In the Yosemite Valley a while ago, a young fellow went out on the high shelving precipice two thousand feet high, and balancing himself on his head. A little slip or little puff of wind would have sent him to eternity. Not one man in a million would be guilty of a fool. But nine men in ten are at the time taking foolish chances.

There is no deadly peril about a little bit of indigestion or biliousness, and yet why a man allows these trifles to get a hold on him before he is taking serious risks. Dyspepsia alone seldom kills anybody; that is, it only kills you by inches, and takes a good many years doing it. But it weakens and undermines the constitution so that it is all ready to receive and fertilize the dangerous diseases which do kill you right off.

Disease germs won't grow in a healthy blood any more than seeds will grow on a rock. A man who keeps his digestion right and his blood pure may eat and drink and breathe disease-germs, but they gain no foothold. They are cast out of the system. And with a dyspeptic stomach and disordered condition breathes in typhoid or diphtheretic germs and down he goes.

The best health science a man can have is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the stomach and liver. It gives the blood making organs power to make healthy blood. It clarifies the blood from all impurities, and builds up the healthy flesh, muscular power and nerve energy, which fortifies you against disease.

His life long success in the treatment of chronic diseases has given Dr. Pierce's medicines a world wide reputation. His "Pleasant Pellets" cure constipation.

Paper gas pipes are now made. These pipes are claimed to be perfectly gas tight and are said to be much cheaper than iron pipes.

The finished portion of the new congressional library at Washington has about forty-four miles of shelving, which will accommodate over two million volumes. The ultimate capacity of the building for books will be upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or nearly one hundred miles of shelving. In gratifying contrast to the usual result in the case of public buildings construction is that the total cost of the work will be less by $140,000 than the limit fixed by congress.

A STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.

We hope to sell 1,000,000 packages Golden Rind Watermelon, the most wonderful freak of nature—smooth, shiny, yellow rind, crimson flesh, delicious! Is expected. Took 200 first prizes in 1896. You must have it to be in the swim. Melons go like wild fire at $1.00 apiece. We paid $300 for one melon! Have prizes for earliest melon —ripened in 1896 in 41 days. Lots of unsolicited testimonials. Thirty-five earliest sorts, postpaid, $1.00.

Send this Notice and 25 cts. For a Package of Golden Rind and wonderful seed book, 146 big pages, to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. x.

The Huron Hoodlo and Lumber Co. has completed a large plant at Alpena and started up with a force of 50 men, but will greatly increase this number in the spring.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will cure the cough at once; go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Mrs. Letitia Musselman, aged 97, went to bed at Kirkwood, Pa., with her pipe in her mouth. The bedding caught fire and she was burned to death.

The only remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body, that is absolutely safe and never-failing, is Doan's Ointment. Get it from your dealer.

South Dakota's senate has voted to prohibit the formation of all trusts and combinations.

Physicians recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup because of its prompt, positive action in all cases of lung trouble. It is a positively reliable cure for coughs and colds.

A falling tree crushed Elmer Beckett's skull near Reading, and he will die.

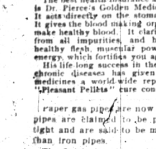
CASCARETS, stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

U. S. Consul-General Lee has recommended that President Cleveland demand of Spain the release of Julio Sanguillo, the U. S. citizen sentenced to life imprisonment in Cuba.

Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote have signed the treaty for the definition of the commission of so much of the boundary between Alaska and the British possessions as is marked by the one hundred and forty-first meridian. Several senators have announced their opposition to the treaty as it does not settle the main point of dispute, as to what constitutes the shore of Alaska.

GIRLS IN STORES,

offices, or factories, are peculiarly liable to female diseases, especially those who are constantly on their feet. Often they are unable to perform their duties, their suffering is so intense.



When the first symptoms present themselves, such as backache, pains in the groins, headache, dizziness, faintness, swelled feet, blues, etc., they should at once write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., stating symptoms, and will tell them exactly what to do, and in the meantime they will find prompt relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which can be obtained from any druggist.

"MY DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful to you for what your Compound has done for me. For four years I suffered such pain during every trouble, which caused dreadful weakness of the limbs, tenderness and burning pain in the groins, pain when standing or walking, and backache and pain during menstruation, headache and leucorrhœa. I weighed only 92 pounds, and was advised to use your Vegetable Compound, which I did. I felt the benefit before I had taken half of one bottle. I continued using it, and it has entirely cured me. I have not been troubled with leucorrhœa for months, and now weigh 115 pounds."—LILLIE HARTSON, Flushing, Genesee Co., Michigan. Box 69.

THE GREEN CARD

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent shadow, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well content with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentaillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Ah!" he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning do we? It appears to the that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Jean-Marie.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "Why, my young man, the man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscience. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. (We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) "Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie, "and I have nothing to do and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread. I was right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was right to have bread, and wrong not to, for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "And it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartufia. I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy: I see I might add the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health; an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common ways; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look here at the sky—behind the belfry first, where it is so pale, then up and up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful, but would you like it as well?"

"I am not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie appeared to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But am not you a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The Doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a thought of such precocious and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the Doctor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole —Anastasie, I beseech you, go without; that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit. I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such affections. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what! Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health, flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed.

"Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My friend," returned the Doctor, solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were not my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Psychical," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—be cause—" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked on him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its admirable exercise. To the proof; instead of attempting to cloak my inconsistency, I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. Anastasie, I think you know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated, with a twitter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri! this an idiotic pleasantry, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEST OF MANNERS.

Good Manners Come of Refined Home Life.

It would seem that the surest road to excellent manners is by way of generous enlightenment which softens character and uplifts the point of view from which we regard our fellow citizens of the world, as to the Chautauquan. Politeness is regard for the other person's feelings. If you are solicitous about giving pleasure to those you meet there is no danger of any glaring breach of manners, albeit some conventional rule may be infringed. An unselfish purpose rarely offends. Almost always the truly vulgar person is offensively selfish. He wants his own way; she demands notice; the obvious thing in this person's conduct is assumption of personal importance, or of expecting admiration and exceptional regard from everybody. Politeness is a mark of self-control and a proof of self-sufficiency for any occasion; but from it is quite absent any anxiety about oneself or the impression one is making upon others. If I were compelled to express with a single word what it is that the character must have to be polite to a perfect rendition of politeness, I should say adjustability. A rigid habit, no matter how morally correct in outline, is death to that which gives to a man or woman the prime of a welcome and the expression of being at home with company. Politeness so illuminates conventionality that we see only the radiance and forget the machinery. Every close observer has been able to detect the difference between manners assumed for an occasion or exigency and the perfectly natural ease of a well-bred person. A man may lift his hat with a movement indicative of generations whose culture and grace form the innermost essence of his character; another may attempt the same courtesy by it that only yesterday he took his first crude lesson in conventional politeness. It is the same with women. Good mothers come of refined home life; they must be worn every day or they will not be worn with ease and unconscious grace. And this unconscious grace is no mere gracefulness; it lies deeper. A generous soul must shine out.

HE BOUGHT FIVERS.

But It Took Him a Good While to Say So.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Loveydovey, looking up from the woman's page, "says the New York Journal, 'I have just read an account of a man who gave up smoking 25-cent cigars and was able, in consequence, to buy his wife the handsomest sealskin to be had. It was frightfully interesting.'"

Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey lazily, opening one eye. "In what way was it interesting?"

"Oh! ignitanally! don't be so stupid! It was interesting because she—er—got the sealskin."

"Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey blithely, "if you gave up smoking them you could buy me a sealskin."

"I'm afraid not, my dear."

"Oh, nonsense. How many do you smoke a day?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three sometimes four, it depends."

"Four a day," said Mrs. Loveydovey conclusively. "Think of that. That is $1 a day. Why, in less than a year you would have saved over $300. That would buy me a beauty. Now, dearie, I want you to start in right away and—"

"The fact is, my dear," interrupted Mr. Loveydovey, opening both his eyes this time, "I—"

"You can't argue it out with me, Mr. L—"

"Perhaps not. But as I was going to say, the only time I ever smoke 25-cent cigars is—"

He left off the end of a choice perfecto as he spoke. "——when they are given to me."

Wart-Wort Sap for Cancer.

Some remarkable results have been obtained by M. Denisenko, a Russian physician, in experiments with the sap of the wart-wort—Chelidonium Major, that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit," I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such affections. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what! Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health, flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed.

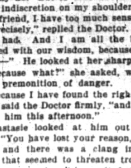
Lots of News.

Mrs. Gadabout: "What was the news at the sewing circle today, my dear?" Mrs. Onthego: "Mrs. Buddins has a new girl, and Mrs. Remnant has the same one she got two days ago."—Philadelphia North American.

BETTY WASHINGTON.

THE ONLY SISTER OF THE GREAT COMMANDER.

Beautiful Interior Decorations in Her Home at Fredericksburg, Done in Raised Stucco by an English Prisoner —Locks of Vast Proportions.

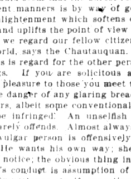


N the outskirts of the little town of Fredericksburg, Va., stands a house of peculiar interest to all Americans. It is Kenmore, the home of George Washington's only sister, Betty, which was built by her husband, Colonel Fielding Lewis, to gratify her ambition she often expressed of "being mistress of a fine house." Few, if any strangers, visit Fredericksburg without seeing this historic old mansion, which is considered the finest place of the town.

The interior of Kenmore is severely simple, but very imposing, and its high sloping roof, tiny paned windows and quaint doorways, with huge brass knockers, carry one back to a time now nearly a century and a half past. The doors are high and narrow, elaborately panelled. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is the small, square hall, is a high clock of the kind popularly known as "Grandfather's Clock," which was once the property of Mary Washington.

Interior of Kenmore.

Few houses have such an extremely handsome interior as Kenmore. The ceilings and mantels alone are worth a visit to see. being the most beautiful of their kind in the state. The ceilings are stuccoed with raised plaster in elaborate designs of wreaths and garlands of flowers, sheaves of wheat, etc., and over the mantels are large ornate portrayals of the fables of Aesop, done in the same beautiful work. The one over the drawing room, Mrs. Lewis said to have been designed by George Washington for his sister. We are told by an old chronicler that this ornamentation of ceiling and mantel was the chief thing that pleased Mistress Betty Lewis in all her fine house. It was the work of an English soldier, who was captured during the revolution and sent for safe keeping to the home of Colonel Lewis, where he thus employed his time more profitably than turned out other English soldiers then in America. The drawing room, which is lofty and of unusual size, presents a faithful picture of the apartment in which the illustrious Virginian of that day liked to gather his family or entertain his friends. The high walls are paneled to the top, the deep windows furnish seats almost as large, though hardly so comfortable as the chairs, and on the doors are immense brass locks, containing keys of ponderous size. It would almost seem from these cumbersome locks which are found in so many old homes that our forefathers were sent to have a sense of security in proportion to the size of the locks on their doors. If this be true we cannot help thinking how very free from fear must the good folk of Kenmore have been. The drawing-room opens at one end on a spacious hall or porch and on the other into a smaller but remarkably beautiful parlor, where we find again the same elaborate work on ceilings, mantels and walls. Connecting the halls, we come to the dining room, the brightest room in the house and here George Washington often sat drinking a cup of tea with his sister or attending as an honorary guest one of her stately midday dinners. During the visit of Lafayette to Fredericksburg he met Mrs. Washington and friends, mother, he too dined in this room, and it is said the gallant French man expressed himself as being more



MRS. FIELDING LEWIS
(Only Sister of George Washington.)

Kenmore has passed through the hands of several owners during the last half century, and was at one time on very hard times indeed. During the civil war, when the town was bombarded by the Federal troops, the house had a stock in several planks by shells—some of which yet remain firmly imbedded in the walls. The present owner of Kenmore, a good old rebel, often points these out to his Northern visitors and laughingly tells them to "pull" them out if they like, made on the place the last time they were here. The house is now owned by William Key Howard, a well-known Maryland lawyer, who purchased it some ten or twelve years ago. He has had extensive grounds laid out in beautiful order and the home and itself carefully repaired both inside and out, so that it looks now once more much as it did in former beauty and stands to-day as worthy, as ever, a stately reminder of revolutionary times and of the days of Washington.

FLAG SONG FOR THE DAY.

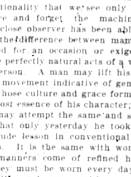
Hoist the Flag!
Hoist the Flag!
Now the storm is gathering loud,
Now the battle cry is heard
From the mountain to the sea;
Let it be the answer heard
From the lakes to the lea—
Hoist the Flag!
Hoist the Flag!
Ne'er in front of foe shall fall
Beneath our country's call
Starry Flag of Liberty!

Hoist the Flag!
Hoist the Flag!
Till the winds keep wide and free
Till the dawn and day agree
Morning, noon and night shall see
Floating o'er the sea and lea
Starry Flag of Liberty!

Hoist the Flag!
Hoist the Flag!
Never shall a tyrant's hand
Pull the emblem from the land
Where the banner of the free
Streams above the sea and lea
Starry Flag of Liberty!

Hoist the Flag!
Hoist the Flag!
Till the world shall understand
The meaning of our land
Till the sun shall cease to be
Till the stars shall fade and flee
Starry Flag of Liberty!

—Will Carleton.



COLONEL FIELDING LEWIS

than charmed with not only his fair hostess, but her handsome home.

Where Mary Washington Died.

On the upper floor of the house are the bed-rooms which are unusually large and bright, but the chief interest pertains to the one on the left hand of the corridor. Here we are told is the room in which Mary Washington breathed her last. This fact is not generally known fact, it is usually supposed that she died in her own more humble home not far away. When she had been ill for some time with an incurable malady, Mrs. Lewis persuaded her to be moved to Kenmore, and it was here that she spent the last few weeks of her life. Not far from the house is within sight of it, stands a monument to the memory of Mary Washington by the women of America. This is the only public monument to a woman in the United States. It is a handsome shaft, fifty feet high, on the face of which is inscribed in raised letters: "Mary, the Mother of Washington." The only verse side is cut in the stone. Erected by her Countrywomen." An amusing incident happened in connection with the latter inscription. Some of the crowds of people who attended the unveiling of the monument were many whose lives were passed on farms in remote parts of the country. One of them, an old woman, after giving a long, appreciative look to the monument, and carefully spelling over the inscription, fairly beamed with delight. "Thank goodness!" she said, "here is one thing them everlasting city women ain't had a hand in. Shows what country folks can do when they have a mind to!"

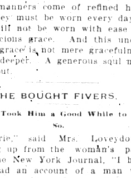
Lavish Hospitality at Kenmore.

Kenmore was always the scene of lavish hospitality, and within its walls were entertained many of the men who assisted in making our country's history. In the spacious drawing-room, in days gone by, stately dames have courtsied low to their partners in the time-honored minuet, and coquettish damsels, in dainty short-waisted gowns, tripped gayly through the Virginia reel. These were the women who later became the wives and mothers of the heroes of the revolution. Most of the men, of note of the time just previous to the revolution, were received as guests at Kenmore, and during the war such famous names became known far and near as the abode of patriotism. Colonel Lewis, who was a man of prominence, and proprietor of nearly half the town of Fredericksburg, was an ardent patriot, and though ill with consumption (of which he finally died before the close of the war), managed to render much service to his country. When he became too feeble to go on horseback, he had himself carried in his chariot to the neighboring Court House, where he attempted, in words which, by reason of his prominence and popularity, had much effect on the young men of the surrounding country, and many were inspired by him to become soldiers. Portraits are still preserved of himself and his wife.

It seems somewhat strange that while more probably has been published of George Washington's mother and wife than of any other American woman, so little should have been written of his only sister, Mrs. Lewis bore a likeness to her brother so great that it was startling, and when, as was sometimes done in joke, a military hat was placed upon her head and a cape thrown over her shoulders, it was almost impossible to distinguish between them. George Washington Parke Custis, in his "Memoirs of Washington," says that on these occasions the wife was the resemblance that "Battailions would have presented arms and senates risen to do homage to the chief." In her gayer and dispositions also, there was the same remarkable likeness between the brother and sister.

Gen. Washington Gave the Bride Away.

One of Mrs. Lewis' wife, Lawrence married Washington's adopted child, Eleanor Parke Custis, or "beautiful, Nelly Custis," as she is known in history, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, by her husband. The wedding took place on February 22, 1799, the last birthday General Washington was destined to spend on earth and he himself gave the bride away



GEN. WASHINGTON.

is represented in the uniform of commander-in-chief. The form is well drawn, the face serene and dignified, the costume truly rendered. At the death of Mr. Claypool it was purchased with the original manuscript of the address (which Mr. Claypool, by Washington's permission, had retained), by James Lenox, and is in the collection founded by him in the city of New York.

WHAT A LIE.

An Editor Says That It Takes Money to Run a Newspaper.

From the Covington, (Ohio) Gazette: "It takes money to run a newspaper." —St. John (Kan.) News.

What an aggregation; what a whopper. It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a clear case of sky fancy. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper; it can run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a high way robber. If Godfrey the newspaper is the child of the air, a creature of a dream; it can go on and on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the window. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination, and a half dozen white shirts, and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money—Heaven bless Betsy and six lands round, who ever needed any money to run a newspaper! Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business for the editor—kind words and church social tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He will be paying bills and disgracing his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He likes to pay out. Then he owes you die, after having stood around for years and sneered at the editor and his little jim crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forewark her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the editor, but to have him write him. Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the printers and they can thank their grocers. Take your job work to the job office and then come and ask for half rates for church notices. Get your lodge letter heads and stationery printed out of town, and then flood the editor with beautiful thoughts in resolutions of respect and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading, and when you pick the type filled with those glowing and vivid mortuary articles, you are so proud of your little paper! But money scorn the filthy thing. Don't let the pure, innocent editor know anything about it. Don't let the sordid tradespeople who charge for their wares. The editor gives his blood away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver He'll take care of all the editors don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a doctor, and life the community. He'll get the paper out somehow," and stand up for you when you run for office. Just send your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a $1 per week job, and you will have covered your soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along the Lord alone knows how—but the editor will get there somehow.

Lake's Family Medicine.

"Most of the boys and girls that I used to be healthy, their ailments were few and generally on the liver and kidneys. Cure's sick headache." Price, cent and 50c.

The striking miners at Leadville, Col., have become so desperate that they threaten to blow up the mines they have shipped in to take their places.

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