Should be kept at Stables and stock-yards—Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man, but of dumb beasts as well. For swelled joints, strained tendons, old sores, saddle galls, and wounds of all kinds, there is no remedy like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents per bottle.

It doesn't always take the ruffles out of a man's temper to iron him.

The testimonials which the mail brings in every day runs thus: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured the baby of croup;" "It cured me of a most distressing cough;" "It cured my little boy of sore throat." "We could not do without it."

Contentment is the pleasant word for de cry.

THE MOST PLEASANT WAY

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefitted one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles.

Truth should be tempered by expediency.

Hope seems to sit down to rest sometimes.

Baker's Cod Liver Oil.
The best in the world. Cures consumption. Makes new blood and flesh. Sold by druggists.

The prettier a woman is the more she needs something else.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

An obtuse angle—fishing for compliments.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion. ⊕

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. **Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day.** Address
P ORATOR H. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00. P

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use } **Thompson's Eye Water.**

Caution!

Don't be deceived by ignorant, unscrupulous fakirs and confidence men, assuming to offer "Indian Remedies," and who pretend that their nostrums are made by the Indians.

KICKAPOO
Indian Sagwa

and other Kickapoo Indian Remedies are THE ONLY GENUINE INDIAN REMEDIES MADE AND SOLD IN AMERICA.

The word "Kickapoo" is copyrighted and they dare not steal that.

Be sure you get "Kickapoo Remedies," and see that every bottle or package bears this fac-simile signature thus:

Healy & Bigelow,

Distributing Agents, 521 Grand Ave., New Haven, Ct. These genuine Indian Remedies are not peddled but are sold at all drug stores.

FREE! Send three 2-c. stamps to pay postage, and we will mail you free a thrilling and intensely interesting book of 173 pages, entitled "LIFE AND SCENES AMONG THE KICKAPOO INDIANS." Tells all about the Indians.

Testing Steel Guns.

A short time ago the French government caused to be instituted a series of tests of gun steel at a low temperature, that is from 75 to 100 below zero Fahr., part of the bars being hardened and part unhardened, and the breaking load was increased by the cooling—3 per cent in the instance of the unhardened bars, and 6 per cent in the hardened ones. It seems that in a shock such as a gun would be subjected to the unhardened bars—cooled—broke on an average with 5.9 blows against 14.6 blows under ordinary conditions. With the hardened bars the difference was less, 11.57 blows being required for the cold bars, against 14.4 at the normal temperature. The various bars employed in these tests both hardened and unhardened, had their elastic limit raised 11 per cent by the cold, and their elongation was diminished 12 to 14 per cent.

Kings, Maybe; But Ladies, Never.

A neat example of the royal retort courteous was that on the occasion of the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. "At a court held there, Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered when before the sovereign. George IV, whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer, said to him, "My Lord of Kinsale we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies.—Argonaut.

Can't Afford to See a Sea Serpent.

There was a captain of a Cunarder once who was called on to a bridge by his first officer to see a supposed sea serpent. "Sir," said he, "I once knew a man who saw one, and put his name to a document to that effect. He was a captain, too, and when he came into harbor his employers dismissed him because they said they couldn't have a skipper who got so drunk as that. He was the sport of the press for a month and his friends all put him down for as big a liar as Captain Drake's great grandfather. I'm going below. I can't afford to see a sea serpent."

Nature's Surest Ally.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles, let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that lamp to our feet indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy and preventive for chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

His Surcease from Suffering.

A Maine man who was tired of hearing a cornet blown by an ambitious and persevering, but unskilled amateur, hit on a novel plan of getting a little rest for his ears. The player was a druggist's clerk and just as he had got well under way the man in question who was working near, called for a half pound of pulverized rosin. This job caused a half hour's cessation of music and cost the buyer but a few cents. A renewal of cornet playing was followed by a call for a pound of rosin and the same round was repeated until the clerk took the hint.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

One man cannot make a heaven that will fit any other man.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

Girls consider the crow. It never speaks without caws.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemps Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

The only people who can come out wrong are those who do not start right.

Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the *Daily Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two-cent stamp for a copy to Atlas Circulating Library, 113 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

At banquets in Queen Elizabeth's time, every guest came with his spoon in his pocket.

Finely Illustrated Book.

Descriptive of Florida and the Southern country, mailed free to any address upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. CHARLES L. STONE, Gen'l Passenger and Tkt. Agent, Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R., Room 415, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

Paper bustles belong in the waist basket.

J. G. Peppard, Kansas City, Mo., is the only exclusive dealer in Grass Seeds in the west. He makes a specialty of Millet, Cane, Clover and Timothy Seeds.

The man who borrows trouble always has to pay big interest.

Hammond's CALUMET Lard, Hams and Bacon. All first-class grocers and market men handle this brand. Made from prime Nebraska hogs. Try it. THE G. H. HAMMOND CO., South Omaha, Neb.

A man with a prejudice is a man with a chain.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Some men tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00, at all dealers.

Love never has to be watched to see that it does a full day's work.

Brummell's Cough Drops.
Use Brummell's Celebrated Cough Drops. The genuine have A. H. B. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

The comet is practically forgotten. This is because it wasn't a hit.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When the small boy starts early for the pantry it isn't to avoid the jam.

It Will Pay

You to write to O. H. JEFFRIES for a specimen of the MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S new policy. Cash and paid up values endorsed on every policy at the end of the second year. Dividends paid annually. Room 200 Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska. Agents wanted.

Are You Going

East or south during the winter, if so THE WABASH desires to call your attention as the tourist route to Florida and all the winter resorts of the south.

Round-trip tickets will be placed on sale about Nov. 1st, good returning until June 1st, '93.

THE QUICKEST ROUTE SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.

ONLY	15	hours to	St. Louis.
	37	" "	Hot Springs.
	39	" "	New Orleans.
	38½	" "	Atlanta.
	52	" "	Jacksonville.
	63	" "	Tampa.

With corresponding fast time to all points east and south. The only line running Reclining Chair Cars to St. Louis, Decatur, Danville, Lafayette, Logansport, Ft. Wayne, Toledo and Detroit. Pullman Buffett Sleeping Cars on all trains. For tickets or further information in regard to routes call at the Wabash Office, 1502 Farnam St., or write G. N. CLAYTON,
Northwestern Pass. Agent Omaha, Neb.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils.——It is Quickly Absorbed.
50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

A MAGAZINE POET AT WORK.

The storm-swept clouds are winking—
And the poet paused to admire:
"That first line's great, I'm thinking;
The next must be something higher."
The stertorous voice of the sea
Is croupily chanting and singing—
"That second's a daisy," said he.
The loveliest memories bringing
To you, fond love, and to me.
The clover-field's billowy bubbles,
"Billowy—that's out of sight—"
Arise where the osprey troubles.
"What are osprey's?—Never mind, it sounds right."
The soul of the darksome glooming
Comes forth and whispers of fears
As the blithe chanticleers are combing
The skies with their sharp-toothed cheers.
"There! the thing is completed.
I'll post it marked: 'Private, from ME;'
And presently I'll have receipted
The magazine's check for a V."
—Chicago News-Record.

A GALLANT RESCUE.

For many years I resided in the village of Chippewa, situated at the mouth of Welland river (commonly called Chippewa creek), which flows into the Niagara about one and a half miles above the falls, and perhaps three-fourths of a mile above the first rough water of the terrible rapids.

Notwithstanding the dangerous proximity of the falls people are continually crossing and recrossing the river here, between the American and Canadian shores.

Great caution is generally exercised by boatmen, and the loss of life on this stretch of water is less than on any body of equal width—constantly traversed by small open boats—that I know of. Deplorable fatalities have occurred from time to time, but these have always been the result of ignorance or gross carelessness.

Three cases of this kind have come under my own observation and I was unhappy enough to see the victims drawn down to the first leap of the rapids, after which not a trace of any one of them was ever seen. One of these instances was that of a farmer, who drove his horses and wagon into the edge of the river, a shoal place about a mile above Chippewa, to let the animals drink—that particular spot being the only one for many miles which was adapted to the purpose.

The man, though perfectly familiar with the locality, carelessly drove in too far, and upon attempting to turn about, one of the reins caught under the neck-yoke, the horses floundered into deep water, the heavy running gear sank, dragged the poor brutes down and drowned them, while the light pine wagon box floated off with the man!

The unfortunate fellow was known to be a good swimmer, and if he had instantly jumped out and made for the shore all would have been well. But he was frightened out of his wits and did nothing but scream for help. Now comes the strangest part of the story. The accident was witnessed by another farmer plowing in a field close at hand. As he well knew, there was not a boat of any kind nearer than Chippewa, and yet, instead of springing on one of his horses and riding for life, he actually walked down along the bank, keeping abreast of and talking to his imperiled neighbor and cheering him by the assurance that he would get a boat and take him off when he should come in front of the village!

Gradually—for such is the trend of the current there—as the box floated down stream it was borne further and further from land, and when it did arrive opposite the mouth of Welland river was fully 400 yards out.

Only then did the sympathizing friend rush into the village and give the alarm.

From the edge of the Niagara to Chippewa bridge, where the nearest boat lay, was at least three hundred yards. This distance he had to run and find some one to unlock, equip with oars and man the boat. The consequence inevitably was that the doomed farmer was far beyond human help even before it started—started only and then turned back from the hopeless chase.

That awful cry: "A man going over the falls!" resounded through the village streets and a crowd of people quickly gathered.

The helpless castaway was now shooting down that smooth, swift incline of water immediately above the rapids. He had evidently given up all hope of rescue, and was kneeling on the bottom of his frail raft with outstretched, clasped hands, apparently in prayer.

Faster and faster he was hurried along, and in another moment we saw the box lifted high on the crest of the rapids' first tumultuous ridge, shaken to pieces like a pack of cards and floated in fragments away amidst the seething hell of waters, while its late occupant disappeared forever from human view.

The second person whom I saw thus done to death was one of a party of duck hunters, who had been shooting in the weedy passage between Grand and Buckhorn islands. In spite of his companion's advice to the contrary, this man determined to remain out all night in the hope of making a good bag in the early morning.

The last thing his comrades saw of him—so they told us—he had drawn the bow of his boat a little way up on a sand bar at the lower end of Buckhorn island, and laid himself down to sleep in her.

It is supposed that, while he slept, a change of wind caused the water to rise sufficiently to set the boat free—a moderate down-stream breeze would do it. At all events, shortly after day-break next morning, some of Chippewa's early risers called out that an empty boat was going over the falls. A knot of interested spectators soon flocked down to the river's edge to see the exciting event—opinions being about equally divided as to whether the light skiff would live to reach the cataract itself, or would go to pieces on touching the rapids.

As we thus speculated, our idle talk was suddenly replaced by a general cry of horror, for, from the bottom of what we had thought an empty shell, the head and shoulders of a man all at once became visible, and the next moment he rose to his feet. Beyond all doubt the luckless being had only that instant awakened.

Can human imagination conceive or mortal pen describe what that awakening must have been?

A few short hours before he had lain down to rest in fancied security and with bright anticipations of coming sport. Now he opens his eyes and looks around to find himself—where?—on the very brink of that wildly-tossing, awful flood from which all the wealth, all the united powers of the world cannot save him!

The boat was almost in the exact center of the river. Those of us who had field-glasses could see that a group much larger than our own had congregated on the American shore to witness the catastrophe.

It was not long delayed. In less than a minute after the poor man had become aware of his situation, he took off his hat, waved it frantically toward either bank, and an instant later was gone! Nor did any part of the boat appear again.

One more sad incident, and we will turn to something brighter.

Two half-intoxicated young men, residents of Chippewa, one morning made some disturbance in one of the hotels.

To get out of the way for the present, they then crossed the river to Port Day. There they drank, we were told, more liquor and became very quarrelsome. Toward evening they set out to return, but instead of making a start from away up the stream, they rashly pushed directly into the current and attempted to make the passage in a straight line.

It is barely possible they might have succeeded in landing on the Canadian side away down by the head of Street's island had not a great crowd of people, noticing their dangerous position, assembled on the bank to watch their progress. The poor fellows, each pulling a pair of sculls, had come more than halfway across, and were now, as nearly as we could judge, only a few hundred yards above the edge of the rapids, when, to our infinite dismay, they suddenly turned back toward the American shore! Why, will never be known, but it was supposed that, seeing the crowd on the bank, the young men, in their mandlin condition, conceived the idea that it had gathered for the purpose of arresting them for the morning's fracas.

Whatever the reason for their mad move, it proved a fatal one. They had lost some distance in turning, and had not got fifty yards on the return course when we could see that they were being carried rapidly down stream. Now the appalled and utterly helpless spectaters were compelled to witness a pitiable sight indeed. The imminence of their peril seemed to have sobered the men; and so soon as they found themselves being swept broadside down, they turned the bow of their boat straight up-stream, meantime plying their oars with desperate energy, in the forlorn hope of gaining on the mighty current!

Among the watching crowd on the shore were several women, and these broke into anguished cries as they saw the lost men heroically battling for life up to the last hopeless moment.

Passionately, for the time bereft of reason, they appealed to us to save them, but we could only groan in our impotence and await the end.

The poor boys did not cease to row until their little craft was on the curling brink of the dread plunge. Then both relinquished their oars, dropped to their knees and covered their faces with their hands. Brief space had they in which to pray; for now the boat was caught by the writhing wall of water, tossed high in air, while the men—Oh the horror of it! all were whirled over and over and swallowed up in those cruel depths from which no human creature has ever escaped alive.

Now for a less painful scene:

On a certain summer day a young woman, half-crazed by terror, rushed along the lower street of Chippewa, screaming: "Oh, help! help! help! My little Jimmy's away out on the big river, and he'll go over the falls!" Instead of jumping at once for boats, a number of men, as if doubting Mrs. Armstrong's word, ran down to where a view of the Niagara could be obtained, and there, afloat on its surface in an old boat, saw Jimmy apparently enjoying his ride, but being gradually carried outward and down stream.

It seems that the little, five-year-old fellow had been playing in a small scow, the bow of which rested lightly on the beach, and had rocked it free of its hold, to his great delight, floated serenely away.

On the west bank of Welland river, about 250 yards above its junction with the Niagara, stood the house and shop of Joel Lyons, a stout, muscular shoemaker and a practical oarsman. On hearing the alarm given, this man wasted no time in idle exclamations, but ran at once to where several boats were moored further up the stream. Selecting one already provided with sculls, he sprang into it and was away at full speed before most of the onlookers had collected their senses.

Just at this moment I arrived upon the scene and witnessed all that afterward occurred.

Now there are two entrances and exits to and from the Welland; one, known as the "cut," being on the upper or west side of an isolated bluff, called Hog island, and the other—the original channel—on the lower or east side.

It was from out this last named passage that the child had floated, and consequently he was much nearer the falls than if he had emerged into the Niagara from the cut.

Lyons, of course, took the east channel, but he had quite 400 yards of slack water to row over before striking the larger river and when he reached it the little scow with its precious freight was at least that distance from shore and much closer to the rapids than even the boldest oarsman would ordinarily dare to go.

So utterly desperate appeared the chances of rescue, that as he sped down Chippewa creek, the shuddering spectators, among whom was Mrs. Lyons, with one accord called out to the gallant boatman not to throw away his own life in so mad an attempt. But the brave fellow paid no heed to their cries. Out to the broad bosom of the Niagara he pushed, and was presently flying obliquely down and across the stream with the speed of a racing shell. His wife screamed aloud in her agony of apprehension, and to even the coolest among us it seemed all too horribly certain that we should witness a double tragedy.

More and more earnestly, without a break or a skip, and with never relaxing strength, the experienced sculler bent to his work, glancing now and again over his shoulder at the precious prize he had determined to win—or die in losing.

To us, who, hardly daring to speak or breathe, watched the fearful venture, its success appeared well nigh impossible. The child could, perhaps, be snatched from the boat before reaching the rapids. But what then? Neither he nor his rescuer, we felt convinced, could ever regain the shore.

The tiny scow was now quite 600 yards from shore, and with gradually accelerated motion, was drawing frightfully near the rapids. But the pursuing boat went four feet to its one and was swiftly closing the gap between them. The innocent babe had at last become alarmed, and as Lyons drew near, he stretched his little arms imploringly toward him, a sight which drove the women nearly frantic and caused tears to roll down more than one manly cheek.

"Oh, hush! hush! not a word nor cheer yet," some one said in a choking whisper, as the two boats came together. "The fight is still to win."

As he ranged alongside, Lyons pulled in one oar, leaned over the gunwale, caught up the child and lifted him into his own boat. "Too late! Oh, too late!" shrieked his agonized wife. And indeed so it seemed to each one of us.

But then the noble fellow, cool as if there was no danger within a thousand miles, reshipped his oar and did the only one thing which could offer a possible chance for life. He did not vainly attempt to stem the current by rowing up-stream, nor even directly toward the shore, but turned his bow quartering down, and, pulling with nerves of steel and giant strength, shot with arrow speed diagonally athwart the river's course, and, in less than five minutes, landed safely at the head of the channel running between Street's island and the mainland!

Then—why go on? No language, much less my poor pen, can adequately describe the scene which followed.

This incident is a matter of history. I presume I may now inform those who read it for the first time, that the royal humane society of England soon after sent to Mr. Lyons its gold medal in recognition of his daring deed—how daring no one unacquainted with the scene can realize.—Romance.

ALL IN A WATCH.

Some of the Marvels of a Time-Piece's Mechanism.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out.

This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations.

Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one thousandths of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth $1,505.

The hair spring is a strip of the finest steel about nine and one half inches long, one hundredth of an inch wide and twenty-seven ten thousandths of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known.

Their manufacture requires great skill. The finished spring will be a 20-1000th of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be.

A 20-1000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour, says the Jewelers' Review.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea, says the New York Journal.

A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and a half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 year. At each vibration it rotates about one and a quarter times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year.

In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works let us make a few comparisons. Take, for instance, a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels.

Let its wheels run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth.

And this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

JAPANESE DISCIPLINE.

Rules Drawn Up by a Husband for the Guidance of His Wife.

A government official in Kumamoto, Kodama Koichira, was married in July of last year to the charming daughter of a wealthy resident of Yatsushira, Kumamotoken. The bride was 19 years of age and the bridegroom 25.

The man is described as "peculiar," a term which will suggest itself after a perusal of the following extraordinary regulations which he drew up for the guidance of his young wife after marriage.

They may possibly recommend themselves to a few of the younger married couples in Yokohama, the number of which, by the way, is rapidly on the increase:

Morning—5:30—Rise and perform ablutions.
5:50—House cleaning.
6—Worship God and Buddha; a kiss; conversation and tea.
7:30—Breakfast.
7-8—Lessons to wife (!)
8-8:45—Private study and kiss afterward.
9—Leave for office with tiffin.
Afternoon—3:30: Return home and at once a kiss.
3:30-4—Ablutions and another kiss.
4-5—Lessons to wife and a kiss afterward.
5-6—Bath and a kiss afterward.
6—Supper.
6-7—Private study.
7-8—A walk in town and a kiss afterward. In case of rain, conversation on history.
8-9—Music.
9—Retire to bed.

The regulation concludes: "During my (the husband's) absence at the office attention should be paid to cleaning the house, inside and out, directing O-Koku (name of maid) and learning tailoring, penmanship, ikebana (flower arrangement) and chanoyu (tea ceremonial.)

A Dangerous Article.

"I look upon a handsome bonnet as a dangerous thing," said Mr. Goodfather.

"How is that?" asked a friend.

"I bought my daughter the handsomest bonnet I could find in town a short time ago, and it has not only turned her head, but it turns the head of every other woman who walks past it."

Commercial Item.

"Hello, Van. I hear that you are on the road now? Is that so?

"Yes, I'm a full fledged tourist now."

"Do you like the business?"

"Like it? I'm stuck on it."

"What are you selling?"

"Glue."

Not Intimate.

"Do you know Colonel Blender?" asked a gentleman of an Austin darkey.

"I don't know Kunnel Blender by name, sah; I only knows him by sight. I merely has a passin' acquaintance wid him."—Texas Siftings.

Royal Baking Powder.

THE GOVERNMENT TESTS ESTABLISH ITS ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY.

(Data from the latest Official U. S. Government Report on Baking Powders, Department of Agriculture, Bulletin 13, page 599.)

Royal is placed first of the cream of tartar powders, actual strength, 160.6 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder.

Every other powder tested exhibited a much lower strength than the Royal, the average being 33 per cent. less.

Every other powder likewise showed the presence of alum or sulphuric acid.

The claim that this report shows any other powder of superior strength or purity has been denounced as a falsehood by the Government officers who made the tests.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Reading.

Hardy—Did you do much reading this summer in the mountains?

Mabel—Well, I should think I did. There wasn't a rock scarcely that didn't have a patent medicine on it.—Inter-Ocean.

The famous Reading combine has been virtually broken by the withdrawal of the New York Central.

He Was Not One of Them.

Tommy—Do you belong to the club?

Mr. Bashful—No my little boy.

Tommy—I thought you did. You are the thirteenth feller sister Fanny has been engaged to.—Texas Siftings.

A watch carried by the Emperor Charles V. in 1530 weighed twenty-seven pounds.

HALL'S

★ ★ ★

City of Toledo,
Lucas Co., } S. S.
State of Ohio.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J Cheney

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

NOTARIAL SEAL
LUCAS CO., O.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

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CATARRH

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CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

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