Delicate Children, Nursing Mothers, Overworked Men and for all diseases where the tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest food, or from overwork, should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate. It put her in such good health and flesh, that I must say it is the best Emulsion."—L. P. Waddell, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C.

"How are you?"
"Oh, since I have moved to Michigan I have been in a very fair state."

The good health of every woman depends greatly upon herself; delays through false modesty are dangerous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure nine cases out of ten.

"That man has a good position."
"What is it?"
"Head up, chest well out and legs straight."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A miner working a claim on Swauk creek in Kittitas county, Washington, recently found five nuggets of gold, which aggregated $550 in gold.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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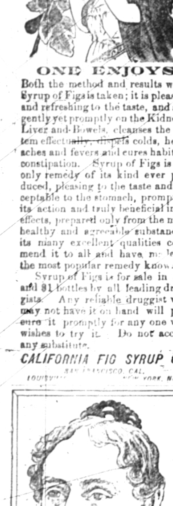

"MOTHERS, I WARN YOU!"

Watch carefully your daughter's health. When the appetite fails, or there is a growing nervous irritability, extreme lassitude, emaciation, the voice trembles, the eyes are restless, eyelids droop, and expression languid, then devote one hour to a thorough investigation of the case.

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WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—FAREWELL.

The beautiful dream of life! How few realize their ideal! The eventful evening that had been the theme of conversation by a large circle of friends, and the one event of life to the immediate actors, had arrived. The immense hall at Blue Ridge was filled with friends, eager to witness the marriage of Colonel Fred Haynes, of the United States, to the beautiful Annie Wren. What a fascination a wedding has for young and old!

The bridal party were to occupy a broad stage or dais that had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with more taste and skill than usual by the artistic hand of Lady Hortense. There were flowers everywhere. The room seemed a bower of bloom. Annie was to be led to the altar by her aged father. She wore, over a dress of white satin, a dainty robe of lace, a veil of English point, a necklace of fine pearls and a wreath of orange flowers, all white; and in this snowy cloud Annie looked more lovely than ever. Sir Wren, with his long white beard, reminded me of my childish pictures of the patriarch Moses. The Colonel was in a full evening dress suit. His eyes bespoke a happy future for my little friend. As they took their places before the altar I thought that they might challenge the finest Greek or Parisian taste for perfection of form, feature and costume.

How short the ceremony! How much it means as it runs out in the years to come! To some it brings a train of uninterrupted joy and confidence, to others pain and disappointment.

Congratulations were offered, mingled with feelings of sadness; for on the morrow our party were to separate. "It may be for years and it may be for ever," was the refrain. Yet there was no murmuring with sighing. We grieved to be separated from the friends we had loved so long; but this was a happy closing scene for our holiday period. Now we must buckle on the armor of life and take an active part. A happy, joyous time of rest and recreation it had been!

A banquet had been prepared for the closing. The great dining room was brilliantly lighted. Illumination is a necessary accompaniment to joy; mist and shadows are not welcome to the happy. The hall was gay with birds and flowers. The table flashed and sparkled with glass, china, gold and silver. From an ante room came soft strains of music as from some Æolian harp.

Annie, the beautiful bride, was seated between her father and her noble young husband, while Mrs. Haynes sat by Sir Wren. My sweet wife was by my side, as bright a beam of sunshine as of old. The merry guests were all seated, and quiet conversation was the rule. The Duke of Melvorne sat beside his noble Duchess, still as charming as when we first met her in the mountains of the far away land of blue skies and broad prairies. Mr. and Mrs. Lollard were as jovial as ever, and many were the jokes we passed on our time honored guide. Lord Sanders, with his tall, angular, over-dressed wife and showy daughters were all conspicuous for the amount of diamonds they wore and for their reserved and haughty demeanor.

At dessert Sir Wren was called on to toast the newly married couple.

"You will not escape two sermons—one from the bishop, which you have heard," he said, bowing across the table to Bishop Bede, "and now one from me. Listen, my children. Adore each other. Be happy. Now is the budding time of hope and trust; let not the chilling blight of discordant elements blast the tender flower. The world lacks perfume; it lacks the charm of love. We cannot love too well. We cannot please too much. To love and be loved—what a miracle is wrought! Love, woman and a kiss are a circle; they form our universe from the cradle to the grave. Exist bravely for each other. Hide your anger; wounds may heal but the scars remain. Life is too short in its arrowy flight for even an angry word. Love was a child six thousand years ago, and has a right to a long white beard though as youthful as ever," concluded Sir Wren, stroking his long beard as he resumed his seat.

Melvorne was called to answer to the toast, "Civilization."

"My friends, long life to woman. She is the central feature of civilization. He who trains a son trains a man. He who educates a daughter educates a nation. Civilization has brought the university to the poor man's door, in the newsboy's sachel.

Colonel Haynes was called on for "America."

Civilization has tamed the lightnings and conquered the elements, but woman is conquerable only through her love."

Colonel Haynes was called on for "America."

"A welcome word, my friends," said the Colonel. "I long to tread her fertile soil once more. But I go with a warning. I must proclaim to the men in that free land that they are bowing to the yoke of oppression that will soon be too heavy to bear. I have seen the effect of landlordism on a people bound in slavery to rent. Shall the beacon light of hope in our glorious union be darkened by this dreadful cloud? Shall the land of free schools and free churches be changed to a land of ignorance and degradation. No, a thousand times, no! The blood of our forefathers cries out against it. Let not history repeat itself. We must sound the tocsin and rouse our people from the lethargy of sleep. There are aliens in America, silently stealing our lands, our heritage and our freedom. 'Defeat to alien landlords' is to be my motto evermore!"

"Waverland for Ireland!" was called.

"My friends," I said, "I see in the mists of vanished ages a living, moving throng. Their fitful shadows sweep by us in a grand procession of stately kings in golden chariots; of yellow-haired warriors rushing to battle with shout and war song, for whose sake kings are ready to peril their crowns and men to offer up their lives. In Ireland, when England was inhabited by a wild, roving gypsy people, like the wild Indians of America, there was a people here well established in all the forms of government. The trial of all disputes was settled by a verdict of twelve men. In music, the harp was used by the Irish people, and developed by them into the modern piano forte. In literature and art they excelled; and from Ireland came the valiant-hearted soldiers that broke the yoke of Roman slavery from the English serfs. While England was yet in slavery, the Irish were enjoying free schools, sustained by endowment. They taught religion, music, language and writing. Architecture, known to King Solomon and brought to Ireland by the old prophets when they fled from Assyrian captivity, was taught to the people.

"The youthful king, Alfred the Great, drank deep from the fountain of knowledge in Ireland. Literature and art became to him a living purpose. He learned to play the harp, and in after years it enabled him to charm the Danish kings while he was seeking points for attacking their armies.

"When Alfred was proclaimed king of England he established a government founded on the principles learned of the Irish Parliament. It consisted of one chamber where nobles, priests, bards and commons all met as equals, and the king sat in the midst of them as president. At Oxford he established a school of learning and sent to Ireland for instructors. He repeated in England the works in marble and stone that he had learned in Ireland, and had his men build the pointed roofs and arches now called Gothic.

"For more than two thousand years Ireland was a free and prosperous nation, as history and her ruins proclaim. First the Dane made their descent upon the Island, capturing many places and driving Irish scholars into all parts of Europe. Afterwards England realized that Ireland was a rich and prosperous land, with every advantage of wealth and culture. The Irish were a brave and intelligent people, superior to the English in everything but power. Superior numbers have conquered and for seven hundred years Ireland has been made to feel that England is her master and she is a slave.

"Then, amid the thunders of the American revolution, when the British Empire reeled before the blows of the allied forces of Louis XVI and George Washington; when Paul Jones, the Yankee Privateer, preyed on English commerce and spread terror along the Scottish coast; when Ireland was without English troops and the only military force in all Ireland was the Irish volunteers, Grattan's parliament was called into existence. Then, like a giant released from bondage, the country again advanced, making rapid strides in progress, until Lord Clare proclaimed, 'There is not a civilized nation on the face of the globe which has advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same rapidity as Ireland.'

"For eighteen years that parliament met in one of the finest buildings in Europe, and made the laws to govern the Irish people. Then, again, the jealousy of England, through treachery and fraud, destroyed the Irish parliament, and Grattan, who had led the Irish people to freedom, lived to see her liberties crushed out by the sword and her parliament destroyed by gold. But though prostrate and bleeding, smarting under the sense of outraged dignity, through years of eviction, famine, imprisonment and death, she has again determined to claim her rights. Another beam of sunlight has touched the living picture, and reveals a mighty man, whose hand is on the key board of British politics. One who has brought forth a harmony of class and creed that resounds throughout the world, astonishing mankind."

The evening's entertainment was pleasant and gay, with music and conversation. The grand good humor of our host gave a tone of cheerfulness to the whole party. At a late hour the final farewells were said and the bridal party took leave of their friends at Blue Ridge.

In the morning Colonel Haynes, his wife and mother and Sir Wren bade adieu to Raven's Park, but Stella, Myrtle and myself formed part of the company as far as Liverpool. There the last farewells were spoken while we stood on the deck of the great steamer that was to be their dwelling place for the next few days.

"Well Waverland," said Colonel Haynes as he took my arm for a short stroll on the deck before parting, "keep me posted as to the condition and progress of the work in the British parliament, and I will send you notes of matters in America. We shall be widely separated, yet I shall feel that we are co-laborers in the same great work. You are engaged in a long death struggle to loosen the fangs of landlordism from the brightest spot of rich green earth on the face of the globe! I go to America, to do what I can, by agitation and work, to prevent the same monster from stealing the inheritance of the freest people in the world! Unlike chattel slavery, landlordism is stealthy and deceptive! It charms as the serpent, and is as cruel as the grave. It starves and debauches its victims to helplessness and revels amid the suffering.

"The curse of Ireland is this same condensed villainy! This same cruelty, brutality and terror, conceived in lust and perpetuated by force! I have seen it with my own eyes. Words cannot describe it. It does not recognize manhood, womanhood or childhood. Its hand is upon every cradle in Ireland! Its victims are five millions of people who cannot get away. They are held down by the bayonet, while the landlords rob the helpless in the name of the law!

"I believe Irish landlordism comprises all the villainies the devil ever invented, with chattel slavery thrown in; for when a chattel slave is sick his master cares for him—he is his money! When an Irish tenant is unable to work he is thrown out upon the roadside with his wife and children to perish. In short I have come to feel that this system that confronts us is legalized piracy! The old Saxon was a drunken, sensual brute, but he had his good points; he was not a perfect landlord, but when the Danes, born sea pirates, and the Normans, born land pirates, swooped down on England and mixed with the Saxon such men as Lord Sanders were created, cold-blooded, cruel, and far-reaching; with his $200,000 per year income from his farms in Illinois. He and his brother landlords have already larger holdings in America than they have in Europe. It makes the blood boil in my veins! Must we sit idle while these men enact the same cruelties in America that I have seen in Ireland. No, we are ready for work. This system we go forth into the two hemispheres to fight! You are led by the greatest men of Europe. Your weapons are truth and justice! Your friends have made a start. This hot furnace of perdition will not yield easily, you will be beaten once, twice, thrice, but remember the story of Bruce and the spider; thirteen times are not too often to try! Follow Gladstone and Parnell! Keep a firm hand on the dynamiters. They are the unwitting tools of landlords here, and the monopolies in America, and will ruin the cause of liberty by their impatience if permitted. The rights of persons and property should be maintained. It is a lesson for old and young, rich and poor. No man has a right to destroy his neighbor's property, or to infringe on his neighbor's rights, either as landlords, monopolists or as dynamiters! Justice, right and a free ballot are the only weapons that can conquer tyranny in all its forms."

The signal bell sounded, warning us that the parting time had come. With clasped hands, full hearts and moist eyes, more expressive than words, we pledged eternal friendship.

"Annie," Stella was saying as we joined them, "write to me often. Tell me of the people and places that you see. We have had such happy times together. I almost dread to go back to Waverland now that you are gone."

"Little friend and playmate," I said, as I bade Annie farewell, "the moors and mountains will miss the patter of your pony's feet, but you will visit a new country with a message of love and liberty, learned from the old home in Ireland. I wish you God speed and a happy life."

The final signal sounded, we were lowered from the great steamer, but watched our friends until they vanished from view.

We crossed the channel and visited Waverland for a few days. In some parts of Ireland there had been terrible need, almost amounting to starvation. In Connaught there had been less suffering. The tenants were hopeful. The new ministry was agreeable to their wishes. Mr. Parnell was their chosen leader, hero and friend. Though quiet was maintained in Ireland, there was an undertone of earnestness that told of settled determination. The only safe plan for England is to listen to reason.

According to an agreement with Sir Wren, many things not valuable enough to take with him yet through association too dear to be parted with, I had taken to Waverland. Annie's pet pony was one of the things committed to my care. The farmers on Sir Wren's estate were contented and happy. A way had been provided by which they were to buy the land they tilled.

Lady Waverland visited all her old friends. They were as warm as ever in their praises of the "swate lady."

The little school had been moved from the tenant cottage to a fine, large building, erected for the purpose according to the direction of Lady Waverland. She also had endowed it with sufficient funds to procure the best instructors. Thus all our tenants' children have the privilege of a free education.

No wonder that, to the poor oppressed tenants, such a benefactor is an object of special love and affection. Her quiet, healthful influence also had a good effect on the home life of the people. Now, instead of dirt and filth about the cabins, all was neat and tidy. The pigs and cows were in the rear of the building, in some kind of shelter, and flowers were seen in the door yards.

Our stay in Waverland was short. It was early in the year 1886. Parliament was in session, and each Irish member felt it his duty to fill his place at all times during the sittings. If Gladstone is beaten in his plans, there will be an appeal to the people. In that appeal, one party or the other will be beaten; but, in any event, the cause of British liberty will gain by the agitation. Ireland's cause is becoming national, and very soon every part of the British Empire must clasp hands in one universal struggle for British liberty! With the example of America in view, I enter the struggle with cheerful faith in the future!

THE END.

Bibbles Specially Named.

Many editions of the Bible have received special names, from misprints or other errors to be found in them. *The Leisure Hour* gives a list of them, from which the following instances are taken:

The Breeches Bible contains the phrase, "They sewed figge-tree leaves together and made themselves Breeches. Gen. iii. 7. Printed in 1506.

The Bug Bible: "So that thou shalt no nede to be afraid of any Bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." Ps. xci. 4. Printed in 1561.

The Treacle Bible: "Is there not treacle at Gilead?" Jer. viii. 22. Printed in 1568.

The Rosin Bible, printed in 1609, translates the same verse, "Is there no rosin in Gilead?"

The Place-maker's Bible: "Blessed are the placemakers." Mat. v. 9. 1561-2.

The Vinegar Bible: "The Parable of the Vinegar" appears instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," as a chapter heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition, published in 1717.

The Ears-to-Ear Bible: "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear." Mat. xiii. 43. 1810.

The Standing-Fishes Bible: "And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it." Ezek. xlvii. 10. 1806.

The Discharge Bible: "I discharge thee before God." 1 Tim., v. 21. 1806.

The Wife-Hater Bible: "If any man come to me and hate not his father . . . yea, and his own wife also," etc. Luke xiv., 26. 1810.

Rebekah's-Camels Bible: "And Rebekah arose and her camels." Gen. xxiv., 61. 1823.

To-Remain Bible: "Persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain, even so it is now." Gal. iv., 29. When this Bible was in press at Cambridge, the proof-reader, in doubt whether he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, who penciled on the margin the words "To remain." This reply was thus transferred to the body of the text.

A Persevering Prisoner.

"Perseverance will accomplish anything." I had these words for a writing lesson once, and I shall never forget them. It is a great thing to have perseverance. There was once a man who was shut up in a dungeon with walls 200 feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone. He had no tools except a pair of scissors his brother had sent him in a loaf of bread. But he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said that he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon with the scissors and escape if it took him a hundred years.

He had been digging about a year when the Governor pardoned him, and the jailer brought him the joyful news. But they couldn't get him to leave the dungeon. He told the jailer that he had undertaken to dig his way through the wall and escape in that way, and that he was going to stick to it no matter how long it might take. The jailer urged him to give it up and walk out of the door, and even offered him $10 to give up his dungeon to a new lodger, but nothing could induce him to change his mind. So he staid in the dungeon and dug away at the wall for forty-seven years, and every six months he had to pay a big bill for damages to the jail, and he finally died when he was half through the wall. This shows what a splendid thing perseverance is and that we all ought to persevere.—*W. L. Alden.*

Fooling The Detectives.

"The arrest and prosecution of twenty Chinamen for unlawfully engaging in hydraulic mining on the Omega claim in Nevada County reminds me of one scheme that the 'moonlighters' carried on up there which was a pre-eminent success," remarked an old-timer the other day to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter. "Some of the boys had a claim up above Nevada City that could only be reached by a certain road, or, more properly speaking, a narrow pass in the rocks. The Anti-Debris spies learned that the illicit work was being done and a dozen times tried to raid the mine. They were always too late. When they got to the place, although it was apparent that work had only just ceased, no one was working, and those who had been had made their escape.

"At length, after several months of persistent endeavor, the Anti-Debris men discovered the reason for their failures. In passing over the road they touched an ingeniously arranged rock in the path which was connected with a buried wire. By using a battery the movement to the rock completed an electric circuit which rang a bell at the mine two miles away. Having a warning at that distance the 'moonlighters' had ample opportunity to make themselves safe."

A Temple of Serpents.

The small town of Werda, in the Kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives. These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads hanging downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have great difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punishable by death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the King would scarcely suffice to save him. Many of the monsters in the "Serpent Temple" are large enough to enfold a large ox in their coils.

A Forgotten Senator.

Ex-Senator Tabor's luck seems to cling to him. Another girl to the house of Tabor. It is said there was a corner on cut flowers the day following the advent of the little stranger, and that most of them found their way to the mansion on Capitol Hill. This good fortune and a rise of two and one-half points in "Matchless" induced the Senator's warmest smiles. The evil predictions of a few years since that Tabor's luck was on the wane and that he would soon be as poor as in the old corner-grocery days of Leadville seem in a bad way to be verified.—*Denver Letter.*

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfortunes.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln in the the Providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem was "Uncle" Billy Green of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutlidge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry'; an' he'd look up an' say 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do, did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but today she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

MEN AND THINGS.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners.

A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

Provo, Utah, has a red-hot anarchist. His wife supports him by taking in washing.

Connecticut is a land of huckleberries, and girls there earn $6 to $8 a week picking them.

The whole world's produce of salt per annum is 7,300,000 tons. England produces the most.

A Kentucky mountaineer who sold his vote for 50 cents has been fined $175 and disfranchised.

Men keep young by continuing to work. When men retire they have invited old age to come in and take possession.

Edward McDonald, of Allentown, Pa., thinks he owns the smallest dog. It is five months old and weighs four ounces.

The father of a family was seen lately bearing eight overshoes of assorted size "nested" like Chinese puzzle boxes.

George Blust swore so frightfully at Mrs. Charles Graham, near New Albany, Ind., that she went into convulsions and died.

A Bohemian living in Bridgeport, Conn., had cut out of his leg recently a bullet that he received in the Franco-German war.

Diplomats are trained to "obscure" the meaning of language. The czar of Russia says he cannot believe a word his diplomats tell him.

M. D'Ennery, author of Two Orphans, is 80 years old, but he is still the busiest playwright in France. At present he has seven new melodramas under way.

It has been calculated that there are about 200,000 families living in London on about £1 a week, and they are in a large measure the people of one room.

A bell, cast recently for the Kharkow Cathedral, contains 63 per cent of pure silver. It weighs 610 English pounds and its vibrations last several minutes.

Mrs. Davis, the wife of Senator Davis of Minnesota, has gone to black. All her undergarments are black and she has discarded white bed clothing for black.

Wiggins, the weather prophet, believes in the transmigration of souls. It is not material, however, as to what Wiggins may believe or what he may prophesy.

The police courts of New York do not exist for nothing. Last year they had 110,000 cases. This report is not very creditable to the city on Manhattan island.

It appears that the great majority of persons committing suicide in Japan are over fifty years of age. Next to the list comes persons between twenty and thirty years of age.

A single orange tree in Florida has been known to bear 8,000 oranges in a year. Such a yield is excessive, as a grove that will yield 1,500 to the tree is considered excellent.

Bismarck's wife is very domestic. She is an expert with a needle and is famous as a cook. She regards these as accomplishments and is proud of them and so is the prince.

A New York money prince has recently ordered a set of brass floor registers plated with gold in an exceedingly ornate design. The registers will be placed in the owner's palace.

Ninety years ago Mr. Palmer, an actor, fell dead on the Liverpool stage. The moment before his death he had exclaimed, "O God, O God, there is another and a better world."

Gold is found to be much more malleable than silver. Recent tests show that it can be beaten 1,200 times thinner than printing paper. One ounce of it can be made to cover 146 square feet.

In Florida sugar cane grows luxuriantly without fertilizing, and the average cost of preparing and planting a sugar crop there is $10 per acre, as compared with $18 in Cuba and $24 in Lousiana.

At one time General Custer tamed a tiny field mouse, and kept it in a large empty inkstand on his desk. It grew very fond of him, and ran over his head and shoulders and even through his hair.

A New Hampshire dentist has put up a sign, "Teeth pulled while you wait," and draws much extra patronage from people who do not stop to think that teeth cannot be pulled in any other way.

The pumps in the Gold Hill mine at Grass Valley, Cal., were uncovered recently after lying nine years under water. They were put to work and lifted water as well as the first day they were down.

The Presbyterians of Spokane recently sold their church to a man who at once started a saloon in the basement and now, there is seen a beer sign on the corner of a fine structure with a tall steeple on it.

There is too much truth in this statement made by Puck: "The man who howls loudest about the 'equality of man' is invariably the man who is most firmly convinced that the world contains no one equal to himself."

The distance traveled by Stanley in the interior of Africa is estimated by him at 5,400 miles, of which all but 1,000 were on foot. The expedition occupied three years, and rescued 300 persons, at a cost of less than £30,000.

Gloves with webs between the fingers are now made for swimmers. They give a better purchase on the water than is possible with the bare hand. It seems singular that nothing of the sort had been thought of before. Men are slow to take hints from nature.

People can travel from New York to Chicago, or Jacksonville, or New Orleans, or St. Johns, N. B., without a change of cars, but the traveler from Harlem to Coney Island has to change five or six times. And still New York claims all the modern conveniences.

One is company and two is a crowd in a summer hammock.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Seaside flirtations do not last because they are builded on the sand.—*Somerville Journal.*

Chorus of Coquettes—"Let us each be up and doing with a fate for any heart."—*Washington Post.*

The only popular adviser is the one who gives counsel that fits our inclinations.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Life is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.—*Elmira Gazette.*

He who goes into the world with censure on his lips will pass through life a friendless man.—*Atchison Globe.*

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.—*Boston Transcript.*

There is more real heartache in a square yard of suspense than in an acre of realization.—*Great Barrington News.*

The oyster will remain at the sea shore all summer; but the clam will be most in society.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

There may be "sermons in stones," but don't imagine, friend that there are "rocks in religion."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Minister—"Are you in the church, miss?" Miss Highsee—"No, sir; I'm only a member of the choir, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If you want a clear "skin" all that is necessary is to buy goods of a street peddler or sign a paper without reading it.—*Bushnell Record.*

She—"What a strong face he has." He—"Yes; that comes from exercise. He has been traveling on it for many years."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Is your husband in, madam?" "No, he was just here a minute ago arguing with me. You'll find him probably down at the doctor's."—*Epoch.*

Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I've got a good dog I'd like to sell you," said a fancier to Fangle. "Not much!" replied Fangle; "why, I've got four marriageable daughters."—*Epoch.*

"Will you think of me very often while you are away, dearest John?" "But, Emily, you know that this is to be a pleasure trip."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Smythe—"You look unhappy. What's the matter?" Roberts—"I have had a row with my uncle." Smythe—"Did you lose the ticket?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"How is she your sister? By marriage?" "N-no," stammered Chappie, "Quite the reverse, you know. B-by re-refusal of m-m-marriage."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Yabsley—"How Timmins has improved since his marriage." Wickwire—"I suppose he gets rid of all his cussedness at home now."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Children not addicted to fun, boisterousness, and mischief may grow up to be respectable members of society, but as children they are failures.—*Boston Budget.*

Jenks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?" Binks—"I don't know. Why?" Jinks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Want some of my hair restorer, sir?" asked the barber; "best in the world." "O, I've something better. I've just got a divorce from my wife."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"I understand that Cutely, whom they wanted to arrest for embezzlement has skipped to Europe." "Yes, he has gone beyond the seize!"—*Lawrence American.*

Faker—"Neckties, suspenders——" Baboony (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a 20-cent necktie?" Faker—"Vell, I half some for 10 cents, mister."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Do you know why that fellow at the opposite table keeps his paper all the time so before his face?" "Why, of course. The man at this table is his tailor."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Biggs—"Hair falling out, old man?" Baggs—"No." Biggs—"What does that bald spot mean?" Baggs—"Well, there was a little falling out up at the house last night, come to think."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some one says that "the happiest-looking man is the one who is not burdened with wealth." He evidently did not form his opinion from seeing a friend returning from the races.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

"Did your husband leave a will?" asked the lawyer of the weeping widow-for-the-second-time. "I don't think he could. I know he never had any as long as I've been married to him."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A man may be a millionaire and his wife still be a supplicant and a beggar.

"A Patent Leather Shine."

It is well enough to admire the busy bee, but be careful how you take a pointer from him.

Does Your Baby

The gourmand of pleasure, like him of the table, often becomes satiated but never satisfied.

"Pat, do you know what a cemetery is?" "Av coorse Oi do. It is a place where folks lives afther they're dead, sorr."

"The Rochester" is a perfect lamp. No smoke, no smell, no broken chimneys. A light as soft as twilight, as genial as love and brilliant as a June morning. Ask for it. Send for Catalogue. **Rochester Lamp Co., New York.**

Mr. Dreary—How early it gets late these October evenings.
Miss Weary—Yes, indeed. It comes time to go home long before you realize it.

The very best way to know whether or not Dobbins' Electric Soap is as good as it is said to be, is to try it yourself. It can't deceive you. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them. Ask your grocer for just one bar.

Pity the man who builds fine churches and turns the needy poor from his door.

"What is your husband's ailment, Mrs. O'Brien?"
"Sure, sorr, and it's not alement at all, sorr; it's whusky."

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To The Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address.

Yours Respectfully,

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, 183 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

You may have your marble palace,
With its settings rare and fine,
But give me the simple cottage,
Where the sunlight used to shine.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Heaven's last best gift—my ever new delight," ...

"Heavens! I've got the blues!" cried the water as the bluing entered.

The Paris Figaro has just published an interesting article on "What young girls should read." This is all well enough. But it is more important still to know that they should always take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for their colds.

"So Minnie has been caught in the matrimonial net at last?"
"Yes, marries a nobleman; caught in the baronet, in fact."

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure *everything.*

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers *if taken in time.* The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of *weariness* and *weakness.* The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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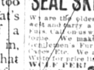
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The best Toilet Soap for the Skin ever made,
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A perfectly pure and neutral soap, combining the emollient and healing properties of Vaseline.
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25 CTS
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

We offer you a really made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a Nostrum if you will, but believe us when we say that at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

The greatest burdens are not the gainfullest. You can lessen
LIFE'S BURDEN
by using SAPOLIO

It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes.

What would you give for a Friend who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

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The house is best cleaned that is cleaned with Pearline. It is done with little labor and with great results—with ease to yourself, and with no possible injury to anything that is cleaned. To use Pearline once is to want it always; you will want it always because it does what you want.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.