The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to the physically and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Watchdogs of the treasury do not approve of wildcat banks.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit patients. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If your friend is made of honey do not sacrifice him at one meal.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. It will use the smallest dose and offer the first dose. Ask your friends about it. 50c and $1 at all druggists.

If you can't be rich you can become well off by being contented.

That old established cough remedy, Dowse' Elixir, still more than holds its own in the public estimation, despite sharp and active competition. It is a "home remedy," and in this locality it needs no words of praise from us, so well and favorably known is it. It is the standard remedy for all the stubborn and all obstinate troubles, with great numbers of our people, and their continued use and unsolicited recommendation of it speaks volumes in its favor.—GREENSBURGH, VT., FREE PRESS, JANUARY 29 1886.

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrow that never occur.

The use of Ely's Cream Balm, a sure cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, is attended with no pain, inconvenience or dread, which can be said of no other remedy.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so cheerfully without solicitation. I have used it half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind for years; I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

The only reason we ever have any dark days is because we live too low to see the sun.

There are plenty of people who never know anything until they run against it, and then, invariably, they know too much.

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." ◆

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND REFRESHED. COMPLEXION CLEAR & BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This herb drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your money to Lane & Co., Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. OPATOR B. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

CAUTION! DELAY NOT THE BEST COUGH CURE IS

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Use Shiloh's Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

RADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

has proven an infallible specific for all derangements peculiar to the female sex, such as chronic womb and ovarian diseases. If taken in time it regulates and gives more healthy action of all functions of the reproductive organs. Young ladies at the age of puberty, and older ones at the menopause, will find in it a boon. Sold by druggists. The highest recommendations from prominent physicians and others who have tried it. Ask for book "To Women," mailed free. Sold by all druggists. RADFIELD REGULATOR CO., proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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

25 Cents Bottle. Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain relief in Consumption. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large size bottle, double the quantity, 50 cents.

HER SATIN SHOE.

Her satin shoe, so soft and bright,
Peeps from the hem of her silken skirt,
Is like a bird in rhythmic flight
Or a dainty flower in dainty dirt.

She waltzes as the fairies do
Led by Titania, through the light
Of moon beams and the flickering glow.

Shes danced into my heart tonight,
I'm quite undone. Ah, if she knew,
Would she dance? I'm quite
Her satin shoe!

William H. Hayne in Harper's Bazar.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

He was enchanted with the commission. Brown was the young steward—Mrs. Blencarrow's chief assistant in the management of the estate—the young fellow whom her husband recommended to her on his death-bed. The group which gathered round Mrs. Blencarrow, ready for the procession in to supper, thought this was the most charming way of acknowledging the claims of Brown. To have brought him to the dance would have been out of place; he would have felt himself out of place. He could not have ventured to ask anybody to dance, and to look on while you are young is dull work. But to ask him to supper was just the right compromise. The old gentlemen promised to themselves that they would notice Brown; they would ask him to drink a glass of wine (which was the custom then); they would show him that they approved of a young man who did such excellent work and knew his place so well.

It must be allowed that when he came, triumphantly led by Reginald, with Bertie dancing in front of him ("Oh, come along, Brown; here is a place for you"), his looks did not conciliate these country gentlemen. He was a handsome young man in a rather rough way, with that look of watchful suspicion so often to be seen on the face of a man who is afraid of being confounded by his superior. He was in a sort of evening dress, as if he had been prepared for the invitation, with a doubtful coat of which it was difficult to say whether it was a morning coat of peculiar cut, or an old-fashioned one for evening use. He yielded unwillingly, it seemed, to the entreaties of the boys, and he was placed far down at the other end if the table, among the children and the youngest of the grown-up party, where he was totally out of place. Had he been near the other end, where the honest country gentlemen were, quite prepared to notice and take wine with him, Brown would have been more at his ease. He cast one glance at his mistress as he passed, a look which was gloomy, reproachful, almost defiant. Scotch pension had got that look sometimes without any bad meaning, and Cumberland faces are very like the Scotch. He was no doubt upbraiding her for having forced him to appear at all.

At last it was all over, the last carriage rolling away, the last sleepy group of visitors sent to bed. Mrs. Blencarrow stood at her own hearth, leaning her head on the marble mantelpiece, looking down into the fire. She had been very gay to the last smiling upon her guests; but her face, when in perfect repose, and in the ease of repose, no one near to spy upon it, was very different. Anxiety and trouble came into every line of her fine features. She changed her attitude after awhile, and looked straight into the darkness of the great mirror, behind the clock and the candelabra which stood in front of it. She looked into her own face with a determination, as though her eyes opened widely. She seemed to ask herself what she should do, but shook her head afterwards with a vague and smile. The mirror repeated all these changes of countenance, but gave no counsel. None one came into the room at this moment, which made her start. It was one of the ladies staying in the house, who had forgotten something, and come back to fetch it.

"Not gone to bed yet?" she said.

"No," said Mrs. Blencarrow; "after a business of this kind, however tired I may be, I don't sleep."

"I know what you are doing," said her friend. "You are asking yourself, now that it's all over, 'What's the good?'"

"No; I don't think so," she said quickly; then changed her look and said, "Perhaps I was."

"Oh, I am sure you were! and it is no good except for such pleasure as you get out of it."

"Pleasure!" said Mrs. Blencarrow. "But the boys liked it," she said.

"Oh, the boys! They were more happy than words could say. I think you measure everything by the boys."

"Not everything," she said with a sigh; and taking up her candle, she followed her friend upstairs.

The house had fallen into perfect quiet. There was not a sound in all the upper rooms, a drowsy stillness was in the broad staircase, still, dimly lighted, and the corridor above; only a distant echo from below, from the region which were half underground—a muffled sound of laughter and voices—showed that the servants were still carrying on the festivity. Mrs. Blencarrow said good-night at the door of her friend's room and went on to her own, which was at the further end of the long gallery. She left her candle upon a small table outside, where it burned on, a strange, lonely little twinkle of light in the darkness, for half the winter night.

Neither Kitty nor Walter could rest next day until they had eluded the vigilance of their several guardians and escaped to their usual meeting place, where they poured into each other's ears the dire experience of the previous night. Kitty had been badly scolded before, but it had been as nothing in comparison with what she had suffered on the way home and after her return. Mamma had been terrible; she had outdoned herself; there had been nothing too dreadful for her to say. And papa had not stood by Kitty—that beat that could be said for him was that she had taken no active part in the demolition of all her hopes.

"You must be sent away to-morrow to my aunt's in Gloucestershire, fancy—in Gloucestershire!" as if there was something especially dreadful in that country.

"You shall not be sent away; the time has come for us to take it into our own hands," said Walter soberly, with a strain of resolution.

He had to tell her of his unsimilar barbarities on his side. His mother had written to her trustees. She expected Mr. Wadsett on from Edinburgh, who was also her man of business (for her property was in Scotland), next day.

"To-morrow is the crisis for both of us; we must simply take it into our own hands, and forestall them," said Walter. "I tell you that one day it would come to this. If they force it on us it is their own doing," he said, with a look of determination enough to make any trustee tremble.

"Oh, Walter!" cried Kitty, rubbing her head against his shoulder like the kitten she was.

His resolute air gave her a thrill of frightened delight. Usually she was the first person in all their conjoint movements; to be carried along, she had feel that it was not her doing, but his, was a new ecstatic, alarming sensation, which words could not express.

They then began to consider without more ado (both feeling themselves elevated by the greatness of the crisis) what was to be done. Kitty had fondly hoped for a postchaise, which has the recognized air of romance; but Walter pointed out that on the railway—still a new thing in that district—there was an early train going to Edinburgh, which they could enter far more easily and with less fear of being arrested than a postchaise, and which would land them at Gretna Green in less time than it would take to go ten miles in a carriage. Gretna Green was still the right place to which lovers fled; it was one of the nearest points in Scotland, where marriage was so easy, where the two parties to the union were the only ones concerned.

Kitty was slow to give up the postchaise, but she yielded to Walter's argument. The train passed very early, so that it would be necessary for her to start out of the house in the middle of the night, as it were, to join her lover, who would be waiting for her and then a walk of a mile or two would bring them to the station—and then! Their foolish hearts beat high while they made all the arrangements. Kitty shivered at the idea of the long walk in the chill, dark morning. She would have so much preferred the sweep of the postchaise, the pleasant rush in pursuit, the second postchaise rattling after them, probably only gaining the goal ten minutes too late. She had imagined that rush many a time, and how she might see her father or brother's head looking out from the window, hurrying on the postilions, but just failing to arrive at hasty ceremony. The railway would change it all, and would be much less triumphant and satisfactory; but still, if Walter said so, it must be done, and her practical imagination saw the convenience as well as the drawbacks.

Walter walked back with Kitty as near as he dared to the Lean and then Kitty walked back again with him. They thus made a long afternoon's occupation of it, during which everything was discussed and over again discussed, and in which all the responsibility was laid on the proper shoulders, i. e., on those of the parents who had driven them to this only alternative. Neither of them had any doubt as to the certainty of this, and they had at the same time fair hopes of being received back again when it was all over and nothing could be done to mend it. After this their people must acknowledge that it was no manner of use struggling, and that it behooved them to think of making some provision for the young pair, who, after all, were their own flesh and blood.

Kitty did not undress at all, considering the unearthly hour at which she was to set out. She flung off her evening dress into a corner, reflecting that though it must be prepared after, instead of before, her marriage, she must have a trousseau all the same, and that no bride puts on again her old things after that, and Kitty put on her new winter dress, which was very becoming, and had a pretty hat to match it, and lay down to snatch an hour or two's rest before the hour of starting. She woke reluctantly to the sound of a handful of pebbles thrown against her window, and, then, though still exceedingly sleepy and greatly tempted to pay no attention to the summons, managed at last to rouse herself, and sprang up with a thump of her heart when she recollected what it was—her wedding morning! She lighted a candle and put on her hat, studying the effect in the glass, though she knew that Walter was blowing his fingers with cold below; and then, with a furtive over her arm, she stole downstairs. How dark it was, and how cold! The country black with night, and nothing visible but the waving, close to the house, of some spectral trees. But Walter pulled her hard through his arm the moment she slipped out, and her spirits rose. Two miles in the darkness where one would shrink before it! They had the strangest, merriest walk—stumbling in the muddiest way, jolting over stiles, going astray into plowed fields, possibly all they had to do in all their days, and yet with stumbling and laughing to the station, where the train had not yet arrived. And then came the rush and sweep through the night, the arrival by the gray morning at the station, the hasty picking up of the grim priest known as the "blacksmith"—though I am not sure that this was his trade. Kitty found time to smarten herself up a little, to straighten the trim of her hat and put it on as if she had taken it affectionately off his hands, and to put on the white gloves—the only things in her bridelike, which she had put in her pocket before she left home—and then the ceremony, whatever it was, was performed, and the boy and girl were made man and wife.

After, it was all over Kitty and Walter looked at each other in the gray morning light (which was more frightened look. When the thing was done the excitement suddenly failed, and for a moment everything was black. Kitty felt cold, and looked Walter, if it had not been for the pride of his manhood was very near following her example. What awful thing was it they had done? Kitty was the first to recover her courage. "I am dreadfully hungry," she said. "and so tired. Walter, do go and see if we can have some breakfast, and where. I must have some breakfast, or I shall die." Kitty was very fond of this alternative, and had shown no intention of adopting it as yet.

"I'll go on to that public-house over there; but won't you come, too, Kitty?"

"No; go and order breakfast, and then come and fetch me. I'll look over the books and see who have gone before us," said Kitty.

He left her seated, half leaning over the table, studying the records which she had spread out before her. At that moment Kitty felt a great sympathy for everybody who had been married, and a wondering desire to know what they had felt.

CHAPTER IV.

A Discovery.

When Walter came back, having ordered a meal such as was most easily procurable at this early hour, it is to say, tea and stale bread and fresh oatcakes and a dish of ham and eggs—he found Kitty waiting for him in a fever of impatience. She had one of the blacksmith's big register books out upon the table, and her eyes were dancing with excitement. She rushed to meet him and caught him by the arm.

"Walter," she said, "oh, how soon can we get back?"

"Get back!" he cried; "but we are not going back."

"Oh, yes, but we are, as quick as we can fly. Go and order the horses this minute—oh, I forgot, it's a train! Can't we have a train directly? Then there will be trains?"

"For goodness sake, Kitty, what do you mean? But we are married! You can't be going to turn your back upon me."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Kitty, in her excitement; "who talks of turning their back? I've found out something that will make anybody jump if make some jump to begin with!" exclaimed the girl, performing a dance on the floor. "They'll never say a word to us. The ill-bred struck dumb with this. Look! look!"

Walter looked with great surprise, without the slightest conception of what it could be to which his attention was called. His eyes wandered along the page, seeing nothing. A long array of names! "I don't think there is a place left for all this commotion. Kitty pushed him aside in her excitement. She laid her finger upon one short signature, and then written very carefully, and turned and looked at her aghast.

"Kitty! what do you mean? Who is it? It can't—it can't be!"

"Read!"

MADE LOVE FROM A TREE

How a Newark Clergyman's Daughter Was Wooed.

Miss Hobbie is the 18-year-old daughter of Rev. Reeve Hobbie, of St. Philip's Episcopal church, in Newark. Toppin is the 19-year-old son of a real estate agent.

Young Toppin had been paying his attentions to Miss Hobbie, but they were not as acceptable to the rector as to the daughter, and he directed that the acquaintance be discontinued. The young couple apparently complied, but they could not be prevented from having opportunities to meet at sociables and church fairs. As long as the intimacy became no closer than that the anxious father of the young lady congratulated himself that there was no danger of its becoming serious.

He never once thought of the tree, whose spreading boughs swept the windows of his daughter's sleeping apartment. But Toppin had, and he had the smitten miss, and every night after the elder folk had gone to bed the young couple held a sort of Romeo-and-Juliet meeting—he on the tree branch and she at her window casing.

The good-natured people of the parish declare that they saw the romantic youth concealed beneath the shelter of the leaves, and knew that he was there because of the maiden in the window, but they knew of no reason why they should not make love if they chose, and kept the secret to themselves with the inward observation that it was too bad that the youthful lover was forced to stratagem in the prosecution of his suit.

Rev. Mr. Hobbie was out unexpectedly one night, and he heard the whispers from the leafy shelter of the tree. He guessed that it was Toppin, and, determined to put a peremptory end to the love scenes, complained to Justice Conlin. The charge was of trespassing and loitering. Toppin was asked to step into court and explain.

Justice Conlin could not see that there was any special wickedness in the transaction when it had all been explained to him and he dismissed the complaint.

About Ancestors.

William S. Walsh writes in the New York World: A family like a race or nation does indeed bud, flower, and run to seed, and the seed must be transplanted to new soil in order to bud and flower again. Now, a part of the foolish ancestor worship of the past resulted in the creation of aristocracies built on the foundation of an illustrious ancestor. We are getting over that now. We are getting our aristocracies closer to the primal source. We are learning no longer to respect a man because his ancestor was better than himself, but because he himself is an ancestor. The force of royalty is played out: the force of rank and caste is in a moribund condition. All men will soon learn to laugh at the claims of long descent. Many men laugh at them now. And this in itself is an immense step in civilization.

Snobbery, vulgarity, pretension—these hideous traits will soon be of the past. Our grandchildren freed from the absurd ideas, the absurd restrictions of semi-savage inception, will be larger, more generous, more tolerant—better, in short, than ourselves. Fresh and vigorous blood will intermix with the worn-out descendants of great men, and in due time greater men from the stock will be born to the future. Every succeeding age sees the abandonment of some superstition which has checked the progress and development of the race in the past.

What German Boys Drink.

German boys who work in the open air all day long, every day in the year except school days, get very thirsty, and coffee and beer do not drink a great deal. The German mothers to keep their boys well and hardy, are very expert in making nourishing drinks for them, to take the place of water, which is not nourishing at all if taken in large quantities. Honeyade is the favorite outdoor drink for German boys. It is made in this way. An ounce of ginger is boiled for an hour in two quarts of water. Then two quarts of cold water, a pound of honey, and an ounce of tartaric acid, ounces of clear, sweet cider are added. When all is cold, the white of an egg is whipped in and a lemon is squeezed into the honeyade jar. The sturdy little Germans are allowed to drink their weight, as the saying is, of this.

The Better Way.

The Brooklyn health protective association rejected the form, "Men must keep off the grass." Also it was proposed for a placard to be placed in cars, and adopted this one, "Gentlemen will not expectorate on the floor."

Their Stock Had Run Low.

A shoemaker mocked a collier on being black, saying: "What news from hell?" "How fares the devil?" "Faith," said collier, "the one was just riding forth as I came thither, and wanted nothing but a shoemaker to pluck on his boots!"

Where Women Reign.

At Lexington, Miss., the postoffice and telegraph office are in charge of a woman; the chief express agent is a woman, and her two assistants are women.

Judge Landis has decided, in a Blair county, Pennsylvania, case, that when a building burns down a contractor's lien against it also perishes with the property destroyed. There is, so to speak, nothing left for a lien to lean against.

In a lecture delivered before the Massachusetts institute of technology Professor Sedgwick said he had traced the course of an epidemic of typhoid fever and found that it just matched the route of a milkman. This was in a city far from Boston.

A New York artist has spent two summers among the Great Smoky mountains of Tennessee, because, he says, he gets the same kind of subject there that the French painters find around Barbizon—the same rudeness of implements, the same simplicity of habitations, even the same blue clothing.

F. A. Lewis, sr., who lives near Howardsville, Va., slipped and fell the other day to the bottom of a well said to be seventy-five feet deep. Helanded, it is stated, in fifteen feet of water, and according to one authority, he soon rose and climbed up to where he could support himself until his friends rescued him.

An English lunatic believes she is an eave lope containing a letter, and with this idea she fixes a penny postage stamp on her forehead, and imagines that she goes through the p st to visit her relatives. The next day she sticks on another stamp for the return journey. A male p. tient is convinced that he is a bad h. rrown, and, being a very conscientious man, he makes imaginary rounds to various tradesmen warning them not to take him in payment for any article if his wife should attempt to pass him at the counter.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Papa—Wonder how it is night shirts last longer than dress shirts? Mamma—Because you don't wear them out.

Mr. Bilkins—What a sad thing that woman has! Mrs. Bilkins—Yes, poor thing. She has either loved and lost or loved and got him.

Mrs. Wobbles—I shall never forget, dear, how idiotic you looked when you proposed to me. Mr. Wobbles, with emphasis—I was idiotic.

"Maggie," called Mulligan to his accomplished daughter. "What do you want?" "Is the pianny bruk or are yes playing classical music?"

"Hit dose do," said Uncle Eben, "ter take too much 'count ob de fat dat man looks good natured. De crocodile hab de broades' grin on record."

"Just put this on the slate," said Mr. M. P. Kuhn, after ordering a load of coal. "We don't keep any slate," the dealer informed him. "Don't keep any slate? What do you do with it—sell it?"

Clerk, at the book store—Here it is, Mr. Spotcash. Magazine for January. Review of Reviews. Mr. Spotcash, looking at it—Hum—too much of it for a busy man. Haven't you got a Review of the Review of Reviews?

Old Gent—When the children of today get to be old folks I don't see how they are going to get light enough to read by. Friend—What's to hinder? Old Gent—When I was a boy we used candles, and they gave light enough for young eyes like mine, then, as I grew older, we changed to lamps and later to gas, and now we have the electric light and I'm all right yet. I can read by that as well as I used to with candles. But what's to become of the children who begin with the electric light? That's what I'd like to know.

THREE COSTLY MANSIONS.

Mount Stuart, Lord Bute's palace in Scotland, is said to be the most magnificent mansion in Great Britain. The building, decoration and furnishing of it cost $5,000,000.

The Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill, San Francisco, which has just been presented to the university of California for an art school and museum, is valued at $1,000,000. As it is now the property of the state and is exempt from taxation; but had it been given, as was once contemplated, to some art association at the Golden Gate, the taxes would have rendered it a white elephant.

Small-Pox in Wall Paper.

Many years ago a person was sick of small-pox in a farm house in the country town of Grotop, and after the patient recovered the dwelling was fumigated and repapered. Ira Chester and family now dwell in the house. The paper was removed a week or so ago, and presently Mr. Chester's daughter was stricken with small-pox. In the opinion of the physician the germs of the disease were dormant in the walls of the room. In no other way is the child's sickness to be accounted for, since she had not been otherwise exposed to the malady.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

We are forcibly reminded by the above clipping from the Cincinnati paper of the claims made by the sanitarians, which are, no doubt, true to a certain extent, that all disease germs find a hiding place and nature ground best adapted to their nature, and to help them along in their mission of life, in wall paper, with its vegetable paste to hold it on the wall, and its animal glue to hold its colors; that these, to say the least, are not the best materials with which to cover so much space around us as the walls in the rooms we live and sleep, and that paper and glue are great absorbents of moisture, of which every person throws off a certain number of ounces in exhalations every day, and that such decaying material as glue and paste gives rise to deleterious gases in such small quantities that we do not discover them, though those who study it can smell it in rooms papered, and especially where a number of layers of paper have been pasted upon each other, a common "nasty practice."

They claim that these conditions have more to do with our ill-health than we are aware of, that such a state of things in the room in which we live tends to more than, does a change of climate, which so many seek when they find themselves failing in health; that it would be cheaper, at least, to try a change of room or one coated with some non-decaying material, before going to the expense and trouble of a change of climate. Those who live in such rooms are not usually made sick unto death, but it is claimed that they do not enjoy as good health as they otherwise might.

Lasalle citizens will settle their change of postmaster by a caucus.

Chenoa's Magic Corn Salve. Guaranteed to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Man is usual one-sided on both sides.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

There is no warmth in borrowed raiment.

Western Farm Lands.

Send the names and addresses of your friends to F. E. Kentle, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, a pamphlet descriptive of farm lands in Iowa, Dakota, Minnesota and North western Kansas, sent free on application.

There is said to be more illiteracy in Portugal than in any other country of Europe.

Rabbits, it is said, have destroyed about 120 prune trees on the farm of L. L. McCartney of The Dalles, Ore.

Alabama produced over a million tons of pig iron last year and now disputes with Illinois the honor of being the third largest iron producing state in the union, Pennsylvania and Ohio continuing to hold the first and second places.

Colonel W. W. Call of LaGrange, Ga., exhibited a gourd that is something of a curiosity. The gourd is about five inches long and the size of a cocoanut, but the handle is forty-three inches long and only one inch in diameter, making the whole forty-seven inches in length.

Scandinavia sends to our shores the fewest illiterate persons, less than one per cent of the entire emigration from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Italy sends the greatest number, upward of seventy-five per cent of the immigrants from that country not knowing how to read or write.

The telephotoscope, the instrument invented by O. V. Boughton to enable vessels to communicate with each other at long distances, electrical connections operated by a keyboard by which 106 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signals of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. The inventor claims that thirty-two candle power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles.

Men and officers of the police force, who are exposed day and night to all sorts of weather, should find the salvation Oil, the infallible cure for rheumatism and neuralgia, within their reach. They cannot afford to be without it. 25 cts.

Every one can endure a great deal but that has its limit.

Men of all professions and trades, substitute, when Hop Bitters are offered them, unless in ordering Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is recommended, for bronchial and pulmonary troubles as the best household remedy in the market.

He that has lost his faith, what staff has he left?

The Throat — BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES act directly on the organs of the throat and lungs. They are an extraordinary class in all disorders of the throat.

The encumber does its best fighting after its death.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps nature to overcome this habit.

The wife goes awfully near the forbidden fruit.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. It cures Constipation, Sick Headache and its attendant troubles, and regulates the stomach and bowels. The 50c and $1.00 at all dealers.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

For Everybody.

I had dyspepsia for a long time and tried a multitude of remedies. Only Hop Bitters did me good. Dr. cane's Dyspepsia Pills did. I am a cure. Hop Bitters. Feeling around 13: they are the SURE CURE.

PHILIP DORIC, Owego, N. Y.

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Frank J. Cheney

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

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