A Family Laxative.

"Physicians are not inclined to recommend self medication to the laity. Yet there is one need, says the American Analyst, which they are almost unable to supply. We refer to the "family laxative." The family physician is able to prescribe for the most complicated and obscure of maladies and yet is often puzzled to know just what to give when asked for a remedy which can be kept in the house by family use as a laxative, that shall be effective, free from danger, and not unpleasant to take. When a hacking cough summer vacation we were asked by four different parties, representing as many families, what we thought of the "Syrup of Figs." Not one word did we volunteer on the subject, and we were somewhat surprised to find that these people had taken the very general use of that preparation. These parties said they derived more benefit from it and found it more pleasant to take than anything of the kind they had ever used. The simple question with a man was, Is it a dangerous compound? We informed them that its active ingredient was a preparation of senna, and that it was entirely free from danger. With this assurance they volunteered the information that they should continue to keep it in their house.

The therapeutical properties of senna are so well known that comment on this seems unnecessary. It might be well to notice, however, that Bartholow says it is "a very safe and effective cathartic," and that it is "highly prized as a remedy for constipation." He also says that the important consideration that fits use "is not followed by intestinal torpor and constipation."

The simple truth of the matter is, we have altogether too few preparations which we can recommend to our families as effective laxatives. But the California Fig Syrup company has one of the most desirable combinations for this purpose with which we are familiar. The Fig Syrup company gives to the profession the composition of this preparation, and where for there is observed about it; the persons who use this laxative speak in the highest terms about it, and are pleased to find that such a large number of physicians are prescribing it.

Viewed from the narrowest and most selfish standpoint the physician will lose nothing by recommending such a preparation as syrup of figs to his patients; while viewed from the highest standpoint of doing the best possible by those who place themselves under our care, we would say the profession can not do better than give their indorsement to such a preparation.

The original Adams homestead, in Quincy, Mass., the birthplace of Washington's successor, is occupied by a lady and gentleman from Sicily, it is stated, who take boarders numerously, and have converted the garret into a chicken roost.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and it became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup, and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

WAS A PHYSICAL WRECK.

Could Scarcely Ride or Walk. Suffered for 18 Years!

Cherry Valley, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1885.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:- You may use my testimony with pleasure for I would like to do all I can for suffering women. I endured agonies for eighteen years with

Female Weakness

in every form, and as a last resort tried your remedy. I have taken five bottles of your Swamp-Root and one bottle of Female Remedy, and used two bottles of U. & O. Anointment. Dr. Kilmer's

FELTON CLARK

Swamp-Root Cured Me.

When I commenced taking your remedies I could neither ride or walk without suffering intense pain, and to-day I can walk as well as ever could in my life, for I am entirely cured of Female weakness. I can do my own house work, and feel as if I am entirely restored to health. I shall never cease to thank God and you for making me a well and healthy woman from the physical wreck that I was.

At Druggists, 50 cent and $1.00 Size.

"Invalid's Guide to Health" (32 pages) sent free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

At a Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Pianos, Sporting Goods, Farm Tools, Safes, etc., List FREE. Mfrs and dealers, write for our bargains.

$100 A MONTH commission—Wanted good hustling agents in every town, and county in the United States to sell our pure teas, spices, flavoring extracts and extracts. Send 10 stamps for our wholesale price list. American Tea Co., 32 Michigan St., Detroit, Mich.

ALGITE STOVE MATS.
The Woman's Friend.

Saves Granite and Tinware. Is handy for baking meringues. Cooked up in this mat requires no watching. Cooks quicker and better. Follows for cook, gas or gasoline stoves. Agents wanted. Send 25 cents for sample. Agents' outfit 25 cents free. A. H. ZENNER Co., 87 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY.

Holds the worst ruptures with ease under all circumstances, night and day. Comfort and Cure. New Patented improvements. Illustrated catalogue and measure blanks sent free. Address C. H. ROOT & CO., 744 Broadway, New York City.

DELICATE WOMEN
Or Debilitated Women, should use
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength are restored to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bedridden for several months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator, is now able to do her housework. She says she owes her present good health entirely to the use of your medicine."—J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at $1.00 per bottle.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
By the way of New Orleans, is the
ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE
To California. Tourist tickets

TO CALIFORNIA VIA NEW ORLEANS

Are now on sale via the Central Route and in close connection with the Queen & Crescent and Texas and Pacific Railways at all important points west, such as Houston, San Antonio and El Paso. Write for rates.

TO FLORIDA POINTS VIA NEW ORLEANS

Stop-overs are given at New Orleans and at the Mexican Gulf Coast resorts of Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs. Rates as low as all other lines. Tabulated rates and further information can be had at ticket agents of the I. C. R. R. and connecting lines, or by addressing J. F. MERRY, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Hymn of the New Year.

New life and light; new rapture and new joys!
New hopes, though all these fail, to light my days.
Oh, take my heart's delight in these thy gifts;
My thanks and praise, O Lord; my thanks and praise!

Dusty the way has been, and long and steep;
Even now I scarce can hope, for hope betrays
O faithless heart, to him who cares for thee,
Give now thy thanks and praise; thy thanks and praise!

Surely the sun will shine throughout the land;
Surely her miracles will work the spring;
Life stands revealed where all seemed drear and dead.
O heart! my heart! thou mayst give thanks and sing.

Sing and rejoice! Ever give thanks and sing
Life rules! Death is not, though it seems to be.
Love sleeps not! God is an eternal king!
His thought shall reach even to my heart and me.

Why Santa Claus' Beard Is White.

A LEGEND. BY M. A. BIRD.

DURING THE babyhood of Santa Claus—long, long ago—while still the world was full of worthy folk believed wood-sprites lived in the holes of trees, and caves, and dwarfs deep down under earth, there lived in far Germany, on one of the lesser slopes of the Harz, a miner with his wife and seven children.

Deep down in the bosom of the mountain was the mine. Here the father had worked each day from morn to night to feed, even scantily, his wife and children. At last came a season of great dearth. The miner fell sick. Sadly his wife hung out of sight his leather work suit.

The cold winter with its ethel grasp stole down from the mountain tops; still the miner lay sick; still the dearth of food throughout the little town; nowhere a mouthful to spare. The birds in the trees lived and throve. Why not? Must the little children starve? Who had done it? I tell you, it's the Gubich, king of dwarfs, who spoiled the crops last year. I know, I know, by curse him," said the oldest of the miners. "Who in summer steals all the raspberries and strawberries? He only eats ugly toads. He only has lived like a prince, in his rocky cavern up there among the holy firs, ever since the old giant threw those mountains out of his shoe because the big stone hurt him. I tell you the Gubich can make us sick with a glance, touch or breath. Save me from going near his home! Yet they say the trees of the forest are good to eat, and can be made into wondrous pretty things which sell well in the town below us. Starve or touch them? Never I say!"

"Dear husband," said the penitent wife, "thou knowest the holy firs. I go to gather their cones. I will sell them and buy that food which will make thee well. Children, care for thy father while I am gone."

Quickly throwing a shawl over her head and taking a basket on her arm, out into the gathering coldness of the coming night stepped the mother. The wind shook the alders at the cottage door until they nodded and peeped at the windows. Roughly rattled the dried foliage of the stately oaks, whose sacredness to the gods the elements were thought to respect, and then died away among the pines in soft, sad music, that brought tears to the mother's eyes. It was like the moan the bairns made for bread. The tears broke into a sob, half blinded with a bent head, she reached the edge of the holy forest.

Pityingly, out from his bed of clouds, the setting sun glanced warm and tender. He shot his parting rays among the firs, and filled their deep shadows with a cheerful glow. Suddenly, into the marked pathway of its light stepped a little man with snowy beard who gravely doffed his leathern cap and waited for the sad mother to reach him.

"Good woman, what ail'st thou? Why so sad?" broke upon her startled ear.

"Oh, sir, I mean no harm. My children are starving, my husband never again will be well. I only ask leave to gather each day for bread and give them none. I go to gathercones. Do let me pass and fill my basket."

"I would fain thee not, my friend," said the little man. "And knowest thou where the best cones can be found? Follow this path a hundred paces, and there thou shalt be gathered with"—but the mother was on her way. A knowing look, a caress of his white beard, a sniff of the perfumed forest air, and the little man had vanished.

With glad feet the mother hurried on. Not a sound but the dropping of cones broke the stillness of the forest. Faster and thicker they seemed to fall at each onward step. A perfect storm of cones. They dropped upon her head; they fell at her feet; they pelted her shoulders; they filled her basket. Frightened, the poor woman turned and fled, glancing neither to the right or left. Heavier and heavier the basket grew. Breathless and exhausted she reached her cottage door.

The mother entered and quickly barred the door. "Husband, husband, guess what has happened! On the edge of the holy forest I met a little man with snowy beard who told me where to gather the best cones. I went to find them, but the farther I went the faster the cones fell from the firs. They came about my head as thick as snow flakes in midwinter; yet the trees shook not. I was afraid and did not stop to pick up one; but some fell in my basket, and here they are."

"Hist, wife! Look, look thou! They are pure silver! It's the Gubich thou hast met."

Down the basket dropped. Around it grouped the mother and children. True, there lay the cones, silver every one, glistening in the firelight as had the beard of the little man in the golden glow of the sun.

The morrow's sun had tipped the graceful firs with gold, when again the mother stood at the edge of the forest. In a moment the Gubich was before her. "Good-morrow, good wife! Founds't thou the cones?" and a laugh rang through the forest. The mother struggled to speak. "Keep thy thanks, I wish them not," continued the Gubich. "He thou hast in the mine, and thy husband's words, and each cold December give to me and my dear firs a loving thought to keep our hearts warm. Now hie thee home!"

Not more quickly speeds the wind than the mother home again; not more happy are the birds than were the bairns in the miner's home that day. By night, nowhere a hungry soul on the "beautiful Hirchbichenstein."

Dear Santa Claus—ever since, thy beard is white as the snow.

O heart! my heart! thou mayst give thanks and sing.

Sing and rejoice! Ever give thanks and sing
Life rules! Death is not, though it seems to be.
Surely the sun will shine throughout the land;
Surely her miracles will work the spring;
Love sleeps not! God is an eternal king!
His thought shall reach even to my heart and me.

"THEY'LL NOT GIVE UP."

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF HAWAII

Prepared to Resist With Force all Attempts to Restore the Queen to the Throne.—Latest News.

Dispatches from Honolulu on the steamer Awara and via Victoria, B. C., give some very interesting news from that place. The dispatches recite the astonishment expressed by the American Hawaiians when they received from the steamer Waimanao, on Nov. 24, the first knowledge of the expressed intention of President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham to restore the queen to the throne.

The royalists became very jubilant and the annexationists at once began preparations to resist either internal or external force. Over 1,600 determined annexationists assembled and rousing speeches were made by President F. M. Hatch, of the Annexation club, and others, and resolutions were adopted. The tread of the speeches was wholly in the direction of resistance and defiance. Secretary Gresham had said in his letter to President Cleveland that the monarchy must be restored. President Cleveland had pretended to act as a judge. His acts do not justify the assumption. His first move had been to strike down the American flag in Hawaii. He had not given notice of any judicial investigation. It had been asserted "that there has been submitted to the mind of the President of the United States the question whether or not we had a right to establish a government in this country. Gentlemen I challenge that assumption. The assumption is false in every respect.

"Gentlemen, it can hardly be contended that the provisional government, now representing the supporters of that government, have submitted our rights to exist to Colonel Jarnes Blount, of Georgia.

"We are a power de facto; we were recognized by certain great powers of the world which made us a power de jure and we were a power having treaty relations with the United States of America. A treaty had been negotiated when President Cleveland took his seat. That treaty awaited ratification to make it final, but it nevertheless was a treaty binding the executive. Now, gentlemen, I challenge the right of the chief executive of that nation, of his own motion, to undo the act of any of his predecessors. (Great applause.) Congress may do it. Congress has full power, but Grover Cleveland had no right, legally or otherwise."

Resolutions have been given to those governments having, or to have hereafter warships in Honolulu harbor that our nation will be allowed to land troops without the written consent of the provisional government. This notice will be given upon the foreign diplomatic corps in writing. Two hundred and fifty men were put to work fortifying the executive building. In case it is the intention to carry out the instructions for the restoration of the Queen, Minister Willis has promised to give the provisional government 36 hours notice before acting. In case such notice comes, 500 men will be under arms and the time the executive building will be surrounded on all four sides with rifle pits 10 feet from the building, which will defy attack and be absolutely safe from the guns of the fleet.

It has been learned upon the best authority coming directly from royalist sources that British Minister Commissioner Wodehouse has lately stated to different persons in Honolulu that there was an understanding between President Cleveland and the English government that the monarchy should be restored. Should this newly created power refuse, and an advisory council a special session was held in which the following resolution was unanimously recommended to the executive.

Resolved, That the executive council inquire of the American minister whether his instructions were covered by and in harmony with the letter of Secretary Gresham to President Cleveland. If so, whether he was instructed to use force, and, that should the answer be in the affirmative, these councils recommend that Mr. Willis be immediately given his passport and the executive make a prisoner of state.

The fear of the executive council is that the British will offer protection to the queen in case Cleveland fails to restore her.

Immediately upon the arrival of the Australia the council held a special session to hear dispatches from Minister Thurston. These strongly advised the provisional government to hold the fort. The council then adjourned and Minister Willis will refuse to act and will probably resign before he will carry out Cleveland's restorating policy.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, minister of trade and customs for Canada, recently addressed the Honolulu chamber of commerce. Mr. Bowell's speech contained probably the most explicit hint the Hawaiian government to encourage the Canadian-Australian steamship line. He told of the growing trade of Canada with Australia. The members of the cabinet were seen shortly after the meeting the next morning, and others heard guarded expressions of opinions concerning the intent and purpose of Mr. Bowell's visit. Bowell and Hank Ward's scheme behind his speech, as reported, was preliminary to a proposal for a subsidy for a steamship line to run between Canada and Honolulu, and then on to Australia, with Hawaii.

AMICK'S ADVICE.

A Rule to be Followed in the Cure of Consumption.

At a meeting of physicians prescribing the Amick cure for consumption, called to discuss it with the discoverer at the Amick sanitarium, his published assertion that change of climate is unnecessary, Dr. Amick said: "A warm, genial clime is beneficial if the patient stays in it permanently; but hardly ways results from a stay of a few weeks or months when the patient returns to a colder temperature or locality. Unfortunately consumptives desiring treatment, for the most part, go away to remain until May. I advise them to take the medicines in the comforts of their own homes before they definitely abandon any proposed trip depending absolutely on my discovery to cure them. I urge each to first try the treatment free of expense and there decide for themselves. I therefore furnish free test medicines for all having any lung trouble, to enable both physician and patient to judge by results."

Miss Annie Ottie, a very pretty Hamilton, O., young lady, was very proud of her handsome golden hair which reached below her waist. The other night some villain forced a window in her room, chloroformed the sleeping girl and cut off her tresses. A rejected suitor is suspected.

$150,000 Blaze in Cleveland.

The plant of the National Carbon company, of Cleveland, was destroyed by fire. There were three brick buildings, one 300x75 feet and two stories high and two small one-story structures. The two small buildings were totally destroyed and the larger one nearly consumed. The loss is between $150,000 and $170,000. The insurance is about $50,000. Two hundred men are thrown out of employment. The works will be rebuilt in West Cleveland.

Retiring Judge N. P. Loveridge was banqueted by the Coldwater bar.

NOW comes the season when dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. **Royal Baking Powder** is indispensable in their preparation.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTH, *Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N.Y.

The New Year Book.

Now is the time to be glad and bright,
And gladness we can from morn till night;
Be quick to smile and to frown be slow,
And try to learn what is good to know;
For, oh, let us think how the days go
While we write them down in our New Year book.

If all would be good and kind and true,
And do the work that is theirs to do;
If from hate and pride our hearts were free,
What a glad New Year the world would see!
And then I know we should love to look
On each bright page of the New Year book.

Jumping a Claim.

LAST NEW YEAR'S eve, in the camp, and the Gold Nugget saloon was doing a heavy business. Drinks all the line. Drinks were being rapidly dispensed over the counter, and in the further end, round the draw-poker were flourishing.

Pete was in his high humor. He had backed the right card early in the night, and had quite enough ahead to work his claim in Corkscrew Gulch.

True, he had not done his assessment work this year, and by law any body could "jump" the "Lone Star" that day at midnight. But Pete was in the mun to be fooled with, as he already had two graves to his credit in the Lone Star's cemetery, applied to the cemetery in honor of a local doctor, which contained the bodies of two "undertect" who had "differed" with him and were accidentally shot. So the inhabitants of Galensville concluded that he was a safe man to let alone, and he laughed at the idea that anybody would be such a fool as to "commit suicide," as he termed it, by attempting to jump his claim.

The old year had but a few minutes to live when Hank tied up his horse behind the "Lone Star" saloon, and, leaving the "Bright Hopes" and planted the stake firmly in the ground.

Thinking he would go into the tunnel and "see how she looked," he took up his candle and pick and started in.

Just as he did so he thought he heard a whistle. He stopped and listened; some one was coming up the trail whistling softly. Quickly dousing the light, he crouched back in the boulder just at the mouth of the tunnel and drew his revolver.

A few minutes later Pete stepped in view, with a week's supplies in a sack slung over his shoulder.

Before he could put his burden down Hank suddenly rose up before him with his revolver leveled, and almost touching the other's face.

"Hands up!" he cried, "I've got the drop on yer now."

Pete, seeing the other fellow had a full hand, promptly threw up his, while Hank deftly relieved him of his firearms.

"I ain't worth fighting about, anyhow," said Pete, sullenly. "Only I ain't a pound of ore in the hull claim."

"Oh, come off!" said Hank. "How about all that ore you shipped last summer?"

That was out of a pocket I struck which petered out mighty quick, but if you don't believe me I'll go in the hole and show you," and, taking a candle, Hank started in the tunnel, Pete following, but keeping his hand within easy reach of his gun.

The breast of the tunnel was soon reached, the building Hank ran up before it said: "There now, what did I tell yer? It's nuthin' but dead rock."

Hank took his candle and carefully examined the breast, roof and sides, but not a trace of mineral could be seen.

"You're welcome to her," said Pete. "I've blown in all the money I want to; you can have a blast at her now, if you want to."

Hank did not reply, but appeared to be lost in thought. Finally he said: "Hold my candle a minute, Pete," and, taking up his pick in both hands, he struck the breast a heavy blow, and then rock and mud with which Pete had plastered it to fool curious and unwelcome visitors fell away, exposing a vein of glittering white metal.

Almost at the same instant there was a deafening report, and Hank fell to the ground with a bullet through his heart.

Pete, with a smoking revolver in his hand, which he had snatched from Hank's belt as he struck the blow, stood over him with a grim smile as he muttered: "Another accident!"

But retribution was close at hand. The reverberations of the shot had hardly died away among the neighboring peaks when a rock, which had long been loose, started by the sudden shock, fell from the roof, bringing tons of earth with it, and Pete and his third victim were crushed into a shapeless mass.

"I hope it snows Christmas eve," said Harry, "because if it don't Santa Claus may have to come in a balloon, and if it busted, all the toys would get broken."

HUMOROUS.

Ethel, showing her engagement ring—Don't you admire his taste? Maud—Yes, so far as jewelry is concerned.

Old Lady—Just my luck! Caller—What's wrong? Old Lady—I've just heard of six sure cures of rheumatism, and not one of our family has got it.

She—George, father has failed! He —That's just like him. I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying.

"I don't mind the idea of dying so much," she said, "if it were not for the knowledge that the clothes they bury me in will be so awfully old-fashioned by the time resurrection day gets around."

Jones—I read an account of how a girl fell over forty feet without killing herself. Smith—Very graceful. How did she do it? Jones—Tried to get out of a moving street car with exactly twenty men in it.

"It's decidedly bald to undahstand, donit you know," said Willie Wibbles. "In ohdah foh a fellah's clothes to fit him this season they have to look as if they were made foh somebody else, don't you know?"

He—Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much. She—You oughtn't to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage. He—What's that? She—You can see my face without looking into a mirror.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when cross or feverish, than by the use of any other remedy, and has learned that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it, and see that it does them good. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

An Oswego, N. Y., woman kills all stray cats by means of chloroform. The Humane society of New York state decided at a recent meeting that such action should be emulated.

Winter Tourist Rates.

Rates lower this season than usual to all points in the south, in effect from all points on or via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad.

D. G. EDWARDS, Gen'l Pass Agt. Cincinnati, O.

The coal dealer is an expert in making a little go a great neighs.

One Way to Cross the Country

is the subject recently given by the New York Sun to an article on Tourist Parties, and decided that the best way is via the great central Route Wenona, Ill., California Express, Illinois Central and Union Pacific. Solid comfort, low rates, cleanliness and cheapness accomplished. Send for folder giving full information.

T. E. SHARER, Vice
101 South Clark street, Chicago.
E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.
Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. James Payn tells a good story. It is of a friend of his, a rector, who said to a parishioner of the locality, "Why don't you come to hear the curate, Mr. Jones? He preaches far better than I do." "That may be, sir," was the reply, "but we were inquiring about Mr. Jones, and we can't find that he's got any property, and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got any property."

San Francisco's Midwinter Fair

will be one of the attractions on the Pacific Coast during the coming winter. It will be held from the 1st of June 4th July, and might be aptly termed the World's Fair in miniature.

It will equal if not surpass the great Centennial.

The Union Pacific is offering unusually low rates to visitors to the California points and Portland ore.

Send for descriptive circulars for our California Sights and Scenes.

E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass and Ticket Agent.
Omaha, Nebraska.

While suffering from delirium tremens the other day, James Clunan, of Hancock, N. Y., cut his throat. He imagined a boa constrictor was coiled about his neck, and, in attempting to cut it and the knife, he slashed his throat from ear to ear.

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16 World's Fair Photos for One Dime.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has in connection and agreement with a firm of views publishing house to furnish a series of sixteen World's Fair half-tone photos, of a size suitable for framing, at the nominal cost to the purchaser of only ten cents. The series will consist of sixteen full page illustrations. Nothing so handsome in reference to the World's Fair has yet been published. The series would be worth at least three dollars if the pictures were not published in such large quantities, and we feel sure that they will be the finest works of art for only ten cents.

Recently in writing to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promptly to any part of the country. They will make a handsome holiday gift.

A lady who was about to be married entered a printing office just outside of Boston and ordered a number of cards to be printed. The proprietor, a jovial sort of man, thinking he ought to say something, remarked: "It seems to me that anyone who marries in the dead times has considerable courage." "Well," replied the lady, "we are all out of work and we've got to do something, you know."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 75c.

Mrs. Samuel Bennett, of Tanner, W. Va., gave birth to her twenty-ninth child a few days ago. All the children are alive.

The cross-bill of a resident of Spokane, Wash., to his wife's divorce complaint, alleges that she pulled his hair and bit him out.

Lady Florence Dixie declares that she knows three women disguised as men, one of whom is a ship captain and the others are pilots.

Use ST. JACOBS OIL FOR PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, And all the World Knows the CURE is SURE.

Souvenir Coin for Eighty Cents

NEVER OFFERED BEFORE FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR.

Father or Mother;
Sister or Brother;
Sweetheart or Lover
Would be pleased to receive as a
Christmas or New Year's Present
Something they could always keep as a reminder of the Columbian year. What more appropriate than a

WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR HALF DOLLAR?

Sent Post-Paid to any address for 80 cents in 1 or 2-cent stamps.
Only a limited number left. Order quick from P. G. BROWN, 88-92 West Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.

GOOD SPIRITS

follow good health. Follow good spirits, and misfortune, mental depression, loss of memory, nausea, or irritation, fear of impending disaster, and a thousand and one distressing ailments of body and mind, result from pernicious habits, sedentary occupations, often indulged in through ignorance of their evil effects, or through incapacity for judgment, not frequently inherited from unwise parents.

To reach, reclaim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim and ambition of medical gentlemen, who have prepared a treatise, written in plain, every-day language and treating of the nature, symptoms and remedy for such diseases. Any one sending a stamp to cover postage, will be supplied, securely sealed in a plain envelope. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

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

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. **HAY-FEVER**

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