Syrup of Figs

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.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from patents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will do all carry them through.

MR. L. WILLITS of Mrs. Jas. W. KING, Alma, Neb. I give it Daughters' College, to my children when Harrodsburg, Ky., troubled with Croup have depended upon it and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ❀

DOSE AND PRICE CURED without medicine. Write, with 2c. stamp, to DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CO., Rooms 1 and 2, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

RUPTURE Positive cure. By mail, sealed book free. Address Dr. W. A. HICK, Box 8, Smithville, N. Y.

WASHINGTON to the State Board of Trade, Spokane Falls, W.T. for a pamphlet of the Chicago Chronicle.

OPIUM MORPHINE DISEASE, Liquor or Tobacco cured without pain. TOTAL TREATMENT FREE. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay $50 to $75 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A remedy for Asthma and Pulmonary Complaints. Sold by druggists. Dr. Kidder, Druggist, Charlestown, Mass.

KANSAS FARMS Exchanged for any property anywhere. Send stamp for 32 page paper. Mention what you have. CHAS. S. WOOLLEY, OSBORNE, KAN.

RAG CARPET 5 LAYERS SHED LOOM AT ONCE FOR ONE LARGE CARPET. Warp for 5 Carpets, 25 yards per minute. Weaves any pattern. Sample 10c. 15 YARDS PER DAY. Address, NATIONAL CARPET LOOM, Ashland, Ohio.

I DO NOT, I DO I DO NOT SAY I am the only reliable and responsible party for public information, but I do say I am the only responsible party who can guarantee a fair profit on perfectly safe, simple, honest business. Send small dollar or dollar with 3 cents for your time. I will send full particulars of your interest. Yours truly, A. H. Crowley, Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS Dr. Snyder's Kidney Nervine Cures Bed Wetting. Dr. C. O. Pyle says unsolicited testimonial address, with stamp for Dr. Snyder's Nervine, Thomas, Ind. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00.

$3. PRINTING PRESS Prints cards, type, etc. Larger sizes $8, $18, $44. Circular press $75. Outfits for printing. Make money printing for others. Rules, cards, type, etc. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps for catalogue, price list, testimonials, etc. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

ARE YOU A FARMER? If so you are one from choice and can tell whether farming as an investment pays. Do you make it pay? Have you first-class tools, fixtures, etc.? You say yes, but you are wrong if you have no scales. You should have one, and by sending a postal card you can get full information from

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL

TELEGRAPHY we guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY. Kalamazoo, Mich. Terms, $200. Opens September 18, 1889. Send for Catalogue to A.

BUSINESS University. 18 WABASH AVE., DETROIT, MICH. Educates young men and women to qualify themselves for Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Mathematics, Commercial Law, English, Language, Elocution and Mechanical Drawing. Catalogue free. Mention this paper. P. R. SPENCER, Sec'y.

The Soap for Hard Water is Lenox

A HUNTED HEIRESS.

A TALE OF FACTORY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Major MacNamara.

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUED.

John, whose duties called him away, took his leave and left the two men together.

Without any circumlocution Mr. Osborn went into the merits of the case, stating substantially all that the reader has learned from Sanborn regarding the matter of finding the missing child of his dead sister.

The young lawyer paid the deepest attention to the story that Sanborn detailed, making a note now and then of some point with which he seemed more familiar than the rest.

When he had concluded, Sam asked a few questions which led to very important results.

"Can you tell me about what time your sister removed from New Hampshire down here?"

"I can, easily," the old gentleman replied, taking a package of letters from his pocket and opening one carefully over, file soon separated one from the rest; this he opened and carefully perused for a few moments, and when he concluded said: "She left New Hampshire on the 8th day of May, 1860.

"Can you tell me how soon after she was married upon her arrival here?"

"Some where in the spring of a year after her arrival as I have been informed—I can't get any clearer to the date than that."

"That is close enough. Now did the man who married her work in the mill with you, or anywhere else, and did he go to work there after his marriage?"

"He went into the mills after the marriage, for he was a stranger, and a stranger here when he got acquainted with my sister."

"His name you say is Bendon?"

"That I cannot say with certainty. I have been told—it is that, or very similar to it."

"What was his business?"

"He was a carpenter."

"You are sure they had a daughter are you?"

"Sure they had a daughter" exclaimed the old man jumping to his feet as if ready to knock down any one who disputed the fact—sure she had a daughter, of course I am—here's a dozen letters from her mother to prove it," and Mr. Osborn pulled forth the package again and flung them on the desk.

Sam asked if he had any objection to his looking at them.

"Not the slightest."

One by one the lawyer turned them over and carefully examined their contents. At last he came to one more carefully folded than the rest and tied together with a bit blue ribbon wound around it.

"Ah!" cried the old man as' if inspired with a sudden thought of more than ordinary importance—"that will tell the story, it contains a portrait of the child, and I am assured by those who saw her at that time that it is a very excellent one."

While he was talking Sam was busy unwinding the ribbon from the little package. This having been done he opened the letter and took from within a photographic portrait of a very beautiful young girl and as fresh as on the day when it was first taken.

The moment Sam looked at it, he started to his feet but instantly went to the window and looked forth, doing it so naturally that Mr. Osborn failed to notice his agitation. He gazed intently at the picture in his hand and then carefully read the letter. Suddenly he turn, he returned to his desk, and sitting down he turned over the photograph and found the following address printed on the back.—W. H. Chadwick & Co., Photographers, Manchester N. H."

Sam took a copy of this address, then turning to the old gentleman asked.

"What was your sister's name—her first name, I mean?"

"Annabel S. Osborn is the only name I know of the girl. She was married twice as I have already told you; but I never knew for certain the name of either one of her husbands."

"Well, Mr. Osborn, I have very little doubt but that I can be of the greatest importance to you; I do not know the party to who your niece is, but am afraid we may have some difficulty in finding her; but that she will be found eventually, I have not the slightest doubt. I will write to the photographer in Manchester, and I will get the right name of your sister, for generally these artists keep the address of their patrons."

"I will examine the book containing the name of the mill hands, also; and in a very short time I can furnish you very important information. In the meantime I would like to keep this portrait as it will be of service."

The old gentleman was greatly pleased with the result of this interview; and, offering a generous fee to John for his trouble, he left the young lawyer to his reflections.

When the door closed behind him, Sam again turned to the portrait and striking it with his open palm exclaimed.

"That's the girl sure married—Barbara Glendale."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH MRS. VICKROY TAKES LEAVE OF WHILE MR. THOMAS ARRIGHT MAKES LOVE TO OUR HEROINE.

For a little time after her arrival at Bellville Park, the condition of Gertrude Weldon seemed to improve, so much so that she was allowed down to the dining-room where she spent many delicious hours with Tom Arkright, the subject of their conversation being, of course, the one nearest their hearts, the sweet young love they bore each other.

"Of course, dearest, your return to your boarding-house and the mill-work is out of the question; and how you, with your many rare accomplishments—your musical genius indeed, ever descended to such labor to be beyond my comprehension."

"Ah, Tom, do you not know that a willing heart and honest purpose can dignify the humblest labor?" Do you not know that among those factory girls may be found some of the noblest and most unselfish of hearts? I know some among them who support quite a family—old folks, mothers, and helpless children. I know many among them fitted to adorn the highest sphere of society, who labor patiently with their hands to help others. No sphere of honest labor is degrading, Tom, though," she continued archly, "as may be quite unequited to the wonderful accomplishments and rare genius of some."

"My dear Gertrude you do not understand me—I do not undervalue the labor of the hands, for I know as well as any that honest labor may give dignity to any character—or, that man or woman may dignify the work in which they are engaged. What I meant was, why you did not pursue some calling for which your accomplishments better fitted you."

"If I had a very good reason for the course I pursued, and one did you know it, you would say another thing. I would be a little out among several hundred, while in another sphere of society, especially the one to which I was about to enter, both by taste and education, I might become the solitary cynosure for unwelcome eyes."

"I do not understand you Gerty, my darling, but I am sure you have right whatever your meaning may be, and that your words have a hidden meaning I feel sure."

"You will understand full soon enough Tom, you are enough for the present that your sister Mantan understands—let our love for each other be a secret for the present."

Tom bent over and kissed the pale face of the beautiful girl, and stroking the tumbled golden locks caressingly he said softly:

"Your love, darling, is all-sufficient for me. I have known me beyond my deserving; but you will never regret, dearest, having entrusted the keeping of your precious heart to me—it is all my own, dearest."

She gazed into her beautiful eyes, his own aglow with passionate love.

"All your own," she murmured, "Oh, Tom you know not how deep, how earnest is the love that is in my heart, how love you would be to love the light and joy of life; and to doubt your love for an instant of time would fill my heart with unspeakable anguish."

"Yes and never doubt my love, dearest—the world has no other love for me, but you, and I hurry and pray well my pleading, for I am getting impatient for the happy day—you are improving Gertrude, you not?"

While he was speaking a sinister looking face with green spectacles over the eyes was standing staring in at them through the glass of the conservatory window which led directly into the reception-room, the folding doors of which were open.

"It was the face of Mrs. Vickery, who could both see and hear all that was going on.

It was a malignant face overshadowed with scheming thoughts, and looking among the green leaves which surrounded the white head, very pale and aged.

The face grew eager as the speaker urged further forward, so anxious did it seem to hear the answer to Mr. Arkright's question.

Sometimes I think I am improving, dear Tom, and then again I feel as weak as, I grow languid, I hardly care to move and feel—forgive me darling—but I feel as if death hovered near me. I am quite well to-day, but I know it, will not last—I am certain that to-morrow will bring back my old feeling of weakness for it Tom, for I am naturally of a strong constitution."

"I think we had better change your physician. It strikes me that that boarding-house doctor is a charlatan. I am going to Boston to-morrow, and I will bring Dr. Warren down with me. We have had no diagnosis of your case yet, and do not know what is the matter with you."

The livid pallor of the cruel face between the leaves, was now something fearful to behold. The brows grew corrugated, and a malignant anxious expression came into her face. Mrs. Vickery's mention of Dr. Warren's name seemed terribly uneasy.

"I have no objection to that Tom, if you should go to Boston, for I have no wish to die now that we are so happy—oh, darling, I am too happy to die—the world is heaven and happiness to me, I must live, oh Tom I must live."

The poor girl was weeping as she uttered the words we have set down—for she was very weak, but Tom, with his arms about her neck and kissed her and comforted her with tender words.

When she was more composed, he rang the bell and Mrs. Bascombe came in—

"Why, Gerty, what is the matter! Oh, Tom, you wicked fellow, I know you been plaguing her with your nonsense!"

"Ah, no he has not, but I am very weak and foolish—"

"Yes, you are foolish—for sitting up so long—I know he will go up to your room. My Heavens, Tom, what a wicked boy!"

She might well ask, for Tom had quietly gathered the invalid in his arms and was walking away with her up to her chamber. A tender expression on his handsome face, and a sweet smile on Gertrude's as she looked fondly up at him.

They encountered Mrs. Vickery outside the door, and Tom thought she looked marked as she saw them coming towards her.—

"Ah, I knew the dear child would do herself harm by coming down—poor deary, poor deary," and the tender heart of old Mrs. Vickery fluttered for the sake of the invalid in her arms and the others up to the chamber of our heroine.

Her lover placed his happy burden upon the bed, and ignoring the presence of his sister and Mrs. Vickery, he pressed a kiss on the feverish lips of his darling, and made way from the room.

Mrs. Bascombe then made a glass of cool lemonade with her own hands, and administered it to Gertrude, who declared that she was greatly refreshed by the delicious draught.

Marion then sat beside the bed, fanning with a handkerchief, Gertrude felt no desire to sleep, took up a volume of Jean Ingelow at hand and began reading to her.

Mrs. Vickery tacitly understanding that she was not wanted left the chamber, and returned to her own room, where for a moment we will follow her.

She softly closed the door of the room behind her, and then stood silently in the middle of the apartment, her hands clasped and the white head bowed on her bosom.

She stood thus for several minutes without a mo ement or a word. At last she raised her head, while the determined expression took possession of her face and muttered:

"A new doctor, eh! Dr. Warren—then indeed I must hurry, or we are lost! All is lost—should he come now or within a day or two—the labor of weeks is wasted and my crime will bear but bitter fruit—I have gone too far to hesitate now—I will strike the final blow—and leave this place forever. But I must see him—I must see him; let me see where did he appoint to meet me," and the old woman with the soft voice took a letter from her bosom and opening it, read it carefully to herself.

"Yes, near the sumac trees—I know the clearing. I'll be there, I'll be there, Gertrude and she put the letter back in her bosom and went to a table, a drawer of which she slowly and quietly opened and took four tiny boxes, from these boxes she took with an ivory pick, an atom of powder—an atom from each box, and mixed them together in a few drops of water. Having this mixture thoroughly dissolve she covered the tumbler with a lock over which she threw a handkerchief, and then hastily left the room, and moved towards that of Gertrude—the door was ajar, she peered looking in as she found our heroine asleep and the apartment empty. She quickly and quietly darted back to her own room, seized the tumbler, and re-entering that of Gertrude, turned the contents into the lemonade at the bedside to disappear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MISERIES OF BARBARA—THE TERRIBLE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PHILLIP BLAKE.

The story of Barbara Glendale's life became more and more painful as the weeks passed on, and the days had not many limes sufficient ere she realized the reckless and unprincipled character of the man to whom she had allied herself with such thoughtless precipitation.

Every day brought to light some new phase of badness, and every day the virgin warmth of her great love lessened, and it only wanted the final blow, which he soon struck, to make it vanish, cold and branch forever!

And here is how it occurred. He came home one night in his usual state of intoxication, and from his humor Barbara judged that he had not been successful at the gaming table.

He threw himself upon a lounge, swearing a great oath that the whole world was in league against him, and that Barbara was the ringleader of the conspiracy—that she was the sole cause of his continual ill luck, and still he was rid of her he would meet with nothing but misfortune.

He continued these rantings for some time, Barbara sitting quietly in her chair, listening stolidly at him. Her heart was full of loathing and hate toward him. The sight of a drunken man was unfeminine to her until she had joined her fortunes with those of Phillip Blake—then she made no reply to his cruel talk, but rushed the man and the clock and waited for an excuse to leave the apartment, for if she did so at that moment it would only lead to her husband's more.

At last she could bear it no longer. So she arose and prepared to leave the room.

As she placed her hand upon the knob of the door, Blake cried out with an oath: "Where are you going? Come back here and sit down! I've got something to say to you that I intended to have said a week ago. Come back I tell you."

And the brute rose up and approached her as if he were about to strike her.

She turned suddenly upon him and fixed her flashing black eyes full upon the blood-shot orbs of her husband saying, as she pointed to his quivering form.

"If you strike me Phillip Blake, I will kill you! I have borne for weeks with your brutal conduct, but I will bear no more of it. Now what have you to say to me. It is late and I wish to retire."

Blake without a word of reply stepped into his seat.

"You'll kill me, eh, you blood-thirsty creature!" he muttered in a maudlin tone, and then suddenly changing his humor he turned to her fiercely exclaiming:—"Woman, you must learn your place, I must use different language toward me—I am sick of your high-handed conduct, I tell you that you do nothing but sit there and mope all day, twirling your thumbs but you must hurry and get well my darling, for I am getting impatient for the happy day—you are improving Gertrude, you not?"

"Who and what I am, Phillip. What can you mean! As for Mrs. Bales, she is a spying wakeful thing; she insults me at every opportunity, and to-day even laughed in my face when I informed her that I would call upon my husband to protect me—and that if he did not do it I would leave the house?"

"Call on your husband, eh! Why Barbara, who the devil is he? cheered me into a sickly smile, and looking—

"Who is he?" exclaimed Barbara Blake, her face livid with sudden horror. "Who is he—how dare you ask me such a question?"

"I ask for information simply—for I don't know who you may be but I'm sure you're worth your lady that it isn't me at any rate."

Barbara had risen to her feet while Blake was speaking, her lips livid, and her face ghastly pale; and approaching the table she leaned over it and asked:

"Repeat what you have said Phillip. I don't think I understand you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FLORIDA SNAKE STORY.

Two Girls, Besieged by Rattlers, Witness a Battle.

That big rattlers still exist here the experiences of Misses Fay and May Bifnes, living some five miles from here, conclusively proves. The girls were out picking blackberries, and went down into the Pony Creek hammock, a wild and dismal stretch of dark woods and impenetrable undergrowth. Late in the afternoon, while getting ready to return home, May stepped on a rotten log, which broke and let her down into a deep hole which it concealed. As she fell she heard a dismal and curious rattling rattling noise, but the fall so scared her that she did not think what it might mean. She screamed out loudly, and Fay, who was a short way behind, came running up. May, who was in the hole, only her head being visible.

"Hurry up and help me out!" she screamed, as her sister came up, "there's snakes in here. I'm sure," and the poor girl almost fainted in the intensity of her fright.

Fay set to work like a brave frontier girl, as she was, and tried to pull May out, but it seemed an impossible task, as she had sunk into the hole so deep, and the rotten wood had almost wedged her in. Seeing May by the shoulders she pulled lustily, but to no avail. Then after a moment's thought, she took off the shawl that she wore, and, twisting one end around her sister's shoulders, fastened the other end to a big tree near by. This made it so that the imprisoned girl could aid herself some. Nerving themselves, and with a "pull all together," they strained, and with delight both saw they were successful.

May came up out of the hole and sank fainting on the ground. As Fay turned to help her she was horrified to see the heads of several vicious and angry looking rattlers emerge from the hole, and their ominous rattles were echoed from several points around them in the forest. Hastily catching up her sister, with a sort of Herculean strength that she was surprised at afterward, Fay carried her fainting and helpless sister off out of the threatened danger. Soon, under her energetic treatment, May opened her eyes with a shudder, but as she heard the loud hisses of the rattlers that had escaped out of the hole and saw their horrible aspect, she screamed out loud in a terrified way. Fay proved the heroine of the occasion, and, getting her sister on her feet, she managed to get her out of the place, stump that stood some five or six feet away and in the open, she saw that it was impossible to carry May off in her present unnerved condition.

As the girls scrambled up on the stump out of present danger the angry rattlings of the hidden reptiles were very startling, and their vicious hissing made the girls shudder in spite of their present safe quarters. The snakes became more and more numerous, their number increased, and they began surrounding the stump on which the two girls now cowered praying for help and ever and anon shouting for aid. The sound of their voices plainly angered the rattlers, and they soon presented a solid ring around the stump. They would crawl up as near as possible, and then coil and strike at the imprisoned girls, but always falling back with hisses of rage and venom.

One of the largest rattlers struggled to the top part of the stump and his head held him there a moment, but May, with a quick movement, arose on her feet and swung her skirt, and he completely crushing it. His squirming body fell back among the rattlers, and the poor body thrashed around in their midst till, aroused to the utmost fury by this disturbance, which they did not seem to understand, the others fell on the dying reptile and bit him time and again. One of the fiercest made a dash at May and hit another, and this one returned with a vicious bite that stirred up a war at once, and then the fight became general. The vicious and ugly-looking rattlers struggled around that stump in one mad fight, hitting one another, hissing with powerful rage and thrashing about madly in their dying struggles. The girls looked on with big frightened eyes, devoutly hoping that their deliverance was coming in itself out. The sickening stench from the wounded fangs of the serpents began to effect the girls, and both soon felt fevered in a faint, the broad top of the pine stump fortunately holding them fast.

How long the fight lasted they knew not, as their first recollection of recovery was to hear the guns and shouts of their friends. Their eager replies soon brought their rescuers to them and a frightful scene met their eyes. Scattered about the stump were fifteen or more big rattlers dead or dying, mutilated and torn up in their mad fight together. Only three were found alive and these were around the stump, coiled up and eyeing the girls' forms on it. They were soon dispatched and the poor girls brought down from their fearful perch.

Old hunters think that May fell into a rattler's home, and that she was not falling into the hole because it was dark in there, but body filling up the opening so that the snakes were too bewildered to strike.—*Globe-Democrat.*

At Niagara.

They stood on the American shore and gazed in wonder-struck silence at the majesty and beauty of Niagara, the bride of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The personification of feminine grace and tenderness, she leaned confidingly on the arm of her husband—her idea of manly strength and chivalry. The roar of the big sunbeams danced in the spray that rose like fairy fountains before their eyes. The rainbow, the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, and the falling waters sounded their eternal monotone in the ears of the happy bride. Her hearts best response to its deep pulsations. Nature's own voice spoke to them and touched the profoundest depths of their being.

The young husband pressed the little hand that lay confidingly on his arm and smiled on the sweet face upturned to his.

"Gwendolen," he said, the rapture of his emotions thrilling his voice and shining out through his dark eyes, "does it stack up to your expectations?"

"Launceloot," and her eyes seemed about to overflow with excess of poetic feeling, "it's just the cutest thing I ever struck."

SOME FAMOUS ESCAPES.

Prisoners Who Have Defied the Environment of Stone Walls.

Many and marvelous are the escapes that have been effected by noted criminals when in the hands of the law. Not many have had the nerve to run directly into its hand, like a famous French thief, of whose bravado a New York Press writer treats. The lieutenant of police had offered a reward of 100 pistoles to any man who would bring this thief before him. Shortly a noble marquis in a coach and six drove up to the house of the police; and the noble marquis desiring to see the M. de la Reynie on matters of the highest importance alone, the latter introduced him into his private cabinet. When there the marquis drew from his pocket a long, curiously shaped dagger. "Look at this, M. de la Reynie," said he. "This dagger is poisoned."

"Is it possible?" said M. de la Reynie.

"A prick of it would do for any man," said the marquis.

"You don't say so?" said M. de la Reynie.

"I do, though; and what is more," says the marquis in a terrible voice, "if you do not instantly lay yourself flat on the ground with your face toward it and your hands crossed over your back, or if you make the slightest noise or cry out, I will stick this poisoned dagger between your ribs as sure as my name is Cartouche."

At the sound of the dreadful name of the thief he had advertised for M. de la Reynie was so completely down on his stomach and submitted to be carefully gagged and corded, after which Mr. Thief laid hands upon all the money which was kept in the lieutenant's cabinet.

There is a good story of an escape from prison that was effected by two prisoners of war. Getting control of a pair of cutlasses they beguiled a sentinel at guard relieving and presently jumped from the wall. One dislocated his ankle in the leap, his companion dispatch him and make his escape. The companion, however, hoisted him on his back, and before the alarm was sounded gained a neighboring river running full of ice. This he had to swim with his disabled friend. Reaching the other side they fashioned a rough crutch. They now heard the alarm sounding, on which the wounded escape cuts his finger, smears his face with blood, binds up his head, has his ankle bound tied by the lame one and in this plight they approached a farmhouse. Here the lame one explains that he has taken the escape but himself and companion have lost their horses, cheerfully furnished by the injured bandman, and the pair ride safely beyond the enemies line.

Another escape by digging out of prison are many and various, one case is complicated with a side tragedy. This prisoner made friends with one of the keepers, who furnished him a plan of his cell. This was the information he could procure a boat at a convenient point he would have a fair show for escape. He had some irons out of his furniture. With these he dug out the mortar from between the bricks of the casing that lined the cell. He found this to powder on the floor, made a brush from his hair, and when inspection was due would smear over the spot he was working at to look like white mortar.

On one occasion, to hasten its drying, he had to strip and clap his back to it. Next he came to a wall of stone, but he picked all the mortar out in time. To get rid of it he swallowed it on his window sill, and when a fresh dose had risen whisk it out with the brush made of his hair. At all he got rid of some 800 pounds of mortar and waste stuff.

There was an old Jewish merchant in Paris whose daughter used to visit him. Our prisoner fell in love with her as she went along the corridor, and as a result she smuggled him some writing paper. He gave her two money orders, one for $600 on his sister. The other for $1,000 on his father. In the first she was to provide his boat and help, the second was for her reward. The agent betrayed the scheme. Then they flogged the girl to draw a confession that he, too, was in it, so that the two sons of the old gentleman died. This was one of the adventures of the famous Baron Trenck, who nine years later, did dig his way out of another port of the same prison and secure his escape.

Spirit Information.

A Cincinnati woman the other day wanted a warrant for the arrest of a man for theft on the ground that the spirits had informed her that he was the guilty person. "Oh, we can't issue a warrant on such evidence as that," exclaimed the clerk. "Not when Bright's dead, the late chief of the Chippewas, told me himself!" exclaimed the woman in astonishment. "I'm afraid not," was the reply. "This's an outrage," she exclaimed. "Bright Star seen him when he done it. And if that ain't evidence I'd like to know what is. He's it gittin' so there ain't no justice in this country anyhow. I'll tell Bright Star 'bout this, see if I don't. And he'll paralyze the hull blamed court, that's what he'll do." And she walked out like an offended Juno.

Corruption in Russia.

The following anecdote was circulated some time ago in St. Petersburg. It was said that the Grand Duke Constantine, the admiral-in-chief of the Russian fleet, who had the reputation of being about the greatest depredator of public money in Russia, was once upon a visit to the present Czar, Czarevich, then a boy of 10, approached his uncle and said:

"Uncle, will you show me the fleet?"

The grand duke replied that he would be glad to do so at the first naval review; but the boy insisted on being shown the fleet that very day, and when his uncle protested that it was impossible, the boy exclaimed:

"But why not? Papa has just sold that you have put half of the fleet in your pocket."

"Witness My Hand."

In the early days only a few scholars, priests and clerks knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand in the ink and impressing it upon the paper, accompanied by the words: "Witness my hand." Afterwards the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark, and was used with the words above quoted, the two forming the signature. It is to be the origin of the expression as used in modern documents.

Big Trees in Washington.

In big trees the new state of Washington is quite rich. A Seattle paper mentions a fir in Sumas which is 9 feet in diameter. Near Stanwood there is a cedar 17 feet in diameter 6 feet from the roots, and 12 feet in diameter 112 feet from the roots. Nooksack reports a fir 12 feet in diameter.

And now it comes out that the heroine of Bennington was not "Molly" Stark, but plain "Betty."

FIGURES TO PROVE IT.

Great Britain has 58,000 women trade unionists.

During 1890 there were built in the United States 8,500 churches.

Each of the four cables upon which the Brooklyn bridge rests has a capacity of 12,000 tons.

According to Jewish estimates, the number of Jews in New York City is now between 80,000 and 100,000.

An electric swing suggested for the World's Fair will carry twenty-four people and swing at a height of 300 feet.

It has been estimated recently by a show man that the people of the United States spend $400,000,000 annually for shows.

The census men found in the United States 14,056,750 horses, 2,296,532 mules, 16,216,957 oxen, 38,875,648 cows and calves, 43,491,136 sheep 52,625,145 swine.

The great "Soo" canal accumulates a trade far in excess of that which passes through the Suez canal. Some idea of the immensity can be gathered from the fact that closing a lock for three days caused no shipment of more than 2,000,000 bushels.

The fair building at Chicago is to have a steel chimney 250 feet high. It is calculated from height built up with fire brick and tile, 350 tons, against a weight of 700 tons for a similar brick chimney. It can also be built quicker, and its cost is about sixty per cent of a brick construction.

The rate of travel of thunder storms has been stated by Prof. Schroeock from the record of 197 such storms in Russia in 1885. The velocity is found to have varied from thirty miles an hour, with a mean of 28.6 miles an hour in hot season and increasing to thirty-two miles an hour in the cold season.

The record for speed by a railroad train was broken a few days ago, it is said, on the Denver, Rio Grande, Columbus, O., and Nashamny Falls and Lake Shore. Engine No 206, drawing two ordinary coaches and a heavy private car of one of the officers, covered the distance from Salem in 39 4-5 seconds, five miles in 3 minutes 26 seconds, and ten miles in 7 minutes 12 seconds.

SO SAYS SCIENCE.

Dr. Brown Sequard says pressing in the neighborhood of the ear right in front of the ear may stop coughing.

The salt sea that once covered what is now the desert has more oysters fourteen inches in diameter, according to fossil shells.

The living actor of Copenhagen is Joachim Ludwig Phister, who for more than fifty years has been connected with the Royal Danish Theater. He has appeared in 100 roles.

Gen. Maury is the third distinguished Confederate officer to have a desk in the war records office in Washington, the other two are Gen. Marcus Wright and Gen. Cullum.

Mrs. Annie Besant, Theosophy's newest convert of prominence, is said to derive an income of $4,500 a year from the scientific and medical collaboration with the late Charles Bradlaugh.

William Morris, the English poet, artist and socialist, is particularly shabby and unpicturesque attire. He may be seen in Oxford street, in London, wearing a hat of the pattern of an ancient sack coat, baggy trousers and a blue flannel shirt.

Queen Victoria has two beautiful little gold watches by Breguet that are supposed to be 100 years old. They have silver dials about the size of a two-shilling piece. One is a blind man's watch, the other is a repeater. Both go perfectly and are constant time.

Mrs William Astor has a wonderful snake ring which literally writhes in continual motion on her finger. It is constructed of flexible gold wire, each scale being represented by a loop of wire in which a ruby, an emerald or an amethyst is firmly set. The lightest movement of the fingers sets the wire quivering, and the gems scintillates and seems to go round the finger with a serpentine movement that has something eery in it. It was made in Egypt.

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.

After a man is thirty and a woman twenty five there is no longer any rational excuse for their being love.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a much display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The word is true of each new one appearing each week. Find the word, Pearline? Pearline is the modern soap. Use it according to the directions on wrappers. Pearline.

Find out the secret wish of every girl's heart at this time by a long time of year, and it will be a wish for wealth, or a rich lover, but for half that is naturally curly.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address P. David Sayer, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

Be on guard against imitations of *Pearline.* When they are not dangerous, they are worthless. They are usually both. *Pearline* does what nothing else can. It saves labor in washing, and insures safety to what is washed. It is cheap, thorough, and reliable. Nothing else will "do as well;" it is just as well to have nothing else. Never peddled. 384 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Illinois State Medical Institute.
103 State St., Chicago.
Chartered by the State.
Authorized Capital $150,000.
Conducted by a Full Staff of Physicians, three of which are Consulting Specialists.
FOR THE EXCLUSIVE TREATMENT OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.
Ample Facilities for Room and Board.
Each Disease treated by Specialists, those who make it a specialty; five of our staff treating Nervous Diseases, and Diseases of the Skin, Kidney and Urinary Organs, mostly cases years instead of three as here. If affliction, Catarrh, Consumption, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacements, Tumors, Cancers, Deformities, Rheumatism, Goitre, Tape Worm and all Skin Diseases, Blood Poisons.
Our German, Eye and Ear Specialist has cured thousands of cases that others failed on.
Our treatment for Epilepsy, Paralysis and Nervous Diseases is unsurpassed by any institution.
Delicate Diseases of Men or Women have had our special attention for years.
Strictest privacy maintained and all communications sealed.
CONSULTATION FREE.
If afflicted with any disease address in any language
ILLINOIS STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
103 State Street, Chicago.

W. K. U. D.—9—39.

When writing to advertisers please mention the advertisement in this Paper.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK. Entirely New. Regulate the Liver and Bowels. Cure Sick Headache. Sugar Coated. Small as Mustard. Mild as a Lady's Smile. Purely Vegetable. Do not Gripe nor Sicken. A CERTAIN CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Back, Limbs, Costiveness, Piles, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, Fever and Ague. Beautify the complexion by purifying the blood and restoring the liver to healthy action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. Dr. Harter Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DISO'S BEST FOR CATARRH—Best, Easiest to use, Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A Cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH. It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

DR. J. BIGELOW'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC APPLIANCES. Are the Best. Have Stood the Test of Ages. Are Sold on Their Merits. Have Cured Thousands. Will Cure You. Are Warranted. Are Cheap. Are Simple. Are Durable. Are Not Exhausted. Are Not Dry Batteries. Are Not Batteries. Are Not Galvanic. Are Not Magnetic. Are Not Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric. Are Not Electro-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-Magnetic-Galvanic-Electric-