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,
Mfg. Chemists.

Mitchell's Castorena!

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 creates expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous; 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. T. Johnson.
North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong.
Royal Oak by L. Storz.
Big Beaver by H. 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.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGrippe Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

Read the Following From People Who Have Been Cured by It.

Used With Great Success.

BLACK GULCH, Idaho.

I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—John S. Black, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grant Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure, one bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at this place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—Anthony Greenstock, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cured.

WHITE PINE, Wisconsin.

Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—Wm. Bonner.

Used With Good Results.

Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I take pleasure in recommending it.—A. J. Ives Thorndale, Ohio.

When troubled with a cough or cold, give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the Best.

I know Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the best. I use no other in my family of six children.—Frank Stone, Pratt, Kansas.

It is Splendid.

WESTON, Ill., Dec. 22, 1895.

We have been using Shiloh's Consumption Cure and think it is splendid.—Wilson & Green, Publishers of The Record.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

RAVEN HEAD, Va., June 6, 1895.

We have a splendid sale on Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many say their children would have died of croup if they had not been given this remedy.—Thorn & Sanders.

Cheap at $10.00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10.00 per bottle.—S. M. Hodge, Bowie, Texas.

N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

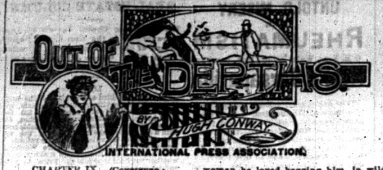
It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the advertisement of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim. Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputation they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger, from the grip as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

My thoughts flew to my missing love. Oh! if she were but beside me—beside us! for jealousy of Grant had left me. If we were but gazing together on that bright moon! If my arm were around her, and my lips whispering the words of love into her ear! If her fingers, with the soft, caressing touch which I so well remembered, were resting in mine! If—

I could bear it no longer. I turned to Grant, and cried in a voice of anguish:

"Tell me all! Tell me where she is! Give me Viola again!"

He turned at my cry. The moonlight was full on his pale face. His eyes—his features—evinced deep sympathy and compassion. A fearful thought ran through me.

"She is not dead?" I gasped out.

"No; she is not dead."

"Then where is she? For mercy's sake tell me! See! I have been patient—I have not even asked you! But the time has come—I must know!"

I saw him knit his brows, not angrily, but as one in deep thought. My lips were trembling; my emotion so great that I could not repeat the question.

Breathlessly I waited for Grant to speak. At last, in a grave voice, he broke silence.

"You believed the words I spoke when—when I thought I was dying?"

"Could I be with you now if I did not believe them?"

"Will you believe me when I say that it will be happier for both of you, if you never meet or hear again of one another?"

"No; I will not believe that. How can I? She, the wife I loved, leaves me without one word. With my kiss still warm on her lips, she passes away from me, it seems, forever! Let me see her—let me hear why she did this thing!"

Grant was silent; but once more he took my hand and pressed it.

"Tell me," I continued. "Remember, even after all that has recently passed, I am justified in asking you to explain your part in the flight. This is at least due to me."

"Yes, you are right, it is. All that I will tell you."

CHAPTER X.

I CLINCHED my hands, and leaned forward, eager to catch every word that fell from Grant's lips. My future seemed to rest on what I learned during the next few minutes. Grant began speaking in a calm and deliberate manner. It struck me even then that he was weighing every word, so as to be sure of saying no more or no less than was needed.

"Julian," he said, "in order to understand my action in the matter, you must first of all bear in mind the truth which you guessed intuitively when we first met. I loved Viola with all the strength of my nature. I had loved her for years, and I was waiting in the hope that some day she would be mine. It was a bitter blow to return home and find that another man was about to marry her. It needed all my power of will to hold my feelings from her, and do what I could to insure her happiness."

He sighed and was silent for a while.

"However," he continued, "sharp as the pang was at the time, it is now a thing of the past. I have conquered myself. My love now for Viola is that of a brother to a sister. You will believe this Loraine?"

I nodded. He resumed in a lighter manner.

"Yes, I have conquered it. I think I now pour all of my love into my books. But at that time I worshiped her. I would have given my life to have saved her from grief. Her wish was to me a command; her smallest request an obligation to be discharged at all cost. Leaving this out of the question, her mother confided her to me. This is why I did not tell her I loved her. I forced myself to wait until she was twenty-one, then it was too late."

Another pause. I glanced at his face. Its expression was one of actual pain. If Eustace Grant had conquered his hopeless passion, the memory of it was still keen.

"Remember, also," he went on, "I mistrusted you. I hesitated long before I made up my mind not to interfere. Your romantic suppression of your true name and position is accountable for the mistrust I felt. So I start with two strong emotions to sway me—love for Viola, and mistrust of the man who was to marry her. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but for mercy's sake, let me hear what happened!"

"On Viola's twenty-first birthday," he began——

No; I will not give his story in his own words. I should be bound to break it a hundred times by the insertion of my ejaculations and expressions of wonderment. When ended, it left me as completely in the dark as before. If it cleared Viola from the accusation of vulgar infidelity, it plunged me in ten-fold perplexity as to the motive which induced her to fly from me. This, briefly, is what Grant told me: Upon reaching the solicitor's, according to appointment, he found that Viola had already arrived and was waiting for him in the room into which I was afterward shown. Grant exchanged a few words with her, then went back to Mr. Monk and spoke about details of business. Everything was in order and ready for my inspection when I should arrive; so Grant rejoined my wife. He had much he wished to say to her, many questions to ask, and, as he hoped, congratulations to offer.

She appeared strange, absent-minded and oppressed. He thought she must be ill. Suddenly, to his bewilderment, she fell at his feet, and, in a passionate way, besought him to take her away at once. Take her anywhere. Hide her from her husband. Let him never know where she was; never see her again. At once—this moment—before she arrived, she must go, and leave no trace! All this she prayed Grant to do—besought it, absolutely, on her knees.

The man's blood boiled. Here, a fortnight after her marriage, was the woman he loved begging him, in wild accents, to save her from her husband. He could jump at only one conclusion. I had, in some way, maltreated her. I was an utter villain! My wife had found out my true nature, and her only refuge was flight. Was it for the man who loved her to urge her to return to what, from her wild and despairing prayers, he gathered must be absolute misery? No. She besought his aid. Let him fling prudence to the wind and do her bidding without asking why or wherefore. There was no time to spare for questions. Viola seemed in an agony of fear. At any moment my step might be heard. Grant, who believed that I had, in the course of a few days, turned my wife's love into hate, felt no inclination to show me any mercy. He raised Viola and promised to save her. He led her out through the door which opened to the outer world, called a cab, placed my wife in it, and drove off, without troubling as to direction. Her only wish at the moment was to avoid meeting me.

Once within the cab, Grant tried to induce Viola to talk rationally; to give some reasons justifying the rash step. His efforts were unavailing. All she would say was that never could she meet me again. She must fly—go far away. If Grant would not aid her she must go alone. Finding her so firm, and not doubting but that my conduct had brought all this about, he consented to do as she wished. They drove straight to Charing Cross and took the first train to Folkestone. Here he left her for the night at a quiet hotel, returned to town, made his preparations, and had the encounter, which I have already described, with me. The next morning, as my spy informed me, the fugitives crossed to Boulogne. At this point Eustace Grant finished his tale. As I have said, it increased my intensity tenfold. Until the moment when Grant made what we both thought a dying avowal of his innocence, Viola's flight admitted of a natural, if shameful, explanation. Now that the elements of faithlessness and criminal love were removed, the matter was simply inexplicable. Eustace Grant might have thought, might even now think, that my ill-treatment of my wife had forced her from my side; but I knew better—she knew better.

But Grant had not revealed all. "Go on," I said; "tell me more."

"I have told you all I can, Julian. I have explained the part which, rightly or wrongly, I acted. I promised nothing more."

"Tell me where she is, that I may see her, and learn all from her own lips."

"She is with good friends, who love her. I can say no more."

"Is she happy? Tell me the truth."

He hesitated. "I dare not say she is happy," he answered; "but I believe she is as happy as she can be in this world."

These unsatisfactory answers were simply maddening.

"Grant!" I said fiercely, "for some reason you are concealing the truth from me. I can not force it from you. Until I know it I can not say whether that reason is right or wrong; but I will work until I find out everything. But tell me this: do you now believe that my wife left me on account of wrongs which I did her? Speak!"

He made a pause. "I can not answer that question," he said. "Doing so would lead to others. I have already said too much."

"You have answered it!" I cried, triumphantly. "You answered it when you threw that pistol away; you answer it every time you take my hand—every time you speak a word of friendship to me."

"So be it," he said wearily.

"And now, knowing, as you do, all, tell me if you approve of Viola's leaving me—me, who loved her above the world—the husband who worshiped her; tell me this!"

"I can say no more. I am weary, worn out. Help me to my room."

I did so. We parted for the night. As he took my hand he looked me straight on the face.

"Julian," he said, "be wise and ask no more. Leave this place and forget Viola. There is no hope. All this concealment—all that has been done—is for your sake. Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

I WENT to my room and threw myself into a chair. Here, until dawn, I sat puzzling over Grant's words, and trying to turn them into a key that might unlock the secret door which stood between my wife and myself. My efforts were useless. I seemed like one surrounded by stone walls, through which there was no escape. Each way I turned I was met with some impervious obstacle.

"For my sake!" This concealment was for my sake! I am plunged in despair. I am told there is no hope. Yet all this was for my own sake! The riddle grew more and more difficult of solution. Grant could doubtless solve it if he chose, but would he do so?

Not he. The next day I once more attacked him. I implored, commanded, even threatened; not one word would he speak. I was on the verge of quarreling with him; but as I fancied it was only by his direct or indirect aid I could find Viola, I restrained my very natural wrath, and on the subject of Viola a sullen silence succeeded my useless questions.

I lingered on at the farm long after Eustace Grant was well enough to dispense with my services. Where else could I go? From whom but Grant had I a chance of ascertaining my wife's present abode? I must wait and watch. A chance word, a letter, anything, might put me on the track. Moreover, I had a presentiment that Viola was not far away. People, when driven to their wits' end, put a vast amount of faith in presentiments.

Much as I had learned to love him, severe as were the twinges of remorse still felt for my murderous act, it was all I could do to force myself to believe that Grant was single-hearted in his determination of keeping me in the dark respecting my wife. The more so, as it was my conviction that, could I once meet her, my pleading would be eloquent enough to bring her back to me, to begin once more the happy life so strangely cut short. Only let me see her once more, take her by the hand, gaze into her eyes, call up the memory of those few short days when we were all the world to each other; surely I must then be told the truth and conquer.

One morning Eustace seemed distracted and ill at ease. He answered my questions absently. Presently he said: "Do you mind making a short journey for me?"

"Certainly not. Where to?"

"I want several things not procurable here. Will you go to L'Orient for me?"

"Of course I will. But how am I to get there? The diligence does not run to-day."

"Jean could drive you in the light wagon, but that would be tedious. I will try and borrow a horse."

I favored the horse. Twenty miles in old Bouley's wagon was not a tempting prospect. So the horse was procured and I decided to stay at L'Orient for the night and ride back the next day. My purchases could be sent by diligence.

Grant gave me a list of the articles he wished bought. Some of them, it struck me, seemed superfluous and trivial and all might have been ordered by letter. Then I mounted and rode along the table-land, down the hill, through the sleepy little village, up the other hill, and away on the dusty road to L'Orient.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHEAP LABOR.

The Fallacies That Are Accepted as True When Japan Workers Are Spoken Of.

From the Overland Monthly. The next subject that demands attention is the answer to the question: Is Japanese labor cheap? We are easily misled by the relative rates of wages in any country to the conclusion that the low quotation of wages necessarily implies cheap labor. This is not true. Labor is cheap or dear in proportion, not to the nominal rate paid, but to the relation of that rate to the productive capacity or the result of the labor purchased with the money. England has a productive capacity in her machinery of 400,000,000 of men. Here is an impersonal factor which receives no wages. The wages of labor have increased with the introduction of labor-aiding machinery because it has augmented its productive power. However nominally cheap the labor employed in agricultural production in Japan, it becomes dear when judged by the standard of its productiveness. An estimate made by five of the most extensive and intelligent wheat farmers in California recently as to the productiveness of a single farm laborer with the use of existing machinery as against the productive capacity of a single laborer when wheat was cut with a sickle and thrashed with a flail resulted in the consensus of opinion that with the gang plow and combined harvester the productive capacity for a single laborer in California was seventy-five times greater than by the primitive methods. It is easy to derive the conclusion from the picture herein presented of the methods of agriculture in Japan that a single farm laborer in California wil produce more wheat by the aid of machinery than 100 farm laborers would in Japan. Farm labor in California is therefore cheaper by what might be termed an indefinite degree without exaggeration.

BOTH LOST.

A Childish Wager with a Sentimental Ending.

This story was told to some reporters at the city hall by Detective McKenna, says the Philadelphia Call.

About ten years ago a boy and a girl were talking to each other about love and marriage, and each was emphatic in the assertion that the other would marry first. So they decided to make a wager, of which the terms were that the one who should first wed should celebrate the event by parading the streets clad in the garments they then wore. This appeared very satisfactory to both, as each was positive the other would be the one to pay the penalty. This wager, of course, was kept a profound secret outside the circle of some intimate friends. Last Monday the pedestrians on Chestnut street were greatly surprised and amazed to behold a tall man clad in a very comical costume. He wore a pair of very tight trousers, which did not reach his knee, and a pair of black stockings, which were equally wanting in length to cover his lower legs. His jacket was so small that it was bursting all over with the strain of its contents, and over all was a round schoolboy's cap, perched on the back of his head. To add to the mystery of the situation the curiously groomed man was followed by a very pretty young woman who was similarly garbed in clothing that must have belonged to some child of long ago. Not much could be seen, however, of her costume, as she wore a long wrap. The reader will readily guess the explanation of the strange exhibition.

Why She Smiled.

"See that woman over there with the pink roses in her hat?" asked Grimleigh.

"Yes, I see her," replied Dasherton. "What about her?"

"See her look over at us and smile just now?" continued Grimleigh.

"Yes, I saw her."

"I'll bet you anything you like she's a married woman," said Grimleigh emphatically.

"I guess you're right," assented Dasherton. "But what of it?"

"What of it?" echoed Grimleigh. "Why, I think it is disgraceful the way married women act nowadays. Look at the way that woman is dressed."

"She is got up rather attractively," agreed his friend.

"Attractively! She's dressed to kill. And look at the way she is acting. Ready to flirt with anybody. She would not have looked over at us and smiled if she had been a single girl."

"Perhaps not," said Dasherton.

"Of course not," said Grimleigh conclusively. "And why, I ask you, why should she, a married woman, look over at us and smile in the deliberate way she did?"

"I am sure I don't know," returned Dasherton, reflectively, "unless——"

"Unless what?" persisted Grimleigh.

"Unless," answered Dasherton, very quietly, "it is because she is my wife."—New York World.

A Badly Broken Spine.

James Stiles is in the hospital at Easton, Pa., suffering from a broken back. A year ago he fell and broke his spinal column, and in spite of the doctor's idea he recovered. Since then he has broken his spinal column five times and has spent most of his time in hospitals.

It is of very little account what men think of us, but is of great importance what God thinks of us.—Moody.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

From the Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

Along one of the dismal roads in Western New York, a man and wife were driving as rapidly as the darkness and inclement weather would permit. The rain beat down upon the rubber covering and found its way into every crack and opening. The occupants of the buggy were Dean Jones and his wife, of Springville, N. Y. Everybody is familiar with the name. He is the well-known starting judge, who has become famous for his impartial and fair treatment of jockeys at the post.

It was about ten years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Jones took that fateful ride that came near costing her her life. Mrs. Jones' clothes were thoroughly soaked before town was reached. There was no fire in their hotel room and she became chilled to the bone before the little blaze the attendant started warmed the atmosphere. From that time on Mrs. Jones was an ill woman. Her trouble—well, it was about everything with which human flesh can be afflicted. She had a strange, queer feeling in her head, that felt as if several shot were rolling around loose on her brain. I can not describe the torture she suffered. Local doctors told her she had water on the brain. A Times reporter called upon Mrs. Jones, who said:

"Ever since that terrible wetting I received, up to a year ago, I was an invalid. I had terrible neuralgia pains in the head which often went to my feet and limbs. I was often in such a terrible state that I had to use a crutch to get around or else slide a chair before me to move about the house. I was very ill for five years, in spells, and never expected to get well. It was a blood disease, I guess. One of the doctors I consulted said I had clotted blood in my head, and perhaps I did. He could not cure me, neither could several other doctors I tried. I also used many patent medicines, but they did me no good. My complexion was a perfect white, and my ears so transparent you could look through them. My blood was turning to water.

"Look at me now; do I look sick?"

The reporter was forced to admit that he had seldom seen a more perfect embodiment of health.

With pardonable pride Mrs. Jones said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did it. I can go anywhere now, while before I commenced using Dr. Williams' remedy I could not move out of the house. For three years, would you believe it, I did not even go to church. I was not always confined to my bed, but could not leave the house. Wherever I go, people say: 'Why, Mrs. Jones, how well you are looking. How did it happen?' and I always tell them 'Pink Pills did it.' I have not had the slightest touch of my old illness for the last six months, and feel as if I never had been ill in my life."

Mr. Jones said: "You can readily imagine how highly we regard the remedy in this house, where we have had a wife and mother restored to perfect health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A TIN MINE IN PERAK.

Primitive Methods That Seem Sufficient for the Purpose.

We came to the edge of the mine, or paddock, as it is called, which, after all, is nothing but a broad, open pit with sloping sides and perhaps some forty or fifty feet in depth; a poor thing in the eyes of any one expecting shafts and machinery and the elaboration of western methods, but sufficient for its purpose, as Chinese methods are apt to be, says MacMillan's Magazine. Three hundred men clad in loose blue coats and drawers and plaited sun hats three feet across are digging up the pay dirt at the bottom of the pit with great hoes and putting it on flat wicker baskets; others catch up the baskets, slung one at each end of a yoke and balancing the load across the shoulder, they carry them up to the level ground (vibrating in time with their steps) by narrow tree trunks, notched with footholes, which are placed at short intervals athwart the sloping sides of the pit. Having gained the higher level, they throw down their burdens by the wash boxes and descend by other bridges at a steady trot in silent, orderly and unbroken stream. The men at the wash boxes, which are long, sloping troughs of wood, throw in the dirt and by raking it back and back under a nicely regulated flow of water they separate the black tin sand from the spoil and shovel it into tubs ready for the smelting house, while the spoil is flung down the slope of the hither side of paddock.

A Young Girl and a Little Bear.

A few days ago Miss Grace Duckett had quite an adventure. While returning in the evening from one of her neighbor's Miss Grace met a bear. Instead of screaming and running, she, with the help of her dog, forced bruin up a tree, where she left him till she could go to one of the neighbor's for help. A. D. McDougall went with her to the place where the bear was treed. Miss Duckett herself cut the tree down and when it fell they succeeded in capturing the bear alive. It proved to be a fine cub and is very lively.—Colville (Wash.) Index.

WOMAN TO WOMAN.

Women are being taught by bitter experience that many physicians can not successfully handle their peculiar ailments known as female diseases.

Doctors are willing and anxious to help them, but they are the wrong sex to work understandingly.

When the woman of to-day experiences such symptoms as backache, nervousness, lassitude, whites, irregular or pain-

ful menstruation, pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, palpitation, "all gone" feeling and blues, she at once takes Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, feeling sure of obtaining immediate relief.

Should her symptoms be new to her, she writes to a woman, Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., who promptly explains her case, and tells her free how to get well.

Indeed, so many women are now appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, that a score of lady secretaries are kept constantly at work answering the great volume of correspondence which comes in every day. Each letter is answered carefully and accurately, as Mrs. Pinkham fully realizes that a life may depend upon her reply, and into many and many a home has she shed the rays of happiness.

An Old Singing Canary.

L. A. McGrath of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life, and now, though so infirm from age that it cannot reach its perch or sit on it when placed there, it sits on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning till night.

Rich and poor alike suffer the tortures that come with that terrible plague, Itching Piles; rich and poor alike find instant relief and permanent cure in Doan's Ointment. Your dealer keeps it.

"Change for the better" said the cashier of the pool room as he paid out the cash to the winner.

No need to fear the approach of croup if you have Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

A woman is never so likely to be mistaken as when she is perfectly sure she is right.

For bronchitis, asthma or kindred troubles of the throat or lungs, take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a household specific for all these complaints.

The angler is so absorbed in his hobby that he generally fishes with baited breath.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, Ont., was completely cured of scrofula after 17 physicians had failed to give him relief. Burdock Blood Bitters did it.

The prayer of faith always holds out both hands to receive the answer.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Marvelous cures. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st. Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who hates light is always afraid of his own shadow.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

God will not give us His truth until we are willing to live it.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

In the arithmetic of heaven nothing counts but love.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 1895.

The man who prays right will always pay right.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Miss Angie Small, a Benzie county school teacher, proved herself a heroine by rescuing a boy and a girl who came near drowning in Crystal lake.

Naked Pills

are fit only, for naked savages. Clothes are the marks of civilization—in pills as well as people. A good coat does not make a good pill, any more than good clothes make a good man. But as sure as you'd look on a clothesless man as a mad one, you may look on a coatless pill as a bad one. After fifty years of test no pills stand higher than

AYER'S Cathartic Pills
SUGAR COATED.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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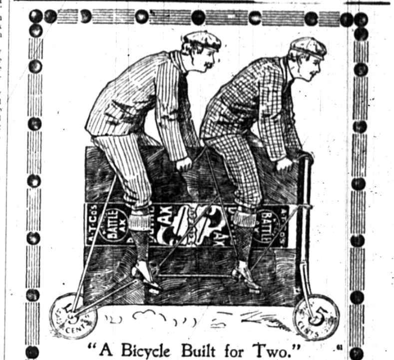

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The New York Telegram recently organized a monster bicycle parade in New York, offering a bicycle each to the best lady rider and the best gentleman rider in the procession. The prizes were selected by popular vote of The Telegram's readers, and, as was to be expected, the result was another triumph for

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