KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

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A GRAMERCY PARK THANKSGIVING

IT was the night before Thanksgiving, the city was ablaze with light. The first snow had fallen and the air itself seemed light hearted. The massive mansions that surrounded Gramercy park were brightly lighted.

In muffled silence a young man, cloakless and gloveless, hurried by the iron bars that fence in the little acre of the rich toward his lodging place.

For five years Jack Fleming had lived alone. No one knew very much about him, except that he was a thriftless, indolent genius. When his father died the fortune that might have gone to him had endowed certain wealthy charitable institutions. His mother had died in his infancy, and Jack Fleming had grown up with the servants and his books for companions. He had never seen enough of his father to love him. In his childhood Jack had had one friend, Dora Goldthwait. She was a beautiful girl, several years his junior, who lived in the house adjoining his father's, and every day one or the other would climb the fence that separated them and drop over into the little yard for a romp. Dora was proud of her protector and playmate, for even then Jack was full of book knowledge, and Dora soon learned to love Shakespeare and Milton as read aloud by her hero.

Another great tramping place for the little people was Gramercy park, for both houses faced the handsome playground and Mr. Goldthwait and Jack's father were among the favored rich who possessed keys to the great iron gates that shut out the children of the poor, who often lined the iron fence and peered wistfully between the bars at the smiling lawn within.

The children were inseparable until Jack was 15 and Dora 12. Then Jack went to college, but every holiday found him at home again, and often books went by the board and Jack came home on the sly to see his little sweetheart. Of course, on these occasions he was smuggled into Dora's home and good natured, easy going Mr. Goldthwait would have thought it the basest treachery for any member of his family to inform his next door neighbor, Jack's father, that his son was playing truant.

After three years of college Jack was hopelessly behind in his studies, and his father, still ignorant of the reason, called him a blockhead. One day Jack received a tender, loving letter from Dora asking him to come home at once, as her father had just received word from England that he had fallen heir to a large property, including a theater in one of the large cities, and the business of the latter was in urgent need of his immediate attention. The family would sail for England immediately, but Dora wanted Jack to go with them, if he could. A few hours after receiving the letter Jack stood in front of the Goldthwait residence on Gramercy park. It was closed. No servant answered the bell, and Jack's heart fell like lead. Again he looked at the letter. It was dated two days before and had been delayed in the mails. At home he found his father, but in a mood in which he had never seen him before.

"You young rascal!" he shouted as Jack entered. "So you have been wasting your time next door instead of studying."

No pleading on the part of Jack could induce the turbulent old man to tell where the Goldthwaits had gone.

"Never mind," thought Jack, "I'll hear from her soon, and then—"

But no letter came. Weeks lengthened into months and Jack grew tall and thin. One day he went up to his college town, and an inquiry at the post office elicited the fact that several letters had come, up to a month ago, but they had been forwarded to Gramercy park.

That night father and son faced each other for the last time.

"Where are the letters Dora wrote me?" demanded Jack, as he leaned over toward the old man, who stood smiling sarcastically in his face.

"I told you that if you refused to return to college you would regret it," was the reply.

Jack turned on his heel and passed out of the house.

He found it a harder struggle than he expected. His income fluctuated from next to nothing to nothing itself. He became first a wanderer among apartments, then among boarding houses, and at last an inhabitant of "furnished rooms," who ate at cheap restaurants—when he could eat at all.

He had lived a week in a rear hall bedroom on Twenty-second street before he discovered that its windows were only separated from those of his old home and that of Dora, on Gramercy park, by the brief New York back yards in which they used to play together. The Goldthwait house was dark. It had been ever since the day Dora left. Next to it, where his father's mansion loomed up against the trees beyond, lights were often seen. But strangers occupied the familiar rooms.

On Thanksgiving eve just five years since he had left his old life behind him. Jack went to his dingy little window to gaze at the two mansions. He shivered with cold; but the blood rushed quickly to his face when he saw the home of the girl he still loved brightly lighted up. For an instant he stood still, amazed. Then he sat down on his bed to think. Finally, downhearted and discouraged, he turned to a great pile of manuscript and rubbish on the floor, and picking a book from the nondescript mass he turned over the leaves.

"Twelve plays out," he muttered to himself; five of them probably lost." Only that day he had sent his best and latest comedy to the new English actor who had arrived the day before. As soon as it was rehearsed (as he doubted not it would be) he would send the others in rotation.

For months he had expected success to come with the dawn of every new day, and to-night as he threw himself on his bed, hungry and broken-hearted, he realized the mistake he had made in living in a dream. He made firm resolutions to reform, but as his fingers clinched in newborn resolve his eyes strayed across the way again. For the second time that evening his heart stood still. Behind the soft lace curtains of the Goldthwait mansion shadows of people flitted to and fro. The house was inhabited again—but by strangers, of course, he thought.

Thanksgiving day found Jack poorer and hungrier than he had ever been before in his life. For forty-eight hours he had not tasted food, but he determined to breakfast in spite of the almost total emptiness of his pocket-book. He turned his face toward the lower portion of the city, determined to accept whatever work offered itself, but it was a holiday, and several hours spent in tramping the quiet streets Jack turned his face homeward. As he trudged up Broadway a clatter on the stones behind attracted his attention and a driverless cab dashed into sight. An elderly man was gesticulating wildly from the window. With a bound Jack responded. In another moment the runaway horse stood panting in the roadway, and Jack's sinewy hand was on the bit.

"One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's," shouted the man.

"But your driver?" asked Jack.

"Drunk in a saloon," was the response. Without another word Jack leaped up to the cabby's seat and whipped up the horse. It was the first time he had ever earned a dollar by manual labor, and as he clinched his teeth firmly a flush mounted to his cheeks.

When the once familiar restaurant came into sight Jack thought, with moisture in his eyes, of the many times he and Dora had lunched in the great dining room. As he reined up before it, haggard and mud bespattered, totally different from his old self, he started with amazement. There, standing on the sidewalk was the subject of his dream—not the Dora of old, with short frock and curling hair streaming in the wind, but the beautiful woman into which the years had changed her.

For a moment Jack could hardly restrain himself from rushing forward and declaring his identity. But a thought of his clothes and his work made him stop. He became as anxious to hide his face as he had been a moment before to tell his name.

Dora and her father passed into the restaurant and Jack earned a second dollar by getting a new driver for his passenger's coupe. He passed and repassed the restaurant in an unsuccessful attempt to get another glimpse of the woman he loved before he even satisfied his hunger.

It was dark before he went back to his little room and stationed himself once more at his window to gaze at the lights in the Goldthwait mansion. He was filled with a conflict of love and pride. He had no reason to believe that Dora had not forgotten him, but his love for her was as strong as ever. He longed to go to her, but the knowledge of his poverty and shabbiness kept him back.

The windows of the great old dining room were bright with light and their raised curtains revealed to him a clear view of the place where he and Dora had spent many happy Thanksgiving reunions together. He saw her flitting about the table as of old, putting the finishing touches on the arrangement of fruits and flowers. He could see her plainly. She looked even younger and more beautiful than she had that afternoon in her heavy street wraps.

Half an hour passed and some one else came into the room—a tall handsome man. Dora seemed to forget her household duties, for she hung on the man's arm, and seemed to plead with him. At last he sat down, and then still another person came in; it was Mr. Goldthwait. They sat by the

HE SAT ON HIS BED AND THOUGHT.

fire, with Dora between them. She was talking earnestly, and the handsome stranger seemed to be listening intently. Occasionally Jack could see that Mr. Goldthwait spoke. Then Dora would beam with happy smiles. Suddenly she jumped up from her seat, and a moment later when she returned she had in her hands a fluttering manuscript.

She read it. The old smile played about her lips. The gestures waved the graceful hands. It maddened Jack. He felt that he must be near her once more—must hear her voice again.

A wisteria vine ran down from his window. Clasping the strong dry stock, Jack descended until he stood on the fence so dear to his memory. Softly he crept along until he reached the little veranda at the rear of the Goldthwait mansion, and peering through the window he feasted his eyes on the girl he loved.

Jack was overcome as he saw again all the little details of the room which once had been so familiar to him. He bowed his head. He pushed against the glass of the swinging window. The window opened a trifle. Jack started back frightened, but the air was still outside, and the inmates of the room had not noticed. How he could hear Dora's voice. It said:

"Now, Mr. Langdon, let me read the climax to you before dinner is announced."

Langdon was the name of the English actor to whom Jack had sent his play, and as Dora's sweet voice read on, Jack realized that it was his own comedy she was reading.

The climax was rendered with telling effect. The two men leaned forward with interest.

"Capital! Capital!" cried Langdon.

Jack was filled with intense excitement. His hands were clinched.

"Do you accept it?" asked Dora, triumphantly, of the actor.

"I do," was the reply. "It is the comedy that I have been waiting for."

"I will write to him to-night, then," said Dora. The beautiful girl sank back in her chair and went on: "And now I will tell you a story that will explain why I was so anxious to have you take the play."

Jack listened breathlessly.

"You see," said Dora, "I used to have a friend here named John Fleming. When we went abroad I wrote to him, but he did not answer my letters. I lost sight of him, but I did not lose my—well, my regard for him."

"A splendid fellow," interrupted Mr. Goldthwait.

"There never was one like him," said Dora. Then she went on: "Well, when we reached New York last week father and I began to look him up, and we found in the first place that the reason he had not answered my letters was because his father, who was angry at both of us, had intercepted them; in the second place, that father and son were never reconciled, and that the old gentleman disinherited Jack when he died, and in the third place that Jack had been ever since barely making a living out of literary work and trying to get some one to produce his plays.

"We finally got track of him this morning, and this morning also I saw the manuscript of this play lying on the table where you had left it when you brought it up from the theater. The words 'By John Fleming' caught my attention at once, and I picked it up and read it. It seemed to me so strange that I made up my mind that you shouldn't send it back without reading it, so I read it to you myself. And now I shall send for Jack to-morrow and when he comes I shall have good news for him. And—and good news for Jack is—is good news for—for me, you see. So I am very happy."

There was a noise of an opening window, and Jack, wild eyed and unkempt, but very joyful, stepped in. For a moment they did not recognize him, but when they did—

"Well," said Mr. Langdon, "this climax beats anything in your play."

"Yes," added Mr. Goldthwait, "and it is doubly good because it will be followed by a real Thanksgiving dinner.

A True Christian.

Mabel—What makes you think you are a Christian?

Blanche—Well, last night when Fred smacked me on one cheek I turned to him the other.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

VARIOUS METHODS OF KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

Use the One Which Is Most Economical and Convenient—Growing Gooseberries—Quality of Beef—Dairy Notes and Household Helps.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

In keeping the sweet potato it is advisable to use that method which is most economical and convenient, which depends upon the size of the crop and the surroundings, says Farm and Fireside. The method matters but little so the following principles and conditions are observed:

1. A sandy clay loam is best suited to a strong and healthy growth of the potato. A heavy limestone soil, or one strongly impregnated with alkaline substances, injures the skin of the tuber and makes it susceptible to rot. Avoid soils that are heavily fertilized with amoniacal manures.

2. Dig the sweet potato before frost kills the vine. An injury to the stem kills the whole tuber. Select a dry time if possible, to dig in. Handle each potato carefully, do not bruise nor scratch them. Do not get them sun blistered while digging.

3. Remove from patch directly to place of storage, and never handle them till taken out to market or to bed. Rot, if it sets in, may necessitate an assortment, but such a condition should not exist. If a second handling becomes necessary, use the greatest care.

4. The cellar or place of storage should be perfectly dry. Moisture is conducive to rot.

5. Let the temperature range between fifty and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and never lower than forty.

6. Ventilation is of vital importance. Top ventilation should always be given, especially after November; this is secured by proper construction of the potato-house. Never cover the potatoes with straw or cloth of any kind, for this prevents the escape of moisture and injurious gases, and often causes too high a temperature. The best cover, when cover is used, is dry dirt or sawdust. No cover at all directly on the potato is decidedly preferable.

An underground cellar is the easiest and most economical means of keeping a large quantity of potatoes. These should be built where perfect freedom from moisture can be secured. An elevated point, with slopes from all sides, and a deep clay soil, is a good location. It is almost impossible to get a dry cellar when it is dug through rock strata or has a rock bottom. A rock wall is not so good; clay brick or wood is better.

Partition the cellar into bins of from forty to one hundred barrels capacity each, with air space between each bin. Let an aisle of a few feet extend the length of the cellar, and build the bins on either side of it. Some varieties that are hard to keep require smaller bins, while other varieties can be bulked in larger quantities. If the season is wet and the potatoes sappy, avoid large bulks.

When the potatoes are placed in the cellar, leave open the doors or take up the floor immediately over the bins and leave up till cold weather necessitates their closing. When closed they do not need to be opened again. Ventilation for the rest of the season should be given through hatchways — one, two or three, as the case may require—which should open above the aisle. These hatchways should serve as the entrance to and the exit from the cellar, and should be left open as much as the weather will admit.

Entrance from the outside should be provided by a door or doors entering the space above the cellar. These may be opened or closed as the temperature requires. Avoid always a current of air.

After the doors above the bins have been closed or the floors replaced for the winter, they may be covered with dirt or sawdust to protect the potatoes against extreme cold weather. No artificial heat is necessary by this method.

An underground cellar so built as not to admit of the above treatment may be so regulated as to observe as far as possible the above principles.

A topground cellar may be built upon the same plan as the underground cellar just described. Double walls are necessary, and means should be provided for artificial heating. Pack the walls with dirt or sawdust; also use a heavy layer above and below. The bins in this style of house can be made in the center with a passageway around them. Pipes can be placed in this passageway for hot water heating, which is the most economical and satisfactory means of heating.

A small quantity of potatoes may be kept in a pit dug in some dry and sheltered place, as a barn or some outhouse. Observe same treatment as in keeping in cellar. Place plank over the pit, and cover these planks with dirt when the weather gets cold.

The sweet potato is sometimes kept in banks like Irish potatoes and turnips. This bank should be sheltered and ventilated. The potatoes should not be covered with dirt until seasoned for a few weeks, and not until the weather is cold enough to require it.

Barrels filled in the patch, removed to any place of storage and left uncovered will keep well if dug when dry, just before frost, carefully handled, kept dry and at the right temperature. Enough potatoes may be kept in this way in a family room to supply the family through the winter. When the weather gets very cold the barrels should be rolled close to the fireplace, and, if necessary, a fire kept burning all night. This will require little attention in ordinary winters.

Growing Gooseberries.

The gooseberry is a neglected fruit with many, and an Indiana man in an exchange speaks a few words in its favor: The market is very rarely over-supplied with the fruit, and a reason for this is that it can be gathered and marketed through a long season, instead of all having to be harvested and sold at one time. The green berries sell readily almost as soon as they are large enough to be picked, and bring then the best prices of the season, but this is equalized by the fact that later on they are much larger, and a bush will then yield more quarts. A gooseberry bush at three years from planting should yield three quarts of fruit, and after that five quarts a season. An average retail price is about ten cents a quart. The crop is almost a certain one, for if the worms are kept off, which may easily be done by the use of hellebore, the only other enemy they have to fear is mildew. Our native varieties are not much subject to that. The plant should be set on cool, moist soil, and a partial shade does not injure them. Close pruning will increase their productiveness and tend toward making them longer lived. The fruit is the very earliest of any we have from our home gardens, and for this reason only should be much more widely grown than it is. In planting we advise procuring one year plants in preference to those older. Give good cultivation, a regular manuring in the fall, and cool mulch in the summer to protect the roots, and we think you shall have no cause to complain at the profit which a small patch of the fruit will give you—Journal of Agriculture.

Grass Farming.

Grass farming has been neglected in this country, especially in the West. We have been working ourselves to death and into poverty growing grain. One trouble with us is that we have used too much land and produce too much grain. It would have been better if we had produced more to the acre, used less land and produced a less aggregate. Grass farming is much easier than grain farming and is in other ways less expensive. It is not a branch of farming, however, that will run itself, though some practically seem to think so. The notion is common that pasture costs nothing. It is a mistake. No animal can be fed on land without taking from it the food of the plant. Sheep will come nearer to doing it than any other animal and in most instances will actually benefit the land. Beef cattle, dairy cattle and swine will rob the soil of plant food. Hence pastures sooner or later require attention if the land is to be kept up to its required standard of excellence. But our farmers would benefit by having more grass land.—Farmers' Voice.

The Quality of Beef.

It makes a good deal of difference what is fed to fattening steers or other cattle as affecting the kind of meat they will furnish. A sweet food that is easily digested makes a better quality of beef than does corn, which is starchy and not easy to digest. Pumpkins ought to be part of the ration if much grain is fed. Hubbard squash is richer and sweeter than the pumpkin, and will fatten excellent beef without other feed. It is sometimes used for feeding by those who grow Hubbard squash for its seeds.—American Cultivator.

Dairy Notes.

Separate the buttermilk from the butter as quickly as possible.

A hard milking cow is a nuisance. The cow should milk easily to be a first-class cow.

When a cow stops chewing her cud while being milked, something has gone wrong to disturb her.

The grain that is marketed in butter and cheese is marketed in less bulk, and hence at less freight rates.

More patience and more good common sense in milking and handling the heifer with her first calf, would prevent the spoiling of many a cow.

There is used for soap grease and other purposes than buttering bread 300,000,000 pounds of bad butter every year in this country. Even at ten cents a pound there is a loss of $30,000,000.

Cows have likes and dislikes. They often conceive a dislike for a milker, and that man or woman can never get as much from them as one they like can. Usually the only way to discover their likes and dislikes is to change milkers, and see which does the best with the cow.

Young heifers that run with cows learn the habits of cows to a marked degree, and it is well to treat them precisely as the cow is treated. One dairyman even goes so far as to handle the animal as if she were being milked. In that way he has a trained cow when she drops her first calf.

In drawing off buttermilk, the National Stockman says: You can catch all the granules that run out with the buttermilk with a strainer made this way: Make a bottomless box, four by six inches, with side pieces projecting far enough to rest on the top of a bucket; tack some fine wire cloth on the bottom of the box and you have a good and efficient strainer.

Household Helps.

If apples are cored before they are pared there is less danger of their breaking.

If ink is spattered on woodwork it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia, then rinsing with soda and water.

It is better to have the sauce poured around an article than over it, and to have the border of the dish garnished with bits of parsley, celery tops, or carrot leaves.

The dishes on which meats, fish, jellies and creams are placed should be large enough to have a margin of an inch or so between the food and the lower edge of the border of the dish.

Gold or silver embroidery may be cleaned by warming spirits of wine and applying it to the embroidery with a bit of soft sponge and then drying it by rubbing it with soft, new canton flannel.

A tablespoonful of melted butter is measured after melting, but that a spoonful of butter melted is measured before. The distinction should be carefully observed, as it makes the difference between success and failure.

The work of garnishing should not be overdone. Even a simple garnish adds much to the appearance of the dish, but too much decoration only injures it. Garnishes should be so arranged as not to interfere with the serving.

Tea should always be made with freshly boiled water. The gases that are in water and give an agreeable flavor are driven off by boiling, and when water has been boiled for any length of time it loses most of its gas and will not make tea of a fine flavor.

The meat and vegetables for a stew should, when possible, be browned in a little fat and then the hot water added. As soon as the stew comes to the boiling point skim it and set it back where it will simmer but not boil. In this way the meat will be tender and juicy.

Cold of Senator Blackburn.

Senator Blackburn has the prejudice against being taken for an Indianian which seems inherent in all native-born Kentuckians, says the Atlanta Constitution. While coming to congress, several sessions ago, he was approached in the Pullman coach by a New Yorker, who, after bowing politely to him, said: "Is not this Senator Blackburn of Indiana?" The Kentuckian sprang from his seat, and, glaring at his interlocutor, replied angrily: "No, sir, by——. The reason I look so bad is, I have been sick."

A Skeleton as Title Deed.

In America skeletons are neither legal tender nor monuments of title, but it is different at the antipodes—in that as in many other things. In New Zealand, for instance, a European can not acquire title to a new piece of land till the individual Maori title is extinguished, and that has to be done before a native land court. In this court the "thuongas" or judges of local law declare that there is no valid title unless the last preceding owner's thoracic skeleton be produced. It appears that among the Maoris, when the land of a descendant becomes the property of another man the new-comer hangs up the skeleton of the descendant's body fashioned into a cage, with a parrot inside the ribs. This is fact before the eyes of all and no one would dare to dispute the claims of the holder of such paramount evidence.

A Tonic That Quiets the Nerves.

Not all the sedatives and Nerve foods and narcotics in which this age of medical discovery is so prolific, can restore quiet to the nerves permanently, so long as the tranquility of those sensitive organs are disturbed by irregular digestion. When the food is not adequately digested and assimilated, a tonic or invigorating effect is not exerted upon them, they remain weak and unstrung, and nightly repose is disturbed and fitful. Beginning at the fountain head, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters reforms a disordered condition of the stomach and promotes general vigor, in which the nerves share in common with the rest of the system. A regular action of the bowels and liver, resulting from the use of the medicine, also conduces to this good effect. Malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint—all nerve disturbing complaints—are removed by the Bitters.

Willing to Work.

The people of Manitou were entertained the other day by the spectacle of a man carrying a stone around a triangular track, letting it drop and shouldering it again at every turn. The performer was a man who has a reputation for a disinclination to labor, and the incident was the outcome of a wail he was making about the hard times and his inability to get work. A citizen told him he would not work if he got the chance and offered him 50 cents an hour as long as he would carry the stone. To the surprise of all he accepted the offer and held out for five hours. A large crowd gathered to watch the performance.—Denver Republican.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Interesting Decision.

An interesting case was tried before Justice Payne of Charleston a few days ago. The suit was brought by James King against John Bryant for the recovery of $225 paid by King to Bryant for worthless blank paper, King having bargained for $1,000 worth of counterfeit money. The justice gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount.—Wheeling Dispatch.

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.

There are some men who are always polite—they have gloved souls.

When the devil fishes for men he does not let them see him bate the hook.

Go South Via the Wabash.

Tourists' tickets now on sale to all points. Homeseekers' tickets at half fare on excursion dates, Dec. 12th, Jan. 9th, Feb. 13th, March 13th, April 10th and May 8th. For rates or folders giving full description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash Ticket office, No. 1502 Farnam Street, or write

GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Foot-ball is losing its standing on the list of college athletics.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

In the medical profession a carriage is often more essential than skill.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Love, after giving more than it has, ends by giving less than it receives.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The old critic is always kind and considerate; the young critic is implacable.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

There are five Chinese medical students in the university of Michigan.

The Western Trail

Is published by the Great Rock Island Route, and is issued quarterly. It will be sent free for one year by addressing Editor Western Trail, Chicago.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

A hobby is the medium between a passion and a monomania.

16 World's Fair Photos for One Dime.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has made an arrangement with a first-class publishing house to furnish a series of beautiful World's Fair pictures, of a large size, at the nominal cost to the purchaser of only ten cents for a portfolio of sixteen illustrations. Nothing so handsome in reference to the World's Fair has before been published. The series would be worth at least twelve dollars if the pictures were not published in such large quantities, and we are therefore able to furnish these works of art for only ten cents.

Remit your money to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at Chicago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promptly to any specified address. They will make a handsome holiday gift.

Gratitude is one of the rarest of virtues.

A man is strong when he admits to himself his own weakness.

Spent Four Dollars for a Stamp.

The expenses and eccentricities of the stamp collector's hobby were illustrated at the Portland (Me.) postoffice the other day, in the receipt of a registered letter bearing a postage stamp of the $4 denomination. The fees due on the letter only called for 10 cents postage, and the reason for using so costly a stamp was that cancelled, it is of much greater value to the collector than an uncanceled one, and he took this method of obtaining his end. It is not an uncommon thing for a collector thus to use a rare and costly stamp on an ordinary letter, registering the letter letter as a safeguard against it going astray.

A Funeral Tax in Paris.

Paris is threatened with a deficit in her budget, and the municipal council proposes to provide for it by an increased tax on funerals. Undertakers are public officers in France, and fees are fixed by law. The lowest price of a grave of two square meters is $70. An additional meter costs $200. The council proposes to make the minimum charge $100 for two meters.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

There is nothing like the exercise of power for teaching you politics.

Women are apt to see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.

There are but few moral wounds that solitude does not cure.

The flies that are on society are mostly butterflies.

Old age is a burden which hardly pays carriage.

To have to look in the face of truth always kills a lie dead.

Suffered for Twelve Years.

Oreide, (formerly Enterprise,) Taylor County, W. Va.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me, to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly, from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.

MRS. WILSON AND CHILD.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address.

Yours sincerely, MRS. MALVINA WILSON.

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Something they could always keep as a reminder of the Columbian year. What more appropriate than a

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Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

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Small Boy—Mamma, isn't it all right to throw rice after a bride and groom?

Mamma—Certainly; why do you ask?

Small Boy—'Cause my new brother-in-law said he was going to lick me when he came home from the honeymoon 'cause I soaked him in the ear with a hunk of soft boiled rice.—New York Journal.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

A Ready Reply.

It was at the world's fair that some Washington young women met Fred Smith quite unexpectedly.

"Dear me!" said one of them: "how ill you are looking. You are getting thin."

"Yes," was the reply. "I believe I am."

"How much have you lost?"

"Ninety dollars."

WHO WOULD be free from earthly ills must buy a box of Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box. Worth a guinea.

Curious Clubs.

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