


Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a **SPRAIN**, when **St. Jacobs Oil** would cure it in the right way, right off.



The Man With the Mask.
Men called him saint; they could not see
That with a cloak of virtue he
Concealed an impure heart, the while
He smiled; they knew not he was vile.
One night Death came and tore the mask
From off his countenance. Friends
Ask: "Who is it?" shrinking as they trace
The devil's likeness in his face.
—Ran's Horn.

Chinamen His Specialty.
Charley Fong Sing, an American-born Chinaman, has applied to the N. Y. police civil service board for appointment as patrolman to do special duty in tracking Chinese criminals. He has had training for the work in San Francisco, where he closed up many opium dens. He is more than six feet tall and of athletic build. Across his left cheek is a long scar, the result of a cut he received by falling from the mast of the Arctic exploring ship, the Jeannette.

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One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write R. P. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box.

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The Only
SARSAPARILLA
Permitted at World's Fair.

Corn as Weather Prophet.
"Do you know that the best weather predictor in the world," said a well-known physician to a Philadelphia Record reporter, is a well-developed hard corn on any of the principal toes? I have one on the third toe of my right foot that informs me of a coming change in the weather far more reliable than the signal service man with his wealth of scientific instruments. Of course, I keep the corn well pared, but that doesn't make a particle of difference with the merit of it as a prognosticator. Just about twenty-four hours before a change in the weather the corn begins its predictions by a sharp pain that I can only liken to a red-hot needle being thrust into the joint of the toe. The pain is intermittent, and for this I am thankful, for if it should pain without pause it would drive me mad. I can assign no cause for the phenomenon, nor have I ever been able to get a reason from the hundreds of doctors I know, many of whom are afflicted the same as myself. A great many of my patients are possessed of a similar infallible barometer, and many of them have come to me for relief. But the only relief I can suggest is to remove to a country where the weather never changes."

Why Is the Negro Black?
If the conclusions of M. Jaffert, the great French scientist are to be relied upon there is no reason why the skin of the African should be black and that of the Scandinavian of milky fairness—that is to say, there is no apparent cause for this wide variation in color. Jaffert says: The skin of the African negro is of exactly the same anatomical structure as that of the fair-skinned flaxen-haired Norseman. It may also be shown that in the mucous layers of the skin of dark-complexioned whites pigment cells similar to those found in the negro's skin are developed in exactly the same way they are in the darkest African. Moreover, freckles are of the same nature as the blackness which has suffused the entire skin of many of the tropical barbarian tribes."

If afflicted with scalp disease, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply **Hall's Hair Renewer.**

How They Smoke.
The inhabitants of the Cook Peninsula in Australia are passionate smokers. Their pipe—a bamboo 3 1/2 feet long and 4 inches in diameter—passes around the company after one of the present has filled it with smoke from the tube.

Voice From the Alley.
Vagrant Pig (upsetting the garbage barrel it couldn't climb into)—Where there's swill there's away.—New York Sun.

I have found **Piso's Cure for Consumption** an unfailing medicine. F. R. LOYD, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky. Oct. 1, 1886.

Our Feathered Friends as Philosophers.
Some wonderful facts about the instinct of birds have been observed by naturalists. The oriole, for example, has a fondness for bright colors, and prudence leads the little creature in choosing its nest to select the least conspicuous hues. He also shows architectural skill in attaching a string to his hanging nest and fastening it securely by a number of turns and a knot to a branch above.

Birds also show a progressive spirit. Since the introduction of British manufactures they use sewing thread and travellings from cloths.

In the districts of Switzerland, where watches are made, the wagtails have learned to build their nests of the fine steel shavings. Sparrows, which usually build in the chinks of walls or under roofs, if forced to construct their nests in trees or any unsheltered spot, cover them with a sort of hood to keep out the rain.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottle.

Not Likely.
"Will your father make any objections to my proposing?"
"I should think not! I have six sisters."—Harper's BAZAR.

The best remedy for all diseases of the blood.
The best record. Half a century of genuine cures.

THE MEADOW LARK.
Word was given; the bugle blew; "Boots and saddles!" it signaled shrill. Up and mount! and each horseman flew. Stride his steed with a right good-will. Hoofs were pawing and necks were arched; Forth from the camp the troopers marched.

In the plains they rode where dread Lurked with doom in the pampas-grass; Many a serpent raised its head, Rattling "Death" from the tangled mass. Many an Indian skulked unseen, Springing upon them cruel-keen.

Not for these would the brave ranks swerve; Straight in the line of march they rode. He who's soldier must needs preserve Heart that harbors no craven bode. Into the prairies pressed the band, General Custer in command.

Noon's sun down from the zenith beat, Scorching the earth with ruthless rays; Over the ground the quivering heat Rose and danced in a blinding maze. Never a brook or tree was there Serving to cool the fevered air.

Every sound to heartward went; Click of hoof or ring of steel, Sudden clank of accoutrement, Never a soldier failed to feel; While one step from the beaten course Roused to alertness man and horse.

Gallant Custer rode on ahead, Guide and chief of a brave command! Arrow-straight his good charger sped, Never swerving to either hand. Till—a touch! and the faithful steed Veered aside in his headlong lead.

There, deep-hid in the prairie-grass, Lay the nest of a meadow-lark. Birdlings were, in a fluffy mass, Hid 'neath her wings so warm and dark. Right in the line of march they stood; Little mother and tiny brood.

That was all; but e'en rough hearts heed Gentle acts, and these softer beat For their General's simple deed. Done for Love in its dim retreat. That was all; but in Custer's wake Rode meek men—for a mother's sake.—Julie M. Lippman, in the Independent.

"A STORY."
A young girl toiled wearily up the last flight of stairs to the attic of a tall tenement in — street. She paused a moment before opening the door, and the ghost of a wan smile flitted across her face as she went in.

The dusk of a midwinter afternoon was closing over the tidy little room, with its bare, plain furnishings. The girl felt the chill of the room.

"Is the fire out, mother?"

A pale woman sat in the only easy chair to be seen, and from her listless attitude one saw at a glance that she was an invalid.

"Yes, Clara, I think it is. There is no more coal in the closet."

The girl gave a sigh. "I'll have a fire. It's too cold for you here." She went quickly out, and in a short time built a fire and prepared her mother's tea.

When the frugal meal was cleared away, she came and sat down by the invalid.

"The company have suspended. I am out of work."

"What shall we do?" moaned the woman.

"I have been looking all the afternoon, but no one wants help. There are five hundred out of employment by this suspension."

"The rent is due to-morrow."

"Yes, I know," said the girl. "I've enough money to pay it, and a little more besides."

"What shall we do then?"

"I've been thinking, mother, of that manuscript in the bottom of your old trunk."

"It isn't good for anything, Clara. I was only a girl when it was written."

"Can't you revise it?"

"My hand trembles so I can't do it."

"May I try?"

"You can't, child; it would only be a waste of time, and you have no paper."

"My time is not wanted, and I can get some paper; please let me try."

An unwilling consent was given, and the girl almost flew to a stationer's for materials.

There was no money for lights, and the winter night had already settled down. She must be ready for the precious daylight to-morrow.

It was a simple story of country life, but she grew enthusiastic as she worked, adding here and erasing there, unconsciously giving it the finish of an artist's touch.

She read it to her mother when completed.

"You have written it over, child; it is not my story; perhaps you can dispose of it."

Clara hastened to a well-known newspaper office. The managing editor glanced at her coldly.

"You can leave it if you like."

"When shall I come again?" she asked in a faint voice.

"We are very busy; perhaps it will be examined in six weeks."

Six weeks! That would be time enough to starve in.

An old gentleman sat near the desk, and was looking at her over his glasses as she turned away. Something in her face touched his heart.

"Perhaps we can jump rules in this case, Harry. Suppose you look this over and let her come in to-morrow."

The young man looked a little surprised.

"Just as you say, sir; I presume we can. You may come in to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you!" An eager light sprang into her face, and she went hurriedly out.

"There was a prayer on that girl's lips," said the elder gentleman. "I hope the story is good for something."

Clara sat apart next day; there was not enough for them both. It was not necessary to tell this to the invalid mother; perhaps the story would be accepted. She spent part of the day look-

ing for work, and late in the afternoon appeared at the newspaper office, looking feverish and excited.

"We will pay \$25 for your story," said the editor, briefly.

Too briefly, perhaps. A mist swam before her eyes, and she grasped a chair for support.

Fire—food—comforts for mother! The old gentleman, whom she had not noticed, appeared before her with a glass of water.

"This happened to be handy. Sit down until you are better," he said, kindly. How could she know the story her pinched young face told this grand old man, who made it his business to assist the unfortunate?

Clara never knew how she reached home. She dimly remembered an agreement to try another story, and found she could write one quite as good as the first, so the wolf was kept from the attic door for the rest of the winter, and she entertained serious thoughts of a better lodging, when something occurred that left her no option.

Up among the Vermont hills the trees were just springing into leaf. A stern-looking old man stood on the veranda of a handsome farm house, watching the post boy as he rode up with the mail.

"Here, mother, is your paper," he called.

A pleasant-faced woman with silver hair and a low, sweet voice appeared in the door. For a time they sat reading together, when the woman suddenly arose and crossed the veranda.

"Here is a story written by Mrs. Clara Munroe. It is like one our Clara wrote when she was a girl at home, and just describes the old place. It must be hers."

Her hands were trembling as she gave him the paper.

"Well?" he said, slowly, after looking it over.

"I thought, perhaps, you had forgiven her by this time. I wish—"

"It would be easy to find her, but what good will it do?"

"If she lives in the city, she might be glad to come home a little while this summer."

"She ought to have stayed here," he said unhesitatingly, "instead of running off with a man she knew could not take care of her. If she wrote that story, it is probable she has to take care of herself."

"I wish we could know," said the woman's low voice.

"I will write to the editor of the paper and find out," he said, rising.

In a few days a reply came. "A young girl wrote the story whose name was Clara Munroe. She had an invalid mother whom she supported." Her address was sent, and one day later the same stern old man climbed the steep, narrow stairs to Clara Munroe's cheerless attic.

A young girl opened the door for him. "Does Clara Munroe live here?"

She turned toward the invalid, and was startled by her low cry.

"Father!"

"My poor child," said the remorseful old man, gathering her into his arms. "I have come to take you home. Where is he?"

"Dead," murmured the woman through her tears.

And so they took the invalid back to her girlhood's home, and with love and care, sunshine and pure air, she grew strong again.

The mother, who had waited so many years, grew young with joy, and Clara has just written one of the most popular books of the day.—New York Examiner.

Embargo on Seal Meat.
A new staple article made its appearance in the German coal mining district. Some Dutch and Norwegian meat and fish preservers have succeeded in preparing the meat of seals to resemble and taste somewhat like hams. This meat, which serves as the principal food of the Eskimaux and other tribes of the arctic regions, is now imported into Germany in quantities, but is not very popular on account of its disgusting taste. It is curious that this article comes in the shape of the shoulder of pork by reason of the anatomy of the seal, the forepart resembling mammals, while the rear part of the body is more like a fish. The authorities have taken the matter in hand and instructions have been given to prevent the further importation of seal meat.

A Gentleman.
In telling what he thought a gentleman should be, Cardinal Newman once wrote: "He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. In his conversation the gentleman will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all the company and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away also from topics that irritate. When he does a favor to another—and he does many—the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it. He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect far above the average in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments. Most of mankind do. When grief, illness or losses come to him, he submits to pain because it is inevitable. Bereavement he takes with heroic philosophy because it is irremediable. He goes to death without a murmur because it is destiny."

May—I'm going to marry Mr. Quick-blood. Old Bachelor Cousin—Good heavens! "Why do you say that; he's well off?" "Yes, he's well off as he is, but he doesn't know it."—Philadelphia Record.

Figgs—It's a mighty good thing to have a retentive memory. Fogg—That depends. If the memory is yours, it is a mighty good thing, as you say; but if it happens to be the property of your wife, that's another matter.—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Three-Crop Rotation.
A three crop rotation which kills the weeds and does not exhaust the soil as much as some methods is to plow sower under and plant the land in corn for fodder and ensilage, which can be removed in time for wheat, sowing sower again in the spring. It is not advisable to continue such a rotation, however, unless there is also an application of manure or fertilizer, but to vary with potatoes and turnips.

A Dog's Queer Trick.
A dog and horse owned by Col. W. J. Hullings, of Oil City, Pa., says the Derrick of that city, afford the neighbors considerable amusement. The animals are companions and full of intelligence. The horse has learned to pick and untie all sorts of knots, and unless the door is fastened y a padlock it is impossible to keep him in the stable during the hot weather, with the laws in the neighborhood offering overpowering temptations in the way of juicy, clean grass. This trait gives the dog much trouble, for the horse pays no attention to his barking or sharp nippings, but keeps trespassing on the colonel's lawn or that of neighbors without discrimination. After trying by all manner of stratagems to get the horse back into the stable where he belongs, the dog will give up the job in disgust, rush into the house, and by barking or dragging at the dress of some of the lady members of the family, entice them to the window or yard, and as plainly as if he told in words show that the horse is in mischief. This performance has been repeated a dozen times during the summer and in no case has the dog begged outside assistance until he had tried by every effort of his own to persuade his companion to return to the stable.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

About 10,000 murders are annually committed in the United States. The number of executions is less than 200.


A Temporary Gash of Woe.
It is related of a worthy M- the woman who had lost her husband and was indulging in a very noisy kind of grief that when expostulated with by a friend for "taking on so" she replied, "Oh, do but let me have it out, Sally, for after I do I shan't think any more about it." Poets have said the same thing in a different way and the world has exclaimed: "Oh, how beautiful!"

Tire Punctured by a Snake.
The other day a bicycle rider was coasting down a hill at Pulaski, in the western part of Pennsylvania. He saw a big snake lying directly in his path. The motions of the snake confused the bicyclist, and he was compelled to run over it. As the front wheel struck the serpent his fangs shot out and the bicyclist had not gone far, so he says, when the front tire collapsed. An examination disclosed the fact that the snake's fangs had punctured the tire. A Middlesex physician examined the snake, which the young man considered a trophy, and lent corroboration to the story by discovering minute particles of vulcanized rubber in the teeth.

Explained.
Clara—How did you manage to keep your head above water so long?
Maud (who came near being drowned)—I had on a new hat.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and 50-cent trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 513 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lye it being a fine powder and packed in a can with renewable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfume. Had Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, discharging stoves, washing bottles, pans, etc. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Ge. A. Agts. Phila., Pa.



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SANTA CLAUS SOAP
Says it saves time—saves money—makes overwork unnecessary. Tell your wife about it. Your grocer sells it.

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borrowing from health.

If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth. **SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil** is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

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