

TO MY WATCH.

All's water, fast tickling out  
All the hours of pain and doubt,  
All the tumult, toil and strife  
Ticking up our span of life,  
All the heart-wrung sighs and tears  
Falling faster with the years,  
As the petals drop and fade  
From the bloom life's Summer made,  
Ah! what though's each other chaste  
As I look upon your face!

Every tick your motions give,  
One tick less have I to live,  
Did I realize this thought,  
With such solemn meaning fraught,  
When some new-born joy drew nigh  
In the happy days gone by,  
And your slight hand is all 'oo slow  
Round about your face did go?  
Ah! those tardy hours have passed  
Would they were not now so fast!

Never stopping in your flight,  
Sever pausing day or night;  
Not a moment's rest you crave  
From the cradle to the grave.  
With a never-ceasing motion,  
Steadfast as the tides of ocean;  
Seeming evermore to hurry,  
Yet without a moment's flurry;  
Till our worn hearts almost stray  
That you would a moment stay.

All things rest—the clouds at noon,  
And the leaves in nights of June;  
And the grief-bewildered brain  
When sleep falls like softest rain;  
And the stars when day awakes,  
And the day when Hesper shakes  
Streams of gold from out the skies  
Into wandering lovers' eyes.  
You alone speed on your way,  
Never resting night or day.

Yet those days those hands have brought!  
Golden days with raptures fraught;  
Golden days by sunlit fountain;  
Golden days on breezy mountain;  
Days made more divine by love  
Than by radiance from above.  
Ah! those hands that to the sense  
Bring such joys and bear them hence;  
Could we know what Time conceals  
Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark  
That last hour when all grows dark;  
And shall still keep ticking on  
When o'er the light from up is gone,  
Little watch, your face shall be  
Still a memory sweet to me,  
Though diviner light may shine  
On these opened eyes of mine.  
For your hands that never cease  
Bring at last the perfect peace.

—[Temp's Bar.

TRAILED BY A PANTHER.

In the spring of '73 I entered the service of the Canadian Government in the capacity of a rodmán in one of the numerous parties which at that time were engaged in trying to locate a practicable route for the projected Canadian Pacific Railway through the howling wilderness which stretched away westward from the shores of Lake Superior.

My party had spent the summer in running levels between Thunder Bay and Lake Shebandowan, and late in the fall had gone into camp near the first rapids of the Kaministiquia River, distant about twenty miles from its mouth.

More than two months had passed since the receipt of our last mail; so immediately upon our arrival at the river, a messenger had been dispatched for it to Prince Arthur's Landing, about twenty-three miles down stream, with instructions to return without delay.

Six days had elapsed since Sandy Macpherson, our messenger, had donned a clean shirt and bade us good-bye, with many a hearty assurance of a speedy return; and we were still looking anxiously and vainly down the trail for the first sign of his bushy whiskers.

On the evening of the day aforesaid the situation in camp had become simply desperate. Twenty big-fisted Highlanders sat on the trunk of a fallen tree just outside the camp and cursed Sandy Macpherson; and they were still at it when, late in the afternoon, I threw myself bodily into the ever-widening breach and announced my intention of starting for the Landing at once.

A yell in the men's swearing succeeded my declaration, and Sandy Macpherson's heartless desertion of his brother Scots in distress was forgotten as twenty pairs of hard, honest hands helped me to gird on my armor, which consisted of an old muzzle loading "Colt's," and a heavy hunting knife.

The day had been a gloomy, threatening one, and just as I had completed my arrangements for departure, a cold drizzling rain set in. But off I went at an Indian lope, a half hour of which brought me to the junction of the trail with the Pigeon River railroad, at which point and close to the river bank, a crew of wood-choppers from the old Hudson Bay post of Fort William had recently created a log shanty. As I was passing this lonely habitation two men, who were pushing a punt in the stream, hailed me and inquired whether I was bound. Upon learning that I was on my way to the settlement, they offered me a seat on a pile of empty meal sacks in the bottom of the boat, informed me at the same time that they were about to pull down to the company's farm, distant about six miles, to bring back a cargo of potatoes. I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were soon bowling down stream as fast as a two-mile current and four stout arms could send us.

My fellow-voyagers, who were both Scotchmen, seemed well pleased to have a guest, and chatted almost incessantly as the ugly craft shot down the swollen current.

We had been running in mid-stream from the start, but as the boat rounded a sharp bend in the river it shot into a narrow cove, which gradually terminated in a dark ravine. The craft was laid alongside the banks, and after having been told fully half a dozen times that I would find the mail-road by striking out to the right from the head of the ravine, I leaped ashore amid a perfect shower of "gude luck to ye."

I lost no time in getting out of the ravine, for night was closing fast, and it was of the utmost importance that I should reach the road while it was light enough

remained to keep three trees in line. Reaching the level, I laid my course carefully and followed it at a run. I was going along in good shape when suddenly I found the ground sloping away sharply to the front, the slope terminating in a shallow ravine densely timbered with spruce and "Jack" pine. It was quite dark in this bottom, and the spruce grew in almost impenetrable clumps, making it impossible to follow a straight line. As I pushed my way with nervous haste through the dripping boughs I began to realize that the darkness about me was not entirely due to the lay of the ground and thickness of timber growth. The dull twilight had faded out as suddenly as if the sun had been instantly snuffed out of existence. As the daylight died the rain changed to a steady down-pour, drenching me to the skin and chilling me to the marrow.

After a half-hour of struggling through a tangle of hazel thickets where the branches thrust themselves aggressively into my eyes, and a few remaining water-soaked leaves clung to my cheeks with a contact like that of a drowned man's hand, I came to the conclusion that I had been traversing the ravine lengthwise and in a direction parallel to the line of the mail road. I was on the point of changing my course when the ground sloped abruptly upward, and scrambling up a bank of very greasy clay, I found myself in a clearing, one side of which seemed to me to stretch away in definitely into the darkness. There was a smell of wet ashes and cinders in the air, and the half-burned trunks of fallen trees were scattered about in a careless, unstudied manner.

For the twelfth time I extricated myself from an involuntary embrace with Mother Earth, and I was groping around for my hat, which had been lost in the last tumble, when my hand suddenly slipped downward into space, and a black gulf yawned before me, from falling bodily into which I was saved only by throwing myself heavily backward; in falling my hand came in contact with a partly consumed pine not. This I grasped and threw far out into the darkness. One, two, three seconds passed, and then the sound of a faint splash came from somewhere below. The missile had fallen into the river.

Then for the first time I became vividly conscious of the disagreeable fact that I was lost, and I had presented to me the delightful alternative of perishing from cold if I remained much longer in a state of inaction, or of breaking my neck if I moved from the spot.

As I sat staring into the darkness—my eyes gradually becoming accustomed to it—the indistinct outline of the river bank slowly unfolded itself to me. Trusting to my keenness of vision to keep me from tumbling over the bluff, I arose and began making my way slowly along it. I knew that down stream lay to the left, and I was making tolerably good time in that direction when suddenly, from out of the darkness behind me, there came a sound that seemed to draw the last drop of blood from the chilled extremities to the heart, stilling that organ until I fairly gasped for breath.

A laugh, a wild exulting laugh, rose high above the roaring of the storm, followed in the next instant by a succession of unearthly screams that caused each hair of my head to stand out as if electrified. While my hand instinctively clutched the butt of the revolver, yet I drew it forth with a feeling that I had to contend with something more than mortal, against which earthly weapons would be of no avail.

Cold, fatigue, the possibility of perishing from exposure—all were forgotten as I listened to that thrilling cry. It was the cry of a panther—the mountain lion of California, the puma of Mexico, the jaguar of the Amazonian forests—and it came from the top of a clump of lofty pines not twenty yards away. Then I knew that the dark object which had glided past me in the darkness was no creature of the imagination, and my teeth chattered violently from something besides cold when I thought of how close the treacherous brute had been to me. Passing the Colt's into the left hand I drew the hunting-knife and tightening the loop around my wrist, I dashed away down the river as fast as the roughness of the country and the darkness would permit.

I had no hope of eluding pursuit as I tore through hazel thickets, stumbled over fallen trees, tumbled into slippery gullies and scrambled frantically out of them again. But I knew that less than a mile down stream, on a narrow strip of bottom land, I should find—if I should ever live to reach it—a small block house which for years had been occupied during the haying season by laborers from the Catholic mission at Fort William.

As I sped along I seemed to see my back trail stretching out in perspective before me as if reflected in a mirror. A deep gully which I at once recognized on account of having fallen into it—stood out with a startling clearness, and on its farther edge I saw the gaunt form of a gigantic panther, craning its long, sinewy neck out over the gulf as it sniffed vigorously at the spot where I had fallen. Suddenly it gathered itself up, gazed intently in the direction that I had taken, cleared the gully with a vaulting spring and came bounding after me, screaming at every bound! There was no mistake about the screaming, for the forest was ringing with it when I staggered out into the clearing on the further side of which stood the block house.

I knew that on the left of the clearing a deep pool lay, bordered by a quagmire, which, at one point, was separated from the river by a strip of low ground, scarcely ten yards in width. This pool found an outlet into the river by means of a sluggish creek, about twenty feet in width, with a broad margin of deep mire.

Fortunately I had visited this clearing early in the summer, while running "trail" lines out from Fort William, and had taken many a meal with the mission haymakers in the old log house. Moreover, I had been specially assigned to the duty of charting the pool and its outlet, to which circumstance I am, no doubt, indebted for not having died a death by suffocation that night in the almost bottomless mire of the creek.

Near the creek stood a low haystack with its "binding poles" reaching nearly to the ground. Thrusting the revolver in its holster, and taking the knife in my teeth, I seized one of these poles, tore it

from its fastenings, and pushed it into the creek until its outer end was clear of the strim of mire. Although the pole sank under me until I was knee deep in the blinding mud, I managed to reach the deep, open water. I knew that there was a good landing place near the mouth of the creek, so plunging in, I struck out down the stream. I had taken scarcely a dozen strokes when my knees bumped against a smooth, hard bottom. I reached the top of the bank with the utmost difficulty, my limbs had grown so benumbed. As I reeled against the blockhouse door I tried to shout for help, but the words died in my throat. I felt around for the old latch string, which I had always found "hanging outside." It was missing, and in its place was a huge padlock. The door was locked hard and fast! In vain I threw myself against it—equally vain was my search for something that could be used as a battering-ram. I had just given up trying to break the lock, with the butt of my revolver, when the panther broke cover across the creek. There was not a moment to lose, for I knew that my foe was a good swimmer.

In the rear of the shanty, and about six feet from it stood a tall haystack, the sides of which were almost perpendicular. My only remaining hope lay in reaching the top of that stack. The rough corners of the shanty afforded an excellent foothold, so that I reached the top without difficulty. Running along the ridge, knife in hand, I leaped to the stack, and driving knife downward into it, pulled myself to the top. Tearing away a portion of the thatch, I worked my way, head foremost, into the newly gathered hay, to the centre of the stack. Half dead from the cold and exhaustion, I lay there with the quick surge of my pulse sounding in my ears with the distinctness of a drum beat.

While I did not care to hope that I had wholly outwitted the panther, I was at least safe from immediate attack. Moreover, I was assured of a breathing spell, without which I should have been as a child in the clutches of the powerful brute that was making the clearing resound with its cries.

Suddenly the cries ceased, and the stillness of death reigned in the great gloomy bottom. I clutched my knife tightly and listened. I had just begun to flatter myself that the panther had lost the trail at the creek, and had abandoned the pursuit, when a deep throated growl came from the roof of the shanty, and in the next breath the stack was shaken from top to bottom, as the savage beast landed upon it directly over my head. And there it lay, a dead, suffocating weight, waiting, no doubt, for some untoward accident to betray my true position.

For fully fifteen minutes I lay there, hardly able to breathe, much less to stir a muscle, when I was suddenly taken with an acute chill, and in spite of every effort to keep it back, a convulsive shiver ran through my frame. That settled it, in the next instant the swaying and rocking of the stack told me that the ferocious creature was digging down to me with teeth and talons, and that the crisis of my life was close at hand.

The brute was digging right over the spot where my head lay. Changing my position slightly, I turned on my left side just as a paw was thrust into the space which my head had lately occupied. Of course I could not see the paw, but I could feel it, for it brushed against my face as it buried itself deeply into the hay alongside me. I knew that the sharp fangs would soon follow.

I clutched the sinewy leg that rested so close to my face that I might have touched it by simply thrusting out my tongue. With a quick movement of my right hand I forced the knife upward through the hay until I felt a spasmodic twitching in the muscles of the leg, around which my left hand had closed in a death-grip. The point of the knife had found the panther's hide. Throwing the whole of my falling strength into the effort I drove the knife sharply upward—once, twice, three, as far as the hilts would let it go—and loosened my grip on the leg.

With a yell of agony the mortally-stricken brute sprang upward, fell back on the stack, thrashed around there for a while, and, finally rolling off, struck the ground a dead thud, that told me how well the knife had done its work.

I had not the faintest recollection of leaving my hiding place that night, but when morning dawned I was found by one of the Mission herders miles down the river wandering about the woods in a delirium of fever, and with a bloody hunting knife dangling by its loop from my wrist.

In a little whitewashed bedroom of the old Mission I saw, during the following fortnight, panthers enough to have stocked a dozen menageries. When at last I was able to sit up and talk I learned that during the first week of my illness searching parties had scoured the woods in quest of the supposed victim of the bloody knife that had been found on my person. At last an Ojibwa trapper struck my back trail and followed it up. At the foot of the haystack in the clearing he found the carcass of the panther lying just where it had fallen, with its hind divided in two. The creature weighed 162 pounds; and measured seven feet three from tip to tip.

Oldest Settlements in the United States.

In 1565 the first permanent settlement in the United States was made at St. Augustine, Fla., by a party of Spaniards under Melendez. Between the years 1540 and 1583 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, Captain Francisco de Coronado and Don Antonio de Espejo explored New Mexico and occupied temporarily various points in that region. In the latter year Don Antonio de Espejo took possession of a native pueblo, or town, called Tucas or Toas, and named it La Ciudad de Santa Fe, which was identical in site with the present capital of New Mexico. Between 1590 and 1595 forts, colonies and missions were established in Mexico by Juan de Ouate. In 1607 the first permanent English settlement was planted by the London company in Virginia at Jamestown, which was so called in honor of James I. In 1614 the Dutch planted an infant settlement on Manhattan island, which they called New Amsterdam, and in 1615 a settlement was made at Albany by the same nation.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**That Little Loan—In Doubt—Helping Him Out—Up to Date—The Critics, Etc., Etc.**

**THAT LITTLE LOAN.**  
Hicks—Say, see here, when are you going to pay me that \$10 you owe me?  
Dix—Old man, I forgot all about it. I'll make a note of it now.  
Hicks—Better make it a sight draft.—[Somerville (Mass.) Journal.]

**IN DOUBT.**  
"Are you going to see the play tonight?"  
"I am going to the theatre, but whether I shall see the play or only an opportunity to study the latest forms of military architecture I cannot tell."

**HELPING HIM OUT.**  
He tried to kiss the maiden true,  
For fear that he would fail  
She did as we had better do—  
She gently drew the veil. —[Judge.]

**UP TO DATE.**  
First Frenchman—I would challenge you to deadly combat but for one thing.  
Second Frenchman—What is that?  
First Frenchman—There is a clause in my insurance policy against duelling.—[New York Herald.]

**THE CRITICS.**  
Enthusiastic Listener (as the amateur pianist concludes)—I tell you, sir, that was a rare musical treat!  
Matter-of-Fact Listener—Yes, I thought myself it wasn't very well done.—[Buffalo Courier.]

**THE WRONG END.**  
Mr. Binks (something of a philosopher)—It would be less unpleasant for people to economize if they did not insist on beginning at the wrong end.  
Mrs. Binks—Of course. There's Mrs. Winks, for instance. She might have gone without overshoes, and no one would notice it; but instead of that, she went and bought a cheap bonnet.—[New York Weekly.]

**PROPER PRIDE.**  
He—Wasn't that the Countess of Mohair that just went by? I thought you told me she was a friend of yours.  
She—Oh, we meet occasionally, and all that—but I've really been obliged to drop Lady Mohair, I'm sorry to say.  
He—Dear me—really. What for?  
She—Oh, well—she always deliberately turns her back on me when I try to speak to her, and looks another way when I bow, or else coolly stares me in the face and takes no notice whatever—so now I make a point of cutting her dead.—[Punch.]

**NOT POLITE.**  
He—Truth is stranger than fiction.  
She (insinuatingly)—It is to some persons.—[Boston Transcript.]

**IN A PREDICAMENT.**  
Nurse—How am I to treat that little tailor who was brought to the hospital to-day? He's terribly thin, you know.  
Physician—Put two mustard plasters on him—one on his chest and the other on his back.  
Nurse—That's all right, but suppose the two plasters come together!—[File-gende Blaetter.]

**A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.**  
Baroness—Clara, bring me that dozen pocket handkerchiefs in which I told you to mark my monogram.  
Lady's Maid—Here they are, my lady.  
Baroness—But how is this? You haven't marked all of them with my monogram?  
Lady's Maid—Indeed, I have, my lady. I marked one with your monogram, and I cranked all the others with the word "Ditto."

**A NEW VIEW.**  
American Actor—I think these foreign actors should be allowed to come into this country free of duty.  
Friend—Well, I don't.  
A. A.—Well, I do. There is a recent decision that Egyptian mummies can be imported free of duties, and that's what most of these foreign actors are. Why favor the Egyptians!—[Texas Siftings.]

**FINANCIAL REPORTEER.**  
"I am worth twenty of you," said the dollar bill to the nickel.  
"That's what you say," replied the nickel, "but I notice that I can buy a cigar without having to go broke, which is more than you ever do."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

**A BOOD OF SYMPATHY.**  
Bagley—Tall girls are all the rage now.  
Brace—That may be, but I like short ones better.  
Bagley—Why so?  
Brace—I'm generally short myself.—[New York Herald.]

**A BELIEVER IN MODERATION.**  
Jack Ford—Don't be so down on your luck, old man. Remember, "Sweet are the ills of adversity."  
Upperson Walker—Oh, it isn't its uses; it's its abuses I object to!—[Puck.]

**VERY LIKELY.**  
"So she has rejected you?"  
"Yes."  
"What was the matter?"  
"I don't know."  
"Feel bad?"  
"I do; she is such a sensible girl."  
"H'm! If she had less sense you might have got her."

**THE RETROUSSE NOSE.**  
"Tis by a statistician said—  
And in statistics truth you find—  
That girls with turned up noses wed  
Much sooner than the straight-nosed kind.  
From this fact the conclusion flows:  
Though it accords with nature's plan  
Sometimes to tilt a maiden's nose,  
It isn't tilted at a man."  
—[New York Press.]

**A DANGEROUS RIVAL.**  
"Have you any hopes of winning her?"  
"I had, but I haven't now. I have a rival."  
"Who is he?"  
"Young Tiltednose."  
"Is he socially popular?"  
"Socially popular? Why, man, he's at the head of our amateur theatrical club."—[New York Press.]

**WHERE THE CHICKEN GOT THE AX.**  
Manageric Assistant—The big ostrich attempted to swallow a turnip to-day and choked itself.  
Manager—H'm! Got it in the neck.

**A PHYSIOLOGICAL STUDY.**  
Mrs. Slimdick—I do have such a time getting my boarders up in the morning. I've tried bell-ringing, gong-banging, door-knocking, and everything.  
Boarder—That shows that the sense of hearing is not easily aroused in sleeping persons.  
"I should say it wasn't."  
"No; there's no doubt on that subject. Try awakening the sense of smell."  
"Smell! But how?"  
"I think the odor of a broiling porterhouse steak might be effective."—[New York Weekly.]

**IN THE WRONG CHAIR.**  
Uncle Treetop (on his way to dentist's office)—Most likely it'll stop aching by the time I get in the chair. If it does, I swan I'll pretend I've made a mistake and tell him I want a hair cut.

**MERCANTARY.**  
Teacher—Now, Robbie, you may name the five senses.  
Robbie—The one cent, the nickel, the ten, the twenty-five, and the fifty cents.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

**DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**  
Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?  
Wife—Yes, I've got it.  
Poor man—That's good. What does it say?  
Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey—but we haven't the turkey.—[New York Weekly.]

**MODUS VIVENDI.**  
"You say you weren't lived off the fat of the land," jeered Walkabout Beggs.  
"How'd ye eat it?"  
"Ett it with the forks of the road," responded Rusty Rufus.—[Chicago Tribune.]

**ONE OF THEM COLD.**  
Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin' their age.  
Little Boy—Why?  
"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, th' papers say Professor Dryasud is goin' to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—[Good News.]

**A PHILOSOPHICAL MIND.**  
Little Boy—The hens out West must be awful little.  
Mamma—Why so?  
Little Boy—Uncle John says he's seen halibuts there as large as hen's eggs.—[Good News.]

**AN IRRESISTIBLE BAIT.**  
"Gentlemen," said the Sheriff, putting his head into the jury room, "if there is no chance of your agreeing immediately on a verdict the Judge will step out to lunch."  
"Tell his Honor he may go to lunch," said the foreman.  
"I was about to add," continued the Sheriff, "that the circus comes into town at 2 o'clock, and its 20 minutes to 2 now."  
"H'm!" said the foreman, "tell the Judge to hold on half a minute."—[New York Press.]

**METHOD IN IT.**  
Jess—I don't see how you can be such a goose as to engage yourself to Dickey Bird.  
Jess—He has a rich bachelor uncle.  
Jess—Then why don't you marry the uncle?  
Jess—I have to have an introduction first, don't I?

**A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.**  
"Curious marriage that yesterday."  
"How curious?"  
"The bride was given away, and the girls are saying the groom threw himself away."

**Were Good Words Once.**  
The number of obsolete words that are to be found in Webster's Dictionary is considerably larger than people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor, who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them:  
"Sir: You have behaved like an impetuous scrogle! Like those who, envious of any moral cestitude, carry their ugliness to the height of creating synonymically the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with ubiquity to abrogate the tongues of the witless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words as though they were trigrams. I will not consecrate reproaches—I will induce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chambered even my indiscribable heart. I am silent on the fecundation which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fantor and amnicule. I will not speak of the lippitude, the obsequy, you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental disalcation. So I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would villicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarrhosis thereby could be performed—if I thought I should not impignorate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scrogle, band with your crass iniquitate factors; draw objections from the thought, if you can, of having synchronically lost the estimation of the greatest poet since Milton!"  
And yet all these words are to be found in the dictionary.—[Boston Herald.]

All animals, whose habitat is the Arctic regions turn white in winter.

Commerce of Long Island Sound.

"The American coast has many fair spots, but its gilt edge, so to speak, is the country bordering on Long Island Sound," said Captain Charles Hervey Townsend, of Connecticut. The captain is famous as the projector and persistent promoter of the great breakwater now being constructed by the Government at New Haven.

"It is a grand work," said he, "and will be of immense benefit to the country I have just enlogized. The breakwater will be about two and a half miles long, and will give a roadstead of ten square miles, in which the fleets of the world may float securely.

"At low tide there will be eight fathoms of water. About one mile of the work is finished, and to complete it will cost, according to the estimates, \$2,200,000. Its great utility will be appreciated when I tell you that the value of the shipments to New York via Long Island Sound are greater than the total of that which comes in by way of Sandy Hook. The commerce that finds its way into New York through this eastern waterway surpasses any other waterway traffic in America. Along this very Sound is the not distant future, it is within the bounds of reason to believe that 10,000,000 people will have homes."—Washington Post.

Francis A. Hobart, after having been Moderator of the town of Braintree, Mass., for twenty-three years, had declined a re-election. He is not yet sixty years old.

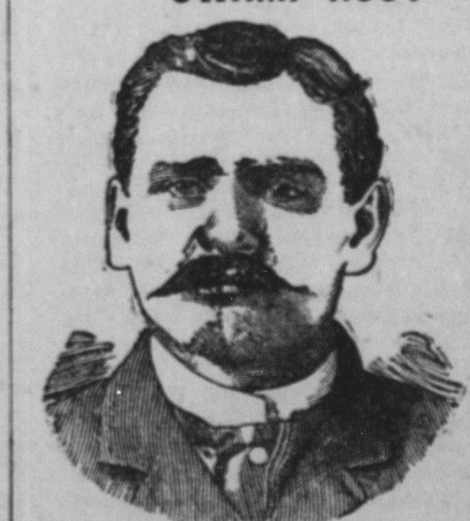


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**A Puzzling Case—How Health was Restored**  
Gained From 135 to 176 Pounds.  
"A few years ago my health failed me, and I consulted several physicians. Not one could clearly diagnose my case and their medicine failed to give relief. After much persuasion I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Have taken several bottles and am much improved. From an all run down condition I was restored to good health. Formerly I weighed

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135 pounds, now I balance the scales at 176 pounds. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a great benefit to me, and I have recommended it to friends, who realize good results by its use."  
Geo. W. Twist, Coloma, Waukesha Co., Wis.  
Hood's Pills cure river ill, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion. Try a box 25 cents.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT



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**CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED!**  
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READ WHAT MR. HILGER SAYS—"I had a bad attack of Grippe; caught cold and it lodged in my kidneys and Ivers, and Oh! such pain and misery in my back and legs. The Physician's medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck and given up to die. Before I had taken the second bottle of Swamp-Root I felt better, and to-day am just as well and strong as ever not a trace of the Grippe is left Swamp-Root saved my life."—D. H. Hilger.  
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