HOW SISSON WAS SAVED.

A Story of Courage Out in the Gold Mines.

[From the Overland Monthly.]

About Christmas, in the 1856, Snow- e Thompson saved the life of James sson, who had been lying in an old eserted cabin in Lake Valley twelve days with his feet frozen. There was ome flour in the cabin, and on this Sisson had subsisted. He was in the cabin four days without a fire. During that time he ate the flour raw, just as it came from the sack. On the fifth day, while rummaging about the shanty, he had the good fortune to find some matches. These were where no one would have thought of looking for matches, as they were scattered about under some hay that lay on the floor.

After finding the matches Sisson made a fire and thawed out his boots, when he was able to get them off. For four days he had lain in the cabin with his boots frozen to his feet. When found by Mr. Thompson, eight days later, Sisson's legs were purple to the knees. Sisson was confident from the appearance of his legs that mortification had set in. He knew that unless his legs were amputated he must soon die. As he could expect no assistance from the outside world he had concluded to himself to undertake to perform the required operation. There was an axe in the cabin, and with this he had determined to cut off his frozen legs. But for the opportune arrival of Thompson, Sisson would the next day have attempted to disjoint his legs at the knees; for that was the day he had fixed upon for undertaking the operation.

At the time he found Sisson, Thompson was on his way from Placerville to Carson Valley. It was in the night, and on coming to the log house—which was occupied in the summer as a trading post—Thompson halted for a moment and was knocking the snow off his shoes by striking them against the cabin when he heard some one cry out. Going inside he found Sisson situated as related above. A considerable amount of provisions had been left in the cabin in the fall, but all except the flour had been stolen by the Indians.

Thompson chopped a supply of wood for the unfortunate man, and making him as comfortable as possible with the means at hand, left for Genoa to obtain assistance. While Thompson was cutting the wood Sisson called out to him and begged him not to dull the axe—the place being full of rocks—as he might yet want it for the purpose of taking off his legs. Sisson was firmly of the opinion that when Thompson left him he would never see him again. He thought Thompson would never be able to get down out of the mountains, and was of the opinion that in case he did succeed in reaching the valley he would not attempt to return to the cabin.

Thompson told Sisson he would surely return and take him away, and advised him not to think of attempting to amputate his legs, as, on cutting the arteries he would bleed to death. But Sisson had thought of that. He intended to make a sort of compress or turniquet of some pieces of bailing rope, which he would twist around his legs with a stick in such a way that a bit of rock would be pressed upon the arteries. Then with firebrands he would sear the ends of the arteries and the raw flesh of the stumps of his legs. Sisson's mind was so much occupied with his plans for the amputation of his legs that Thompson was almost afraid to leave the axe where he could get hold of it: he did so only upon receiving from Sisson a solemn promise that he would wait three days before attempting to use it on his knees.

On leaving the cabin Thompson traveled all night, and early next morning arrived at Genoa. He there raised a party of six men—W. B. Wade, Harris, Jacobs and other old settlers—to return with him and bring Sisson down to the valley. By Thompson's advice the party carried with them a few tools for use in making a sled. Snow-shoes were also hastily constructed for the men composing the relief party. As none of these men had ever done much traveling on snow shoes, they furnished Thompson not a little amusement during the journey by their mishaps and involuntary antics.

After much hard work, the party arrived at the lone cabin late in the evening, to the great joy of Sisson, who at sight of so many men felt that he was saved.

That night they constructed a hand-sled on which to carry the frozen man down to Carson Valley. In the morning they awoke to find that nearly two feet of new snow had fallen; there was a depth of eight feet before. The new snow made it very hard to get along with the hand-sled. Under Sisson's weight it ploughed deeply along, and at times was buried almost out of sight.

The first day the party got no further than to Hope Valley, where they encamped. Sisson was made as comfortable as possible on a bed of boughs. As they had expected to reach Genoa in one day, they had taken along with them no blankets, and but few other comforts for the frozen man.

The second day they reached Genoa, and at once procured the medical assistance which Sisson's case so urgently demanded. The doctor's found that it would be necessary to amputate both of Sisson's feet. Before the operation could be performed, however, the physician said he must have some chloroform. As Snow-shoe Thompson never did any thing by halves, he at once set out, crossed the Sierra, and traveled all the way to Sacramento, in order to get the required drug. Finally, the long delayed operation was performed. Sisson survived it, and at last accounts was living somewhere in the Atlantic States.

A Divorced Woman's Ambition.

The Chicago *Herald* says: "I've just been out in Denver," said an East-bound passenger, "and while there I met Mrs. Tabor, divorced wife of the Senator. She has not married again, but is living quietly with her son. She has developed very good business tact, and has taken such admirable care of the $400,000 which she got from her husband, that she is now a millionaire. Tabor, on the other hand, has been gradually going down hill. Not long ago he made a rather lucky hit in some mines which revived his drooping fortunes a bit, but the prediction is freely made that in a few years he will flatten out into a hopeless bankruptcy. Mrs. Tabor No. 1, says that she will yet have to take care of 'the old man,' and that when his hour of adversity comes, as come it will, he will find himself deserted by No. 2, and then he will be glad enough to return to his first love and her million. It seems to be the height of this woman's ambition to get her husband back and to be able to set him up again financially."

A Chestnut.

One of the good old stories is that of Jones, who called at the house of Robinson and was told by the servant that Robinson was not at home; then when Robinson called at the house of Jones, Jones looked out of the window and said he was not at home. Robinson as inclined to demur at the apparent Jones hfulness of this report, when "Oh, d to him:
you were nson, your servant told me her, but now home and I believed though I myself, are incredulous home. Is your serva I am not at credit than I am?" tled to more

THE new Lord Mayor of L Richard Hanson, is very fond of Sir

A PIKE COUNTY PROPHET.

He Reads the Signs and Says the Coming Winter will be a Hummer.

"Folks ez ain't got no overcoats an is hopin' that it'll be a mild winter, so's they kin skin through without one, mowt ez well make up their minds to go an' order one, an' a good heavy one at that, for the comin' winter's gointer be a hummer, 'less all the good ol'-fashioned signs is all wrong this fall, ez fur ez I've obsarved them."

This cheering bit of information was vouchsafed by an old Pike county resident the other night, and he gave the reasons for the belief that was in him as follows:

"In the fust place look at the corn husks. Be they thick and a good many of 'em, or be they thin an' durn few? Peel an ear o' corn if yer a mineter, an' ye'll see that it's got a undershirt, a top shirt, west'cut, a coat, an' a overcoat, an' all of 'em is made o' good stiff mater'al. Natur' knows when it's more'n likely that her doins' 'll need a leetle extry protection, an' she slings it on to 'em, an' that's why she's put a good stock o' kiverin' on the corn. That's ez good a sign ez I want that the comin' winter'll come in for business an' tend to it till some time in the fag eend o' next March or thorabouts.

"Then, what d'ye think the groun' hogs has ben doin? of? Natur' didn't build the groun' hog overpowerin' purty, but she seems to hev hammered a inklin' o' hoss sense inter his wuthless conk, somehow or other. Well, what's he ben e doin' of th't's smart? Nothin' 'cept diggin' that cellar o' his'n sumpin' like two stories deeper to'ards Chiny th'n usual, an' a putin' inter it a few extra linin's o' leaves an' things. The groun' hog do nothin' but sleep all winter, o' course, 'cept on Candlemass Day, w'en he gets up an' walks out to see if he kin get a glimpse o' his shadder, so's to know whether to go back an' sleep six weeks more or not; but then ez long ez he sleeps he wants to be warm, or else he mowt ez well be runnin' round in the snow wide awake. An' so his weather eye tells him th't ol' Boreas 'le be along this winter with all sails set, an' th't if he ketches anything th't hain't ready fur him he'll give it beelix. So that's why the groun'hog digs down furder from whar the zephyrs 'le be blowin' in a few weeks, and adds a few feather beds and comforters to his bunk down below.

"Whar was the wind w'en the sun crossed the line last month? An' did ye see the sun, or was he behind a cloud? Well, the wind was in the northeast, ruther, an' the sun didn't shine no more'n it's shinin' now, here at 8 o'clock at night. An' that means th't from the northeast our weather's goin' to come nex' winter, an' th't we won't git much heat outen ol' Sol to sarcumvent it.

"But the best sign of all is the cunnin' little muskrat. W'en he thinks it's wuth while fer him to rig up a house fer himself 'long about now, then th' haint no doubt about w'at the comin' winter's gointer be. The muskrat don't hev much time to waste, an' he never fools any of it away buildin' a reg'lar stoppin' place for hisself durin' the winter, 'less he's likely to need it. Well, that's jist w'at he's a doin' of now. I see one at it over 'long the pond to day. You fellers kin do ez ye feel like doin', but ez fer me, I'm agointer bank up my shanty from cellar to winders, an' lay in an extry lot o' pine knots. Winter hain't only acomin', but he's bringin' sumpin' with him, an' he's agointer play fer keeps."

The Taylor Boys.

Brother Nat, Jim and I, Bob, and a little negro boy went in swimming one Sunday morning in the mill pond near our house, says Alf. Taylor. Father had told us he would whip us if we went swimming on Sunday, but we disobeyed him. He found it out that afternoon. He would not punish us because it was Sunday, but he took us bright and early in the morning to the barnyard. We knew what was coming. He took a shingle and bored holes through it with a gimlet, and then he made us bend over a log. You can imagine the result. He punished Jim and Nat and me, and we were all crying when he went up to Bob, who was leaning over the log waiting his turn. Father raised the paddle. Suddenly Bob pulled a half-dollar out of his pocket, and twisting his head around at father with a most humorous expression of countenance, he said:

"Dad, I'll give you this to let me off,' at the same time offering father the half dollar.

We were all watching him as intently as our pains would let us. Father stood with the paddle uplifted. Bob continued in his leaning position, holding the half-dollar between his uplifted fingers with that grimace unalterable on his features. Bob was as cool as a cucumber. Father at length broke out in a laugh and bade Bob be up and off in a twinkling. Bob sprang to his feet, and slipping his half dollar back in his pocket walked by us to the house, making faces at us as he went by.

Too Much Rum.

Every ship that takes missionaries to Africa carries enough poisonous rum and gin to offset in evil the good effect of the labors of a thousand missionaries. Since the opening of the Congo region enormous quantities of this stuff—so vile that there is no market for it in any civilized country—have been shipped to the savages by wealthy companies in London and Holland. Other companies flood the German possessions in Africa with the worst liquors that ever were made. Missionaries in all parts of the Dark Continent are now pleading with European Governments for the restriction or abolition of this traffic. They will probably discover that Great Britain and other colonizing nations open neglected corners of the earth for the profits of trade and not to spread the benefits of religion, and that the trade in bad rum and worse gin is too profitable to be sacrificed to what traders would call sentiment. The truth is that the most inviting fields for missionaries who long to save the savages of Africa are London, Amsterdam and Berlin. If they could convert the traders of those cities and the courts that protect and encourage them, they would be of great service to the heathen who are perishing under the influences of European "civilization."
—*N. Y. Times.*

The American Abroad.

The Dutch merchant who presided over a leading store in Hamburg, told an American that he had just sold about 8,000 guilders, or over $3,000, worth of goods to Robert Garrett, and that he made sales to Americans daily. He had great faith in American honesty, too, and when I admired a piece of this same old Flemish lace and regretted that I had not the time to get money from the bank before leaving to purchase it, he doubled it up and told me to take it along and send him the price at my leisure. "You can remit me," said he, "from Antwerp before you sail if you have time, or, if more convenient, take it with you and send me the money when you get home to America." But I said: "You don't know me. I am a stranger here, and I leave Amsterdam this afternoon. Saturday I sail for New York. You have no security for your money." "Give me your visiting card and your address and that is all I care for. I have often trusted Americans, and I am never deceived." An American merchant who did business in this way would be liable to imprisonment for lunacy.

THINGS SOLDIERS CARRIED.

Curious and Cumbrous Articles Picked up on the Line of March.

"There were lots of funny things about the war," said Col. Frederick Martin, of the Brooklyn elevated, to a *Sun* reporter the other day, "now that you think of them when the tears are dried away, and about the funniest things I recall were the queer articles the boys used to pick up on the march and the eccentric way in which they'd tote 'em along to finally adorn some ditch by the wayside. Stragglers were the worst at this, but all the fellows were bad enough. Whenever the army went through a first family residence the boys would capture what struck each as most attractive, and some of their tastes were peculiar. They had a great weakness for cradles. You may ask me what a man treading his way to the front wanted with a mahogany cradle, and I'm blest if I know, but they took 'em. First one man would back a cradle and cart it a dozen miles; then he'd begin to cuss and finally drop it.

"Now, you'd suppose that any ordinary idiot would just look at that cradle as it lay in the road and pass on, but they wouldn't. Some one would be certain to pick it up and lug it a few miles further into the Confederacy.

"I recall one cradle that traveled 100 miles on blue backs before it went to increase the blaze of a mess fire. Somehow they seemed to think vaguely that there was a chance of getting the infant soother home, but they never succeeded.

"The funniest thing I ever saw carried was a looking glass as high as your head and two feet wide. I saw it first in the parlor of a central Virginian mansion, and next on a soldier's back headed for Petersburg. Then I lost sight of it for two days, and found it again propped up against a tree forty miles further along. The next day I saw it traveling tenderly on a straggler's back. He had his gun in one hand, and had somehow strapped the glass so he could get along without holding fast to it.

"Well, this fellow must have got tired, for the next day a third man had it, and on the next a fourth. This chap toted it into the lines at Petersburg. He set it up against a tree, took a long regretful look at full length of his shabby self, and turned away with a sigh.

"It was just as well that he did. The next minute along came a Minie bullet, buzzing like a hornet and hit the glass square in the centre, and smashed it into frame full of cracks radiating from around the hole.

"The heavier and the more useless the things were the more they clung to them, even combining to escort pianos into untimely graves in mudholes; but the man who could steal a rocking chair was a white robed angel in his own mind, and the object of universal envy.

"Another funny thing was to have the sutler strike camp loaded up with condensed milk. I've seen a whole regiment sitting on a fence, each man with a milk can in one hand dipping out the sweet, thick stuff with his forefinger and licking it off with an expression of beatitude that would make a Raphaelite saint look sick in comparison."

Ling Chi.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG CHINESE WOMAN WHO WAS SLICED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

[From a Canton Letter.]

The execution ground yesterday was the scene of a most horrible tragedy. A young girl, aged eighteen, was put to death by the barbaric method of Ling Chi, or being cut into a thousand pieces. The girl, who was married some time ago, lived with her husband, her father and mother-in-law, in a small village in the district of Wo Ping, or Peace, in the department of Wai Chau. One day a few months ago her husband, father and mother-in-law had gone to their duties in the field, and the young wife was left at home to prepare the meals and look after the pigs. She prepared a kind of congee for the pigs, along with which she boiled a root said to be very good for fattening pigs and sheep While she went out calling the pigs her husband, his father and mother, along with a neighbor, returned home. The calling of pigs is a sight and sound frequently met with in travelling through villages in China, as the porkers are allowed to wander along the roads and villages at will. The party returning from their work hot and thirsty wished for something to drink, and seeing the congee took some and drank it off. The root which had been boiled with the congee, though good for sheep and pigs, is bad for man. The four persons gradually developed symptoms of poisoning and ultimately died. The clanspeople of the deceased took the young girl to the District Magistrate and preferred a charge of poisoning her husband, father and mother in law and a female neighbor. To make the charge appear more plausible under the circumstances, which were all in her favor, they intimated that she had poisoned her relatives because she was afraid of being discovered that she had been unfaithful to her marriage vows. The magistrate made a strict investigation, and no evidence being produced that she was guilty of infidelity, he decided to release her. To this the clan objected most strenuously, so the case was referred to the Prefect. The Prefect's decision corroborated that of the District Magistrate, but the clanspeople were bent upon her destruction, so the case was referred to the Provincial Judge. His judgment corresponded with those of his two subordinates. Still the clanspeople were not satisfied. So the case was brought before the tribunal of His Excellency the Viceroy. The Viceroy decided that the young girl should be put to death by Ling Chi, and she was chopped into a thousand pieces.

A Philosopher.

A very successful business man who lives less than one hundred miles from Boston is so given to saving that when he cuts off the end of a cigar that has been given to him he puts it in his pocket. A friend remarking that his boots, unusually large ones, were always polished to the end of the skill of the bootblack, asked him the reason of such care, and why he did not extend it to the rest of his habiliments. "Don't think for a instant," replied the preserver of cigar tips, "that I have my boots polished because I care anything for their appearance. The fact is, I have rheumatism in my feet, and rubbing makes them feel better. Besides, I often put on a good coat of grease, so that the bootblack will be obliged to lengthen his job."- *Boston Post.*

Beat Them Both.

There was a story that Stephen A. Douglas used to tell. The Democrats had gerrymandered the State of Indiana so as to throw a heavy Whig majority into a single district. Mr. Douglas said that he went to Congress one year and found his old Democratic friend Andrew Kennedy representing this district. "How in the world did you get here, Kennedy?" was Douglas' salutation to him.

"Get here!" replied Kennedy; "why I beat two of the strongest Whigs in my district, and I could have beat two more had they brought them on."– *Boston Herald.*

It has been said that New York is ashamed of her base ball club. This is not so. New York is too wicked a city to be ashamed of anything.

A BLASPHEMER'S DOOM.

Talmage Declares the Accuracy of an Astonishing Story.

In a recent sermon the Rev Dr. Talmage discussed blasphemy and its consequences He drew from ancient and modern history for instances of the sudden and awful punishment inflicted by divine power upon blasphemers and warned his hearers to avoid the sin as one that brings them into special danger from an offended Providence His most striking illustration was an incident that he declared happened on last August. He gives to a *Sun* reporter the following corrected version of his narrative:—

So common has blasphemy become that the public mind and the public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a Mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one and that the Mayor of Toronto. Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity. That is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. I give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1885 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling him a liar and coward and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in the awful process of expiring. Do not think that God has been silent of your case, O, profane swearer! that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God will come to avenge your blasphemies or is already avenging them! There are hundreds of such cases Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence.

Mr. Talmage was asked for a circumstantial account of the blasphemer who was miraculously burned to death. His response was as follows: "I appreciate the desire for further details in this matter, but I purposely avoided locating the event, and the reasons that actuated me then impel me now to keep the affair from the public. Such an event is a terrible thing for the family and friends of the man who was punished, and it was out of consideration for them that I omitted to state where the scene was laid That it is strictly true, however, I have conclusive evidence. I forget just how it was brought to my attention. I heard it reported by somebody or got my first information by private letter. I cannot say which, but I am inclined to think it was the latter. But no matter. I asked a trusted friend to investigate for me, and he did so. Some correspondence ensued, which he turned over to me, and from it I am assured that the affair did actually and exactly take place as I describe it. I have the correspondence still, but I think I had better keep it to myself."

Romance of the Mexican War.

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT A DECEASED VETERAN LEFT TWO FAMILIES.

A strange story was developed in County Register Strunk's office, at Redding, Pa., when Judith Pauley, a lady seventy years old, set forth by petition that after forty years had elapsed she discovered at last that her husband, whom she had mourned as dead during all that time, was not dead, but that he had been living within fifty miles of her all the time entirely unknown to her.

Samuel W. Pauley and his wife, the above named Judith, resided at Allentown forty years ago. They had several children. When the Mexican War broke out Pauley enlisted and was a brave soldier. Someone must have maliciously written to him while he was absent that his wife and babies had died, and when the Mexican campaign was over Pauley, dreading to go back to his old home to find only the graves of his dear ones, located at Womelsdorf, a small town fifty miles away, where he lived until he died.

His wife continued living at Allentown, and with her children concluded that husband and father had perished in Mexico. Hence it was that for forty years they lived within fifty miles of each other, each thinking the other dead.

Pauley, believing himself a widower, married again and raised a family of children. Recently he died, aged 70 years, and his estate was worth over $5,000. Letters of administration were granted to Joseph Helsinger, who married a daughter by the second marriage. In the newspapers the original Mrs. Pauley, who had never married again, read of the old Mexican soldier's death, and her curiosity was aroused. She sent a man to Wormelsdorf to inquire into the matter, and to her great surprise learned that it was her own husband who had just died. She now claims to be the legal widow and wants what is left of her long absent husband's estate.

An Officer's Story.

My father was one of the officers with old Admiral Kearney when he took his flagship to Honolulu in 1843. The Islanders were about to hoist a national flag and annul the provisional cession of the Islands to England. Admiral Geo. Paulet was there with a British fleet, and was very wroth. He sent word to the Hawaiians that if they hoisted that flag he would fire on it. Kearney heard of it. He was a gruff old fellow, an uncle of the immortal Phil. Kearney, who fell at Chantilly, and he spoke with a strong Yankee twang. When he heard that Lord George had threatened to fire on the Hawaiian flag if it was hoisted, the old man put on his war paint and went in solemn state to the flagship of Anmiral Lord George. He was ushered into Lord George's cabin. Taking a seat and placing a hand on each knee he looked his Lordship full in the eye and said in a drawl, "I understand—that you said—if them Islanders hoisted that flag—you'd fire on it."

The magnificent Lord George drew himself up, adjusted his eye-glass and replied with great pomposity:

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Waal," said old Kearney, shaking his head, "I jist come aboard to tell you that if you fire on that flag I'll fire on you."

Lord George was so astonished that he nearly had a fit of apoplexy. "Sir," said he when he recovered his breath, "do you know to whom you are speaking! I am Admiral Lord George Paulet."

"And I," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "am Admiral Lawrence Kearney, and if you fire on that flag, I'll blow you outer water."

Then he returned aboard his ship and had her prepared for action. That night Lord George got under way and went out of the harbor of Honolulu, and when the Hawaiian flag was hoisted next day, Admiral Kearney gave a National salute.

"Ah, Brown, don't you want to go on a little yachting excursion with us tomorrow?" "Thanks, no, old boy; I've stopped drinking."

A HEARTRENDING TRAGEDY.

A Wife Drowns Herself and Four Children After a Quarrel With Her Husband.

A Coroner of London is now impanelling a jury to investigate a domestic tragedy of world wide interest. It seems that a resident of Fulham, near the Thames, named Wilcox, passed a boy, aged seven, sobbing so acutely that Wilcox felt that something unusual had happened. To all his questions the little fellow, who was soaking wet, muddy and hatless, could only answer by heartbreaking sobs. Nothing was left except to take the wandering waif to the police station hard by, where, before a roaring cannel fire, he managed to jerk out, "Mother is dead in the water, with baby, sister and my brothers, Harry and Frank. I want my father." It became evident that the boy was shockingly frightened, yet sooner growing calmer under the reviving influence of heat and some food, he gave his home as "133 Denmark road, Camberwell," a, suburban district on the Surrey side of the Thames and miles distant.

A telegram sent to the nearest station there soon produced the father, who is a well to do butcher, and who, on seeing the child, seemed to realize that some tragedy had occurred and almost fainted before the story was told. To his eager questions the child, reassured, now gave coherent answers, and these made up a story like this:—His mother left home in the afternoon, carrying her babe, five months old with her sons—Harry, aged nine; the narrator of the story himself, Charles, seven years old, and Frank, aged three. They took the tram car to the river side, boarded a penny steamboat, got off at Chelsea stairs, walked to Vaux hall and entered a penny tea garden, where buns, tea and milk were provided them.

They left, walking, doubtless, aimlessly along the embankment, beyond Wandsworth Bridge, when, perhaps by a sudden impulse, the mother turned into the Broomhouse dock yard, near the Harlingham Polo Grounds, and all at once pushed her three boys into the dock water, and with her babe in arms, herself jumped in. Charlie, who must have fallen in a somewhat shallow place, scrambled out, but was too much scared to give a coherent account of his escape. When the inspector questioned the father, who, sobbing as badly as the child, said:—"My wife and I had a silly quarrel. It began on Sunday last and was daily deepened by mutual recrimination. Yesterday afternoon, as she still felt very badly, I suggested a little outing to a friend's house, and this—this is the horrible ending of a foolish tiff."

The pair remained till dawn at the station, when a search police party was organized, the members of which, with much difficulty, found, through the boy, the place of the catastrophe. Three little straw hats floating at the side of the dock gave the first corroboration of the youthful tale of murder and suicide. A little later the body of Harry was found in five feet of water. It was neatly dressed and had on a gray overcoat and knickerbockers. The face wore a look of great terror. Soon after midday one of the Thames vulture folk, described in the first chapter of Dicken's "Mutual Friend," recovered near Fulham Bridge the body of Frank, clad in a neat gray frock and pinafore, once white, but now soiled with Thames sewerage. The bodies lie at the Chelsea Mortuary, surrounded by an immense crowd of curiosity mongers, eagerly discussing the last London sensation. The mother and the babe have not yet been found.

Those in the tea garden who saw the group of four when taking their last meal describe the mother as seeming perfectly sane and apparently happy. Unfortunately, very little can now be learned as to the cause of such an impulse and of the manner of such a resolve in a mother thirty-five years old, always heretofore lovingly maternal, the only witness available being young and having had his memory obscured by terror. Psychologists thus have no clew as to what was passing in the woman's mind, and as to whether her act was the result of premeditation or of impulse.

He Was Not Walking.

Jabe Mathias, of the 13th Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I'll walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Git up, man," exclaimed his captain. "Don't you know the Yankees are following us? They'll get you sure!"

"Can't help it," said Jabe, "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill, and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabo appeared on the crest of the hill moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed passed his captain that officer yelled:

'Hello! Jabe; thought you wasn't going to walk any more.'

"Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this walking, do you?"

Not at Home.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a United Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travellers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the Custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober, Controleur at the Custom-house, came forward, and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of the carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the keys of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly. "Here, hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry, and don't care for losing a day. You're no country, you're only a *spot*. I'll go round you.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Mr. F. Rentschler, San Francisco, Cal., contracted a severe cold, and became so hoarse he could not speak. He tried a number of remedies without benefit, and even the efforts of two physicians failed to give the slightest relief. He was induced to try Red Star Cough Cure, one bottle of which entirely cured him.

He—Tell me, my sweetheart, are you superstitious? She—What a funny question? Why do you want to know? He—Answer me first. She—Why, I am not in the least superstitious. He—Then I don't mind telling you. You are my thirteenth sweetheart.

The family of Hon. W. B. Hoke, Judge of the Jefferson County, Ky., Court, used St. Jacobs Oil with signal success.

"Speaking of eccentricities," said Proppleton, "my father is an example. He has not cut off his hair since the election of James K. Polk." "Indeed! The hair must be very long by this time." "Oh, no. The old gentleman was bald before Polk was elected."

Secretary Lamar denies positively the report that he is soon to be married. U43

For producing a vigorous growth of hair upon bald heads, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Every druggist will recommend Ayer's Ague Cure, for it is warranted to cure.

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Rochester N. Y. Post-Express

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad, said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here, he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said: "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the *universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations.* We have been nearly ten years before the public, and the sales are *constantly increasing*, while our newspaper advertising is *constantly diminishing.* Why, high scientific and medical authorities now publicly concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases, and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc., habits, told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver; for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and president of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidney's or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased.

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eye sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the *eyes;* with others the *head;* with others the *stomach* or the *lungs*, or *rheumatic* disorder follows and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers* of *taste, smell*, or become *impotent in other functions* of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but *symptoms*; they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For, as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while his newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

ONE YEAR'S PENSION PAYMENTS

The Commissioner's Report Shows 365,783 Names on the Rolls.

The Commissioner of Pensions has just issued his annual report, which shows that at the close of the fiscal year there were 365,783 pensioners, classified as follows: 265,854 army invalids, 80162 army widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 2,953 survivors of the war of 1812, and 13,397 widows of those who served in that war, showing a diminution in survivors during the year of 1,406, and of widows of 3,815. There were added to the rolls during the year 40,857 new pensioners, and 2,229 whose pensions had been previously dropped were restored to the rolls, making an aggregate of 43,086 pensioners added during the year. During the same period 22,089 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes, leaving a net increase to the rolls of 20,658.

The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year is shown to be $122.23, a gain of average annual value over last year of $11 88. The aggregate annual value of all pensions is $44,708,027.44, an increase of like value for the year of $6,617,041.51. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $63,797,831.61, a decrease over the previous year of $1,135,456.51, a difference due to the difference in amounts of "arrearages" paid. The difference between the amount paid and the annual values is due to first payments, including "accrued" and "arrears." The amount paid to 37,887 new pensioners during the year upon first payment was $22,137,054.16, and there remained in the hands of the several pension agents 5,526 of this class unpaid at the close of business on June 30, which there was due $2,879,933.42.

A DISTRACTED Boston spinster asks: "Why are beaux so scarce?" They are not scarce. As a matter of fact, there are more beaux now than there ever were. But they are wild because they are hunted so much.

A Good Name

At home is a tower of strength abroad. This is fully verified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a reputation at home unequaled by any other medicine. In Lowell, Mass., where it is made, whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time, and the most remarkable unsolicited testimonials are received from Lowell people. The druggists of Lowell say they sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same wonderful success is extending all over the country, as the superior curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla become known. For any affection caused by impure blood or low state of the system try the "peculiar medicine."

"All I ask of any one is to try one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and see its quick effect. It takes less time and quantity to draw its effect than any other preparation I ever heard of. I would not be without it in the house."—MRS. C. A. M. HUBBARD, North Chili, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Phil. Armour's Dandy.

Millionaire Phil. Armour has a pleasant custom of buying a suit of clothes once a year for each of his office employees. This year all but one of the boys visited a certain tailor on the south side and were measured for suits ranging from $30 to $35. The exception was a dude, who scorned the selections made by his colleagues. He wanted something gorgeous and tight-fitting. After pawing over the fashion plates of the tailor he finally selected a piece of goods which would cost $125 to build into garments. When the tailor, a few weeks later, sent his itemized bill to the big pork packer, the latter made inquiries for the purpose of finding out whether this young man with such æsthetic taste was really so unfortunate as to have to work.

"Is he at work in any of our departments?" Mr. Amour asked, turning to one of his lieutenants.

"Yes; he works in the —— room," was the reply.

"Eh, eh; has he drawn his money for this month?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Well, then, go get his salary and give it to me, and tell him I want to see him at once."

When the dude tripped up to the millionaire the latter cleared his throat and said:

"Young man, I like to have my clerks consider themselves on an equality with one another. In looking over the tailor's bill I find that you rate yourself $90 higher than the figures your colleagues place upon themselves. As I see no tangible proof of your great worth to this establishment, it gives me much satisfaction to present to you your month's salary, together with my estimate of your value—your dismissal from my service. Remember I'm an expert on hogs and know how to salt them.—*Chicago Herald.*

Hints to Consumptives.

Consumptives should use food as nourishing as can be had, and in a shape that will best agree with the stomach and taste of the patient.

Out-door exercise is earnestly recommended. If you are unable to take such exercise on horseback or on foot, that should furnish no excuse for shutting yourself in-doors, but you should take exercise in a carriage, or in some other way bring yourself in contact with the open air.

Medicines which cause expectoration must be avoided. For five hundred years physicians have tried to cure Consumption by using them, and have failed. Where there is great derangement of the secretions, with engorgement of air-cells, there is always profuse expectoration. Now Piso's Cure removes the engorgement and the derangement of the secretions, and consequently (and in this way only) diminishes the amount of matter expectorated. This medicine does not dry up a cough, but removes the cause of it.

When it is impossible from debility or other causes to exercise freely in the open air, apartments occupied by the patient should be so ventilated as to ensure the constant accession of fresh air in abundance.

The surface of the body should be sponged as often as every third day with tepid water and a little soft-soap. (This is preferable to any other.) After thoroughly drying, use friction with the hand moistened with oil, Cod-Liver or Olive is the best. This keeps the pores of the skin in a soft, pliable condition, which contributes materially to the unloading of waste matter from the system through this organ. You will please recollect we cure this disease by enabling the organs of the system to perform their functions in a normal way, or, in other words, we remove obstruction, while the recuperative powers of the system cure the disease.

We will here say a word in regard to a cough in the forming stage, where there is no constitutional or noticeable disease. A cough may or may not foreshadow serious evil; take it in its mildest form, to say the least, it is a nuisance, and should be abated.

A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a conspirator, with threatening voice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ. Its first approach is in whispers unintelligible, and at first too often unheeded, but in time it never fails to make itself understood—never fails to claim the attention of those on whom it calls.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs or serious constitutional disturbance, so much the better, as a few doses of Piso's Cure will be all you may need, while if you are far advanced in Consumption, several bottles may be required to effect a permanent cure.

Some one says it is the hill which produces the echo. And here we have lived all these years thinking it was the holler.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

Truth can fight its own battles while falsehood is raising recruits.

STOP that Cough, that tickling in the throat! STOP that Consumptive Condition! You can be cured! You can't afford to wait! Dr. Kilimer's Cough Cure [*Consumption Oil*] will do it quickly and permanently. 25 cents.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to those new boots and they will never run over.

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption, and rest well.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

FOR SPECIAL RATES for advertising in this paper apply to the publisher of the paper. C 13

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!"

65 Cents Pays for a Year's subscription to the weekly American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y., without premium—"the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World." 8 pages, 48 columns, 18 years old. For One Dollar you have one choice from over 150 different Cloth Bound Dollar Volumes, 300 to 900 pp., and paper one year, post-paid. Book postage, 15c. Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Danielson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys' Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; People's History of United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides).

Any ONE book and paper, one year, all postpaid, for $1.15 only. Paper alone 65c. if subscribed before the 1st of March. Satisfaction guaranteed on books and Weekly, or money refunded. Reference, Hon. C. R. PARSONS, Mayor Rochester. Sample papers, 2c.

RURAL HOME CO., LTD.,

Without Premium, 65c. a year! ROCHESTER N.Y.

ELY'S

CREAM BALM.

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts., by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS. Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE. Send 4c. for pamphlet to Dr. S. Rosenstein, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED GOOD MAN

energetic worker; business in his section. Salary $70. References. Am. Manufacturing House 18 Barclay st, N.Y.

JONES

HE

PAYS the FREIGHT

5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for

$60.

Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Mormon Elders' Book mailed free to married men on application address F. B. Crouch, Pharmacist, 202 Grand St., N. Y.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Elijah Cook's Terrible Experience Given for the Benefit of Others—Living Witnesses.

The following graphic description will be read with interest by all:

"DEAR SIR—Any one who has ever felt a faintness at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, nervousness, sleeplessness, dull headaches or strange pains through the back can understand the condition I was in two years ago. I thought I could readily throw these things off, but they kept returning. Consequently I grew worse every day until last spring, when I sent for a physician.

He said I had a fever. I told him what condition I was in with my water. At first he paid no attention to it, but finally said he would take some of my urine home and analyze it.

The next day he came and said there was some difficulty with my kidneys. My sickness continued until my urine was a sight to behold.

Another physician was called. He pronounced it Bright's disease of the kidneys, and said there was no cure for it. He did all he could, but to no effect. I then tried every remedy I could hear of. THE PAIN WAS SO SEVERE THAT IT SEEMED I MUST DIE. I saw a newspaper advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and sent eight miles to get the medicine. When I had used one bottle, it cleared my water so there was no sediment in the bottom of the vessel. I continued taking the medicine and kept gaining. I have taken eight bottles in all and consider myself to-day as well as ever, and can now do as much labor as any man of my age. While talking with our druggist a few days ago about my case, he said he was selling a great deal of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and that he had never sold a Medicine that gave as much satisfaction.

Oh! I often think how much suffering I might have avoided, both night and day, if I had only taken your medicines when I first felt my kidney troubles coming on,

Yours with respect,

(Signed) ELIJAH COOK.

P. S.—This will be of great benefit to others, and you may publish it. You need not take my word alone, for I can give you the following references:

Simeon Lipe,	H. Clapper,	R. S. Taber,
C. O. Pierce,	H. J. Warner,	D. D. Pickett.

All of Charlottsville, Schoharie Co., N. Y."

The above testimony is only a fair illustration of letters received daily showing the wonderful results attending the use of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00—6 bottles, $5. If your druggist does not sell it send to Dr. Kilmer & Co.,

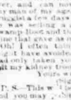
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN

COUGH CURE

CONSUMPTION Oil.

Every Ingredient is from Vegetable products that grow in sight of every sufferer. IT has no Morphine, Opium or Injurious Drugs.



Every dose goes right to the spot. In Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, colds settle in the Mucous Membranes

Nose, Throat, Bronchial Tubes, Air-cells and Lung Tissues, causing Cough.

What Diseases Invade the Lungs? Scrofula, Catarrh-poisons, Micro-organisms, Humors, and Blood Impurities.

What are the Primary Causes? Colds, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Congestion, Inflammation, Catarrh or Hay-Fever, Asthma, Pneumonia, Malaria, Measles, Whooping Cough and Croup.

RELIEVES QUICKLY-CURES PERMANENTLY

It will stop that Coughing, Tickling in Throat, Dry-hacking and Catarrh-dropping. Is your Expectoration or Sputa *Frothy Blood-Stained Catarrhal Pus (Matter) Yellowish Canker-like Phlegm Tubercular Muco-purulent?* It prevents Decline, Night-Sweats, Hectic-Fever, and Death from Consumption.

25c, 50c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., "Invalids' Guide to Health" (Sent Free). SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MASON & HAMLIN

UNRIVALED ORGANS

On the EASY PAYMENT system, from $3.25 per month up. 100 styles, $22 to $900. Send for Catalogue with full particulars, mailed free.

UPRIGHT PIANOS,

Constructed on the new method of stringing, on similar terms. Send for descriptive Catalogue.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.

Boston, New York, Chicago.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE? IF SO, APPLY A "HOP PLASTER." The STRONGEST and BEST Porous Plaster made. When applied to aches, strains, bruises, sharp and dull pains, weakness or soreness in any part, instant relief is felt and the parts wonderfully strengthened. Contains virtues of Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums. Used by multitudes. Never fails. Hop Plasters sold everywhere. Only 25 cents. 5 for $1.00.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Frink's Rupture Remedy

Will quickly cure any case of hernia or rupture. Explanation and testimonials free. Address O. FRINK, 234 Broadway, New York.

THIS STYLE PHILA. SINGER $20

15 DAYS' TRIAL. A Full Set of Attachments.

3 WARRANTED Years. Send for Circular.

C. A. WOOD & CO., 17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.*

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." *It sells at sight to all.* To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted,—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. *Distance no hindrance* as we give *Extra Terms* and *Pay Freights*. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

No Hope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

WELL DRILLING

Machinery for Wells of any depth, from 20 to 2,000 feet, for Water, Oil or Gas. Our Mounted Steam Drilling and Portable Horse Power Machines set to work in 20 minutes. Guaranteed to drill faster and with less power than any other. Specially adapted to drilling Wells in earth or rock 20 to 1,000 feet. Farmers and others are making $25 to $40 per day with our machinery and tools. Splendid business for Winter or Summer. We are the oldest and largest Manufacturers in the business. Send 4 cents in Stamps for Illustrated Catalogue H. Address, Pierce Well Excavator Co., New York.

ASTHMA CURED! German Asthma Cure never *fails* to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMANE REMEDY CO., LaFayette, Ind.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'b'd 1870.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

$3 ELECTRIC BELT for KIDNEYS, Pain, Nervous & weak. Book free. FLETCHER & CO., Cleveland, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.