

Hidden Places.
Why a weasel should hate a rat is strange, as he is only an elongated rat himself. Hats and mice love hidden places, and a weasel is about the only living thing that can find them out. Aches and pains are like rats and mice. They seek out the hidden places of the human system and gnaw and gnaw the muscles and nerves. St. Jacobs Oil, like a weasel, knows how to go for them. It will penetrate to the secret recesses of the pain, and breaks up its habitation and drives it out. Rats and mice shun the corners where a weasel has been, and aches and pains are fairly driven out by St. Jacobs Oil. It is permanently cured and seldom comes back to their old haunts. There must be patience with the treatment; some chronic forms are stubborn and resist, but the great remedy will finally conquer and give health and strength to the afflicted parts.

Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, **FRANK J. CHENEY**, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of **F. J. CHENEY & CO.**, doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of **CATARH** that cannot be cured by the use of **HALL'S CATARH CURE**.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

HALL'S CATARH CURE is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sent for testimonials, free. **F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.** Sold by Druggists, etc. **Hall's Family Pills** are the best.

Disappointments are wings that bear the soul skyward.

Purely a Local Disease.
Eczema is a local disease and needs local treatment. The irritated, diseased skin must be soothed and smoothed and healed. No use to dose yourself and ruin your stomach just because of an itching eruption. Testamine is the only simple, safe and certain cure for Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other skin troubles. At druggists or by mail for 50 cents in stamps. J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

New Jersey laws still provide for punishing "common scolds" on the ducking-stool.

Life and Health
Happiness and usefulness depend upon pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger. Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per box.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?
The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer
is composed of the very ingredients of a system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Potatoes,
Tomatoes, Melons, Cabbage, Turnips, Lettuce, Peas, Beets, Onions, and all Vegetables, remove large quantities of Potash from the soil. Supply

Potash
in liberal quantities by the use of fertilizers containing not less than 10% actual Potash. Better and more profitable yields are sure to follow.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.
TRUTH is what God says. Every selfish joy dies young. It takes a hot fire to purify gold. He most lives who lives for others. It is as safe to trust in God as it ever was. Don't give a tract where bread is needed most. Life has most in it for those who know God best. When you know what a man believes you know what he is. Truth never stays over night in any house built on the sand. Never measure any man's piety by the length of his face. What men call failure may often be what angels call success. Woe to that man who has the saloon-keeper for his friend. One step away from God is all it takes to reach the gate of hell. Every failure carries a guide-book to success in its inside pocket. Anybody can say prayers, but only a worshiper of God can pray. When the devil comes to an empty mind he at once begins to fill it. No man can do God's will until God's will has first been done in him. The man who tries to hide his sin forgets that God is everywhere. Idolatry is a plan of salvation that the sinful man makes for himself. Many who are born in sight of heaven appear to do all their traveling toward the pit.

"Look unto me and be ye saved," shows how easy God has made man's part in being saved.

Important Papers.
Queen Victoria has given so many proofs of the possession of sterling virtues that no one ever expects her to swerve from the path approved by her judgment and her conscience. When she first became queen, however, the world had yet to learn how determined the young girl ruler could be.

Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, is said to have declared that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen.

On one occasion he arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful sovereign that he had brought for her inspection some papers of importance. "But," said he, "as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but will request your attention to them to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" replied the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"But business of state, please your Majesty."

"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen, "and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow."

In the morning the royal party went to church, and the noble statesman was not absent. Much to his surprise, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, your Majesty," he replied.

"I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words."

It is presumable that they were better, for the day passed, and no word was heard of the papers. At night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, she said: "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, we will go into those papers—at 7 o'clock, if you like."

But the papers had suddenly grown less pressing, for the Prime Minister found that 9 o'clock would be quite early enough to attend to them.

Might Be Worse.
Howso—a horse ran away with my brother yesterday and he'll be laid up for two months.

Comeo—Yes? Well, I knew a fellow who ran away with a horse yesterday and he'll be laid up for two years.—**Exchange.**

THE CURE OF DIABETES.

A Case Successfully Treated in Madison County, N. Y.
From the Press, Utica, N. Y.

On the recommendation of Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, that Mr. Amos Jaquays, a resident of Columbus Centre, New York, be interviewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the accompanying statement:

"I am fifty years of age, and five years ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say, my appetite increased to an extraordinary degree, but instead of giving me strength my food seemed to make me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated. My mouth was puffy, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, all, or nearly all, my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as sugar diabetes in its most aggravated form, but gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a desperate condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect."

"My old friend, William Woodman, about this time came to visit me, and from him I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he declared would surely cure me, and that time, with which he had suffered all his life, and he believed they would do me good, as he had read of a case of diabetes being cured by their use. I believe it was next day after Mr. Woodman's visit that Mr. E. Hyde, of South Hamilton, New York, called on me, and I was told by him that Pink Pills had saved his life and he advised me by all means to try them."

"I tried the question, and I at once began a course of home treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the medicine began to do its work, the constipation was relieved, my skin, which had been dry and hard, assumed its natural color and appearance, I no longer had that insufferably bad taste in my mouth, and though still weak and almost helpless, the pain in my back and kidneys began to abate and the flow of urine decreased. But I was far from health, and built very few hopes on permanent cure, though I continued to take the pills constantly for the next year and a half, growing slowly but surely during that time better and better. Then I began to reduce the daily dose, and kept heading until six months ago, when I discontinued them, and I was entirely cured."

"I am still subject to cold, which is apt to settle in my kidneys, and always keep Pink Pills by me, as they bring me round very quickly. In all, I have, I believe, taken fifty boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and shall never use any other, as long as I have half a dollar. I have recommended them to all my suffering friends, and they seem to be good for any disorder of the system, as they have never failed to do their work in any case that I know of, and some were pretty low."

"I certify the above statement to be true in every particular, and if I commanded strong language, I would use it in praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

AMOS JAQUAYS.
Mr. Jaquays is a highly respectable and well-to-do farmer and builder, and highly respected in Madison County.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner, who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the trouble peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing-down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Reichstag refused the naval credits demanded by the German Government.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Over 400,000 cured. Why not No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 90 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

France seems to be bent on conquest in Abyssinia.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after Dr. Williams' use of Dr. Williams' NERVE RESTORER. Free 27 trial bottles and treatise. Send to Dr. Williams, 911 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Kansas City, Mo., is to have a home product show.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Pigs draw wagons in China.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

Indiana has 2,900 natural gas wells.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c. Americans use 500,000 telephones.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Constipation. It always cures me. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '91.

We mine half the world's copper.

Tree Splits a Rock.
A California laurel has split a large boulder into three pieces. The tree is of the type common in many parts of California, but there are several queer things about it and its surroundings. The place where this one grows is a most unusual one for its species, which naturally requires considerable moisture. The fact of a tree being rooted in a barren rock is also unusual in California, on account of the long, dry summers, during which young sprouts usually perish unless there is considerable moisture in the soil. The location of this botanical curiosity is a few hundred feet east of the trail to the top of Tamalpais. The general appearance of the tree is unusual, and it is undoubtedly very old.

Uncle Eben's Reflections.
"Some people seems a heap mo' aky; aht o' misplac'n' 10 cents wuf o' chah'ty," said Uncle Eben, "dan dey is o' gittin' swindled in er min'n' scheme aw a confidence game."—Washington Star.

Nothing to Fear.
First Burglar—Hist! Here comes the janitor!
Second Burglar—Well, we wiped our feet, didn't we?—Detroit Journal.

WORKING ON SALARIES.

SOME FANCY WAGES PAID TO WELL-KNOWN NEW YORKERS.

Lawyers, Presidents of Big Corporations and Horse Jockeys with Princely Incomes—A Fat Salary Better Than Being in Business for Yourself.

Many New Yorkers have never done anything but work on a salary, says the Washington Silver-Knight, yet they live in Fifth avenue; they maintain magnificent country homes; they go sailing about in steam yachts; keep fine horses and a box at the opera; the diamonds of their wives dazzle the sun in brilliancy; they eat \$10 lunches in the middle of the day and smoke cigars that cost \$1.25 each; they invest a neat pile each year in gilt-edged Wall street securities, and each of them could buy and sell a hundred ordinary men who are in business for themselves. What is more, these business owners truckle to these salaried men financially, socially, and commercially.

Yet the millionaire says: "Go into business for yourself."

Recently considerable attention was given by the public to John E. Parsons by reason of the legislative investigation of the sugar trust. Mr. Parsons is a lawyer, but instead of looking up miscellaneous clients he gives all of his time to the sugar trust for a certain salary, said to be \$50,000 a year. When the sugar trust was in the process of formation Mr. Parsons did the work of merging the different refineries into the one big concern, and for this he received the fee of \$250,000. This, by the way, is credited with being the largest sum ever paid to a lawyer for a single piece of legal work. If Mr. Parsons had refused to enter the service of the sugar trusts it is a question whether his earnings would be as much as the salary he draws.

Another shining example of the beauty of the salary system is that ever notable gentleman, Chauncey Mitchell Depew. As pretty nearly every one knows, Mr. Depew is credited with receiving twice as much as the citizens of the United States pay their President. Mr. Depew is professionally a lawyer, but it is a question whether he could make \$100,000 a year defending people and claims in court. He labored at litigation for a time, but he never made one tenth of the sum he earns for working for the Vanderbilts. Moreover, his association with that august family has offered him many opportunities for making money in numerous directions.

Then there is John A. McCall, president of one of the large life insurance companies. He has never embarked in a single business enterprise on his own account, but he is earning \$50,000 a year now. Thirty years ago he began his tussle with the world as clerk in the assenting house for state currency at Albany, N. Y. He received \$60 a month and esteemed himself exceptionally lucky. Then he filled various other clerkships and finally became superintendent of the State Insurance Department. Later he became identified with different insurance companies and five years ago he secured his present \$50,000 a year job.

Dr. John Hall, of course, cannot be regarded as a money-maker, but nevertheless he earns considerable in the year. As the minister of the richest congregation in New York he receives a salary of \$30,000 a year, but this does not represent all of his earnings. Whenever he ties the nuptial knot for any of his parishioners he receives a handsome fee, varying from \$50 to \$1,000. Then there are christenings galore, and these add considerable to the ministerial income. This total income has been estimated to be between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year.

Joseph H. Choate cannot be strictly called a salaried man, yet he entered the law firm of which he is now the leading active member, as a clerk, and gradually rose step by step to a partnership. Mr. Choate's earnings are probably greater than any other man's in the country. It is said that he receives \$250,000 a year, which is as great as the income of the five-time millionaire. Yet he was willing to relinquish this to go to Washington as United States Senator at a salary of about one-fifth of that sum.

Fred. Taral, the jockey, like all other jockeys, will, when he becomes too heavy to ride, become the owner of a racing stable and follow the turf on his own hook. This is the ambition of most jockeys, yet it will be something short of a miracle if Taral makes one half of the money he does now. His earnings in good years have amounted to as much as \$40,000. But few race horse owners can show a balance as large as that on the right side of the books at the end of the year.

There are perhaps two thousand men in the city who receive salaries of \$25,000 a year and over, and it would take more than the unsupported word of a successful millionaire to induce any of them to give up their jobs and embark in business for themselves.

Prodigiousness of the Vatican.
The Vatican at Rome covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth and is the largest residence building in the world. It is on the eastern bank of the river Tiber and on the Vatican hill. It is said to have been founded by Pope Symmachus, who erected a small house on the site about 300 A. D. On this site, too, a building was occupied by Charlemagne in 800. Several times it has fallen into decay and been restored. Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale in 1160. In 1305 Clement V removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, and the Vatican was in a neglected and obscure

AN ARABIAN WEDDING.

Picturesque Ceremony Described By An American Girl.

The following extract from the letter of an American girl in Cairo describes an Arabian wedding, which the writer was permitted to witness as one of a small party of favored guests.

At 8 o'clock in the morning our Aragonian, who, by the way, is a fascinating and picturesque fellow, well supplied with letters of recommendation from many famous people, met us at the door of our hotel with three enormous bouquets. Arriving at a very narrow street, we proceeded a short distance on foot under red rags, striped awnings and lanterns which were stretched over our heads the length of the street. The ground was sprinkled with sand, and along the sides of the houses were seats provided for the men, as none of the sterner sex were allowed in the room or house of the bride. We, the women, mounted three flights of stairs, and found ourselves in a large room filled with Arabian women of various classes, also some Grecian and Turkish women. They were arrayed in many-colored garments, pink silk scarfs, gold embroidered jackets, blue plush and wool stuffs, combinations I cannot begin to describe. The women gathered around us and led us to the divan arranged for the bride, seating the oldest in the party in the middle, while the rest of us were given places on either side. We were great curiosities to them, apparently, and we certainly enjoyed the novelty of our positions. In their simple way they showed us great hospitality. The approach of the bride was heralded by a most conglomerate lot of howling women and children, playing tom-toms, tambourines and native instruments anything but musical. We arose to resign our seats of honor in favor of the bride and her attendants, but she insisted that we two remain on either side of her, while she occupied the middle seat just vacated by one of the party, and so we sat through all the howling and banging, the pushing and jostling of these half-civilized creatures. After every one had seen the bride an enormous woman laden with jewelry and golden chains, began to howl and hammer on a tambourine, then the guests threw coin into the bride's cap while the women howled and made other hideous noises. After this the guests began to mingle with one another, and we found some who spoke a little English, some French and some Italian. Finally a very intelligent Greek woman took us in charge; she was quite a linguist, and we were enabled to appreciate what we had seen after her explanations. Then came the refreshments, and we had to eat little cakes and big cakes, all shapes and flavors, and last one awful affair soaked in wine. This was the end of the bride's part of the entertainment. We went down stairs to join the men of our party, and there met a very jolly old priest, who had been to London and Paris, spoke good French, and who interested us very much. He it was who was to perform the ceremony. The man we had not yet seen, but we were soon presented to him, with his attendants, who were parading up and down this inclosed street preceded by an Egyptian band. We presented him with our two remaining bouquets, having left one with his 16-year-old bride. Again we all went upstairs, and saw the groom lift the veil of the bride, supposed to be his first sight of her fair countenance. This was the ninth and last day of this wedding performance, and the most important one, for they were at last duly tied by the old priest, and went home by morning light. It was a weird performance. Through it all they showed us, the only Europeans present, great respect, and in good English said they hoped we had had a pleasant time and were glad that we came.

On the following day (Friday) we were taken to see the famous Whirling Dervishes. Friday, one must bear in mind, is the Mohammedan Sunday, and an eventful day. The court surrounding the arena in which this weird and uncanny performance takes place holds about 500 persons, and it was filled with all sorts and conditions of people, Americans and English the predominant element. Soon after we entered the court the whirriers made their appearance, dressed in short white skirts and on their heads the funniest looking chimney pot hats. After marching around and around for fifteen minutes to the hideous noise of a band composed of tom-toms, tambourines and some wind instrument, they began to whirl, and whirled until it seemed to us to whom the sight was new, that we must cry out to them to cease. The sight was positively maddening. After fifteen minutes of constant whirling they dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion, apparently. It appears, however, that this part of the programme is for effect entirely.

From this place we drove to hear the "Howlers," quite as famous as the "Whirriers," who were a horrid lot of healthy, lusty men, simply howling and making as much noise as possible in a most unpleasant manner, which gave one the "creeps." One old fellow kept it up until he had hysterics and frothed at the mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Ink Stains in Carpets.
To remove ink stains from carpets, absorb as much of the ink as possible with a blotter. Then wash the spot with hot milk, applying it with clean rags and washing it out, in turn, with clear, warm water.

MR. SYME'S GREAT VOICE.
And Some Other Large Voices that Have Been Heard in Congress.

There is always some member of Congress who possesses a voice far superior in depth and volume to that of any of the other members, which in itself serves to give the member possessing it a certain reputation. In the present House this voice is possessed by Marriott Brosius of the Tenth Pennsylvania district. Mr. Brosius has a faculty of talking so loud at times that the people in the galleries cannot distinguish what he says. Another Pennsylvania member who possessed a similarly powerful voice was the late W. D. Kelley, commonly known as "Pig-Iron Kelley." In his day he held the voice record against all comers until Charles H. Van Wyck of New York, who was afterward a Senator from Nebraska, appeared on the scene. His voice was even greater than that of Mr. Kelley. Back in the old days the greatest voice known in Congress was that of the late William Allen of Ohio, whose statue now stands in Statuary Hall at the Capitol. It is told of Mr. Allen, when he was in the House before the days of railroads, that one of his colleagues left for his home in Ohio. The day after he was gone, Mr. Allen lamented the fact that he had taken his departure so soon, as he wanted to consult him about some measure which had come up suddenly. That needn't trouble you, Allen," said a fellow member. "He has not got across the Alleghenies yet. Go out on the balcony and call him back."

The greatest voice of which there is any record or tradition about Congress was that possessed by George G. Symes of Colorado. Symes, who was a good deal of a character, finally committed suicide. He was an Ohioan by birth, but served in the Union army through the war in a Wisconsin regiment, entering as a private and coming out as a Colonel. Most of his life after the war was spent in the West in the Rocky Mountain region. From 1874 he made his home in Denver, Col. He was a lawyer by profession and an orator noted for his great voice. Compared with it the bellow of "the bull of Bashan" was a gentle murmur. "It was a deep, heavy bass, proceeding seemingly from cavernous depths. Asked one day about the reputation his voice had given him, he replied:

"Well, I'll tell you about it," and the words rolled out in his deepest, heaviest bass. "You see, I was out campaigning. I was addressing a Republican audience at Silverton. Over at Oroville, twenty miles distant, the Democrats were holding a meeting. Along about 9 o'clock there came up one of the awful storms which occur in that mountain country. The wind howled like a million devils. It was especially bad at Oroville. The people showed signs of alarm, and acted as if they wanted to break up the meeting and leave the hall. The Chairman, becoming anxious, arose to re-assure them. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'do not be alarmed. There is a republican meeting over at Silverton, and George Symes is addressing it. He has just come to that point in his speech where he denounces the Mills Tariff bill, and the noise you hear is the indistinct rumblings of his voice.'—Washington Post.

Publisher Fields Was Posted.
James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a knowledge of English literature that was both accurate and extensive. A would be wit once tried to entrap him at a dinner party. Before Mr. Fields' arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southey's and to ask him in which of that author's works they could be found. This programme was carried out.

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher, "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could have possibly been written by him."

"When were those?"
"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life, when his brain was softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.