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"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hereditary Consumption

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.00. It cures Influenza.

$725 IN PRIZES

Given to the first persons who gives the correct answer to the following:

What word is this ad. ...

Total Prizes in Cash, $725

HOME CHEER, 43 Duchesne St., N. Y. City.

THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers' convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

SALVATION OIL
TRADE MARK
KILLS ALL PAIN 25 C A BOTTLE

IVORY SOAP
99 44/100 Pure.
THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XIX.

We were silent for a space, standing there on the verge of the park-land in the darkness. She leaned against a lime-tree trunk, torn and shaken with struggles of body and soul; and I was wondering what I could do, how her rescue was to be assured.

"I am going to take you back to the Grange," I said firmly and quietly, "and see you safely again in your own room; and I shall go and meet Mr. Crawford Carden."

"You, Viola! What can you do? No, no; there is nothing can help me now!"

"There may be only one way, but that way I shall try, and I believe I shall bring you your letters back. But you must come home with me first."

She was too weak to protest, and she did not answer a word. We walked together to the Grange, and, unnoticed, up to her room. Then, in the light of the lamp, under the familiar roof to which she had said farewell, her eyes met mine, and she sank back from me with a wailing cry.

"Why should you care?" she said. "Why do you think it worth while to help me?"

I dare say I looked forlorn and pale enough. I was shivering with cold, for I had gone out without covering on my head or extra wrap about my shoulders, and she was sufficiently roused from herself to be conscious of my condition.

I took off her hat and cloak, and then rang for Lucy to come to her—not Mathilde; Mathilde, if I could do anything, should never set foot inside her mistress's room again.

"I will go now," I said, trying to speak in cheerful commonplace tones. "You must tell me where I shall find him."

She put out one white hand to me.

"Viola, what can you do?" she asked, a flush rising into her pale face. "Are you not deceiving yourself? I have tried in vain to bribe him. Do not you go into danger. He is false and bad to the core. See—I will promise you I will not see him again, Viola; but, while he has those letters, I cannot meet my husband."

"Dear, I am not afraid of him!" I answered. "Do not fear the end." And the courage I summoned to comfort her steeled my own faltering heart.

Quickly as I could, I shrouded myself in shawl and thick veil, and stole away once again from the Grange and hastened across the park to the Norbury gate to meet Crawford Carden.

He was standing just within it, by the tall hedge; and he opened the gate hurriedly for me to pass through.

"Come, my love," he whispered, "come—you are late. The carriage is only a few yards off. We shall have enough to do to catch the train. Come!"

I stood facing him by the gate.

"It is I, Mr. Carden," I said clearly. "I think you are mistaking me for some one else."

He remained a moment stock-still, gulping down an involuntary oath; and I knew there was rage in the dark face I could not see. When he answered, his voice was softer and pleasanter than ever; the unsuspicious could have detected the false ring of such carefully-concealed base metal.

"This is indeed a surprise, Miss Thorne! Will you allow me to accompany you where you may be going? It is far too late for a young lady to be out alone."

"I am going no farther than this gate," I replied. "I came to see you."

"I am hardly deserving of such a compliment; but that I appreciate it I need hardly say. Can I do anything for you?"

"I come from Lady Martin Pomeroy."

"Indeed!" He allowed himself to betray nothing beyond curiosity.

"Are you not anxious to hear further, Mr. Carden?"

"I am ready to receive her ladyship's message."

"She desires the return of letters in your possession."

"In my possession? What letters? My dear Viola—"

"Mr. Carden, I know all about them. Do not trouble to explain."

His mild expostulatory tone changed a little, but only a little; he was too wise to betray feeling; and he answered with quiet scepticism—

"Don't you think Lady Martin had better come to transact her own business herself?"

"Lady Martin has not the least intention of coming."

"Then kindly tell her, with all deference, that I must answer her letters are too valuable to be parted with even at the bidding of Miss Thorne."

"And what good," I cried, "can they be to you? What would it avail you to make her unhappy, even if by them you could part husband and wife? Is it of no use, Mr. Carden, to appeal to your generosity—to beg you not to take advantage of a woman's moments of weakness?"

"It would be better if you would leave this matter to be settled by those who understand it. You are exciting yourself quite unnecessarily."

"You shall judge presently whether I understand it. I appeal to your honor as a gentleman, Mr. Carden, and to your wisdom as a lawyer. What advantage do you look for? Is it one whose loss cannot be recompensed to you? If I do not speak of right and integrity and conscience, will you not be magnanimous? I thought a man would scorn so mean a revenge."

"I really must decline to have anything to do with a third person interfering in matters which concern only myself and Lady Martin Pomeroy."

"And you refuse to return those letters?"

"Certainly."

"Because they are hers, and it is I who ask for them? You need not make that, at least, your reason. What ground have you for supposing them to be written by Lady Martin? I grant that she was cognisant of them, that her maid gave them to you. But do you know her writing so well? She may have been foolish, she may not have acted always as Lord Martin's wife should have done; but do you imagine for a moment that she would in writing compromise herself with you? Keep your letters; but let them laugh who win. Even a lawyer may be deceived!"

I saw him start, and felt his eyes flash on me. It was well that the darkness hid my face, and that he could not see how my trembling belied the cool tones whose boldness I inwardly marvelled at.

"Do you dare," he said, "to tell me that Lady Martin did not write them?"

"'Dare' is a strong word to use, Mr. Carden."

"Pooh! Do you expect me to believe that trumped-up tale? For what reason, pray, am I entreated to return them?"

"It is I, not Lady Martin, who asks you. They are of no use to you, and I will give five hundred pounds for them. There are only four; it is not bad value."

"Lady Martin offered me a thousand."

"So I suppose; but my offer is in good faith."

"You mean that hers was not?"

"I mean what you like to make of my words, Mr. Carden. I offer no explanation. I have discovered—she who had learned to know you has taught me—that you were writing to her, pretending to be in love with her, while to me—"

He took the bait I offered him. It was a last, bitter, and desperate attempt to save Gwendoline. I did not think he could hurt me, but indeed I hardly considered it then. Anything to rescue poor unhappy Gwendoline, at the mercy, as she had truly said, of one utterly merciless.

I broke off abruptly. I dared not say more; and with wildly-beating heart I stood looking down on the ground, shivering with fear from head to foot.

He paused to think over his next move. I hoped that he would think the owner of the Grange would pay him a more remunerative price than he could win from Lady Martin Pomeroy. I thought he would name some heavy sum. Even if he did not believe me, it would be more profitable thus to terrorise over me than over her, for he must see that there was no chance of winning Gwendoline. He answered in the ingratiating tones I had ever hated; but I was fool enough to think they proved me the victor, puzzled though I was.

"It shall be," he said, "exactly as you wish. I will give the letters to you, but to you only. For your sake and Lady Martin's, I can trust to no other hands. Meet me to-morrow evening at nine o'clock; you shall have them."

"I shall be here."

"This is too near the high-road. I will meet you by the shrubbery gate. Give my compliments to Lady Martin Pomeroy, and tell her that when she is frank she need not fear me. I retaliate only on those who deceive me. Don't stay out longer, Viola; it is late and cold."

I hurried away, and ran across the close-cut turf to the Grange. I opened the door, and passed from the ghostly rustling trees and the night-air into the dark corridor, and then into the warm lighted hall, and, as I came there, I was brought suddenly face to face with Hilda.

Her cold blue eyes met me with a haughty stare.

"I thought you were up-stairs with Gwendoline," she said.

"I was," I answered.

"You have been out," she said; looking up and down my dress, at my carelessly-fastened shawl, my rough hair, and perhaps heeding too my white face and panting breath. I had taken off my veil when I met Mr. Carden.

"Yes, in the garden." And then I went up-stairs and to Gwendoline's room.

She was sitting just where I had left her, and looked up with great wistful eyes and quivering mouth. She did not speak.

"I have seen him. You need fear nothing," I said.

"Have you them—the letters? You cannot have done it, Viola! I have been thinking while you were away that I ought not to have involved you in my wretchedness. You cannot have conquered him! It would be easier to tame a tiger."

"You shall have the letters to-morrow," I answered. "He has promised to give them to me."

"Child, is it true? Has he made you promise nothing?" She rose, still holding by her chair. There was a world of wild anxiety, struggling fright, and yearning distrustful hope in her eyes. "I offered him a thousand pounds, and he would not relent."

"There is no bribe and no promise; but he knows his game is useless."

And, when she would let herself be convinced, she began to cry; and I had to sit beside and comfort her for an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

Lord Martin Pomeroy came the next day. The whole house was in excitement. He was a man who was beginning to be talked about in the political world as well as the long-absent husband of Gwendoline. She was nervous and agitated, and talked to me restlessly of him. He was so good and honorable and steadfast; and her piteous eyes sought my face, asking me more plainly than words if I thought he could forgive her and love her.

She gave orders to the maid for her most becoming dress, and put jewels which he had given her, and which she had not worn for a twelvemonth, on her white neck and arms, and looked at herself in the glass, wondering if she had lost the beauty which won him, or if in the days of her rebelliousness he had learned to despise it.

When he arrived, she did not press forward to welcome him, but stood a little back from the group in the hall, a bright color flickering in her fair cheeks, her large eyes sparkling and flashing with a golden light, her golden hair glowing beneath the gleam of a lamp, and in it one great crimson flower of the color of the rich velvet that trimmed her shimmering white dress.

I saw that his portrait had told me no lies. The tall well-built man with the decided mouth and the keen eyes was a man to respect; his voice was honest and pleasant to the ear, the clasp of his hand was firm, and his tones were kind and clear. He greeted his sisters-in-law with brotherly friendliness, but his eyes sought his wife at once. And when he saw her, and saw too the expression of her face, there came a softness and a gladness into his own that made it handsome. He strode across the hall to her, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

* * * * * * *

At dinner Gilbert and Ulric joined us. I scarcely know how it went off; but I knew that Gwendoline was battling with happiness against a few remaining fears. The presence of Lord Martin, almost a stranger to three of us, threw a certain reserve over our talk, and I was nervous and beginning to dread what miserable results might follow if Crawford Carden should break his word and seek to divide this newly-united husband and wife. I could not help watching them and wondering what would happen; would he forgive her folly?

"You are very quiet to-night," Hilda suddenly said to me. "I suppose it is because of your position as the hostess, as lady of the Grange."

Lord Martin looked across the table at me as she spoke in a clear bell-like voice, with a little smile on her proud lips. His eyes were very searching, even in a cursory glance, but they were kind; he might have expected the Grange as his wife's fortune, but he showed nothing but the most courteous consideration for me.

I felt the color rising in my face, the hotter for the laugh I attempted in answer. I was surprised by Hilda's remark; for it was not often she addressed me, and never could I remember that she had thus openly and smilingly alluded to Gilbert's inheritance. I did not know this was but part of a determined scheme.

When dinner was over, the gentlemen joined us directly in the drawing-room. Annis and Ulric, Lord Martin and Gwendoline, sat together and laughed and talked, and Lord Martin told of his life abroad.

"Shall you be willing, Gwendoline," he asked, "to go back with me and share all the little deprivations a life abroad must have? They shall be as few as it is possible to make them, and there are many atoning pleasures. I hope you can make up your mind to it;" and he looked at her earnestly.

She answered, in very low, trembling accents—

"If you will have me."

Hilda was at the piano, and she had summoned Gilbert to her side to turn over the pages of her music, and was carrying on a light conversation with him. Her pink dress, with its full sleeves and square bodice and thick white ruff, as in a picture by some old master, suited to perfection her fair face and pale yellow hair, dressed high and entwined pearls.

I looked at the dainty Dresden clock on the mantelpiece; its hands pointed to five minutes to nine. No one seemed to be heeding me greatly, so I slipped out of the brilliant room, with its pictures and china and velvet seats, its flower-scented music-laden air.

Out of doors the night was warm and still and fine. There was no wind to chill me, and indeed I was in a fever-heat as I stole through the dark copse, hearing the music grow fainter and fainter to my ears, and casting one look back at the light streaming through the windows upon the terrace-walk. I could still see its gleam through the trees when I stood by the shrubbery wicket.

Mr. Carden was not there, and, when presently he appeared, he was full of apologies, to which I paid no heed. Then he began asking a variety of questions concerning Lord Martin.

"Mr. Carden," I said, "they will answer all these questions at the Grange. You know what I have come for. Please do not detain me longer than necessary."

"A thousand pardons! I will not keep you an unnecessary moment," he answered.

I did not guess the delay was necessary to him; he was only waiting for the curtains to be drawn across the bright gleaming window, a preconcerted signal. He drew forth the letters.

"You have been playing with edged tools," he said. "You knew I loved you; you knew you were leading me to suppose that I was not distasteful to you—"

"How dare you say so?" I interrupted passionately.

"Do not be angry with me now," he said. "You have chosen otherwise, and I, of course, am bound to accept that decision. But you have treated me very hardly; can you deny it? Was it fair and womanly to tempt me with such letters as these? What if Gilbert Gascoigne heard of your conduct, or Lord Martin of his wife's?"

It seemed safer to keep silent than to try to answer his questions; so I kept silent.

"I soon," he went on, "fathomed the little plot, and to you, not Gwendoline, I yielded—to you, not Gwendoline, I consented to give the letters back. You say it was her thought, this plot to entrap me, to show you I could flirt with her when she chose to commence the flirtation; and I can but accept a lady's word. But it is proof, Viola, that you did love me if you caused Gwendoline to resort to such a subterfuge. It was natural she should vilify me to save the Grange for her cousin against the wish of Richard Gascoigne, whose happiest conviction was that I, whom he pleased to call his faithful friend, had won you. I do not wonder at Gwendoline Pomeroy's manœuvres; but you, whom I thought all that was true and sweet and fair—I cannot understand you, Viola!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

Some Terrible Pictures of the Last Struggle in Doomed Pompeii.

Some years ago, in a small street, the workmen employed in the excavations at Pompeii discovered an empty space of an unusual form, in which were some skeletons, says the New York News. Before disturbing them they called Signor Fiorelli, who was fortunately at hand. A singularly happy thought struck him. He had the empty space filled with liquid plaster of Paris and repeated the process in the case of some other openings which presented a similar appearance. As soon as the plaster was hardened the surrounding ashes were removed and displayed the perfect casts of four human bodies.

All four are now in the museum there, and a more singular and affecting sight is perhaps not to be seen in the whole wide world. The plaster was hardened around the ashes so perfectly in shape of what may be termed the mold formed by the fallen ashes round the living bodies that the whole aspect of the dying frame is preserved, even to the minutest details except that here and there the bones of the skeleton within are partially uncovered. Egyptian mummies are bare, black and hideous, and arranged in an artificial posture for their burial, while in the exhumed Pompeiians we see human beings in the very act of dying.

One of them is the body of a woman, close to whom were found a large number of coins, two silver vases, some keys and some jewels, which she was carrying with her when the falling ashes arrested her flight. It is easy to trace her head-dress and the material of her clothing, and on one of her fingers are two silver rings. Her hands were so clasped in agony that the nail had pierced the flesh. With the exception of her legs the whole body is swollen and contracted. It is plain that she strove violently in her dying struggle. Her attitude is that of the last agony and not that of death. Behind her lay another woman and a girl evidently of humble rank.

The elder of the two, possibly the mother, has an iron ring on one of her fingers. The signs of a dying struggle are evident, but the death seems to have been easier than in the case of the victim last described. Close to her lies the girl, almost a child in age. The details of her dress are preserved with a startling faithfulness. One can see the material and stitching of her frock, the unmended rents in her long sleeves, her dress over her head, to ward off the torrent of ashes, and falling headlong on her face had rested her head on one of her arms, and so died apparently without a struggle.

The fourth body is that of a large and powerful man who had sat down to die with his arms and legs straight and fixed. His dress is completely preserved, his trousers are close, his sandals are laced to the feet, with nails in their sole. On one finger is an iron ring; his mouth is open, and shows that he had lost some of his teeth; his nose and cheeks are strongly marked; the eyes and hair have disappeared, but the mustache remains. The whole sight is tragic to the last degree. After the lapse of eighteen centuries the terrible death seems to be enacting itself before us with all its appalling sufferings.

EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN.

They Occur With Great Frequency—As Many as One a Week.

During the nine years and six months preceding December, 1884, there had occurred in Japan, according to the official statement published by the government, 553 earthquakes, averaging one earthquake for every six days and six hours. Professor Milne was able to make the average even greater than this, according to a writer in the Illustrated American. He could trace an average of an earthquake per day in Nagasaki, in the extreme south of the Japanese Archipelago. Probably the official statistics were compiled from the returns of officials from all over the country, in which case only those shocks which caused loss of life or damage to property would be included. If this hypothesis be correct, we should have an average of more than one earthquake per week, which was so violent that it caused injuries to life or property sufficiently serious to attract the attention of the local authorities, and, in their judgment, to require a report to the central government.

Earthquakes being so common people scarcely notice them unless they be extraordinarily severe ones. For instance, Miss Bird in her "Unbeaten Tracks" thus summarily dismisses two: "While we were crossing the court there were two shocks of earthquake; all the golden wind bells which fringe the roofs rang softly, and a number of priests ran into the temple and beat various kinds of drums for the space of half an hour."

As every one knows, Japan is the very hearth of earthquakes. In 1854 more than sixty-thousand people lost their lives in consequence of one of these great terrestrial catastrophies, and it has been calculated that from ten to twelve earthquakes, each lasting several seconds, occur every year, besides numerous others of too light a nature to be worthy of remark.

The Too Familiar Irish Girl.

Somebody says it is very vulgar to speak of your husband by his last name, and criticises Mrs. Henry M. Stanley for doing so. The woman knew of a dear little morsel of femininity who married a grave and dignified young lawyer and went to housekeeping in a love of a cottage with a Hibernian cook. The little woman in her young bridehood could not muster sufficient dignity of speech to call her liege lord Mr. Jones, even to the cook, but affectionately designated him "Harry." And one day when there was company, Bridget came to the parlor door and announced: "Lunch is ready, and will yez be waitin' for Harry, ma'am?"

Somehow the story got out at the club and Mr. Jones never quite forgave his spouse, though thereafter she punctiliously called him "Mr. Jones" until he came to be "Judge."—Boston Post.

A Devoted Daughter.

Twenty-eight years ago a young Irish girl of Downpatrick refused to marry and accompany her fiance to New Zealand for the reason that she could not leave her mother. The old woman entered the almshouse where her daughter cared for her until she died a short time ago. The former lover, who had become rich in New Zealand, heard of it and sent a ticket to his sweetheart, who is now, at the age of 50, on her way to New Zealand, and for the first time beyond the limits of her native town.

A New Kind of Butter.

The French have invented and put on the market a substitute for butter, the basis for which is the fat obtained from the carcasses of freshly slaughtered cattle. It is said to be superior to any other artificial butter yet produced.

LITTLE BITS OF HUMOR.

Mrs. Eastern—"My goodness me, Hiram, I see by the papers that a man has just died, aged 118 years." Mr. Eastern—"Wall, wan't it 'bout time, Maria!"—Life.

A notice in a late issue of a German paper: "Isaac Goldskin and wife respectfully invite their friends to be present at their guaranteed pure silver wedding," etc.—Fliegende Blaetter.

First Book Agent—"You have been selling the book on the 'Germans in America,' you say?" Second Book Agent—"Yes, I have sold a good many of them." "Of what—books?" "No, Germans."—Yankee Blade.

A woman runs a locomotive on the Cairo & Kanawha Valley railroad in West Virginia and makes schedule time, notwithstanding the impulse she must have to hold up her train at every crossing.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Bacon—"So you want my daughter's hand in marriage? What have you got to support yourself on?" Mr. Franke—"Nothing, sir. I have tried my hand at everything; now I would like to try your daughter's."—Yonkers Statesman.

Deacon Jones—"But, my dear man, why can not you and your wife agree to live in harmony?" Dear Man—"That's just it. I'm agreed, but she isn't. I, of course, want her to harmonize with me, but she insists that I shall harmonize with her. Just like a woman, you know. Bound to have her own way every time."—Boston Transcript.

First Young Man (at summer resort)—"I have met a good many amateur photographers, but I never saw one quite so devoted to the fad as you are." Second Young Man—"I never take photographs." "Eh! Then why do you carry that detective camera around with you all day, week in and week out?" "Because when the girls see me coming all the ugly ones run away and all the pretty ones stay."

"Some to the fascination of a name, surrender judgment hoodwinked," but we would advise all persons suffering with rheumatism or sciatica not to speculate in names, but get a 25 cent bottle of Salvation Oil and rub it on.

Montana has issued an absolute boycott against the Chinese.

I have suffered with a severe cold all fall and winter and couldn't secure any relief until I commenced using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Since that time my head has been clear and I've experienced no difficulty in breathing. I consider it a most wonderful remedy. TOM W. WINDER, Ed. (Warsaw, Ind.) Wasp.

Aluminium coats have come.

Great Britain used 500,000 barrels of our apples the past year.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink.

China eats American quail.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

A cushion car wheel is new.

If you want to complete your Shorthand write to W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

Coal is $25 a ton in Venezuela.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

India servants get $2 a month.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your Druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Denver has a reporters' union.

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

Insects are killed by electricity.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The first strike in this country was the sailors' strike of New York in 1802.

The road to ruin is broad, but its entrance is generally through the side door.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Indianapolis will have a co-operative laundry.

To be agreeable in society it is necessary not to see and not to remember many things.

The man who undertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will find that he can't do it.

Beecham's Pills cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

China has 37 American merchants.

President Harrison sees no cause for alarm,
In the tidal wave this year has seen
He knows from experience nothing can harm
The man who believes in Coaline.

Observation step ladders are used by the Belgian army.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use Brown's Bronchial Troches. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began by thinking well of."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes.

Versailles Mo., claims a vein of coal 89 feet thick, the thickest vein on earth.

An Exciting Contest.

"Home Cheer" that excellent literary and family paper published in New York, offers nearly a thousand dollars in cash prizes. See advertisement in this paper.

Concealed griefs are the most consuming, as secret maladies are the most fatal.

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 if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, 800 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

Preachers and churches who please everybody are the kind who never have revivals.

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

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, Beautiful Lithographs or Samples Free.

Pittsburg printers have won over 39 offices. The strike has cost the men $10,000.

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.

The work of 25 days will support a family for one year in Madagascar.

The man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbors for what he sees in himself.

WHERE THE FARMERS MAKE MONEY.

Farming on poor land or in localities where drought, hailstorms or other climatic disturbances are prevalent does not pay. A good year does not compensate for the several bad ones to which it is neighbor. It has now been clearly demonstrated that for wheat, oats, barley, and live stock the successful farmers are those who have gone north and west. Their wheat yield is heavier, their cattle of larger size and better condition than any raised by their southern friends. Not only is this so in the United States, but our Canadian cousins find themselves with unexpected wealth in their new provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.

Their crop of 1891 has surpassed the figures given even by the boomsters. Manitoba is sought out by the eastern Canadians as the Israelites sought for the promised land, but with more expedition and a better spirit, and they are spreading into and taking possession of the equally fertile prairies and park lands of the territories beyond, which, with great enterprise, they have gridironed with railways. The New York Sun, in an article on the Canadian provinces west of the Red River, said that people from those parts smiled at the stunted grain in the more eastern districts of the continents. Said the Sun: "Men who have seen many seasons of Minnesota wheat-raising said in Manitoba last week that they had never looked upon such wheat-fields before," and the St. Paul Journal speaks of that country as "The future granary of the world, which, with beckoning fingers, invites the home-hungering people of the congested east to its hospitable and rich domain."

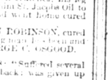
"PROMPT AND PERMANENT!"
THE PECULIAR EFFECTS OF
ST. JACOBS OIL
Are Its Prompt and Permanent Cures.

RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1887, GEORGE C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., write: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St., desires to say the ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to his house on crutches, his leg was bent at the knee for two months. He gave him St. Jacobs Oil to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went away without them."

Lowell, Mass., July 9, '87: "The cripple boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man is well and is now at work every day at manual labor." DR. GEORGE C. OSGOOD.

LAMEBACK.—Aberdeen, S. Dak., Sept. 22, 1888: "Suffered several years with lameback; by use of St. Jacobs Oil cured me; the back was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures



CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FREE FARMS

If you want a FREE FARM along the line of railway in MANITOBA, ALBERTA or the SASKATCHEWAN, apply for particulars to

L. A. HAMILTON,
Land Commissioner, WINNIPEG.

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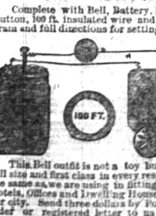
READINGS
RECITATIONS
PLAYS
... P. GARRETT & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. ...

$3.00 ELECTRIC BELL $3.00

Complete with Bell, Battery, Push Button, 100 ft. Insulated wire and diagrams and full directions for setting up.



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The Decker Electrical and Novelty Mfg. Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

RELIEVES all Stomach Distress.
REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, Congestion, Pain.
REVIVES Failing ENERGY.
RESTORES Normal Circulation, and Warms to Toe Tips.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Thompson's Eye Water.

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SHORTHAND and BOOKKEEPING ... NATIONAL INSTITUTE ...

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. ...

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It's an insult to your intelligence, but some unscrupulous dealers try it. For instance: you're suffering from some Skin, Scalp or Scrofulous affection, or are feeling "run-down" and "used-up." There's a torpid liver, impure blood, and all that may come from it. You've decided, wisely, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the medicine to help you. You know that it's guaranteed to do so, as no other blood-purifier is.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you get your money back.

But what is best for you to take isn't always best for the dealer to sell. He offers something else that's "just as good." Is it likely? If the makers of a medicine can't trust it, can you?

One of two things has to happen. You're cured of Catarrh, or you're paid $500 cash. That's what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, it cures the worst cases.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES OATH THAT HE IS THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF F. J. CHENEY & CO., DOING BUSINESS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO, COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID, AND THAT SAID FIRM WILL PAY THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EACH AND EVERY CASE OF CATARRH THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE USE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

SWORN TO BEFORE ME, AND SUBSCRIBED IN MY PRESENCE, THIS 6TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1889.

A. W. Gleason
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it."

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. A. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

Price 75 Cents a Bottle.

The only Genuine HALL'S CATARRH CURE is Manufactured by

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Testimonials sent free on application.

OH MY STOMACH!!!

Geo. E. Bell, Platte, Neb., suffered greatly with Dyspepsia for 3 years. Food distressed him so that he was obliged to live on rice. 3 bottles Porcatine Blood Bitters and Pills made him a well man.

Almost a $1 size bottle and a 25c Plaster all for 75c NOW. Put the Plaster on the Stomach for Dyspepsia and change with each dose of the Bitters. ALL DEALERS.

CURED TO STAY CURED

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

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Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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