Aches

And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

Touching for King's Evil.

"The duke of Monmouth was passing through Hinton park, the seat of Earl Poulett, when one Elizabeth Parcot made a rush at the duke and touched his hand. She suffered from the king's evil, had received no benefit from physicians, nor even from a seventh son, to reach whom she had traveled ten miles. After touching the duke all the wounds were healed in two days! A handbill in folio was circulated, setting forth the marvelous cure, and a document signed by Henry Clarke, minister of Crewkerne, two captains, a clergyman and four others lay for some time at the Amsterdam coffee house, Bartholomews lane, London. The few that doubted Monmouth's legitimacy doubted no more.

"It is a curious episode, as the power was always supposed to lie with an anointed sovereign since the days of the confessor. Charles II in twenty-two years touched 92,107 persons. Wiseman, the sergeant surgeon, says Cromwell tried but it failed in his hand."—Mythes, Scenes and Worthies of Somerset.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours, Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibuled, Open and Compartment Sleepers, including Drawing Room and Buffet Sleepers, as well as comfortable day coaches, with Monon Celebrated High-back Seats.

This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning 7:30, Chattanooga 5:30 p. m., Atlanta 10:40 p. m., reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida.

FRANK J. REED,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
City Ticket Office, 232 Clark st., Chicago.

For time cards, pamphlets and all other information address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

Somehow the victorious man in a quarrel can never "O. K." his own report.

A Forcible Whirlwind.

On one of the calmest forenoons of last week two Peak's Island, Me., fishermen were startled by the sudden descent upon them, while in White Head passage, of a whirlwind of sufficient force to lift the bow of their boat fairly out of the water. It lasted hardly half a minute.

GOT THE BACKACHE?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches, many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the real cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key-note of the kidneys. It aches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame; another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood, but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which, if neglected, means disease perhaps incurable. And now about the cure:—Don't take our word for it; read what others say:

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 220 East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Mr. Oaks has suffered a great deal from kidney ailments; he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad, lame back, which I suppose was caused by my kidneys; was confined to my bed during bad attacks. I might say, from time to time, I have been in that condition for years. The urinary organism was affected, urine being scanty, highly colored; and difficult in passage. I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. There was a marked improvement right from the first, and it has continued right along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place."

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT
The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
At Druggists, 50c & $1.
Advice & Pamphlet free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Some "Don'ts" Which May Be Safely Followed.

Here is one that sounds very much like Robert J. Burdette, although that is only a guess: "Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and younger men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows, but when they died, the old globe went jogging along, and not one person in ten millions went to the funeral, or even heard of their death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder-heads. Shed the light of your wisdom abroad, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so, simply because you say it is so. Don't be too sorry for your father, because he knows so much less than you do. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him—they cost more money, they are more stylish; your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than 'pa.' But stop a moment, young man, and reflect. The old gentleman gets the biggest salary and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than perhaps your handsome autograph can do during the balance of your mortal life. Young men are useful, and they are also ornamental, and we all like them—but they are no novelties, son, oh, no, nothing of the kind, they have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away in a cooler to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are looking for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you."—Philadelphia Times.

HOW DOGS ARE DWARFED.

Taken Away from Their Mothers and Bred to Lilliputian Size.

In an article concerning dogs the New York World says that specialists and doctors who take an interest in the progress of alcoholism, its injurious action on generation, and the part it plays in degeneracy, will be glad to add another branch to their study in the shape of the falsification of dogs. For falsification of dogs exists in Paris and thrives, just as well as the imitators of Japan ware, old furniture, and pictures of Corot, Teniers, and Rubens. It was generally supposed that the animal reign had not yet been tampered with, so that most persons will be surprised that the French have recently discovered a method of producing tiny dogs, which, when offered for sale on the boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, fetch good prices on account of their rarity. Like all other callings, competition is about to cut down the profits of the originators of the idea, and next summer visitors are promised any number of lilliputian dogs at an insignificant price.

This is how the diminutive animal is produced: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on alcoholic diet instead of a lacteal diet. When it reaches a certain age alcohol under different form constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but, what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. They soon cease to grow entirely. By coupling these products the lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. Doctors agree this is a terrible lesson for drunkards and absinthe consumers!

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The pugilist perhaps trains by the sea to improve his roar.

County Map of the South, Free.

If you are interested in the South and would like to have a county map showing the principal cities in detail in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and a portion of Mississippi and Florida, send your address to P. Sid Jones, Pass. Agent, Birmingham, Ala., or C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky. This may is made to fold up in convenient form, and contains letters written by several northern people who have settled at different points on the Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Up to Date.

A Boston business man, who is a large advertiser, received a letter not long ago from the manager of a religious weekly soliciting advertising on the ground that the weekly had not only a large circulation, "but a very credulous class of readers."

Great Prize Contest.

1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P"	$800
2d Prize, Cash,	100
3d Prize, Cash,	50
10 Cash Prizes, each $20,	200
15 Cash Prizes, each $10,	150
28 Prizes,	$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1896, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive Wilkie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, of which the distinguished ex-congressman,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is Editor,

and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD is issued in semi-weekly sections, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska. Address,

Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.
BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

The colonel drew out a paper and placed it on the table before him.

"To save you all trouble," he said, "I have myself written out the letter, which now only requires your signature."

Dick brushed the paper contemptuously aside, and half wheeled his chair round away from them.

"I am prepared to give you time," continued the colonel, "but only in reason and I would advise you not to run it too fine, for I do not conceal from you that by a continued refusal you will force us to extremes."

"To put it short," said Johnstone, "you'll sign that paper in an hour or die for it."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, Johnstone was pushed aside, and a white figure passed swiftly round the table to Dick's right hand.

Dick sprang to his feet. For a moment the three men were silent, all staring expectantly at Camilla, as she stood holding out both hands to Dick.

Then the colonel was heard to curse between his set teeth. Dick turned upon him triumphantly. In each hand gleamed a pistol, loaded, cocked and primed; at his side stood Camilla, with pale face and flashing eyes.

"Have no mercy!" she cried, in the ringing voice of an angel of vengeance; "no mercy! They had none on you!"

He raised his hands, Johnstone glared at him like a tiger brought to bay; the colonel shrank back into the corner of the room, and the cold sweat came out in great beads upon his forehead.

Camilla would have spoken again, but her voice broke in an uncontrollable sound between a sob and a laugh.

Dick turned to her.

"I give them back to you," he said. "One is of your kin, and the other nothing but a tool."

She flung out her hand toward them in their corner.

"Do you hear?" she said; "take back your shameful lives! And now," she cried, taking a pistol from Dick's hand, "now, my soul's captain, come away with me!"

She would have raised the pistol, but he took her by the wrist.

"No, no, dear heart," he said, gently, "surely that too would be surrender; let's fight the ship until she sinks."

He laid both pistols upon the table, and pushed them across to the colonel.

"And now," he said, "get you gone. I wish to speak to this lady undisturbed."

The colonel hesitated, but in a flash Johnstone caught him with a grip of iron, and whirled him, helpless, through the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

DICK and Camilla were alone together and face to face at last. There was no hesitation, no shadow of reserve between them. This one hour was theirs, though the rest were the very darkness of despair.

She came toward him joyfully, and with a proud smile threw her arms about his neck; then drew her head a little back and looked long into his eyes, where the light of love shone steadily, undimmed by any sadness of farewell.

"How could I," she murmured; "how could I think you less than greatest?"

"Nay," he said, "how could I think you wished me to be so?"

And they forgave each other in a long silence of possession.

At last Camilla started painfully; the colonel's voice was heard outside; he passed without entering; but with the hateful sound her mood was changed. Peace fled, and a great terror and perplexity took hold upon her. Dick saw it and took her in his arms again; she clung to him desperately.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "What can I do?"

"That which you came to do," he answered, quietly. "But first you must rest; the strain of all this has worn you out."

"Rest!" she said. "I can not—until—" And her voice failed.

"I know what you would say," he replied. "You are troubled by uncertainty about me, but you must try to dismiss that from your mind. Whatever comes to me, you have your work to do and you must do it."

She looked at him reproachfully, but could not speak.

He understood her again, and answered her unspoken thought.

"No," he said, "I am not forgetting, but you yourself once made me promise that I would put aside love for duty. I have no need, I know, to make the same request of you."

As he spoke the scene of that promise came back before her eyes. She saw the ball-room at Chamorang House, his trembling hope, and her own pride and self-sufficiency.

But now Dick was speaking again, and it seemed as though he had divined her thought, in part at least.

"That old promise," he said, "has bound me twice already. I found it hard; but I obeyed. This third time I could not do so, but that the promise is enforced by a yet stronger law. It is arbitter, cruel necessity; but I must fight against you and your cause. I can but warn you that I shall do my best."

Her heart beat fast. "And I?" she said, faintly.

"I know," he answered, as if to spare her the words. "I know you can not sacrifice your loyalty to the Emperor, even for me."

In utter simplicity he had misunderstood her; her weakness was doubly rebuked, and she felt him tower above her higher than ever.

"It is a strange game," he said, more lightly, "in which you and I are found on opposite sides; but since we're in it, let no one say we didn't play it out."

"But either way you lose!" she cried, with despair in her voice and eyes.

"Not so," he answered, tenderly. "I have won already, and received my prize beforehand."

He drew her to him as he spoke, and again for a space the chains of their iron destiny fell away from them, and they fled together across shoreless seas under an infinite radiance of sunlight.

She tore herself away at last, but only at his urgent entreaty that she would rest. She promised with a sad smile, knowing sleep to be impossible.

Outside stood Johnstone. As he was about to lock the door again the colonel came up and stopped him.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I want to speak to Captain Estcourt."

He turned to Camilla, and added, before he went in, "I am sorry to trouble him again, but I must make it plain to him that his fate is none the less inevitable for any help you may have promised him. I warn you, you are powerless in my hands; if you wish to save him it must be by bringing him over to our side, and not by deserting to his."

"You may spare him your hateful presence, then," retorted Camilla, "for I have made no promises."

The colonel looked incredulous.

"Oh!" she cried, "how should you understand? I would have given up all, and gladly, too; but he compels me to do my duty in spite of myself."

The colonel looked a little uncomfortable, but his face cleared. "Then I may count on you to help me?" he asked.

She turned upon him, her eyes blazing with unspeakable hatred and contempt.

"Yes," she cried, "you may count on me to help you and despise you; to curse you in success and to triumph in your downfall!"

The colonel turned away. He felt that he was not appearing at his best before Johnstone; and it was against his principles to let himself be seen at a disadvantage by a subordinate.

Camilla went to her own cabin and threw herself into her berth. She was worn out, but far too overstrung to sleep. The wind was rising outside; the ship moved violently, with sounds of straining timbers and of heavy masses thrown from side to side.

Hour after hour passed in this turmoil, which seemed to match the helpless tossing of her thoughts. Sometimes the shouting of rough voices came to her; sometimes the shrieking of the wind was like the despairing cry of human agony. Her nerves quivered, restless terror overpowered her reason, and the most horrible fantasies possessed her. At last she could bear it no longer. Hardly knowing what she did, she rose and went to the saloon.

Johnstone, wearied out by a long watch on deck, was sleeping on the floor beside the door.

She took the key from his pocket, turned it in the lock, and passed softly in. He woke as she stepped over him, but seeing who it was sat still and eyed her watchfully.

She steadied herself in the doorway and looked down the room. A hammock had been slung across it near the middle; there lay Dick, sleeping quietly as a child; a single lamp was hanging near, and the unsteady light threw strange distorted shadows across his face without troubling his rest.

She stood gazing for some minutes; a deep sense of peace came over her; she sighed and turned away, soothed and strengthened.

Johnstone, without rising, held out his hand for the key. As she went back to her cabin, he muttered behind her:

"Ay, ay! my beauty; he'll be sleeping sounder yet tomorrow night!"

Happily she did not hear him, but went to her berth comforted and slept, for some hours in spite of the noise of the hurricane, which raged with increasing violence.

During the night the brig, after vainly attempting to anchor, had been driven past the island to the south, and when Camilla came on deck in the morning she thought at first that an unhoped-for deliverance had thus been brought about, for St. Helena was far away on the horizon, and the wind, though it had moderated in force, was still blowing almost dead against them.

She soon saw, however, that the ship's head was toward the island, and that by repeated tacking they were already making some way against the wind.

The colonel himself came up to her and pointed out this fact. "By sunset," he said, "we shall have comfortably worked back to the north side of the island, and our new guest will be on board the Speedwell soon after midnight."

She looked at him with cold hatred, and made no answer.

"I can not help seeing," he remarked, "that I have had the misfortune to incur your displeasure. But I hope the Emperor, when he comes, will reconcile us all."

She turned her back upon him and went below. When she reached the door of the saloon she found Johnstone posted there again. This time he refused to let her in.

"No, no," he said; "your turn last night; mine this morning. I've particular business with Captain Estcourt today, and from his looks I should say it would take us some time yet."

She went to her cabin, and the long day began to drag wearily on.

Dick, in the meantime, was racking his head to find some sure way of upsetting the colonel's plans, even at the last moment, and at any cost to himself. It was horrible to think that if he succeeded he would involve Camilla in the ruin of the conspiracy. But he put the recollection of this sternly from his mind, or clenched his teeth still more doggedly when the thought forced itself upon him. He saw clearly enough that the colonel would go on hoping for his surrender until the last possible moment—that would be until the time came when they must either get leave to take the Speedwell into the roads off Jamestown for the night or be boarded by the search party from one of the cruisers. If he could manage to be on deck at the decisive moment when the guard-boat came alongside, he might give them some kind of warning before his enemies could silence him.

The colonel had come in twice during the morning to see if he had signed the letter yet; on the second occasion Dick had snatched the paper from his hands and torn it into fragments. He now appeared for the third time, bringing a freshly-written copy with him, which he handed to Johnstone.

"This is my last visit," he said. "I shall leave Captain Estcourt to you henceforward. It seems that my presence makes him unreasonable."

"It is you," said Dick, with an attempt at diplomacy, "who are unreasonable, to keep me shut up below here. Are you afraid that I shall swim ashore?"

"I am afraid that you might try," replied the colonel. "But I'll let you go on deck after dinner if you will excuse my taking my own precautions."

"What precautions?"

"Putting some little constraint upon your power of movement."

"Call it irons at once!" interjected Johnstone.

Dick flushed indignantly, but a glance at the colonel's face told him that the interpretation was correct. Insulting as the suggestion was, he could not afford to refuse, for it was his one chance.

"I accept," he said, shortly, and the colonel went out.

After dinner Dick was taken on deck, and the irons were brought. He sat down while they were locked upon him. The colonel stood a short distance off, watching. When he saw that Dick was helpless he came up.

"Now," he said to Johnstone, "take him down again, if you please."

Dick turned white with anger and despair.

"You don't mean that!" he cried. "You can not!"

"I promised you should come on deck," replied the colonel, "but I think I am right in saying that no time was mentioned. In my judgment you have been long enough here already, and—you will pardon me for speaking plainly—the sooner you learn submission to my judgment the more trouble you will spare us all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

IT VANISHED WITH THE RINGING OF NEW YEAR BELLS.

Pathetic Story of a Dear Little Woman Who Was Wedded to Her Art—"As One Throughout Eternity"—A Sad Recital.

IN THE third floor of a business and tenement building combined lived my artist friend. She was a dear little woman, with a smile and a pleasant word for every one who went to her door. Like nearly all persons in this line of work she took up painting, first for the love of it, and afterward as a means of livelihood. To be sure she loved it, yet, but sometimes she had to work at it when her hands were weary and her eyes pained. It was at the close of the year. She had had a hard month's work filling Christmas and New Year's orders, and when New Year's eve came and others were enjoying themselves in various ways she sat alone in her little room, which served both as studio and a living room, too weary to light her lamp or prepare her evening meal. She gazed at a picture just finished, a scene of her childhood and young womanhood haunts. Her thoughts went back to those happy days when not a thought of care cast a shadow on her young life. She thought of herself when, in the exuberance of youth, she pictured her future in brightest colors. She had hoped in those days to reach the fame of Raphael or Michael Angelo.

Friends, she had scores; lovers, she had not a few, but she answered to their supplications:

"No, I am wedded to my art. It fills my heart, my life, my being. I have room for naught else."

But there came a day when she met one whose love she reciprocated and she was happier than ever before. She asked herself: "How can I give him up; and, how can I give up my long-cherished hopes to devote my life to this work?" And she pondered over it until she became pale and thin and ambition finally conquered.

It was to this part of her life in particular that her mind reverted. "Beneath the spreading branches of this stately elm," she murmured, as she gazed dreamily and tearfully through the growing dusk at the painting before her, "he told me of his love. The sorrowful expression upon his face, as I told him I could never be his wife, haunts me still. Oh, was I right? I have not succeeded as I desired. My fame has not reached foreign countries. I have spent many lonely hours here; no husband to encourage me in my work, to cheer me with his love. No loving little arms to encircle my neck, no lips to press my own. No one to sympathize with me, when I am weary and discouraged. Oh, have I made a mistake? And where is George? Has his life been wasted? Has he been true to me as he said he would be? Ah, I have not only missed something in my own life but have perhaps made a wreck of his. O, Father, I pray Thee, forgive me if I have been too ambitious."

The little artist clasped her worn hands in her lap and closed her eyes in slumber. The fire in the grate burned lower and lower, but the moon's rays shed a halo of light about her head. She dreamed that she was once more a maiden fair and her lover was with her, but when he commenced to whisper to her the story of love he was suddenly called away. Thrice did he attempt it, and the last time her heart thrilled with his burning words—but she bade him go. Then she heard a voice saying:

"Woman, knowest thou what thou hast done? Thou hast outraged not only thine own heart, but that of the man. For this sin shalt thou suffer."

She dreamed again and she thought she was at Heaven's gate. "Enter," said a voice, but it was not that of her first dream. It was low and sweet and said: "Sister, thou hast fulfilled thy tasks on earth. Thou couldst have made a happy home for thyself; but it was rejected, and instead thou hast done many deeds of kindness to weary and despondent ones, which loving acts have, like the ripples of the sea, gone on and on, only the Master knoweth whither. Thou hast comforted the sick, helped the poor, made happy the little children; but still thy life is not complete; there awaits for thee a great joy."

The voice ceased, but she heard the sound of sweet music and far-off bells like silvery wedding bells. Suddenly a beautiful light shone above her, so that she closed her eyes and then she felt the clasp of a hand and heard the voice of one of long ago saying:

"Those on earth who are united in love
Cease not to care for each other above,
For their souls then united shall be
And they'll be as one through eternity."

She awoke. The distant chimes on the cathedral were joyously ringing in the new year. The sound of sweet music could be heard from afar, but no

"SHE DREAMED THAT HER LOVER WAS WITH HER."

hand clasped hers. She knew then it was a dream. But who will say that the little artist will not find when she reaches the pearly gate the one from whom she has been separated in this life?

So Many Gifts.

Three hundred and sixty-five spick-span new,
Beautiful presents for me and for you!
Fill them with kindness and sunshine, my honey,
And you'll find these gifts better than playthings or money.

Spread of Mohammedanism.

The founder of Christianity and the founder of Mohammedanism were both born in places that are now under the rule of the Turkish sultan, who, until a few years ago, ruled also over the birthplace of Moses, the founder of Judaism.

MESSAGE ON FINANCE.

President Cleveland Urges Congress to Act at Once.

The news that there had been a big slump in stocks on both the New York and London exchanges and that gold withdrawals for export for one day approximated at least $3,500,000, created something of a sensation among the treasury officials at Washington. A cabinet session was held at the White House and President Cleveland sent the following message to congress:

To the Congress:

In my last annual message the evils of our present financial system were plainly pointed out, and the causes and means of the depletion of government gold were explained. It was therein stated that after all the efforts that had been made by the executive branch of the government to protect our gold reserve by the issuance of bonds, amounting to more than $162,000,000, such reserve then amounted to but little more than 79,000,000, that about 16,000,000 had been withdrawn from such reserve during the month next previous to the date of that message and that quite large withdrawals for shipment in the immediate future were predicted.

The contingency then feared has reached us, and the withdrawals of gold since the communication referred to, and others that appear inevitable, threaten such a depletion in our government gold reserve as brings us face to face with the necessity of further action for its protection. This condition is intensified by the prevalence in certain quarters of sudden and unusual apprehension and timidity in business circles.

We are in the midst of another season of perplexity caused by our dangerous and fatuous financial operations. These may be expected to recur with certainty as long as there is no amendment in our financial system. If in this particular instance our predicament is at all influenced by a recent insistance upon the position we should occupy in our relation to certain questions concerning our foreign policy, this furnishes a signal and impressive warning that even the patriotic sentiment of our people is not an adequate substitute for a sound financial policy.

Of course there can be no doubt in any thoughtful mind as to the complete solvency of our nation, nor can there by any just apprehension that the American people will be satisfied with less than an honest payment of our public obligations in the recognized money of the world. We should not overlook the fact, however, that aroused fear is unreasoning and must be taken into account after all efforts to avert public loss and sacrifice of our people's interests.

The real and sensible cure for our recurring troubles can only be effected by a complete change in our financial scheme. Pending that the executive branch of the government will not relax its efforts nor abandon its determination to use every means within its reach to maintain before the world American credit, nor will there be any hesitation in exhibiting its confidence in the resources of our country and the constant patriotism of our people.

In view, however, of the peculiar situation now confronting us, I have ventured to herein express the earnest hope that the congress in default of the inauguration of a better system of finance will not take a recess from its labors before it has by legislative enactment or declaration done something not only to remind those apprehensive among our people that the resources of this government and a scrupulous regard for honest dealing afford a sure guarantee of unquestioned safety and soundness, but to reassure the world that with these factors and the patriotism of our citizens the ability and determination of our nation to meet in any circumstance every obligation it incurs do not admit of question.

I ask at the hands of the congress such prompt aid as it alone has power to give to prevent in a time of fear and apprehension any sacrifice of the people's interests and the public funds or the impairment of our public credit in an effort by executive action to relieve the dangers of the present emergency.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

TALK TURKEY TO THE TURKS.

Uncle Sam Makes Strong Demands—Danger Is Still Very Great in Armenia.

The President has made response to the Senate resolution calling for information received by the state department respecting affairs in Turkey. The response is in the shape of a report by Secretary Olney, beginning with the massacres at Moosh in August, 1894. In substance the secretary's report recounts all that has been done to protect American citizens against the rioters, shows that while their property has suffered in two instances they have not been injured in person, quotes Minister Terrell as estimating the number of Armenians killed at 30,000 and after citing several cases wherein naturalized Americans have been oppressively treated states that proper steps have been taken to secure indemnity in all cases. Secretary Olney says there are 172 American missionaries scattered over Asia Minor and numbers of our citizens in business besides naturalized Armenians temporarily residing in Turkey and that probably the whole number of these persons is between 500 and 600.

Mr. Olney closes as follows: "At the present moment the temporary lull in the turbulence is believed to be more apparent than real. A telegram just received from Minister Terrell expresses the gravest apprehensions concerning the ultimate fate of American citizens in this disturbed region unless the appalling massacres can be stopped by the united efforts of the Christian powers. He sees no hope, however, of a European concert to that end. He says that if the missionaries wish to leave Turkey he can procure their transportation to Christian ports if the men wish to remain he can get escort for all to the seacoast, whereupon the men can return, but he adds that the women and children should quit Turkey."

An Alliance of American Republics.

It is generally believed at Washington that a strong movement is on foot to form an American alliance to include the republics of North, Central and South America. It is not suggested among the diplomats that such an alliance will take the formal shape of a treaty, but it is urged that the feeling of union constitutes a compact quite as effective as a formal understanding. The suggestion is made with much directness in diplomatic circles that the course of the United States in upholding the Monroe doctrine assures to it the moral and physical support of all the Southern and Central American republics, and this alliance constitutes a formidable factor in international affairs.

Bursting Steampipe Kills Seven.

Seven men were killed and four injured by the explosion of a steampipe on the American line steamship St. Paul while the vessel lay at her dock at New York. At the time of the accident there were 20 men of the crew in the fireroom and 10 in the engine room. It was the main steampipe, which is three feet in diameter, runs from the engine to the fireroom which exploded.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

New York—	Cattle		Sheep	Lambs	Hogs
Best grades	$4 [illegible]	4 35	$3 [illegible]	4 75	$5 0
Lower grades	2 25	@3 90	2 [illegible]	4 00	4 75
Chicago—					
Best grades	4 00	@4 50	3 50	4 50	3 6
Lower grades	2 25	@3 75	2 00	3 00	3 40
Detroit—					
Best grades	3 75	4 10	3 00	4 00	3 50
Lower grades	2 00	3 50	1 50	2 00	3 25
Cincinnati—					
Best grades	3 75	4 00	3 35	4 25	3 5
Lower grades	2 00	3 50	1 25	2 75	3 30
Cleveland—					
Best grades	3 60	3 90	3 15	4 25	3 55
Lower grades	2 00	3 30	1 50	3 25	3 40
Buffalo—					
Best grades	4 00	4 25	3 25	4 50	3 65
Lower grades	2 25	@3 75	1 25	4 00	3 40
Pittsburg—					
Best grades	4 00	@4 10	3 20	4 40	3 50
Lower grades	2 25	3 75	1 25	3 30	3 25

GRAIN, ETC.

	Wheat. No. 2 red		Corn No. 2 mix		Oats. No. 2 white	
New York	61½	6[illegible]	33¼	33¼	22½	@22½
Chicago	59	61	25	25	19	@19¼
*Detroit	64½	65	26	@26½	21	@21
Toledo	63	63	26	@26½	19¾	@19¾
Cincinnati	61½	65	27	@27	20	@20½
Cleveland	64	@64	26½	26½	19½	@19½
Pittsburg	64	@64	26	@26½	19½	20

*Detroit.—Hay, No. 1 timothy, $12.00 per ton. Potatoes, 19@22c per bu. Live Poultry, chickens, 6@7c per lb; turkeys, 9c; ducks, 8c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 20@21c per doz. Butter, fresh dairy, 15@16c per lb; creamery, 21@25.

Capt. Isaac Bassett Dead.

Capt. Isaac Bassett, the venerable assistant doorkeeper of the U. S. senate, died at Washington. Capt. Bassett, known as "the father of the senate," spent his entire career as a senate employe. Capt. Bassett was born in Washington 76 years ago. He was a protege of Daniel Webster, who secured his appointment as a page when he was a boy 11 years old. During the subsequent 54 years of service he became messenger and finally assistant doorkeeper or assistant sergeant-at-arms.

Erastus Wiman has been released.

Woman's Wit.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

Something About Morphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account.

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for awhile and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking, it for I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid good bye to my headaches, while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be, well and strong, light hearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

They Were Terrible Tortures in Olden Times.

The military punishments of that day were terrible, says Chamber's Journal. The duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on three consecutive days sentences of 800, 500 and 800 lashes for thieving, "mutinous expressions," and "insolent behavior." Three days afterward a sentence of "1,000 lashes" is recorded; it is fair to say the man deserved to die, but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martinet of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange, out-of-the-way punishments were inflicted for trifling offenses, without adding one iota to the efficiency of the army. The soldier might either be "picketed" or made to ride the "wooden horse." In "picketing," the culprit's naked heel rested on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on the sharpened stake, which though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture; the only alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist, the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the "picket" for a quarter of an hour, and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel without authority of court-martial. The back of the "horse" was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge eight or nine feet long. The legs (six or seven feet in length) rested on a stand moving upon wheels; to complete the resemblance a rough wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him, and to increase the punishment, a heavy musket was not infrequently tied to his legs. This punishment, which might be inflicted by sentence of court-martial, or by order of the colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline, that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that, so late as 1760, the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth.

A Whole Family Rescued.

North Huron, N. Y. (Special.) O. H. Sum of this city had nearly become a physical wreck through excessive use of tobacco, and his brother-in-law, son-in-law and father-in-law were also in ill health from the same cause. The four men all began taking No-To-Bac at the same time, and though representing great differences of age and infirmity, they have not only been entirely cured of the tobacco habit, but are now in the best possible physical condition. The quartette are proud of the result and recommend No-To-Bac with the greatest enthusiasm. Hundreds of tobacco users are following the example of the Sum family.

Not Deaf and Dumb.

The numbers have been changed since College Place has become part of West Broadway, and persons who knew only the old numbers have difficulty in finding places under the new. A seeker for information on this point made inquiries the other day of a postman who was in the act of opening a letter box. The postman, in place of answering, shoved the inquirer aside. When the inquiry was repeated the postman put his finger on his lips and gave another shove.

The inquirer thought the postman deaf and dumb, if not crazy, but the postman after closing the letter box, in which he had made changes in the movable numerals giving the hours of collection, said:

"We are not allowed to speak when the box is open. I would be discharged if I were seen to speak then. What is it you want?"

He then gave the desired information.—New York Sun.

HALF-FARE EXCURSION

To Virginia and the Carolinas.

Jan. 14 and 28 the Big Four route, in connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, will sell round trip tickets from the northwest to points in Virginia and North and South Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. For particulars and free pamphlet descriptive of Virginia lands address U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Largest Dam in the World.

The great artificial lake situated at Dnebar, twenty miles southeast of Udaipur, Rajpootana, India, covers an area of twenty-one square miles. The main masonry dam which helps to confine this immense body of water is 1,000 feet long by 95 feet high. Engineers say that it is the largest dam in the world.

Reliable Head Ache Cure!

Cures While You Wait!

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

is quickly relieved and cured by using Whitehead & Mitchell's "Reliable" Headache Cure. When suffering from Neuralgia, Congestion, Nervous or Malarial Headache, and Sick Headache of Delicate Ladies, of Exhaustion, etc., etc., this remedy

Gives Speedy Relief!

10c for Small Package.
25c for Large Boxes.
Free Sample at each Agency.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
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HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner: Wormseed, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potasium Bi Carb., Anise, Wintergreen and Peppermint all mixed together in the most scientific manner according to therapeutics. This delightfully agreeable preparation we have designed for use in most cases of children where medicine is needed. Its composition renders it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for constipation, disordered stomach and the many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion, corrects sour stomach, regulates the bowels and allows rest for the child when other means fail. Full directions accompany each bottle. It is unquestionably the best thing for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it mothers have something which is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena destroys worms.
Castorena allays feverishness.
Castorena is pleasant to take.
Castorena prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castorena cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castorena relieves teething troubles.
Castorena cures Constipation, Flatulency.
Castorena neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castorena does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castorena assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castorena is put up in one size bottles only; it is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow anyone to sell you something else on the plea that it is "just as good" and will answer every purpose.

25c per Bottle for a 50c Size.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Don't

fail to give the best Cough Syrup yet discovered a chance to cure that disagreeable cough, and that is

Mitchell's Compound Syrup of White Pine!

The remedy for curing Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains or Oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. If you

Read

this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sudorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and purifies the blood, heals the irritated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption. It is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the head, or produce costiveness. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

This

popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham.
Southfield by Chas. I. Johnson;
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Royal Oak by L. Stolz.
Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton.
Troy P. O. by Sammie Jarvis.
Beddow by J. M. Beddow.
Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M.
F. Hagerman, Birmingham.

Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.