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"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.

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

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

FREE Illustrated Publications, WITH MAPS, describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the FREE GOVERNMENT AND LOW PRICE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. The best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. Mailed FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com. N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

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.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK

FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on the best WATERPROOF COAT in the World! Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

THE BEST

S.S.S. 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.

"As a physician, I have prescribed and used S.S.S. in my practice as a tonic, and for blood troubles, and have been very successful. I never used a remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients.
"L. B. RITCHEY, M. D., Mackey, Ind."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP

ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver. Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility. Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE UNSEEN LAND.

The dreams that fill the thoughtful night,
All holy dreams are in the sky;
They stoop to me with viewless flight,
And bid me wave my care good-bye!

Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,
Fleet softly to your starry place,
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall crave our Master's grace.

Till I may join your shadowy band,
I'll think of things that are to be,
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see.
—J. Runciman in the Magazine of Art.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"If you like, you can give me into custody on the way for going off with Mrs. Blencarrow's money. Mrs. Blencarrow's money? not even that!" he cried, with a laugh of bitterness. "She is Mrs. Brown, and the money's the boys', not her's or else it would be lawfully mine."

"Brown," said the vicar tremulously, "you are doing a sort of generous act—God help us!—which I can't help consenting to, though its utterly wrong; but you speak as if you had not a scrap of feeling for her or anyone."

"I haven't!" he cried fiercely, "after three years of it. Half the time and more she has been ashamed of me, disgusted with me. Do you think a man can stand that? By—! I neither can nor will. I'm going," he continued, buttoning his coat hastily; "you can come or not as you please."

"You had better have some supper first," said the vicar.

"Ah! that's the most sensible word you have said," cried Brown.

Was it bravado, was it bitterness, was it relief in escaping, or the lightness of despair? Mr. Germaine could never tell. It was something of all of these feelings mingled with the fierce pride of a peasant slighted, and a certain indignant, contemptuous generosity to let her go free—the woman who was ashamed of him. All these were in Brown's thoughts.

CHAPTER X.

"He Has Gone—Forever!"

Mrs. Blencarrow spent that evening with her children; she made no attempt to leave them after dinner. A lull had come into her heart after the storm. She was aware that it was only temporary, nothing real in it; but in the midst of a tempest even a few minutes of stillness and tranquillity are dear. She had found on the mantelpiece of the business room the intimation, "Away on business till Monday," and though it perplexed, it also soothed her. And the brothers returning with the proof of Kitty's statement, the extract which they no doubt would bring from those books to confound her, could now scarcely arrive to-night. A whole evening undisturbed among the children, who might so soon be torn from her, in her own familiar place, which might so soon be hers no longer; an evening like the past, perhaps the last before the coming of that awful future when she must go forth to frame her life anew, loveless and hopeless and ashamed. It was nothing but "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," the moment of calm, before the storm; and yet it was calm, and she was thankful for that one soft moment before the last blow fell.

The children were again lively and happy over their round game; the sober, kind governess—about whom Mrs. Blencarrow had already concluded in her own mind that she could secure the happiness of the little ones if their mother were forced to leave them—was seated with them, even enjoying the fun, and it is a blessed dispensation of Providence that such good souls often do. Emmy was the only one who was out of it; she was in her favorite corner with a book, and always a watchful glance at her mother. Emmy, with that instinct of the heart which stood her in place of knowledge, had a perception, she could not have told how, of the pause in her mother's soul. She sat praying mutely that it might last, that it might be peace coming back. Naturally Emmy, even with all her instinct, did not know the terrible barrier that stood between her mother and peace.

And thus they all sat, apparently in full enjoyment of the sweet household quiet, which by moments was so noisy and full of commotion, the mother seated with the screen between her and the great blazing fire, the children round the table, Emmy with her book.

Mrs. Blencarrow's eyes dwelt upon them with the tenderest, the most pathetic of smiles.

"She looked on sea, and hill, and shore,
As she might never see them more,"

with a throb of tragic wonder rising in her heart how she could ever have thought that this was not enough for her—her children, and her home, and this perfect peace.

It was already late and near their bedtime, when the fly from the station drove up to the door. Mrs. Blencarrow did not hear until some minutes after Emmy had raised her head to listen, and then for a moment longer she would not hear it, persuading herself that it was the wind rising among the trees. When at last it was unmistakable, and the great hall door was heard to open, and even—or so she thought in the sudden shiver of agitation that seized her—a breath of icy wind came in, sweeping through the house, she was for the moment paralyzed with dismay and fear. She said something to hurry the children to bed, to bid them go—go! But she was inaudible even to herself, and did not attempt, nor could indeed form any further thought on any subject, except the horror of the catastrophe which she felt to be approaching in this moment of peace. It it had but waited till to-morrow! Till an hour later, when she should have been alone!

Motionless, holding by her chair, not even hearing the wondering question, "Who can be coming so late?" Mrs. Blencarrow, with wide-open eyes fixed on the door, and her under lip dropping in mortal anguish, awaited her fate.

It was the avengers returning from their search; her brothers hurrying in one after the other. The colonel said, "How delightfully warm!" rubbing his hands. Roger (Roger was always the kindest) came up to her and took her hand. She had risen up to meet them, and grasped with her other hand the only thing she could find to support her—the top of the screen which stood between her and the fire.

"Joan!" her brothers began, both speaking together.

She was hoarse, her lips were baked, it was all she could do to articulate.

"Nothing before the children!" she said, with a harsh and breathless voice.

"Joan, this does not matter. We have come to beg your pardon, most humbly, most penitently."

"Fact is, it must all have been a mistake"—

"Say an invention, Reginald."

"An invention—a cursed lie of that confounded girl! Hello!"

There was a sudden crash and fall. The children all rushed to see, and Mrs. Blencarrow stood with the light streaming upon her, and the gilt bar of the screen in her hand. She had crushed it in her agitated grasp; the pretty frame-work of gilded wood and embroidery lay in a heap at her feet. The sound and shock had brought the blood rushing to her ghastly, tragical countenance. She stood looking vaguely at the bar in her hand; but none of the children had any eyes for her; they were all on their knees in a group round the gilded ruin. Save Mr. d'Eyncourt and Emmy, no one noticed the terrible look in her face.

"Come and sit down here while they pick up the pieces," said Roger. "Joan, I am afraid you are very angry, and you have reason; that we should have believed such a slander—of all the women in the world—of you! But, my dear, we are heartily ashamed of ourselves, if that is anything."

"Most penitent," said the colonel; "thoroughly ashamed. I said to Roger, 'If ever there were men who had reason to be proud of their sister'"—

"And yet we gave a moment's credence to such a barefaced lie!"

She heard them dimly as from a far distance, and saw them as through a fog; but the voices thus echoing and supplementing each other like a dull chorus gave her time to recover. She said sedately, not with any enthusiasm:

"I am glad that you have found out your mistake."

Oh, heaven! Oh, miserable fate! But it was no mistake.

Mrs. Blencarrow found herself after a time taking Kitty's defense.

"She got her own pardon for it. Her mother is a great gossip, and loves a tale against her neighbor. Don't blame the girl too much."

"If you excuse her, Joan, who should say a word? But why in all the world, thinking of an unlikely person to fasten such a slander upon, did she choose you?"

"Am I so unlikely when my brothers believed it?" she said, with a strange smile.

An hour full of commotion followed. The boys never tired in showing each other and everybody else the flaw in the wood where the framework of the screen had broken.

"But you must have leant on it very heavily, mamma."

"She wanted to break our heads with it," said the colonel, who was in high spirits.

"Fancy mamma breaking Uncle Rex's head with the screen!" the children cried with shrieks of laughter; and thus, in a tumult of amusement and gayety, the evening closed.

Mrs. Blencarrow went to her room with something cold and hard at her heart like a stone. They had begged her pardon. They had not found that record. By some chance, by some miracle—how could she tell what?—she had escaped detection. But it was true; nothing could alter the fact. Nothing could spirit away him—the husband—the man to whom she had bound herself; the owner of her allegiance; of herself if he chose to exercise his rights. It occurred to her, in the silence of her room, when she was alone there and dared to think, that her present escape was but an additional despair. Had they found it, as they ought to have found it, the worst would have been over. But now, to have the catastrophe indefinitely postponed—to have it before her every day—the sword hanging over her head, her mind rehearsing day and night what it would be! Would it not be better to go and tell them yet, to have it over? Her hand was on her door to obey this impulse, but her heart failed her. Who could tell? God might be so merciful as to let her die before it was known.

The two gentlemen spent a very merry morning on the ice with the children, and in the afternoon left Blencarrow the best of friends with their sister, grateful to her for her forgiveness. Mrs. Blencarrow did not think it necessary to go out to the pond that afternoon—she was tired, she said—and the skating, which often lasts so short a time that everybody feels it a duty to take advantage of it, had cleared the house. She spent the afternoon alone, sitting over the fire, cold with misery and anxiety and trouble. Everything seemed right again, and yet nothing was right—nothing.

False impressions, false blame, can be resisted; but who can hold up their head against a scandal that is true?

It was one of the women servants, in the absence of everybody else, who showed Mr. Germaine into the drawing-room. He was himself very cold and fatigued, having traveled all the previous night and half the day, returning home. He came to the fire and stood beside her, holding out his hands to the warmth.

"You are alone, Mrs. Blencarrow?"

"Quite alone. You look as if you had something to tell me. For God's sake what is it? No news can come to me but bad news," she said, rising, standing by him, holding out her hands in piteous appeal.

"I don't know whether you will think it bad news or good. I have come straight from Liverpool, from the deck of a ship which sailed for Australia to-day."

"What do you mean? What do you mean? A ship which sailed for Australia?"

"I have come from Everard Brown. He has thought it best to go away. I have brought you a statement of all the affairs, showing you how he has carried with him a certain sum of money. Mrs. Blencarrow, it is too great a shock; let me call some one."

"No!" She caught at his arm, evidently not knowing what it was upon which she leant. "No, tell me all—all!"

"He has taken means—I know not what—to destroy all evidence. He has gone away never meaning to return. It is all wrong—wrong from beginning to end, the money and everything, but he had a generous meaning. He wanted to set you free. He has gone—forever, Mrs. Blencarrow!"

She had fallen at his feet without a word.

People said afterward that they had thought for some time that Mrs. Blencarrow was not looking well, that she was in a state to take any illness. And that there was a flaw in the drains which nobody had discovered till then. She had a long illness and at one time was despaired of. Things were complicated very much by the fact that Brown, her trusted and confidential agent, had just emigrated to Australia, a thing he had long set his heart upon, before she fell ill. But her brother, Mr. Roger d'Eyncourt, was happily able to come to Blencarrow and look after everything, and she recovered finally, being a woman of fine constitution and in the prime of life. The family went abroad as soon as she was well enough to travel, and have remained so, with intervals of London ever since. When Reginald comes of age, Blencarrow will no doubt be opened once more; but the care of the estate had evidently become too much for his mother, and it is not thought that she will venture upon such a charge again. It is now in the hands of a regular man of business, which is perhaps better on the whole.

Kitty fell into great and well-deserved disgrace when it was found out that she had seen what nobody else could see. Walter even, with a man's faculty for abandoning his partner in guilt, declared that he never saw it, that Kitty must have dreamt it, that she tried to make him believe it was Joan Blencarrow when it was only Jane Robinson, and many other people were of opinion that it was all Kitty's cleverness to get herself forgiven and her own runaway match condoned.

That match turned out, like most others, neither pefect happiness nor misery. Perhaps neither husband nor wife could have explained ten years after how it was that they were so idiotic as to think that they could not live without each other; but they get on together very comfortably, all the same.

THE END.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Curious Traditions That Still Exist in Foreign Countries.

The Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind. During the time of the old Roman empire the dead bodies of all except suicides were buried. The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them, in imitation of the Romans. In India, up till the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition, they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together and pull out their nails; this is for fear that the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire. The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Note on Portugal.

"Female beauty is rare throughout Portugal," says an English traveler, "and of that encountered in the port wine capital the larger share certainly pertains to the peasantry of the environs. At the principal theatre of the city, after a minute inspection of the boxes, it is possible to count upon the fingers of a single hand the few pretty faces you will have succeeded in discovering, and the process may be repeated night after night. Ladies still go to the theatres here in the old-fashioned Sedan chairs, the unexpected apparition of which, with their quaintly attired chairmen, in one of the more ancient tortuous streets relegates one back for at least a century. These dimly-lighted, long, narrow, winding thoroughfares would appear to be slightly dangerous at night time, judging from their being regularly patrolled by helmeted horse-guards with drawn swords, who, from the slow pace at which they move, have been irreverently nicknamed 'tortoises' by the Portuguese. Why the latter have given the name of 'mussels' to the guardians of the peace posted after dark with their loaded rifles at the end of many of these thoroughfares is less comprehensible."

Has Not Had Time to Forget.

A minister going to one of his parishioners, asked her who made her? She replied that she did not know. Seeing a child standing near by, he asked the same question, and received for his answer, "God."

The parson, reproving the old woman, told her it was a shame that she, who had lived so many years, should be so ignorant.

"Marry," quoth she, "I am an old woman and have been made a great while, and that boy was made but t'other day; he may well tell who made him."—Boston Herald.

The Coldest Winter.

The coldest winter the world ever knew, according to several chroniclers, occurred during the year 1435. The season was not only intensely cold, but lasted unusually long. In a large portion of middle and Western Germany the frost was so severe during the month of May that skaters braved the ice without the least danger, and on May 12 sleighs were generally used. On St. John's day, June 24 the windows were frozen and not a vestage of vegetation was to be seen anywhere. Spring was ushered in with the last day of June.

A Big River.

The Parana of Paraguay is a giant among rivers. It brings down, we are told, a volume of waters larger than all the rivers of Europe put together, and its current flows at the rate of three miles an hour. For upwards of six hundred miles its banks are so far asunder that one can nowhere catch a glimpse of both at the same time; and its bed is throughout that distance studded with low, large, intensely-green, beautifully-wooded islands.

A Broken Cup.

Many housekeepers can sympathize with the old Virginia lady who said to her friend, on finding a treasured old cup cracked by a careless maid: "I know of nothing to compare with the affliction of losing a handsome piece of old china." "Surely," said the friend, "it is not so bad as losing one's children." "Yes it is, for when your children die you have the consolation of religion, you know.—Argonaut.

The First Sunday Paper.

The first Sunday edition issued by any New York daily was that of the Herald, just before the war broke out. This was done in order to make use of the left-over matter with which the galleys were filled after the Saturday paper had gone to press. The Sunday paper did not become a feature of the times until the war created a demand for news from the front.

THE NEXT CENTURY.

If It Equals the Present One It Will Witness Wonderful Things.

What will the discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century leave to the twentieth? Steamboats and railroads, ocean steamer navigation, clipper ships and screw propellers have been invented; the powers and mysteries of electricity have been developed to the uses of mankind.

Implements and machinery to enable farmers to master the tillage of thousands of acres with less toil than was required in the cultivation of the small farm of less than one hundred acres.

Lighting by gas was introduced, metal pens and friction matches were invented; aluminum was discovered; also chloroform, iridium, lithium, magnesium, palladium, potassium, quinine, rubidium, ruthenium, strontium, thallium, yttrium, and zirconium; daguerreotypes and photography, phonography, the stethoscope, the complete sewing machine, the bicycle, revolver and Gatling gun, tremendous explosives used in quarrying, mining and gunnery.

The steam printing press was an invention of the early years of the century, now developed to the printing of many thousands of sheets per hour.

Electricity has been reduced and trained to the uses of mankind in every conceivable manner, and Edison has made its power the wonder of the age. Franklin caught it, reduced and utilized it to the uses of telegraphy, Field and his associates employed it, Puck-like, to cable continents and belt the world with instantaneous intercommunication.

Electric lights and railways are among the wonders which are in common use. Phonographs and telephones are trained mysteries, which everybody uses. What will there be for the twentieth century to discover or invent?

Was Going There.

Rural Justice—I sentence the prisoner to be hung.

Lawyer—But you can't do that your honor, he must go before a higher court.

Justice—Well, ain't that jes' where I'm goin' to send him? Swing him up an' call the next case.

A Hint.

"You do not live very far from here," said Miss Peterson to a young man, who had let hour after hour pass without looking at the clock.

"Not very; but why do you ask?"

"Because you never seem to have any fear of being late for breakfast." Texas Siftings.

Comfortable.

Tired Traddles—Yeh look awfully comfortable to-day, Weary.

Weary Wiggins—An I'd orter. I've just stolen a ride in from Chicago on a refrigerator car.—New York Herald.

At the Ball.

He, who has been boring her all the evening—It's a good night for some of the belles, Miss Edie.

She—It ought to be a "good night" for some of the men, too.—Chicago News-Record.

Getting Accustomed to Him.

"What makes you think she loves you and will accept you?"

"She isn't so particular about how she dresses to receive me as she used to be."—Chicago News-Record.

Reason in All Things.

Bingo, at breakfast—Seems to me those waffles come up very slow.

Mrs. Bingo—My dear, the cook hasn't had her breakfast yet.—Judge.

Base ball is one business that can't flourish without strikes.

The outcome of a courtship nowadays is largely a question of income.

"Why are you so silent to-day, Mr. Corio?" "I have been lost in thought." "In whose, pray?"

It is odd that the cyclone leaves so much ruin behind when it carries everything before it.

I Cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists, 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W., Racine Wis.

Christ did not talk much about death. His theme was life.

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 liar catches fish with his mouth.

Karl's Clover Root. The great Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures constipation, 25, 50c

Honey bees never sting one another.

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

A receipted bill is an evidence of honesty.

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

A dowdy woman is one of nature's mistakes.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. & $1.00.

The right kind of faith never takes no for an answer.

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.

The Truth Should Be Made Known. I have used Dr. Deane's Dypepsia Pills in my family for constipation and dyspepsia, and can testify to their worth in curing those troubles. GEO. W. EARLE, Carthage, N. Y. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co. Catskill, N. Y.

Keep your pathway to the throne well paved with promises.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers, that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. Not a prescription to be filled but I will send two bottles of my remedy Free of all cost, for the medicine, ready for use, to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. I hold correspondence strictly confidential and forward my replies and remedy in plain wrapper. Dr. J. S. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y.

Carclay, author of Argenis, in his leisure hours was a florist.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No man is a better husband than he is a lover.

Balzac, when not at work on his novels, entertained himself sketching.

Disiderius Erasmus was always thrown into a fever by the smell of fish.

Cato's only diversion was drinking and he was fond of this diversion.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands of baking powder in the market, in their reports placed the "Royal" at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

GEMS OF A THOUGHT.

Much-doing is not so important as well-doing.

Ornamental characters are full of weak spots.

Love hopes always, because it believes always.

How easy it is to admire people who agree with us.

A man with a bad liver very often has a good heart.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

If the tongue could kill not many would live to old age.

It is hard to agree with a man who quarrels with himself.

It is of no use turning back after you get more than half way.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

The easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people.

It never pays to send boys into the street to secure quiet in the parlor.

The shadow of a misfortune will generally frighten us more than the disaster itself.

If we knew how much our enemies have suffered it would no doubt make us more forgiving.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in other places where it is more needed.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

C. Park West—I don't think the ice on the pond is safe? Dick West—Yes, it is; I looked in all the holes and there wasn't a boy in any of 'em.

She, hotly—Why do men always lie to women? He, cynically—Well the women always insist on complimentary things being said to them, don't they?

Wykoff—Dear me! Old fellow, how came you so dreadfully hoarse? Raykoff—Adswerigg the blabed fools that ask be how I caught this co'd. Good bordigg.

Chollie—What would you do if a bwutal fellow were to kick you weal hard? Chappie—Call a policeman, of course. Chollie—But this fellow was a policeman.

One day the division superintendent of a certain railroad running into Pittsburg in passing over his division saw what he thought was a dead bull, and telegraphed the section foreman to bury the bull that had been killed by the cars. In reply he received this: "The bull that the train killed was not killed by the train. He died from eating buckeyes and ain't dead yet. Will bury him to-morrow."

An immense eagle in Lane county, Oregon, was either so bold or so desperately hungry the other day that it swooped down on a yearling colt, buried its talons in the colt's back and endeavored either to carry it off or to throw it over and kill it. The colt started down the hill at a rapid gait, with the eagle clinging, wildly flapping, on its back. After proceeding thus some fifty or a hundred yards the eagle let go and flew away.

Gladstone is fond of wood-cutting, and often amuses himself in this way.

ON THE OUTSIDE—that is the best place to keep the huge, old-fashioned pill. Just as soon as you get it *inside*, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get *more* help from Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets! These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you *permanent* good. They act mildly and naturally, and there's no reaction afterward. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the *cheapest*—for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

Nothing else urged by the dealer, though they may be better for him to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

$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 4c in stamps for our wholesale price list. American Tea Co., 327 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Office Help Wanted

Those desiring to qualify for permanent office positions apply early. Salary $780 per year from start with increase for second year if re-employed. Railroad fare paid here when engaged. Enclose reference and self addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION CO., 134 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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

Cures Constipation

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Magic Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

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.

"One thing more," whispered the dying author. "Yes, yes," murmured the attendant, soothingly. "When I was a young man 'the Millennium Magazine' accepted one of my articles." "Yes." "Tell my grandson that I die—hoping he may live—to see it—published."

Teacher—This is the fifth time you have been late this week, and you were late twice last week and three times the week before. What have you got to say? Pupil—Why, that you have a most wonderful head for figures. Don't see how you can remember so many.

Chicago and the World's Fair

Are the attractions which will this year draw people from all parts of the world. From the west and northwest there is no better way to reach them than by traveling via the Chicago Great Western Railway, which with its fast trains, excellent equipment and superior facilities is a recognized leader among western railways. If you have not yet secured rooms for your accommodation, during your visit to Chicago, send fifty cents for a pamphlet giving maps, names and location of 9,000 parties who will receive roomers or boarders at reasonable rates, to F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill.

Thomas Carlyle's most congenial recreation was smoking in his garden.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, NEURALGIA, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

N. H. Downs' Elixir WILL CURE THAT **Cold** AND STOP THAT **Cough.**

Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of *Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases* in young or old. Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle. SOLD EVERYWHERE. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

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, Ill.

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.

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

WANTED Salesman for California wines; $100 per month and expenses, with chance for advance; commission if preferred; no experience required. Address, inclosing 5 stamps, W. A. VANDERCOOK, A 195, Wine Dept., Los Angeles, Cal.

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.

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.

WESTERN FARM LANDS

A pamphlet descriptive of the farm lands of Nebraska, Northwest Kansas and Eastern Colorado, with sectional map, will be mailed free to any address on application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. Form Ad. 77

To Populist Press and People.

I take pleasure in announcing that I have made arrangements on behalf of the National Reform Press Association, whereby plates and ready-prints containing Populist matter officialyl approved and recommended by the National Reform Press Association and Chairman Taubeneck, in any quantity desired, will be furnished by

The Western Newspaper Union.

Write to the Western Newspaper Union for samples and prices. No other house furnishes authorized matter. W. S. MORGAN, Sec. National Reform Press Association.

Address,

Western Newspaper Union,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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.

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN
$3.00 $2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES

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 $3.50, $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—20.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

EMPLOYMENT ABSOLUTELY SURE TO PAY HANDSOMELY FROM THE VERY START.

Above is a picture of WILLIAM H. GARRISON, Salem, Ohio.—Engraved from a Photograph.

Shall We Start You in This Business?

OUR PERIODICALS.

OUR BIBLES.

OUR BOOKS.

E. C. ALLEN & CO., Publishers, Augusta, Maine.

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's a Bargain

E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

IMPROVE your opportunities

E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HOUSEHOLD LEAVES.

E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America.

Scientific American