The Promotion of the Admiral

(Morley Roberts, in The Strand.)

(Continued from last week.)

When the admiral woke, which he did after half an hour's shaking, administered in turns by three of the California's crew, who were anxious to know where he had stowed his bottle of rum, he was still confused by the "dope" given him ashore. And then he rose and rested on his elbow.

"Where am I?"

"On board the California, to be sure."

"I'm dreaming," said the admiral, "that's what it is. To be sure, I'm dreaming."

The admiral sat up suddenly, and by so doing brought his head into violent contact with the deck above him. This woke him thoroughly just in time to receive Mr. Simpson, mate of the California, who came in like a cyclone to inquire after his health.

"Did you ship as a dead man?" asked Mr. Simpson, "for if you did I'll undeceive you."

And with that he yanked the admiral from his bunk and dragged him by the collar out upon the deck at a run. He rose at the end of his undignified progress and stared at the mate.

"Who—who are you?" he said.

Mr. Simpson gasped.

"Who am I—oh, who am I. Well, I'll oblige you by statin' once for all that I'm mate of this ship, and you're my dog. Now, you lunatic, take this here ball of twine and go overhaul the gear on the main. And if you open your mouth to say another word I'll murder you."

And though he could not believe he was doing—it—Sir Richard Dunn crawled aloft and did what he was told. He was stunned.

"I—I must be mad," thought the admiral.

"Now, then, look alive there, you dead crawling cat," said Mr. Simpson, "or I'll come up and boot you off the ya... Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said the admiral, meekly, and he murmured, "I suppose I never was an admiral after all; I don't seem to know what I am."

And the hardest nut among the admirals of the active list wiped a tear with the sleeve of his coat and came down as he was bid.

When the crew were at breakfast next morning trouble began.

"Say, are you an admiral?" asked Knight, the biggest to gh on board except Simpson and Wiggins.

"Mind your own business," he said.

And Knight hove a full pannikin of tea at him. This compliment was received very quietly, and the admiral rose and went on deck.

"Takes water at once," said Knight; "he ain't got the pluck of a mouse."

But the admiral went aft and interviewed Mr. Simpson.

"I wish to have your permission to knock the head off a man called Knight, for'ard. He hove a pannikin of tea over me just now, and I think a thrashing would do him good and conduce to the peace and order of the fo'c's'le."

"Oh, you think so?" said Simpson. "Very well, you have my permission to introduce peace there."

"I thank you, sir," said the Admiral. He touched his hat and went forward. He put his head inside the fo'c's'le and addressed Knight:

"Come outside, you bully, and let me knock your head off. Mr. Simpson has been kind enough to overlook the breach of discipline invo'ved."

And Knight, nothing loth, came out on deck, while Simpson and Wiggins stood a little way off to enjoy the battle.

And in five minutes his mates carried Knight into the fo'c's'le.

"I don't know when I enjoyed myself more," said Simpson; with a sigh.

After that the Admiral had peace and learnt something every day, and not least from Knight, who proved by no means a bad sort of man when he had once met his match.

The Admiral and Simpson never had a cross word till they were south of the Horn. Then by chance the mate and the captain had a few words which ended in Simpson getting much the worst of it. As luck would have it the Admiral was the handiest to vent his spite on, and Simpson caught him a smack on the side of his head that made him see stars. And when the Admiral picked himself off the deck Simpson made a rush for him. The Admiral dodged him and shot up the poop-ladder. At any other time Blaker, the captain, would have gone for the seaman who dared to escape a thrashing for the moment by desecrating the poop, but now he was willing to annoy Simpson.

"Well, what do you want?" he roared.

"Well, sir, I wanted to know whether Western Ocean custom goes here. I've been told that if I thrash your mate I shall have his job. They say forward that that's your rule, and if so, sir, I should like your permission to send Mr. Simpson forward and take his place."

Capt. Blaker laughed. He went to the break of the poop and addressed the mate.

"Do you hear, Mr. Simpson?" he inquired, genially.

"Send him down, sir," said Simpson. "Are you sure you can pound him?" Simpson gritted his teeth and foamed at the mouth.

"Kick him off the poop, sir."

"Are you willing to stake everything on your fightin' abilities, Mr. Simpson?"

And when Simpson said "Aye" through his teeth, the Admiral jumped down on the main deck.

Now, according to all precedents, the fight should have been long and arduous, with varying fortunes. But the admiral never regarded precedents, and inside of ten seconds Mr. Simpson was lying totally insensible under the spare topmast. To encounter the admiral's right fist was to escape death by a hair's breadth, and it took Charles Simpson, able seaman (vice Mr. Simpson, chief officer), two hours and a quarter to come to.

"And I don't be could fight," said the disgusted skipper; "come right up, Mr. What's-your-name, you're the man for me. There ain't no reason for you to trouble about my second mate, for Simpson could lay him out easy. All I ask of you is to work the whole crowd up good. And I don't care if you are an admiral, you are the right sort all the same. I guess that Simpson must have reckoned he struck a cyclone."

And Blaker rubbed his hands. Like Simpson at the fight between the admiral and Knight, he did not know when he had enjoyed himself more. He improved the occasion by going below and getting far too much to drink, as was his custom, and the promoted admiral took charge of the deck.

"Ability tells everywhere," said Sir Richard Dunn. "I didn't rise in the service for nothing. Ship me where you like, and I'll come to the top. If I didn't take this hooker into New York as captain and master I'll die in the attempt."

He had quite come to himself, and was beginning to enjoy himself. His natural and acquired authority blossomed wonderfully when he took on the new job, and, as Blaker never swore, the admiral's gift of language was a great vicarious satisfaction to him. Wiggins accepted the situation without a murmur. Even Simpson himself bore no malice when his supplanter not only showed none, but after knocking the bo'sun's head against a bollard gave his place to the former mate. Though he kept the men working, and got the last ounce out of them, none of them were down on him.

"I tell you he's an admiral, sure," they said.

"He's got all the ways of one, I own," said Bill, an old man-o'-war's man. "I spoke to an admiral myself, once; or, rather, he spoke to me."

"What did he say?" asked the rest of his watch.

"He said," replied Bill, proudly, "he upped and said, 'You cross-eyed son of a dog, if you don't jump, I'll bash the ugly head of you'. And you bet I jumped. Oh, he's all the ways of some admirals, he has!"

"Well, admiral or none," said the rest of the crowd, "things goes on pleasanter than they done when you was mate, Simpson."

And Simpson grunted.

"And he gets more work out of us than you done, either, Simpson, for all yer hammerin' of us."

"I'll likely be hammerin' some of you again shortly," said Simpson. "And as he was cock of the walk in the fo'c's'le, whatever he was in the ship, the others dried up.

Nothing of great interest happened till they were well east of the Horn and hauled up for the northward run. And then Blaker took to religion (or what he called religion) and rum in equally undiluted doses.

"I'm a miserable sinner, I am," he said to the Admiral; "but, all the same, I'll do my duty to the crowd."

He called them aft and preached to them for two hours. And when one man yawned he laid him out with a well-directed belaying-pin. The next day, when it breezed up heavily and they were shortening sail, he called all hands down from aloft, on the ground that their souls were of more importance than the work in hand.

"Come down on deck, you miserable sinners," said Blaker, through a speaking-trumpet. His voice rose triumphantly above the roar of the gale. "Come down on deck and listen to me. For though I'm a miserable sinner, too, there's some hopes for me, and for you there's none unless you mends your ways in accordance with what I'm tellin' you."

Even with the speaking trumpet he could hardly make himself heard over the roar of the increasing gale and the thunderous slatting of the three topsails in the spilling-lines.

"Don't you think, sir, that they'd better make the topsails fast before you speak to them?" said the Admiral.

"No, I don't," replied Blaker, "not much, I don't not by a jugful. For if one of 'em went overboard I'd be responsible before the Throne. And don't you forget it."

"He's mad," said Sir Richard, "mad as a March hare. She'll be shaking the sticks out of her soon."

He leant over the break of the poop and called up Wiggins.

"Mr. Wiggins, one word with you."

Wiggins came up, as Blaker roared his text through the trumpet.

"Will you stand by me, Mr. Wiggins, if I knock him down and take command?"

"I will, but mind his gun," said Wiggins. "When he's very bad he'll shoot."

It was not any fear of Blaker's six-shooter that made the Admiral hesitate. To take the command even from a madman at sea is a ticklish task, and may land a man in gaol for all his being a Shanghaied admiral.

"I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, that Simpson is a good man. I'll bring him aft again."

And Wiggins made no objection when Simpson was called up by the Admiral.

"Mr. Simpson," said the mate, "this is getting past a joke. Have you any objection to taking on your old job if I secure this preaching madman and take command?"

Simpson was "full up" of the fo'c's'le, and as he had a very wholesome admiration for the admiral he was by no means loth to return to his old quarters.

"I'm with you, sir. In another quarter of an hour we shall have the sticks out of her."

And still Blaker bellowed Scripture down the wind. He was still bellowing, though what he believed was not Scripture, when Simpson and Wiggins took him down below after five minutes of a row, in which the deposed captain showed something of his ancient form as the terror of the Western Ocean. As they went the admiral, now promoted to being captain of a Cape Horner, picked up the battered speaking trumpet and wiped some blood from his face which had been in collision.

"Up aloft with you, and make those topsails fast," he roared. "Look alive men, look alive!"

And they did look alive. For "Dickey Dunn" never needed a speaking-trumpet in any wind that ever blew. When things were snugged down and the California was walking north at an easy but tremendous gait he felt like a man again. He turned to Simpson and Wiggins with a happy smile.

"Now we're comfortable, and things are as they should be, Mr. Simpson; let the men have a tot of grog. And how's Mr. Blaker?"

"Wal," said Simpson, cheerfully, "when we left him he wasn't exactly what you would call religious nor resigned."

But if Blaker was not happy the Admiral was thoroughly delighted.

"Now you see what I said was true," he declared at dinner that night. "If I hadn't been an admiral and a man born to rise, how could I have been shipped on board this ship as a foremast hand and come to be captain in six weeks? I'll be bound you never heard of a similar case, Mr. Simpson."

And Simpson never had.

"Was it Shanghai Smith, do you think, as put you here?" he asked.

The admiral had never heard of Shanghai Smith.

"When I get back I'll find out," he said. "And if it was I'll not trouble the law, Mr. Simpson. I never allow any man to handle me without getting more than even."

"You don't," said Simpson. If his manner was dry it was sincere.

"But I don't bear malice afterwards. Your health, Mr. Simpson. This kind of trade breeds good seamen after all. But you are all a trifle rough."

Simpson explained that they had to be.

"When the owner's scheme is to have one man do three men's work, they have to get men who will make 'em do it. And when the owners get a bad name, and their ships a worse, then men like Shanghai Smith have to find us crews. If you could get back to San Francisco and hammer an owner some of us would be obliged to you, sir."

"Ah! when I get back," said the Admiral. "This will be a remarkable yarn for me to tell, Mr. Simpson. ..still feel in a kind of dream. Would you oblige me by going to Mr. Blaker and telling him that if he continues to hammer at that door I'll have the hose turned on him."

And when Simpson went to carry this message the Admiral put his feet on the table and indulged in a reverie.

"I'll make a note about Shanghai Smith and settle with him in full. But I shall rise higher yet. I know it's in me, Steward!"

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"I think I'll have some grog."

He drank to the future of Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, master of the California.

THE DEATH VALLEY BORAX.

Lucky Discovery Changed Lives of a Settler and His Wife.

In 1880 Aaron Winters lived with his wife, Rosie, in a gulch known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of Death Valley. He was so fond of his wife that he would not allow her to be long absent from him, although their little hut on the side of the mountain was 100 miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged, forsaken country.

One day a desert tramp came along and spent the night at the Winters home. He told the hunter about the borax deposits of Nevada. When he went away Winters thought that he had seen deposits of the same kind on his explorations into Death Valley.

Accordingly he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which, when combined with borax and ignited, would produce a green flame.

Having procured a piece of the substance which he believed to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it burn?

For years they had lived like Plutes on the desert, entirely without luxuries and often wanting for the very necessaries of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the substance with a trembling hand, then shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosie! We're rich! We're, rich!"

They had found borax. The mine was sold for $70,000, and Winters took his Rosie to a ranch in Nevada.—Chicago Tribune.

Ancient London Church.

With a history reaching back to the days of Alfred the Great, a special interest attaches to the Church of St. Thomas, quaintly situated in a backwater of Regent street, and which is now celebrating its bicentenary. A site granted by Alfred's niece to St. Peter's church, Ghent, was in the reign of Henry V., in accordance with an act for the suppression of alien priories, settled upon the Carthusian Priory at Shene. In 1530 Henry VIII. appropriated it to the Crown. The next stage was reached in 1687, when Thomas Tenison, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, secured the old property and built, first a wooden "oratory," and then in 1702, the present building. At length the Charity Commissioners thought fit to upset the original scheme and with the funds of the trust built the Tenison Schools in Leicester Square. Thanks to the present vicar, a freehold site has been purchased and parish buildings have been erected at a cost of about £8,000, where the parochial work involved in caring for the three thousand people of the parish—most of them poor—can be carried on. The vestry has an interesting collection of portraits and prints of the various interesting people connected with the church. Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, was a trustee. Here Canon Knox Little served his curacy.

The amount of money in circulation in the United States to-day is $2,250,256,210, or thereabouts. Share and share alike, this is $28.78 per capita. The problem with the enterprising man is to get as many per capita as he can.

BUBONIC PEST EPITOMIZED.

Scientist's Simple Explanation of Causes and Effects of Plague.

The plague of to-day is the lineal descendant of that which was cleared away from London by the great fire. It represents one of many epidemics which history teaches us devastated Europe during past ages; pests, these, abolished by the disappearance of the dirt which formed their soil and breeding place. We know the germ of the plague. It was discovered by Kitasato in 1894, and independently in the same year by Yersin, whose protective serum is used as a preventive. The germ is a somewhat shortened and rounded bacillus, that flourishes at a temperature approaching that of the blood. Apparently the germ does not multiply by giving off "spores" or seedlike bodies, but by simple division of the parent germs into others. It is easily killed. A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit destroys it quickly, and acids also act efficiently in this direction. Yersin found the plague germ living in the soil in affected places. In the earth it appears to be non-virulent, but placed in another environment, say the animal body, it speedily develops into disease-producing powers. Cows, sheep, pigs, cats, and, of course, rats, are affected by it, but the dog is said to enjoy an immunity from the attentions of this bacillus. Gaining access to the body, through the skin for the most part, and probably through some abrasion or wound, the bacilli make for the glands, and as these swell an enlarge, constituting what doctors call "buboes," the disease has become known as the "bubonic plague." The fleas which infest rats are also credited with a share in the diffusion of the ailment, for, charged with the microbes, these parasites will infect other rats, or may possibly inoculate man. Hence the crusade against rats which has been ordered and advised. It may be added that in one form of the plague the lungs are liable to be specially involved, and the coughed-up matter in that case is highly infectious.—London Chronicle.

Lavish Young Vanderbilt.

Young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt spends money with a hand almost as lavish as that of the nobles of the Roman decadence. On a recent record-breaking coaching trip that he made from New York to this city he had his own photographer—a youth in an odd gray hat—along with him, and he and his equipage were photographed besides by newspaper men at every stop that was made along the line. Immediately after the trip Mr. Vanderbilt requested a firm of advertising solicitors in New York to ascertain the names of all the newspaper men who had photographed him, to obtain from these men prints of all the negatives which they had made, and then to order three dozen mounted pictures from each negative that was good. A photographer of this city who had made three negatives got an order from the firm of solicitors for nine dozen pictures at $6 a dozen. One day's work filled the order, and he earned that day $54. He says there were at least seventy-five pictures made of Mr. Vanderbilt on his trip, and at least fifty of them were good. Therefore he estimates that, what with the bill of the advertising solicitors, this great ordering of photographs by the young millionaire has cost him fully $1,000.—Philadelphia Record.

Country Boy Stonishes City Uncle.

He was a typical small boy, who lived in a well-to-do town in the western part of the state, with pride in his native home, and a vague idea that city people considered all outsiders as small potatoes, and far down in a hill at that. Now, when his mother brought him to Milwaukee to visit her brother, he held his head proudly and intended to convey the idea that he and his were of some importance. His uncle took him to see the different big buildings including the Pabst theater, the library, postoffice and the various churches. One Sunday they were seated in St. Pauls'. The mother turned her head to take in the beauty of the pictured windows with their pretty colorings, and secretly wished her lot had fallen in the city, but the boy sat bolt upright and through such surroundings were very common to him. When they reached home his uncle remarked, "Well, Tommy, the church is something grand compared with your buildings in C—." With an impatient toss of his head, Mr. Impertinence announced: "It wouldn't make a wood-box for our Baptist church."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Home-Made Cold Cream.

A good cold cream is made as follows: Put in a double boiler six ounces of sweet almond oil, and, having put as much water in the outer vessel as for any cooking, set on the range to warm. Have ready four good-sized cucumbers which have been carefully wiped to be perfectly clean. Cut them, unpeeled, in squares two or three inches in size. When the oil is warm add the cucumbers and set the boiler in the back of the stove, where the water will simmer for four or five hours. Strain and to six ounces of the liquid add one ounce of white wax, one of spermaceti and two of lanolin. Heat until these ingredients have melted, then remove from the fire and beat with an egg-beater until cold, adding during the heating process two teaspoonfuls of tincture of benzoin.

Attractiveness for All Women.

Beauty is not given to every woman, not every one may be lovable, and even the plainest may be charming and attractive. First of all, she must remember to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, a soft and gentle voice. To be sweet it must never be raised in anger or in argument, and peevishness must be kept out of it, when things go wrong at home. Then her manner must be gentle and graceful. This manner must be no social veneer, but the expression of a really unselfish gentle nature. What she is in heart and mind will in time be expressed in her face in spite of the plain set of features, and thus she may be charming and attractive, and as much loved and admired as those who were endowed by nature with the gift of beauty.

The Distinctive Value

of Syrup of Figs is due to its pleasant form and perfect freedom from every objectionable quality or substance and to the fact that it acts gently and truly as a laxative, without in any way disturbing the natural functions. The requisite knowledge of what a laxative should be and of the best means for its production enable the California Fig Syrup Co. to supply the general demand for a laxative, simple and wholesome in its nature and truly beneficial in its effects; a laxative which acts pleasantly and leaves the internal organs in a naturally healthy condition and which does not weaken them.

To assist nature, when nature needs assistance, it is all important that the medicinal agents used should be of the best quality and of known value and Syrup of Figs possesses this great advantage over all other remedies, that it does not weaken the organs on which it acts and therefore it promotes a healthful condition of the bowels and assists one in forming regular habits. Among its many excellent qualities may be mentioned its perfect safety, in all cases requiring a laxative, even for the babe, or its mother, the maiden, or the wife, the invalid, or the robust man.

Syrup of Figs is well known to be a combination of the laxative principles of plants, which act most beneficially, with pleasant aromatic liquids and the juice of figs, agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system, when its gentle cleansing is desired. The quality of Syrup of Figs is due not only to the excellence of the combination, but also to the original method of manufacture which ensures perfect purity and uniformity of product and it is therefore all important, in buying, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Antics of Machinery.

"The queerest thing about machinery," said an old railroad man, "is that different machines, all built on exactly the same lines, with every part of the same size and of the same material, possess a distinct individuality. Take locomotives, for instance. A railroad will build a batch of engines, say, 20, of a certain class. All of them will be of the same dimensions, the same details in every particular, and yet every one will behave in a different manner. There will be as much difference between them as between 20 men. Some will steam well, others not. One will be cranky in a certain particular, and a second in still another. One will be stiff, right another loose-jointed. And then; just like members of the human family, some will be remarkably unlucky, through no fault of their own, while their mates go through life without a scratch."

The Santa Fe at Charleston.

The series of special photographs contributed by the Santa Fe railway to the exhibit of the Postal Department at the Pan-American Exposition is one of the few which are to be transferred with the exhibit to the Interstate and West Indian Exposition at Charleston, S. C.

The series is illustrative of the transcontinental mail service on the Santa Fe between Chicago and San Francisco, and aside from the very interesting railroad features shows many novel portions of Uncle Sam's postal service between remote mountain districts, Indian trading posts, etc. The pony express and the Indian runner, litho and long limbed, are still necessary to the government in some sections of the West.

The postal department has asked and received permission from the San ta Fe to place the photographs permanently in the Postal Museum at Washington after the close of the Charleston exposition.

To Sail Airship in America.

M. Santos-Dumont states at Paris that he intends to visit New York in the spring. He will make a series of ascensions at Monte Carlo after next week with his new balloon before attempting his proposed trip to Corsica. About April his motor, machinery, etc., will be shipped to Genoa, whence he will sail for New York. His intention is to conduct his future experiments in America, where his energy, initiative, and fresh ideas should find congenial surroundings.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

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The sun will keep right on shining no matter how much we may talk about its black spots.

Time proves all things. It has seen Wizard Oil cure pain for over forty years. Many people know this.

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FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world, but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ALWAYS USE RUSS BLEACHING BLUE, acknowledged the leading bluing. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Henry VIII of England had the reputation of being an inveterate miser.

Two Hundred Reported Drowned.

A waterspout at Saffee, Morocco, inundated the lower part of the town for twelve hours, sweeping everything into the sea. Two hundred persons are reported drowned. There are no Europeans among the dead. The damage is enormous. Saffee a fortified seaport, has a population of 12,000. It is inclosed by massive walls and has a palace.

"To the Shade of the Palm."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have inaugurated through car service from Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla. commencing January 7th. Through cars will leave Detroit, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the Florida Resort season. The trains are made up of through Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Cafe cars, offering the public the finest type of modern train service. For particulars and rates address J. A. WILLIAMSON, D. P. A., Toledo, O.

Keep your heart full of sunshine, and God will soon give you a face to match it.

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Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb.

We are always on the forge or on the anvil; by trials God is shaping us for higher things.—Beecher.

If You Suffer From Rheumatism

try a bottle of MATT J. JOHNSON'S 2038. Guarantee goes with it.

A sitting hen is quite anxious as to the outcome of her hissing; she broods over it constantly.—Lowell Courier.

When some people say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," they do not want him to get out of reach.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The words of a weak woman often carry more weight than the muscles of a strong man.

WHEN YOU GO TO BUY BLUING,

Ask for Russ Bleaching Blue. Made by the Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The devil in some shape is being made welcome in the home where the Bible has dust on it.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1901.

No matter what a man's opinion may be, if he violates the law he is open to conviction.

Right sleeves should last longer than dress shirts because they are never worn out.

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is certainly not in it, and

Sprains and Bruises

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Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Man rake Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for nervous troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Owosso, Mich.

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