

Delicious Supper Dish.
For Swiss eggs, a delicious supper dish, spread the bottom of a baking dish with two ounces of butter. Cover this with thin slices of American cheese. Place four eggs over the cheese, taking care that the yolks are not broken. Season with pepper and salt, pour around the eggs two tablespoons of rich cream and cover the top with grated cheese. Bake it for ten minutes, garnish with parsley and serve with fingers of dried toast.—New York Tribune.

John Milton's Cottage.
One of the best preserved historic country houses in all England is John Milton's cottage at Chalfont St Giles, to which the blind and aging poet fled when the great plague swooped down on London. That was in July, 1665, and Milton had just finished "Paradise Lost" and received a five-pound note for it, with a promise of three more editions of 1,200 copies each. The cottage stands at the top of the village, and it is in practically the same condition as when Milton left it. Here the poet received his distinguished guests during the latter part of his life.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Prevalence of kidney disease is increasing and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the prevalent diseases that are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, the extent themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

What To Do.
There is considerable knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water, and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both free.

Germany sends 25,000,000 feathers per year to England for millinery purposes.

Merchants Visit Milwaukee.
This is the season when merchants throughout the Northwest are turning to Milwaukee for their spring and summer stock. Milwaukee jobbers and manufacturers have in turn prepared for the occasion. A visit to the metropolis of Wisconsin will repay those who intend to purchase their stock of spring goods, or place an order for machinery in any of the renowned factories.

A Fortunate Qualification.
The Italian fruit vendor muttered an angry threat as a passer-by slyly "lifted" a rose apple from the stand and disappeared hurriedly into a convenient crowd.
"Ay pucha da face offa da nexa mon what taha da app!" declared the Italian vehemently.
A passing policeman heard the remark and at once selected a blushing Baldwin. "Now punch," he suggested, gleefully.
"Ah, noita you," replied the Italian smilingly. "Ay saya da nexa mon."—Judge.

Recognized His Falling.
Woman of the House—A big, strong fellow like you ought to be willing to work and earn his own living.
Eugene L. Lelandot.—That's what all our men, my muscles, all right, but we will power is all gone.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Dispel Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

20 Mule Team BORAX

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

GREGORY'S

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
Thus far she had answered nothing correctly, and, feeling puzzled to know how to proceed, Guy stepped into the adjoining room to consult with the doctor, but he was gone. So, returning, Guy plied her with questions philosophical, questions algebraical, and questions geometrical, until in an agony of distress Maddy raised her hands despairingly, as if she would ward off any similar questions, and sobbed out:
"Oh, sir, no more. It makes my head so dizzy. Don't teach that in common schools. Ask me something I do know."

Suddenly it occurred to Guy that he had gone entirely wrong, and mentally censuring himself for the blockhead doctor had called him, he asked kindly:
"What do you teach? Perhaps you can enlighten me."
"Geography, arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling book," Madeline replied, untiring and throwing off her bonnet. In the main hope that it might bring relief to her poor, giddy head, which throbbled so fearfully that all her ideas seemed for the time to have left her.

This was a natural consequence of the high excitement under which she was laboring, and so, when Guy did ask her concerning the books designated, she answered but little better than before, and Guy was wondering what he should do next, when the doctor's welcome step was heard, and leaving Madeline alone, he repaired to the next room to report his ill success.
"She does not seem to know anything. The veriest child ought to do better than this. How comes it, why she has scarcely answered half a dozen questions correctly."

This was what poor Maddy heard, though it was spoken in a low whisper; but every word was distinctly understood and burned into her heart's core, drying her tears and hardening her into a block of marble. She knew that Guy had not done her justice, and this helped to increase the torpor stealing over her. Still she did not utter a syllable of what was saying in the back office, and her lips curled scornfully when she heard Guy remark: "I pity her; she is so young, and evidently takes it so hard. Maybe she's as good as they average. Suppose we give her the certificate."

Then Dr. Holbrook spoke, but to poor Maddy his words were all a riddle. It was nothing to him—who was he that he should be dictating thus? There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the young men, Guy insisting that out of pity she should not be rejected; and the doctor demurring on the ground that he ought to be more strict. As the matter was settled, and seating himself at the table, the doctor was just commencing: "I hereby certify—" while Guy was bending over him, when the latter was startled by a hand laid firmly on his arm, and turning quickly he confronted Madeline Clyde, with her short hair pushed from her blue-veined forehead, her face as pale as ashes, save where a round spot of purplish red lay upon her cheeks, and her eyes gleaming like coils of fire, stood before him.

"He need not write that," she said, huskily, pointing to the doctor. "It would be a lie, and I could not take it. You do not think me qualified. I heard you say, 'Of course she is not to be pitied. I do not want a certificate because she is so young, and you think I'll feel badly. I do not want—'"
Her voice faltered, her bosom heaved, and the choking sobs came thick and fast, but still she shed no tear, and in her bright, dry eyes there was a look which made both young men turn away involuntarily. Once Guy tried to excuse her failure, saying she no doubt was frightened. She would probably do better again, and might as well accept the certificate, but Madeline still said no, so decidedly that further remonstrance she had no right to make, but if they pleased she would wait there in the back office until her grandfather came back; it would not be long, and she should not trouble them.

Guy brought her the easy chair from the front room and placed it for her by the window. With a faint smile she thanked him, and said: "You are very kind, but the smile hurt Guy cruelly. It was so sad, so full of unintentional reproach, while the eyes she lifted to his looked so grieved and weary that he inensibly murmured to himself: "Poor child!" as he left her and with the doctor was impatiently waiting for them. Poor little Maddy! Let those who smile may at her distress; it was the first keen disappointment she had ever had, and it crushed her as completely as many an older person has been crushed by heavier calamities.

"Disappointed for ever and ever," she kept repeating to herself, as she tried to shake off the horrid nightmare stealing over her. "How can I hold up my head again at home where nobody will understand just how it was—nobody but grandpa and grandpa. Oh, grandpa, I can't earn that thirty-six dollars now. I most wish I was dead, and I am—I am dying. Somebody—come—quick!"

CHAPTER IV.
There was a heavy fall, and while in Mrs. Conner's parlor Guy Remington and Dr. Holbrook were chatting gaily with Agnes, a childish figure was lying upon the office floor, white, stiff and insensible.
Little Jessie Remington, tired of sitting still and listening to what her mamma and Mrs. Conner were saying, had strayed off into the garden, and after filling her chubby hands with daffodils and early violets, wended her way to the office, the door, which was partially ajar. Peering curiously in, she saw the crumpled bonnet, with its ribbons of blue, and, attracted by this, advanced into the room, until she came where Madeline was lying. With a feeling that something was wrong, Jessie bent over the prostrate girl, asking if she were asleep, and lifting; next the long, fringed lashes drooping on the colorless cheeks. The dull, dazed expression of the eyes sent a chill through Jessie's frame, and hurrying to the house, she cried: "Oh, Brother Guy, somebody's dead in the office, and her bonnet is all around!"
Scarcely were the words uttered ere Guy and the doctor both were with Madeline, the former holding her tenderly in his arms, while he smoothed the short hair, thinking even then how soft and luxuriant it was, and how fair was the face which never moved a muscle beneath his scrutiny. The doctor was wholly self-possessed. Maddy had no terrors for

him now. She needed his services, and he rendered them willingly, applying restoratives which soon brought back signs of life in the rigid form. With a shiver and a moan Madeline whispered: "Oh, grandpa, I'm so tired, and nestled close to the bosom where she had never dreamed of lying."
By this time both Mrs. Conner and Agnes had come out, asking in much surprise at the strange scene, and what was the cause of her illness. As if there had been a previous understanding between them, the doctor and Guy were silent with regard to the recent farce enacted there, simply saying it was possible she was in the habit of fainting; many people were. Very faintly Agnes held up and bade the doctor to get her rich silk, as if fearful it might come in contact with Madeline's plain delaine; then, as it was not very interesting for her to stand and see the doctor "make so much fuss over a young girl," as she mentally expressed it, she returned to the house, bidding Jessie do the same. But Jessie chose to stay by Madeline, whom they placed upon the comfortable lounge, which she preferred to being taken to the house, as Guy proposed.

"I'm better now, much better," she said. "Leave me, please. I'd rather be alone."
So they left her, all but Jessie, who, fascinated by the sweet young face, climbed upon the lounge and, laying her curly head against the side of Madeline's arm, said to her: "Poor girl, you're sick, and I'm so sorry. What makes you sick?"
Maddy did not know who this beautiful child was, but her sympathy was very sweet, and they talked together as children will, until Mrs. Agnes' voice was heard calling to her little girl that it was time to go.
"I love you, Maddy, and I mean to tell brother about it," Jessie said, as she wound her arms around Madeline's neck and kissed her at parting.

It never occurred to Maddy to answer, so stupefied she felt, and with a responsive kiss she sent her away. Lending her head upon a syllable of what she said but her own wretchedness, and so did not see the gayly dressed, haughty-looking lady who swept past the door, accompanied by Guy and Dr. Holbrook. Neither did she hear, or notice, if she did, the hum of voices as they talked together for a moment, Agnes asking the doctor very prettily to come up to Aikenside while she was there, and bring his lady love. Engaged young men like Guy were so stupid, she said, as with a merry laugh she sprang into the carriage; and, bowing gracefully to the doctor, was driven rapidly toward Aikenside.

Rather slowly the doctor returned to the office, and after lingering for a time among the powders and phials, summoned courage to ask Madeline how she felt, and if any of the fainting symptoms had returned.
"No, sir," was all the reply she gave him, never lifting up her head, or even thinking which of the two young men it was speaking to her.
There was a call just then for Dr. Holbrook, and leaving his office in charge of Tom, his chore boy, he went away, feeling slightly uncomfortable whenever he thought of the girl to whom he felt that justice had not been done.

"I half wish I had examined her myself," he said. "Of course she was excited, and could not answer; besides, hanged if I don't believe it was all humbug, tormenting her with Greek and Latin. Yes; I'll question her when I get back, and if I'll possibly pass, give her the certificate. Poor child; how white she was, and what a queer look there was in those great eyes, when she said, 'I shall not take it.'"
Maddy was gone, and the wheel rats of the square-boxed wagon were fresh before the door when he came back. Grandpa Markham had returned, and Madeline, who recognized old Sorrel's step, had gathered her shawl around her and gone sadly out into the street. One look at her face was sufficient.

"You failed, Maddy," the old man said, fixing about her feet the warm buffalo robe, for the night wind was blowing cold.
"Yes, grandpa, I failed."
They were out of the village and more than a mile on their way home before Madeline found voice to say so much, and they were nearer home by half a mile ere the old man answered back:
"And, Maddy, I failed too."

CHAPTER V.
Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper at Aikenside, was slicing vegetable oysters for the nice little luncheon for her own supper, when the sound of Sorrel coming around the corner of the building, followed by the square-boxed wagon containing Grandpa Markham, who, bewitched by the beauty and spaciousness of the grounds, and wholly uncertain as to where he ought to stop, had driven over the smooth-graveled road around to the front kitchen door.
"In the name of wonder, what o'clocker is that? and what is he doing here?" was Mrs. Noah's exclamation, as she dropped the bit of salsify she was scraping, and hurrying to the door, called out: "I say, you, sir, what made you drive up here, when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't have wheels tearing up turf and gravel!"
"I—I beg your pardon. I lost my way. I guess, there are so many turn-ins, I'm sorry, but a little rain will fetch it right," grandpa said.

Mrs. Noah was not at heart an unkind woman, and the something in the benignant expression of grandpa's face, or in the eloquent tone of his voice, mollified her somewhat, and without further comment she stood waiting for his next remark. The meek old man concluded she was a near relation of Guy—mother, perhaps; but no. Guy's mother was dead, as grandpa well knew; for, Devonshire had heard of the young bride Agnes, who had married Guy's father for money and rank. To have been mistaken for Guy's mother would not have offended Mrs. Noah particularly; but how was she when she heard:
"I come on business with Squire Guy. Are you his gran'mamma?"
"His gran'mamma and Mrs. Noah hit off the last evening spitefully. 'Bless you, man, Squire Guy, as you call him, is twenty-five years old.'"
As Grandpa Markham was rather blind, he failed to see the point, but knew that in some way he had given offense.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I was sure you was some kin—maybe an aunt."
"If it's Mr. Guy you want, I can tell you he is not at home, which will save your getting out."
"Not at home, and I've come so far to see him?" grandpa exclaimed, and in his

eyes there was so much genuine disappointment that Mrs. Noah rejoined, quite kindly:
"He's gone to Devonshire with the young lady, his stepmother. Perhaps you might tell me your business; I know all Mr. Guy's affairs."
Mrs. Noah bade him come in, feeling a very little contempt for the old-fashioned camel-cloak in which his fast became entangled, and smiling inwardly at the shrunken, faded pantaloon, betokening poverty.
"As you know all Squire Guy's affairs," grandpa said, when he was seated before the fire, "maybe you could tell whether he would be likely to lend a stranger three hundred dollars, and that stranger me?"
Mrs. Noah stared at him aghast. Was he crazy, or did he mean to insult her master? Evidently neither. That was the solution of his audacity, and pitying, as she would have addressed a half-idiot, Mrs. Noah made him understand how impossible it was for him to think her master would lend to a stranger like that.

"You say he's gone to Devonshire," grandpa said, softly, with a quiver on his lip when it had finished. "I wish I'd known it; I left my granddarter there to be examined. Maybe I'll meet him going back, and can ask him."
"I tell you it won't be no use. Mr. Guy has no three hundred dollars to throw away," was Mrs. Noah's rather sharp rejoinder.
"Wall, wall, we won't quarrel about it," the old man replied, in his most conciliatory manner, as he turned his head away to hide the starting tear. "I'm an old man, lady, old enough to be your father." Here Mrs. Noah's face grew brighter, and she listened attentively while he continued: "You won't take what I say amiss, I'm sure. I've a little girl at home, a grandchild, who has heard big stories of the fine things at Aikenside. She has a hankerin' after such vanities, and it would please her mightily to have me tell her what I saw up here, so maybe you wouldn't mind lettin' me go into that big room where the silk frin's are. I'll take off my shoes, if you say so."
"Your shoes won't hurt an atom; come right along," Mrs. Noah replied, now in the best of moods, for, except her cup of green tea with raspberry jam and cream, she enjoyed nothing more than showing these handsome houses.
(To be continued.)

CIRCUS SIDE-LIGHTS.

Curious Features That the Public Neither Sees Nor Hears Of.
Before a storm the animals with a tented show become nervous and excited; the lions emit a continuous coughing roar, the cat tribe paces restlessly to and fro, monkeys take to the highest perch in their cage and huddle trembling in the shadows, if the coming storm is to be a severe one, and the elephants sway from side to side more violently than usual, feeling the air with nervous trunks as if in search of something, says a writer in Spare Moments. Under these conditions the wise menagerie superintendent keeps one eye on the weather and the other on his charges. He frequently finds it necessary to put the side pieces on the cages to darken their interiors and quiet the beasts, and then shortens the chains with which the elephants are tethered. These animal weather prophets frequently give their storm warnings long before the storm breaks, and they are heedful by the showman, for he dreads a wind storm.

With every circus one finds an interesting collection of babies, babies whose mothers and fathers astonish the spectators every afternoon and evening with their daring aerial flights. And they are much like other babies, save that they are more lusty than the ordinary youngsters, with bronzed cheeks and supple bodies, the latter usually an inheritance from a long line of circus ancestors.

The circus queen is a good mother, who loves her offspring just as fondly and cares for it as tenderly, if not more rationally, than her sisters in other walks of life. All her spare moments are spent in doing for the little one, making its clothes, embroidering a dress for it, or exercising its little limbs that it, too, may in time grow up to do and dare. When the mother goes into the ring for her perilous act, some other performer, who is waiting her turn to go on, entertains the little one by standing her on her head, doing hand stands, leaps and hand springs, usually to the intense delight of the little one.

One of the most frequent causes of loss of animals in a circus menagerie is suicide, of which there are numerous well authenticated cases. In speaking of this characteristic, George Conklin, who has been constantly associated with wild beasts for more than forty years, says: "The instinct for self-destruction is common among all kinds of animals, and the causes are, in many instances, the same as usually impel a man or woman to take his or her life. Probably the most pronounced of these causes are loneliness, homesickness, loss of companions or progeny, and ill health. There are animals that periodically have a return of the suicidal mania, and that can be saved from self-destruction only by the most intelligent and careful treatment. As a rule, however, when the animal has made up its mind, so to speak, to commit suicide, nothing can prevent it, and the keeper, not only for reason of humanity, but also because an animal in that condition is extremely dangerous, often is compelled to end its sufferings by hastening its death."

She Was Wise.
"And you say this was the first time you have ever loved?"
"Yes."
"Do you know what I think you are?"
"Well, what?"
"I think you are a matrimonial faker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Varied Experience.
The Lady—Is advertised for a cook. You have had experience, I suppose?
The Applicant—Sure, an' Oi have munn. It's meself as wor-kr'd for a dozen changes in th' last six months, munn.—Chicago News.

In Austria field labor is still largely done by the women, who also thrash the grain with flails.
All great men are in some degree impaired.—Clover.

Sermons of the Week

LOADING AN AFRICAN SLAVER.
How a Cargo of Human Freight Was Secured.
The king, queen, royal family, chiefs and people were invited on board. They had previously been treated somewhat sparingly with liquors. In the meantime all the water casks were filled and mostly stowed in the lower hold aft, together with all the stores and goods, on a platform resting on the keelson. A very large supply of iron had been taken on board at Cardenas, writes T. V. Briggs in Harper's. The trading had been proceeding on the upper deck and a large supply of the various articles of food laid in, and now all was in readiness. The afternoon of the entertainment had arrived. Two large puncheons were placed on the upper deck and the heads knocked in, and about twenty-five or more gallons of strong rum put into each puncheon, also a hundred-weight or so of sugar and a bushel of cut lilies; to these were added a specific quantity of a certain drug which would presently produce a prolonged stupefaction.

The between and lower decks were swept clean, and all was in readiness for the company—to the number of about 1,500. As fast as they came on board they were plied with the drugged punch; many soon became stupid or helpless and were placed below to make room for others.
When they were all on board and most of them stupefied they were seized, ironed and passed below. The first row were seated with the knees drawn up close to the side of the vessel, one arm put through the becket, and iron clapped on. In the next row another arm was put through the same becket, one bolt and becket thus answering for two persons. It will be remembered that the main hatchway was partitioned in the middle, and after part inclosed between decks, giving a separate connection with the temporary deck. A wide and short gangway was placed from the other side of the hatchway to the temporary deck, well slanting, and the captives destined for the lower deck were placed on this and slid down, when they were packed and secured.

The between decks was packed full with nearly 800, and about 500 or more were on the temporary deck. There were still two hundred or more that they had neither room nor iron for. They might have been dropped into the periguis and left to find their way ashore when they came to their senses. It was too late; the periguis had been cut adrift as soon as they began to secure the captives. Now the anchor was trimmed, the sail hoisted and the Slaver Caribbean, as she was afterward called, was miles away before the last were secured. Many of those remaining were now coming to their senses. Do you ask what became of them? "They were shot and thrown overboard"; such was the record.

CURING A BALKY HORSE.

Strike Quick Blow on the Hoof Held In the Hand.
In that part of Washington street where window shoppers are thickest street car traffic was congested the other day by a balky horse driven to a surrey, in which were two women, one angry because her prided womanhood failed to move the stubborn animal, the other frightened at the thought of capricious behavior of the brute after the balkiness might cease, says the Indianapolis News. And it may be said that every balky horse moves when the proper remedy is administered.

Before the wrecking car could be called a telephone lineman riding on a bicycle noticed the stiff-legged horse, the surrey and the woman occupants across the track, as well as the line of street cars in waiting. He dismounted from his wheel, set it against the street curbing, grasped one of his steel "climbers" in his strong right hand and approached the balky horse. Lifting up a fore foot, as a blacksmith would, he struck the hoof a stinging blow. The horse darted forward and the crowd cheered as the silent electrician mounted his wheel and rode away to adjust a balky telephone.

"You see," said a scientist, too dignified to intrude, "the man by the smart blow stimulated the periphery and communicated forcibly with the cortex, thus giving stimulus to the concept of locomotion. Hence the semi-voluntary procedure of the horse."
One of the perspiring policemen who had tried to drag the horse from the track remarked: "I didn't know the 'hot foot' would work on a horse."

Maintaining His Dignity.
Even the elevator boy has to draw the line somewhere, to prevent his being made too common. The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that "she didn't bear her until she had rung three times," meets her match in the elevator boy described by a writer in the New York Evening Post.
"If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment-house elevator boy.
There was no answer.
"Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman, with some heat.
"I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says, 'What?'"

He Knew His Sister.
Since the engagement of his pretty sister her small brother had been puzzling his head to understand what it meant.
"Why?" exclaimed his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that he'll take care of her."
"Buy her things?" asked the boy.
"Yes."
"Hats and dinners and ice cream and everything?" he persisted.
"Yes," was the answer.
The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said:
"Well, that man's got lots of courage, hasn't he?"—Ladies Home Journal.

So far as known, the undertaker is the only man in the world who knows that the styles change in hearse.

Hippography being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horse flesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a Papal decree of Gregory III, though why horse flesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

THE TIME TEST.

That is What Proves True Merit.
Donn's Kidney Pills bring the quickest relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you.
In January, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Donn's Kidney Pills have cured me of the pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc." On June 20th, 1907, four years after, she writes: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."
Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

To Aim Straight is Human.
Anthropologists have remarked that taking aim is a human characteristic that even the anthropoid apes cannot be said to share. Apes and monkeys frequently thrown nuts and sticks, sometimes with unpleasant consequences to others, but they show little or no ability to take accurate aim. The baboon is said to excel somewhat in this respect, but still it would never pass for a marksman. Accuracy of eye and the judgment of direction and distance that are involved in real aiming have been developed only by man and are among the tokens of his intellectual superiority.—St. Louis Republic.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
I, LUCAS CORREY, Notary Public in and for said State of Ohio, do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHENEY, of said City of Toledo, Ohio, 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 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. 1908.
(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 full directions free.
J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
Berlin authorities have passed a law putting a tax on cats, and now when one of them is found without the metal tag which shows that the tax has been paid it is chloroformed.

For Kidney Troubles and Rheumatism.
Sufferers from rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are promised speedy relief and cure by use of the well-known medical preparation called "Swamp Root." So confident of its efficacy are its proprietors that by mentioning the name of this paper and writing to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., a sample bottle of the remedy will be sent free by mail to any part of the United States. In order to get this free sample, be sure to mention the name of this paper.

The "Pencok Turons" of Persia is the most extravagant thing of the kind in the world. Its value is estimated between ten and fifteen million dollars.
Millions in Oats and Barley.
Nothing will pay you better for 1908 than to raise a plenty of big yielding oats and barley with oats at 40c to 50c a bu. (Salzer's new Emperor William Oats averaged 50 bu. per acre more than any other variety in 1907) you may immediately write Salzer's Silver King Barley, which proved itself the biggest yielder at the Wisconsin Agricultural Station during 1907 if you had planted 50 acres you would have given you in 1907 just \$3,500.00 on 50 acres. It is an enormous yielder.
JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and we will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America, with samples of Emperor William Oats, Silver King Barley, Billion Dollar Grass, which produces 12 tons per acre. Sainfoin, the dry soil luxuriator, etc., etc., and if you send 14c we add a package of new farm seeds never before seen by you. C. N. U.

Tenderfoot—I hear you have started up a new quartz mill. How are you doing with it?
Mine Owner—Gleisely, thank you.
The pain soothing virtues of St. Jacobs Oil are so evenly balanced as to meet all cases where pain exists, and where an outward application is generally applied. St. Jacobs Oil is truly worth its weight in gold, even for the cure of nerve pain, neuralgia, and all bodily pains proceeding from the nerves). It illustrates how wonderfully the essential elements are combined; its marvelous penetrating power enables it to seek out the painful spot in the sciatic nerve, deeply embedded, as well as the face and brain nerves. It cures neuralgia gently and surely, and after the application, if the nose of the bottle is held to the patient's nostrils for, say, ten minutes, they will fall off into a restful, peaceful sleep. There is no other remedy in the world that will do so much, and do it so quietly and effectively as St. Jacobs Oil. Every family should have a bottle handy by them in the house. It acts like magic, it always conquers pain.

Savings banks are established in 228 schools in Scotland. There are 25,712 depositors, with \$48,900 to their credit.
Wouldn't you like to try Nature's mild laxative, Garfield Tea? Headache, Pimples and Digestive Tablets also upon request. Send postcard to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Abstemious" and "facetious" are the only words in English having the vowels in their order.
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PAZO DENTIFRICE is guaranteed to cure any case of Hoarse, Blush, Blemish or Pimples in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.
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