KNOWLEDGE

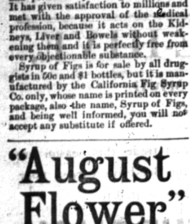
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say too much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

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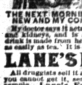

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Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

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is the best Blood Medicine, because it assists nature to throw off the impurities of the blood, and at the same time tones up the entire organism. This is just contrary to the effect of the various potash, mercury, sarsaparilla mixtures, which bottle up the impurities in the system, thus producing much sickness and suffering. Therefore, for a

BLOOD MEDICINE

you cannot do better than take S. S. S.

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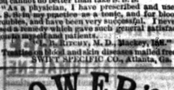

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A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

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

ENDEAVOR.

"What hast thou for thy scattered seed,
O Sower of the plain!
Where are the many gathered sheaves
Thy hope should bring again?"
"The only record of my work
Lies in the buried grain."

"O Conqueror of a thousand fields!
In dinted armor dight,
What growths of purple amaranth
Shall crown thy brow of might?"
"Only the blossom of my life
Flung widely in the fight."

"What is the harvest of thy saints
O God! who does abide?
Where grow the garlands of thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have thy servants for their pains?"
"This only—to have tried."
—Julia Ward Howe.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"Well," cried Kitty, and who could it be? 'Joan Blencarrow'—there's only one person of that name in all the world."

"Good heavens!" Walter cried. He had more feeling than she had, for he stood aghast. He seemed to see her suddenly in all her dignity and splendor, as he had seen her standing receiving her guests. Kitty jumped with excitement, but Walter was appalled.

"Mrs. Blencarrow! I can't believe it! I don't believe it!" he said.

"What does it matter whether you believe it or not, for there it is?" said Kitty, triumphant. "Oh, what a state mamma will be in! She will never say a word to us. She will pay no attention, any more than if we had been out for a walk. Oh, how she will like to pull down Mrs. Blencarrow!—she that was always so grand, and people thinking there was nobody like her. And all this time—three years"——

Kitty's eyes danced with delight. To think that she should be the one to find out such a wonderful secret intoxicated her with satisfaction and pleasure.

"Kitty," said Walter with hesitation, "we have found it out by accident."

"Oh, don't say we! I've found it out. It would never have come into your head to look at the books."

"Well, you then. You then. You have found it out by accident, and when we're happy ourselves, why should we try to make other people miserable? Kitty!" He put his arm around her and pleaded with his lips close to her ear.

"Oh, nonsense!" she said; "all men are taken in like that; but I can't let her off; I won't let her off. Why, it wouldn't be right!"

"There are some people who would think what we are doing wasn't right," said Walter.

"Oh, you coward," cried Kitty, "to turn round on me when we haven't been married an hour! As if it was my doing, when you know that but for you"——

"I am not turning round on you I never said it was your doing, Kitty, darling, don't let us quarrel. You know I never meant"—

"I shall quarrel if I like," cried Kitty, bursting into tears; and they had it out, as they had already done a hundred times, and would a hundred more, enjoying it thoroughly. It suddenly occurred to Walter, however, as the little episode drew near a close, that the ham and eggs must be ready, and he threw in an intimation to this effect with very telling results. Kitty jumped up, dried her eyes, straightened her hat, and declared that she was dying of hunger.

"But whatever happens, and however serious things may be, you will always go on," she said.

He was magnanimous, being very hungry too, and restrained the retort that was trembling on his tongue that it was she who would go on; and they flew across to the little alehouse, arm in arm, and enjoyed their ham and eggs even more than they had enjoyed their quarrel.

They found out that the next train "up" was not till eleven o'clock, which set their minds at rest, for they had meant to go to London before Kitty's mind had been all unsettled by that discovery. Walter had begun to hope she had forgotten all about it, when she suddenly jumped up from the table—not, however, before she had made a very satisfactory meal.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" cried Kitty. "I never paid any attention to the man!"

"What man?"

"Why, the man she was married to, you goose! A woman can't be married all by herself. It was a long name—Everard something. I don't know it, or I should have paid more attention. Haven't you finished yet?—for I must run this instant"—

"Where, Kitty?"

"Why, to look up the book again!" she cried.

"I wish you'd give this up," said Walter. "Do, to please me. We've got all we wish ourselves, and why should we worry other people, Kitty?"

"If you have got all you wish, I have not. I want to please them—to make them do something for us; and when a thing like that turns up—the very thing!—why, mamma will hug us both—she will forgive us on the spot. She'll be so pleased she'll do anything for us. I don't know anything about Mrs. Lawrence"—

"It won't do us any good with my mother," said Walter, with a thrill of dread coming over him, for he did not like to think of his mother and that terrible trustee.

"By the way," cried Kitty, with a pirouette of delight, "it's I that am Mrs. Lawrence now, and she's only the dowager. Fancy turning a person who has always made you shake in your boots into a dowager! It's too delightful—it's worth all the rest."

Walter did not like this to be said about his mother! He had deceived and disappointed her, but he was not without a feeling for her.

"That is all nonsense," he said. "It is not as if I had come into the property and my mother had to turn out; for everything is hers. I hope you don't mind being Mrs. Walter, Kitty, for my sake."

Kitty considered a moment whether she should be angry, but concluded that it was too soon after the last quarrel, and would be monotonous and a bore, so she caught up his hat instead and thrust it into his hand.

"Come along," she said; "come along. We have sat a long time over breakfast, and there is no time to lose; I must make out the other name in that book."

But here the young lady met with an unexpected check, for the blacksmith stopped them as they entered his house, striding toward them from the kitchen where he too had finished a very satisfactory meal.

"What will ye be wanting?" he said. "Ye will maybe think I can unmarry ye again but it's not possible to do that."

"We don't want to be unmarried," said Kitty; "we want just to look at the book again, to see a name."

"What book?"

"The register book that is in that room," said Walter; "my wife," and he gave Kitty's arm a squeeze, "saw a name——"

"My book!" The blacksmith stood in the doorway like a mountain, not to be passed or pushed aside. "I'll have no one spying into the names in my book."

"I don't want to spy," said Kitty; "it's somebody I know."

But the big man would hear no reason; he looked at the little couple before him, so young and so silly, as if he had been a bishop at least.

"I couldn't refuse to marry ye," he said; "I hadn't the right. But if I had followed my own lights, I would just have sent ye home to your parents to put back in the nursery; and ye shall see no books of mine, nor tell tales upon other folk."

And nothing could move him from the resolution. Kitty nearly cried with vexation when they got into the train again; her own escapade dwindled into something quite secondary.

"It was so silly of me not to make sure of the name. I am sure the first name was Everard, or something like that. And what a brute that man is, Walter! If you had really loved me as you say, you would have pushed him away or knocked him down."

"Why, he was six times as big as me, Kitty!"

"What does that matter," she said, "when it's for the sake of some one you love?"

But perhaps this is rather a feminine view.

There had been, as may be supposed, a great commotion in the Leas when it was found that Kitty's room was vacant in the morning. A girl's absence is more easily discovered than a boy's. Mrs. Lawrence thought that Walter had gone off for the day to see some of his friends, and would come back to dinner, as he had done many times before; and though she was angry with him for leaving his work she was not anxious. But a young lady does not make escapades of this sort; and when it was discovered that Kitty's best things had disappeared, and her favorite locket, and that she had evidently never gone to bed in a proper and legitimate way, the house and all the neighborhood was aroused. Mrs. Bircham sent off messengers far and near; and Mr. Bircham, himself an easy minded man, went out on the same errand, visiting, among other places, Blencarrow, where all the gaiety of a Christmas party was still going on, and the boys were trying with delight the first faint film of ice upon the pond to see when it would be likely to bear. Then, after a hasty but late luncheon, he had gone to see whether Mrs. Lawrence knew anything about the fugitive; and Mrs. Bircham, at her wit's end, and not knowing what to do, was alone in the drawing room at the Leas, pondering everything, wishing she had Kitty there to shake her, longing to pour forth floods of wrath; but at the same time chilled by that dread of something having happened which will come in even when a mother is most enraged. She was saying to herself that nothing could have happened — that it must be that young Lawrence—that the girl was an idiot—that she had washed her hands of her — that she would have nothing to do with them—that, oh if she had only thought to lock her up in her bed room and stop it all!

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty! where you, child?" she cried nervously at the conclusion of all.

There was a rustle and a little rush, and Kitty ran in, flinging herself upon her knees upon the hearthrug, and replied:

"Here I am—here I am, mamma!"

Mrs. Bircham uttered a shriek. She saw Walter behind, and the situation in a moment became clear to her.

"You young fools!" she said, "you disobedient, ungrateful children — you——"

"Oh, mamma, one moment. We have been to Gretna Green — Walter and me!"

"How dare you, sir?" said Mrs. Bircham, turning upon the hapless lover—"how dare you steal my innocent child away? And then you come here to triumph over us. Begone, sir—begone, sir, out of my house; begone out of my house!"

Kitty jumped off her knees and caught Walter by the arm.

"He does not go a step without me," she cried. "But mamma if you would have a moment's patience, you would not think any more about it. We were going to London; but I came back, though I knew you would scold, to tell you. Listen to me one moment," cried Kitty running all the words into one; "it's something about Mrs. Blencarrow."

Mrs. Bircham had her hands raised, presumably to draw down the curse of heaven upon the pair, but at this name she paused; her countenance changed.

"Mrs. Blencarrow?" she gasped and could say no more.

"You never heard such a thing in your life!" cried Kitty. She dropped Walter's arm, and came forward in front of him. "Mamma, I saw her name in the register; there it is—any one can see it; Joan Blencarrow—there couldn't be another person with such a name."

"In the register? What — what do you mean?"

"Mamma, I mean that Mrs. Blencarrow is married—to somebody else. She's been married three years. I read her name this very day. It's in the register at Gretna Green."

Mrs. Bircham staggered back a few steps and dropped into a chair.

"Married!" she cried. "Mrs. Blencarrow married!"

"Three years ago," cried Kitty, glibly. "Fifth January — I saw the date—three years ago!"

Mrs. Bircham sat with her hands clasped and her eyes glaring, "as if," Kitty said afterwards, "they would come out of her head." She uttered a succession of cries, from little shrieks to breathless exclamations. "Married! — Mrs. Blencarrow! Oh, oh, Kitty! Oh, good heavens! — Mrs. Blencarrow! Three years ago—the time she went off to Scotland to see her sister. Oh, oh, Kitty! In the register! Get me a glass of water, or I think I shall die."

Walter disappeared for the water, thinking that, after all, his mother-in-law was a good-hearted woman, and didn't feel as Kitty said she would; but when he returned his admiration for Mrs. Bircham turned into admiration for his wife, for Kitty and her mother, sitting close as if they were the dearest friends, were laying their heads together and talking both at the same time; and the horror and amazement in Mrs. Bircham's face had given way to the dancing of a malicious light in her eyes, and a thrill of eagerness all over her.

"I am not at all surprised," she was saying when Walter came in. "I felt sure something of the kind would come to light sooner or later. I never would have trusted her—not a step beyond what I saw. I felt sure all wasn't right in that house. What a mercy, Kitty, that you saw it!"

"Wasn't it a mercy, mamma!"

Kitty gave her young husband a look aside; she had made her peace with her news. But Mrs. Bircham thought of nothing—neither of her daughter's escapade, nor her own just anger—of nothing but this wonderful news, and what would be the best thing to do.

CHAPTER V.

"Are We Quite Alone?"

Mrs. Blencarrow had just been saying good-by to a number of her guests, and, what was of more importance, her boys had just left her upon a visit to one of their uncles who lived in a midland county, and who, if the weather was open (and there had been a great thaw that morning), could give them better entertainment than could be provided in a feminine house. There was a look in her face as if she were almost glad to see them drive away. She was at the hall door to see them go, and stood kissing her hand to them as they drove off shouting their good-bys, Reginald with the reins, and Bertie with his curly head uncovered, waving his cap to his mother. She watched them till they disappeared among the trees, with a smile of pride and pleasure on her face, and then there came a dead dullness over it, like a landscape on which the sun had gone suddenly down.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NUT OF THE DEVIL DANCES.

An Insect Within Causes It to Move About Mysteriously.

A remarkable curiosity is a nut which grows at Hermosillo, Sonoro, Old Mexico, says the Pioneer Press. It is called the nuez del diablo, which means the nut of the devil. Saturday afternoon Major Davis, who is just now holding down Colonel Barber's chair as adjutant general in the department of Dakota, was sitting in his easy chair contemplating a half-dozen of the meats of these nuts, which had just been sent North by an officer of the regular army who is now in Mexico.

The meats were dancing about in a very mysterious way, and the reporter and several others who were watching the strange performance were completely mystified.

"I'll tell you what is the matter with those meats," said the major. "I'm not going to give away my trick. When a man learns a good sleight-of-hand performance is he going to give it away for nothing? I guess not."

The nuts continued to dance and Lieutenant Sturgis, who was as much in the dark as the reporter, began a critical examination of the crazy objects supposed to be inanimate.

"Oh, yes, I think I have the trick," said the lieutenant. "There is something alive in these meats. There is a strange throbbing in them."

The reporter picked up one of the meats, and, surely enough, there was a very peculiar throbbing sensation in it.

The major was so thoroughly amused by this time that he could not longer withhold the secret. It seems that a worm is born on the inside of the meat of this nut and that it lives there for some weeks and dies without seeing the light of day. The worm eats out the inside of the meat, then becomes restive and moves about a great deal. It is in this period that the nuts become apparently animate. The moving of the worm causes the nut to turn about.

A NEW VERSION.

The Boy and His Essay on the Discovery of America.

The Columbian times have recalled to memory the biography of Christopher Columbus as it was written by a schoolboy in the Midlands, England, twenty years ago. The master told the boys to write each a short essay on the great navigator, and the following is the only one that has withstood the ravages of the tooth of time. We give it complete:

"Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The king of Spain said to Columbus:

"'Can you discover America?'

"'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you give me a ship.'

"He had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled, and said they believed there was no such place, but after many days the pilot called to him and said:

"'Columbus, I see land.'

"'Then that is America,' said Columbus.

"When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Columbus said:

"'Is this America?'

"'Yes, it is,' said they.

"'I suppose you are the niggers?'

"'Yes,' they said, 'we are,' and the chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?'

"'You're right,' said he.

"Then the chief turned to his men and said: 'There is no help for it. We are discovered at last.'"

Pleasures of Louisiana Life.

"I went to a big sugar 'bilin' in North Louisiana the other night," said Sam B. Webb, a St. Louis shoe drummer. "There I saw the prettiest pair of black eyes I had ever seen in my life, and they belonged to a splendid specimen of Louisiana loveliness. She had a singularly sweet, silvery voice that she used merrily on the soft air of that moonlight night. I helped her stir the sugar, but she was sweeter than all the sugar in that district. I will remember her as long as the yellow moons come and go, or the swimming stars float over the surging seas. The faint beams of the young moon trembled on her sun-kissed face while she gnawed at the end of a big yam tater. In turn she handed it to me and I gnawed, too. Then we began gnawing it together, one end in my mouth the other in hers. We kept gnawing away on it until our lips were only a little ways apart, and then the climax came, and I— Oh, say, I am yearning to go back there again."

Exhausted.

A barrister tormented a poor German witness with so many questions that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked: "I think, sir, you had better let the witness go now, for you have pumped him dry.—Argonaut.

The Use of "Only."

Ethel, excitedly—He has known me only two days and he put his arm around me.

Eva—You mean, I suppose, that he has known you two days and only put his arm around you.—Life.

UNCLE IKE.

An Old Colored Man's Surprise on Seeing a Great Union Depot.

Almost any day during the past week, had they noticed, passers-by could have seen an old, white-haired negro leaning upon a stick gazing upon the structure of the new union depot with a look of awe upon his face. He was so observed upon several occasions by a Globe-Democrat reporter. One day the reporter hunted him up and found him, as usual, lost in contemplation of the work and the workmen who are raising the biggest depot in the country.

"Well, uncle, what do you think of it?" asked the reporter, taking a seat upon an iron beam beside the old man.

"Law, chile, doan't ax me. Dis yer nigger nebber 'spected ter see de like ob dis; I spec dey'll be puttin up ruf on de moon naix. I wonder what Mars Tom 'ud say 'f he seed dis yer deepo dey's buildin'."

"And who is Mars Tom?"

"What? Hain't you nebber heerd tell o' Mars Tom Bent'n, the man what made all de laws ob dis worl' an' den writ ur book about 'em?"

"Ah! then you mean Senator Thomas H. Benton, do you?"

"Cose I duz. I knowd you knowd 'im. Ebrybody knowd Mars Tom, but not lack I did. Dis yer nigger was Mars Tom's obfidenshul fren fur purty nigh onter forty years, an' he used to ax my conpinion on de laws he made afore he tuk 'em ter de pres'dent ter have 'emprinted. He wud jest read um ter me while I wuz brackin his boots ur chunkin up uv de fire, and I uster 'vize 'im ter make 'em jest like he frot bes' an' he allus tuck my 'vice. Thar wasn't nothin' uppish or highfalutin 'bout Mars Tom, cep' when sum po' white trash 'ud cum an ax 'im ter be pinted gobnor ob Canady ur sumat ob dat kin'. Den sum time he git powful riled an tell me not ter let any mo' dem sort o' trash in him offis; and den one day ur man kum long whose I didn't know was de pres'den 'ob de 'Uited States an says he, 'Am Mr. Bento'n in?' An' I says, says I, 'May hap he am and may hap he haint. Whut yo' want?' 'Nebber you min,' sez he, 'what I want. You jes take dis yer kyard in ter Mistah Benten, an' he know whut I want.'

"I knowd Mars Tom war jes' tired to death an' I didn't want no po' white trash roun', so I jus' tuk de kyard an' went in an' staid jus' long 'nuf ter hab gone ter his offis an' den I goes out an' says, 'Mars Tom say he too busy ter see yer.' De man he doant say nuthin', but jus' look queer an' walk off. After while I gibs Mars Tom de kyard, an' when he ax whar de man wuz, I say he gone, an' up an' tell him all 'bout hit. An' den Mars Tom he git mad an' kick me down de stairs, an' say I didn't hab sens' 'nuf ter know ur 'possum from ur goat. Dat wuz de onlyest time me an' Mars Tom ebber had a fallin' out, an' den he mos' broke my naik.

"Dey ain't no mo' Christmas now lack dey wuz den," continued the old darky reflectively. "Mars Tom uster leaber dollar lyin' roun' whar dis nigger could pick hit up, an' de folks didn't hab no locks on dey chicken coops, an' dey lef' de do' ter de woodhouse open an' gib us niggers some sort o' chance to rejoy us selbs. Nowadays dey locks up eberything an' habs ur p'liceman ter watch persides ontil dey ain't much show fo' a nigger no how."

"How old are you, Uncle Ike?" inquired the newspaper man, as the narrator paused for breath.

"Lor! chile, I dunno; Mars Tom could uv tole yer. I wuz bo'n in ole Verginney, an my ole mammy uster tole me all bout de Eberlutionry war, an' say az how she uster wash close for Ginral Washington, an' how she uster take me ter de gineral's house. Guess I mus be bout tree hundred year ole. No how, I members wen de Britishers cum and burned up de captul an' lots a' things loik dat."

"Have you ever been married?"

"Married! Cose I has. I speck I hab been married bout ur dozen times an' I hab a pile o' chillun's. One ob dem is 'ductor on ur railroad train down in ole Mississip an' annudder am president ob ur singin' school in Atlanty, an' annudder was a plieman down in 'Orleans, an' I hab two grandchildren who am preachers ob de gospel, an' 'bout fo'teen ob em am dead."

"Where are all your wives, Uncle Ike?"

"Dey's all dead, chile; all dead. And dis po niggu's lost in dis worl'. I libs down in Mississip wif sum granchilluns, an' jes cum up to Saint Louis to see how de ole town look. Hit am powerful changed, an' I laik to know what Mars Tom ud say if he could see it."

The old fellow relapsed into moody silence and refused to talk further.

A New Horseshoe.

A new horseshoe recently patented has for its special object the obtaining of better foothold and the lessening of concussion or jarring effect upon the animal's feet. The shoe is made with apertures extending through it, located between the positions usually occupied by the nails. The openings are of dovetailed form and the usual nail holes are provided in the intervening solid metal portions of the shoe. Projecting through the apertures are elastic rubber studs which are fixed on a strip of rubber or leather intervening between the metal shoe and the well of the hoof and through which the nails are driven in the operation of shoeing. By this construction the grip of the horse's foot is immensely increased, especially on slippery pavements, and the tendency of the horse to leg disease is materially reduced.

As Old as They Feel.

Every now and then we come in contact with some gracious grand-dame, some glorified spinster, or genial bachelor who has kept his youthful freshness and sympathy, while he has grown wise and charitable with advancing years. The companionship and presence of such a person is a veritable boon and helps to restore and keep alive our faith in men and women and in the ultimate good of life. When it is said that such a one is 50 or 60 years of age it conveys no idea of his personality or characteristics. He is younger than many another at 30, and age, as we think of it as withering or hardening, has not touched him.

Pitch Pine Beams.

Pitch pine beams will shrink in thickness from 18½ inches to 18¼; spruce, from 8½ inches to 8¼; white pine, from 12 inches to 11¾; yellow pine, a trifle less. Cedar beams will shrink from a width of 14 inches to 13¾; elm, from 11 to 10¼, and oak, from 12 to 11¾.

Couldn't Bluff.

She—When you speak to papa and ask his consent he is sure to demand what your prospects are. He—How can I tell him what my prospects are unless he shows his hand first.—Life.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

The cost of the capitol at Washington has exceeded $30,000,000.

Railway traveling in Hungary is said to be cheaper than in any other country.

Until last winter it is said that no wolves have been seen in Massachusetts for half a century.

The use of ornamental terra cotta as a building material has increased greatly in New York city during the past ten years.

Consul Roosevelt of Brussels, says that cargoes of horse beef from New York city are being shipped to that country for the poor people.

The militia of the United States aggregates 112,496 men. Every state and territory in the union has an organized militia except the territory of Utah.

Samuel Harmon of Fox Hill, Pa., claims that he has eaten in the last twenty years 3,650 pies. His regular consumption has been half a pie daily. He declares that he has never experienced the slightest attack of dyspepsia.

The greater part of the remains of St. Valentine, who was a priest of Rome, and who was martyred in the third century, are preserved in the church of St. Praxedo, Rome, where a gate (now, the Porta del Popolo) was formerly named from him Porta Valentini.

There are now in New Zealand seventy-eight butter and cheese factories. The farmers receive about six cents a gallon for their milk. The butter is forwarded to England. The freight charges for the entire distance of 12,000 miles are about three cents a pound.

Dr. Jenkins, the health officer of New York, is a light built man, about five feet seven and one-half inches tall, and would look like a youth under 20 years of age, it is said, were it not for his auburn side whiskers.

J. H. Ross of Baltimore, now 76 years of age, carried the mail from the postoffice at Washington to the White house in General Jackson's day. "Old Hickory" was gracious to him, and would sometimes bid him come in and warm his feet by the office fire.

The dethroning of Liliuokalani leaves but three real queens in the world. There is Queen Victoria, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and Queen Ranavalo III. of Madagascar. All the rest of those who claim the title are either in exile or are the wives of kings.

The best remedy for rheumatism that has yet been discovered. Mr D. H. Tyler, 1.0 W. Main St., Galesburg, Ill., writes "I have used a good many bottles of Salvation Oil, and think it the best remedy for rheumatism I ever used."

Covetness is a little snake, but it grows fast.

A perfect cure! Mr. Edward E. Broughton, 140 W. 19th St., New York City, N. Y., says this: "I have used several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and find it a perfect cure. I cheerfully recommend it."

Sleep is the honey in the comb of healthful labor.

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

Fragrance is what the flower thinks.

Death is the half-way point.

To Carpenters and Builders.

Having used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for dyspepsia and constipation, and having found them an excellent remedy for those troubles, I can favorably recommend them to others. JAMES FENNEN, Carpenter and Builder, Carthage, N. Y. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co. Catskill, N. Y.

The devil likes to be called names that sound respectable.

The only people who can come out wrong are those who do not start right.

Beauty of face and figure is the word and rhythm of a poem; beauty of soul is the poet's meaning.

THREE TROUBLES.

3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises, and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS

3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS

3 to do are simply these Buy it, try it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES ALL PAIN

If You Want The Best

ALTHOUGH you may have had good luck with but few failures in making cake and biscuit in the old-fashioned way with soda and sour milk, or soda and cream of tartar, you will have better luck and (following directions) no failures with the Royal Baking Powder.

The truth of this must be evident when you remember that in the leading hotels and restaurants, and in the homes of our city cousins, where the latest and best methods are invariably employed, and where the most beautiful and dainty food is always set out for the guests, the Royal Baking Powder is exclusively used for all quickly risen food.

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other Baking Powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

The excavated temple near Bombay, in India, would require the labor of 40,000 men for forty years to complete.

Dr. G. W. Grant of Apalachicola, Fla., is the owner of the body of a petrified man, which he claims he unearthed in California in 1891.

The largest known diamond is called the Braganza, which is among the crown jewels of Portugal. It is uncut, weighs 1,680 carats and is valued at $28,000,000.

The longest single span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph wire, and is stretched over the river Kistuah, between Bezorah and Seetanagrum, India. It is over 6,000 feet long and is stretched from the top of one mountain to another.

An oak tree thirty inches in diameter was recently cut down in Hares valley, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania. S. B. Green blocked the tree and with the aid of a glass counted its yearly growths and found that it was 436 years old. This tree was alive during the life of Columbus and thirty-five years before he discovered America.

NO QUARTER will do you as much good as the one that buys Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This is what you get with them: An absolute and permanent *cure* for Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, Sick and Billious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Not just temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that *lasts*.

Pleasant help, too. These sugar-coated little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

They come in sealed vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable; a convenient and perfect vest-pocket remedy. They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA Co., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y. Cures Sick Headache

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes. MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

WORTH READING.

MT. STERLING, KY., Feb. 13, 1889.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Gentlemen:—I desire to make a brief statement for the benefit of the suffering. I had been afflicted with catarrh of the head, throat and nose, and perhaps the bladder for fully twenty-five years. Having tried other remedies without success, I was led by an advertisement in the Sentinel-Democrat to try Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have just finished my fourth bottle, and I believe I am right when I say I am thoroughly restored. I don't believe there is a trace of the disease left. Respectfully,

WM. BRIDGES, Merchant Tailor.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 75 cents.

Birds laugh in song

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Satan loves theology.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Ask your friends about it. 50c and $1.00 at all druggists.

Thunder is the bass drum in the music of the elements.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00 at all dealers.

A head conversion never takes the meanness out of the heart.

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

The number of telephones in service in the United States is 512,407, and the total length of line is 512,407 miles, or about ten and one-half times the circumference of the earth.

Tourist, in Boston—I'd like a conveyance this afternoon at four o'clock. Liveryman—Yes, sir. Do you mean a vehicle, or a blank legal form for the conveyance of real estate?

The Clumsy Man, coming from the ballroom—How can I ever repay you for that delightful waltz? She, whose train has suffered—Oh, don't pay me. Settle with the dressmaker.

The cat's "whiskers," the long hairs on the side of the cat's face, are organs of touch. They are connected with the nerves of the lip, and their slightest contact with any object is distinctly felt by the animal.

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

CANCER Cured by DROK METHOD. No knife, no pain. Book free. PINGREE & TREAKLE, 241 Wabash Av., Chicago.

At ¼ Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold FREE by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs a month. Harmless treatment (by practicing physician). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 6c in stamps. O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 15, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

$100 A MONTH commission—Wanted good hustling agents in every town and county in the United States to sell our pure teas, coffee, spices, baking powder and extracts. Send to in stamps for our wholesale price list. American Tea Co., 327 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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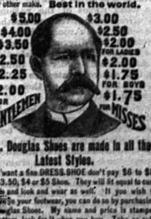
Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP. Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair, they will give you more comfort and service for the money than any other make. Best in the world.



W. L. Douglas Shoes are made in all the Latest Styles.

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4 or $5 Shoe. They will fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, you can do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. My name and price is stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. Take no substitute. I send shoes by mail upon receipt of price, postage free, when Shoe Dealers cannot supply you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

W. N. U. D.—XI—14.

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