blossom that they yielded for the day seemed to visibly revive and freshen under warm, human touch. All things partook of the influence of the day and weather. The somber forest that encompassed the place took on new dignity and gloom. Houses and fields, which a month before had been robed in an enchanted mantle of glistening white, and a month hence would be gracious with vines and flowers, stood out upon the landscape in naked ugliness. The men and women who had gathered to do honor to the memory of their fallen heroes were wrapped in sad retrospect, looking again into open graves, or living over anew that period of heartbreaking suspense that had ended in tidings of suffering and death. Even the veterans who in a grim school had learned lessons of fortitude and cheer were singularly depressed, and forgot the gay jests and badinage with which they were accustomed to silence painful memories.

"HETTY, I HAVE JUST FOUND THIS."

Aurora and her outlying district had sent three companies to the war. Barely a dozen men walked in the procession this day. Some of the sorry remnant that returned had gone further west in search of health or fortune. A few were shut up in their homes, too weak or too broken to venture out; of those who answered the roll-call the majority were ailing or infirm, and muffled to the ears to propitiate the physical man for the audacity of the spiritual.

John Sexton was one of the younger men among the veterans, but he had stepped to the door that morning, viewed the sky and faced the biting wind, then went to a cedar chest and took from it a garment that had lain there undisturbed for many years—a blue overcoat, soiled and faded, and with a bullet-hole through the right sleeve that hung empty by his side.

The procession formed at the head of the main street, before the old church in which the memorial services had been held. There were memories clustering about that old frame church. John Sexton recalled some of them. The first call for recruits had been made there; the fiery, impetuous speeches, the rush of youngsters, amid the cheers of men and the sobs of women. He had been among the first to enlist, a beardless boy with a man's heart, kindled with patriotic fire. Within the same gray walls, at the parting supper given to his regiment the night before it marched, he had shyly asked Hetty Plympton to be his wife some day, and she, half laughing and half weeping, had told him that when he came back wearing his epaulets she would marry him. And he had gone away glad and proud, buoyed up with hope. The epaulets seemed so easy to win, the chances of disaster or failure so remote. Then there came the hard discipline of the camp, the long, forced marches, the carnage of battle, the secret night mission, the rifle ball that cut short his military career.

He recalled how he came back. Her face had been the first he had seen on his return. Descending from the car, maimed, feeble, wasted by long sickness, his head reeling from the haustion of the journey, kind hands assisting him to the platform, he had caught sight of her, standing apart, pale, silent; her eyes intent upon him with an expression that he could not then understand, but that he afterward construed into a shrinking horror of the wreck he had become. A crowd of people had surged in between them—neighbors, friends, indifferent acquaintances, the majority with hearty words of sympathy on their lips; a few moved by idle curiosity to see how foully the accidents of fortune had plundered him. One old woman whose son had fallen on the battlefield had cried over him in the place of his own mother, whose frail thread of life had snapped in the tension of the first few months after he had gone to the front.

In the midst of this tumult of pity and sorrow he had again had a glimpse of Hetty, her gaze withdrawn from him, calmly penciling some memoranda in a little silk-bound book that she carried, and he had wondered if she were making note of some finery she intended to wear at the next party or church festival or was taking down the date of an engagement she had made for a boat ride or dance, bitterly contrasting her gay life of pleasure with the heavy burden of care and perplexity that had descended upon him. Yet a few seconds later there had been a moment, a strange, bewildering moment when she had paused before him, looking into his eyes again with a mute, beseeching look, striving to speak, her trembling voice dying away in broken utterances. One instant she had put up her little hand to rearrange some trifling disorder in his dress, as a loving woman might have done for her disabled hero; in the next she had slipped away out of his life forever.

He had taken his place with his comrades, behind the wheezy string band that led the procession, preceded only by the high dignitaries of the village and the carriage containing the orator of the day. Citizens were grouped on the platform, watching the line form while waiting for their carriages. For the instant, the old soldiers, whose services were forgotten for the rest of the year, were the center of attention. John Sexton saw Miss Mehitable Plympton standing on the church steps. He lifted his hat courteously, albeit somewhat awkwardly, with his left hand, and calmly regarded her. She was really a very well-preserved woman for her age, but there was a wrinkle forming on her forehead, between her eyebrows, and her hair was getting grayer on the temples. The crow's feet that had begun to show at the corners of her eyes three years before were perceptibly deepening. Thus he deliberately remarked the ravages of time on her pretty face, as he had invariably done on the rare occasions when he encountered her, for more than a score of years. Did she note the small bald spot on his head, or the slight limp where the rheumatism had laid hold of him, he wondered?

John Sexton could not have told why he made this cold-blooded examination of the vanishing charms of her who had once been his ideal of all womanly worth and loveliness. It may have been unconscious revenge for the manner in which she treated him. It may have been to prove to himself that his heart was hardened against her. It may have been the innate savagery that lurks in all men.

Marching along the weary road to the cemetery he recalled the rest. In those days of his weakness and despair, others, men and women, had sought him and endeavored to cheer him. She had never come. When he met her at the houses of mutual friends she had turned him and aroused in him a sense of anxiety and discomfort which he did not attempt to analyze. Toiling up the steep ascent, Mehitable Plympton had stumbled, and his arm had saved her from falling. How thin and wasted the hand that had clung to him for a moment; how slight the weight that he had sustained. With grim satisfaction he had watched the tokens of failing youth in her keep pace with his own accumulating infirmities. Beyond this he had never looked until now. She had seated herself upon the bank and insisted that he should go on. Her panting breath as she leaned against a tree told how her frail strength was exhausted. A nameless foreboding oppressed him as he left her.

A comrade observed his depression and approached him, addressing him genially, touching the burnt hole in his sleeve, in mute recognition of its import, then lifting his hand to smooth down the pocket lapel on the breast of his old military coat. A paper rustled in the pocket.

"Important dispatches?" queried the other, in smiling recognition of the service in which the old coat had been worn.

"If they were, I'm afraid their usefulness would be past," returned Sexton lightly, idly thrusting his hand into the pocket and wondering what relic of army days would come to light.

He drew out a couple of tiny sheets, gilded on three edges, a jagged line on the fourth showing where they had been hastily torn from a binding. Across these was scrawled a message:

"I will marry you to-night, if you want me, John. Your empty sleeve is more to me than all the epaulets in the world."

There was no date or signature, but he knew Hetty Plympton's hand. What did it mean? When had she written it? How did it come there? He remained standing, stupefied, bewildered, while the rest moved on. Suddenly the explanation flashed upon him. He remembered the scene at the railroad station on the day of his return from the south; how she had turned aside to write in the little book; her light touch on his breast when she had stood before him.

It was well for Hetty Plympton that the place where she had sat down to rest was a by-path, away from the line of march. John Sexton would not have hesitated or delayed his errand if there had been a thousand people about her. She rose at the sound of his quick tread. He held out the little scraps of paper to her.

"Hetty, I have but just found this. I never saw it before. My darling, what must you have thought?"

Can love and joy find resurrection, full and perfect, after they have been entombed for a quarter of a century? Aye, if clean hands have laid them away, and purity and faith kept guard over them. Swift came the awakening, gathering force and strength from all the years through which they had slumbered. Miss Hetty's face blossomed into something so like its girlish beauty that she was as one transfigured to John Sexton, whose eyes lost their tired, strained look and recovered their youthful fire, while his figure straightened, and he seemed in a moment to renew his lost estate of youth and courage.

With a low exclamation, like the cry of some hurt creature, long suffering, that has at last reached covert, Hetty laid her head upon his breast, and he folded his arm about her.

"Sweetheart," he said, gently, "your pledge has been slow to reach me. The day has been long and lonely. Will you keep your promise to-night?"

The shadows were lengthening when they turned their faces homeward, but the radiance of the setting sun was in their faces.—Flora H. Longhead, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

PRESERVED HIS AMERICANISM.

He Was Determined to Do as He Pleased and He Did So.

When the conductor had looked at the ticket and punched it he stooped over and stuck it in the hatband of the dignified fat man, at which the fat man became enraged.

"How dare you take such liberties with me!" he shouted. "Who told you to stick that ticket in my hat? Don't you see that I'm a man of importance and very sensitive? It's all very well to be fresh with the jays, but you haven't any right to insult me."

He took off his hat, removed the ticket and continued: "You think because you're a conductor on this road that you can get as gay as you like, but I'll teach you that you've got me to deal with, and I'm a taxpayer, at that. You can't stick tickets in my hatband, even if we are strangers and you aren't aware of my social position."

He fumed for about an hour. Then the train passed Albany, and the conductor came around again. He took the ticket from the hand of the dignified fat man, punched it again and once more put it in his hatband, absent-mindedly.

"See here!" the fat man roared. "Didn't I tell you before not to stick that ticket there? That's a piece of gayness I wouldn't stand from my own father, and he's been dead five years. I'll report you to the boss of the whole road, and if he doesn't help me I'll gamble in the stock of the company and hammer it down so that they'll beg for mercy."

After they passed Utica the conductor repeated the performance with the ticket and the hatband. This was more than the dignified fat man could put up with. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the conductor by the collar and said he'd be blamed if he'd stand it any longer.

"That's all right," replied the conductor, "but it's a rule of the company. You've either got to keep it in your hatband or in your mouth. There is no alternative. If you prefer it you can put it in your mouth, leaving the end in full view, so that I can see it as I pass by."

"Well," said the fat man, stoutly—there is nothing strange in a fat man speaking stoutly, is there?—"Well, then, I prefer to keep the ticket in my mouth. Being a free American citizen, I am determined to do as I blamed please!" and he kept it in his mouth and preserved his Americanism.—N. Y. Herald.

The Cause of Her Trouble.

"George!" It wasn't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until it was a long, tremulous filament of sweetness. Yet there was a tinge of reproof in her tone. "George!" She only said it once in reality, but it is customary with story writers to say "George" twice under these circumstances.

"What is it?"

"You have been squeezing my hand with great regularity and emphasis for some time."

"I know it," he replied, with the frankness that was characteristic of his manly nature.

"Please don't do it any more," and her voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"No more!" This sounded like heart throbs of anguish (whatever they are) and his form shook with emotion.

"Why not?"

"Because—" she faltered.

"Go on."

"Because I have got a blister on my little finger."—Tit-Bits.

A BIG DEAL.

Hill Has Secured Control of the Northern Pacific.

The St. Paul Man Will Manage Two Great Roads—Guarantees the Bonds of the Reorganized Company For Half of the Stock.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Among the passengers on the steamship New York, which arrived this morning, was President J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern railway, who has been talked of very much of late in reference to the proposed control of the Northern Pacific. Mr. Hill admitted that the terms of the deal had been agreed upon.

The Northern Pacific bondholders of the Deutsche Bank, Berlin, Germany, have been considering the proposals of Edward Adams, the representative of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, for the reorganization of the Northern Pacific, and they have finally authorized him to carry out his plan, which the bondholders will recommend to accept.

The first part of the Adams plan is for the closure of the old company and the formation of a new company under special arrangements for this purpose.

Secondly, the new company is to issue shares to the amount of $100,000,000 and a maximum of $200,000,000 gold bonds, free of taxation.

The new bonds will be secured by a mortgage lien on the whole Northern Pacific system, including the St. Paul and Northern Pacific railway line, and will bear interest partly at 4 per cent and partly at 3 per cent, all under the same mortgage.

Thirdly, the capital and interest of the new bonds are to be guaranteed unconditionally by the Great Northern company by indorsing each bond, the Great Northern company receiving in return half the stock of the new company.

Fourthly, the board of directors of the new company, to consist of nine directors, four of whom are to be nominated by the Northern Pacific reorganization committee.

Fifthly, in accordance with this scheme there should be given for each $1,000 Northern Pacific second mortgage bond a $125 4 per cent guaranteed bond; B, for a $1,000 third mortgage bond, a $1,000 now 3 per cent guaranteed bond and at least $250 in shares; C, for each $1,000 5 per cent consul at least a $500 new guaranteed bond and $300 in shares.

Sixthly, that overdue coupons of the mortgage be paid in cash at the rate of 5, 4 and 3 per cent annually.

Seventhly, the floating debt of the receivership is to be paid by the assessment of about $11,000,000 on the old stock.

Eighthly, the reorganization and the raising of the necessary working capital is to be secured by a syndicate headed by J. Pierpont Morgan and the Deutsches Bank.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Terrible Fate of John Barrison of South St. Paul Park.

ST. PAUL, May 19.—John Barrison, 26 years of age and single, lies dying of hydrophobia at the Grand Hotel in South Park. He has reached the paralytic stage, and is in a comatose condition. His death is a matter of a few hours only.

On the same day that Barriaon was bitten Gustave Stapf, ex-city treasurer of South St. Paul, and candidate for reelection, was also bitten and by the same dog. He went at once to Dr. H. P. Johnson and had the wound cauterized. Barrison neglected to do this. Stapf has developed none of the symptoms of hydrophobia, but will leave Monday night to be treated in the Pasteur Institute of Chicago.

As nearly as the two men can remember they were bitten the latter part of February. This is doubtless a correct estimate of the time, as the average period of incubation is 81 days. Stapf was bitten first. He noticed first that his children were playing with a black and tan mongrel in the back yard. The cur had the appearance of being well cared for. It had a string of small bells about its neck. Stapf took the dog up in his arms to pet it. With a snarl the cur fixed his teeth in the man's chin. To release himself from the animal's fangs Mr. Stapf was forced to pry the jaws apart with his hands. The dog seemed affected with spasms at the time. Stapf was frightened, and set out at once for the city, going to Dr. Johnson's home. Nothing more was thought of the case until Barrison was taken ill.

Barrison was bitten on the hand. He was passing along one of the streets of South Park when he saw the black and tan cur with the string of bells. He stooped down to pet him, when he was caught by the hand. The incision was neither deep nor painful, and the man felt no anxiety about it. He was with a man named Kelly, who promptly killed the dog and skinned him.

DAMAGED.

The Wheat Crop of South Dakota Hit by the Frost.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 20.—The wheat crop of the Dakotas has been damaged by frost.

Reports from widely scattered sections are to the effect that Sunday night's freeze was a most severe one. Tender vegetation was cut down and oats were severely injured. Ice an inch in thickness formed at some places and it is reported that wheat, which had been practically uninjured by the cold snap of a week ago, is badly damaged.

One report places the damage as high as 70 per cent. This, however, is believed to be an error, as wheat frozen down so early in the season generally grows up again from the roots. Corn is believed to be ruined. There was a heavy frost in Minnesota last night, which was severe in the northwestern counties. It cannot be known until today how serious the injury is. The frost of last week is known to have done but slight damage.

MANNERS OF MEN.

THE duke of Marlborough said that he owed his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.

BYRON was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

ROBESPIERRE was urbane in manner and courteous, though brief, to those who approached him on business.

BEETHOVEN was rude and gruff, and seemed to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else.

HAYDN was the personification of courtesy. He once said: "It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

TALLEYRAND owed his success in life, to no small extent, to the uniform courtesy with which he treated everyone.

THE elder Pitt was extremely rough in addressing those with whom he came in contact, and so many made enemies.

DR. G. W. SAMPSON, who died at Tiffin recently, aged ninety-three years, was the first white physician among the Indians of northwestern Ohio, and was also president of the first medical convention ever held in that state.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Prison Commissioners.

The governor has appointed the commissioners provided for by the Schurmeier prison labor law. This measure provides for a commission of three, one the labor commissioner of the state, one to be a member of the board of managers of the prison. The two appointed are F. W. Temple, of Blue Earth City, and T. L. Schurmeier, of St. Paul. The business of this commission will be to determine how many prisoners may be employed at any one occupation. The law provides that not more than 15 per cent of the number of citizens employed in any occupation in this state shall be set to work in the prison. That is to say, if there are 5,000 shoemakers in the state, not more than 450 convicts shall be employed at the same work. It is claimed that under the provisions of the law all shoe dealers and their employes can be counted in this matter, and that the commission can, if it chooses, put every convict in the prison at work at that industry. It is not likely, however, that this will be done, as Mr. Schurmeier, the author of the bill, is one of three commissioners, and would oppose it, as would Labor Commissioner Powers.

To Push Things.

Ed. A. Paradis, chairman of the executive committee of the Minnesota Editorial association, has been in conference with the Commercial club and the manufacturers of St. Paul and Minneapolis and of the northwest, with the object of bringing together the manufacturers and newspaper publishers to discuss plans and measures for pushing northwestern manufacturing interests.

The plan has met with a cordial response from a large number of manufacturers, who have been consulted in the matter, and it finds equal favor with the newspapers of the state.

It is expected that there will be over 100 country newspaper men at the conference, which will be held at the Commercial club, St. Paul, on the evening of Friday, June 7.

Invitations are now being prepared to the meeting, which will be sent to the newspapers and manufacturers of the northwest.

Appointed.

Gov. Clough appointed the commission that will select the site for the new insane hospital provided for by the last legislature. The commission is made up of one member from each of the seven congressional districts, and is as follows:

First District—C. E. Bondy, Eyota.

Second District—J. H. Block, St. Peter.

Third District—A. J. Carlson, East Union.

Fifth District—O. C. Merriman, Minneapolis.

Sixth District—Alvah Eastman, St. Cloud.

Seventh District—Henry Hooper, Stephen.

It is expected that a meeting of the commission will be called soon, when it will organize and prepare to receive and consider propositions for sites.

News in Brief.

Mrs. Mary E. Cameron, of Detroit, tried to commit suicide at Duluth by taking poison, and failing in this she jumped into the bay, but was rescued and will recover.

A lumberman stealing a ride to Duluth on a freight train fell between the cars at Elk River and was killed.

The elevator at McDonald station, between Crookston and East Grand Forks, was burned. There was but little grain.

J. J. Hill offers to donate three-fourths of section 19 to the state university for an experimental farm. The land lies near Crookston.

The third annual meeting of the Columbian Interstate Firemen's association was held at Worthington. Pipestone's delegation made a bid of $400 in cash prizes for the next tournament, which will be held on July 3-4. There being no other proposition for the plum Pipestone's offer was accepted.

Amel Jacob, of Shelby, took strychnine with suicidal intent and died a few hours after.

Hung Stole, of Luck Coon mine, passed through Tower with the first gold brick from the mine. The brick contained 200 ounces valued at $4,000, the result of 26 days' run of 15 tons of quartz daily. The quartz runs $10 to the ton, exclusive of concentrates.

John Swanson, while en route east from his lumber camp in the pineries, was robbed of his watch and $30 in cash while spending the night in Fosston.

The state university class in sociology made a tour of the prison for the purpose of getting illustrations in study. The class numbered 60 and was in charge of Dr. S. G. Smith. Before returning home they took dinner at the prison.

A postoffice has been established at Flom, Norman county, Henry Vehle, postmaster.

Postmasters have been commissioned as follows: William Rossbach, Albin; Edward M. Nelson, Edwards; Lizzie A. Hunter, Maple Bay.

Cloquet has a cycle club numbering twenty.

Harry Harmon, of San Francisco, made the jump of seventy-five feet from the Hastings high bridge successfully.

Three cows belonging to M. Hurley, Ellsworth, were killed by lightning.

Northfield has a curfew ordinance, it goes into effect the 19th inst. After the ringing of the bell at 9 o'clock in the evening it will be unlawful for any boy or girl to be found loitering upon the streets.

At Dodge Center the home dramatic company is giving a play, the proceeds of which are to be used to buy a hearse. This is perhaps the most novel use to which home dramatics were ever put.

The people of Little Falls are talking about putting up an athletic park. The park will cost about $3,000. It will be made after the most modern style, with racing and bicycle tracks, base ball diamond and gymnasium.

Winona's free library contains now 11,120 volumes; 2,413 persons, 961 males and 1,452 females, have borrowed books from it during the year. The free reading room has had 20,490 visitors during the year and 51,417 volumes have been drawn.

It is reported that a state bank is to be started at Cold Spring. Marcus Maurin, of that town, is said to be interested in the new undertaking.

John Lewis, of Mankato, has received the appointment of naval cadetship.

A postoffice has been established at Poland, St. Louis county, with Martin Miller as postmaster.

A number of St. Cloud people are considering the advisability of organizing a second electric light company. They propose to furnish light at a reduced cost. The company has not yet been organized.

Forged checks were presented to three business men, of Mankota, payable to August Anderson, and signed by Oogoon McKeaf. The checks were drawn on the Mankato National Bank, but only one merchant accepted, and paid the sharper the difference.

Leopold Schoeing, of St. Paul, while visiting a son at Winona, committed suicide by wading into the river.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—We step not over the threshold of childhood till we are led by love.—L. E. Landon.

—The inconvenience or the beauty of the blush, which is the greater?—Mme. Neckar.

—Sightseer (at telescope)—I don't see anything. Professor—An hoptical delusion, my dear sir, merely an hoptical delusion.—Pick-Me-Up.

—"How is it that you are still a bachelor?" inquired Cags. "I don't know?" said Taggs, "unless it's because I never married."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Whizzer—Women never do things twice the same way. Sizzer—Yes, they do. My wife has broken two of my pipes trying to drive tacks with them. Philadelphia Inquirer.

—"Oh, my dear Mrs. —, how glad I am to see you. It is four years since we met, and you recognized me immediately." "Oh, yes, I recognized the hat."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Friend—Do you know that I am at last beginning to understand your poetry?" Great Magazine Poet—Heavens! Is it then true that I am losing my cunning?—Syracuse Post.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

The Buckeye State Contributes the Story of a Veteran's Search.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa from which he has suffered now over 30 years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O., but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps at a straw so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

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.

MICROBES IN BOOKS.

Precautions to Prevent Spread of Disease Through European Libraries.

It is a fact that has been well demonstrated that contagious diseases may be spread by means of books which have been in the hands of the sick or convalescing. All the eruptive maladies, scarlatina and varioloid among others, as well as diphtheria, may be transmitted in this manner.

Throughout Europe, and especially in England, strenuous efforts are being made to stop this source of contagion. In Edinburgh already a regular service has been organized by which the directors of libraries are notified each day of the names and addresses of all those in the city who are ill of contagious diseases. The librarians thereupon make careful search to find if any of their books have been lent in any of the houses specified. When such is found to be the case, the health department seizes the books, which are then either disinfected or destroyed, according to the nature of the illness. When a book, for example, has been in the hands of one ill of varioloid, it is immediately destroyed.

At Bradford, England, similar measures are also in vogue, and an effort is now being made to put them into effect at London. This, however, owing to the vast and dense population of the city, will be difficult of accomplishment.

In Paris this plan will also be followed in the near future. At present the authorities of that city are endeavoring to find a satisfactory disinfectant. Experiments are being made with the vapor of formic aldehyde, which is produced by the incomplete combustion of methylific alcohol in contact with the air and incandescent platinum. This vapor, in addition to its antiseptic properties, is easily employed, and is absolutely harmless to cloth and paper, and its discovery will doubtless hasten the adoption of similar hygienic measures in the public libraries of this countries.—N. Y. World.

"WHY on earth is Mrs. Robertson studying law?" "She intends hereafter to secure her own divorces."—Brooklyn Life.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

GENT—"Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day!" Lady—"You have been telling me so for a good many years; what a horrid fright I must have been to start with."—L'Illustration.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. 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.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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MRS. BLUES—"Do you have to treat your cook as if she were a member of the family?" Mrs. Greys—"Goodness, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her."—Tit-Bits.

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The successes achieved by men and things are not always based upon merit. But a success well merited and unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine, should these ever come to be written, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a botanic medicine, discovered nearly half a century ago, and the leading remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

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May 21st and June 11th The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, to points in Texas, Lake Charles, La., and Eddy and Roswell, N. M., tickets good returning twenty days from date of sale. For further information address H. A. CHERRIER, 316 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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YOUNG MAN don't fail to order one of those fine buggies of the Estes & Wood Co., St. Paul, Minn., in time to have it for the 4th of July. Piano Box, End Spring Top Buggies, $46.50.

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A Cheap Trip to the East.

The Big Four Route and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. have been announced the official route from Illinois and Indiana by the Baptist Young People's Union which holds the Fifth International Convention at Baltimore, Md., July 18th to 21st. On July 16th and 17th the above lines will sell tickets at one fare round trip good returning until August 5th inclusive.

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Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

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