Letters have pass with the lamb.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

With the angler it is more a matter of knowing just when than just where to draw the line.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best kidney and liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at Reber's Drug Store.

The Missouri pigs are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal and then judge by the sound.

Don't Stand that Pain.

It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache and Pain in the Side; a prompt and safe remedy is required. Red Flag Oil, the Famous Pain Cure, fills the bill. Price 25 cts.

Are you consumptive, or do you suffer with a Cough or Cold? If so, use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottle free at Thomas' Drug Store.

A poet anxiously asks: "Oh, pallid brow, where has the spirit gone?" Don't ask the pallid brow. If your bottle is empty, make inquiries of the florid nose. It knows where the spirit goes.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Blery's or Thomas' drug store.

The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

They Are Liable.

The doctors are all liable to be mistaken. They were in my case. It cost me $200.00, because they told me I had the Heart disease, and then told me I must die. Grandmother said it was Liver complaint, and $2.00 worth of Sulphur Bitters cured me.—Jennie Poor, Rockport, Mass.

What are the wild waves saying? They are probably telling fish stories to one another.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

A traveler, who crossed the Atlantic, tells a story of a storm, where the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose ten inches. "There's no mistake," said he; "beside, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

An editor's wife never goes through her husband's other trousers pockets to strike a package of love letters. Editors are not like the wicked, unfaithful men of the world—editors rarely have the other trousers.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Sample free at T. D Thomas and W. F. Biery's Drug Store.

"Printing is the great civilizer," says a modern writer. And that's so. An editor, the other day, called a local rival a "perjured scoundrel, not fit to live in a civilized community," and the next day the perjured scoundrel called around to the printing office and civilized the editor so numerously with a club, that the foreman and the devil had to edit the paper for two weeks.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

A man who saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight, was puzzled. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer deciding to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mudhole. Moral: Never poke at a large white male when its back is turned.

Marvelous Endurance.

The vast amount of labor performed by the heart in keeping all portions of the body with blood is not generally known. It beats 100,000 times, and forces the blood at the rate of 168 miles a day, which is 3,000,000,000 times and 5,150,880 miles in a life time. No wonder there are so many Heart Failures. The first symptoms are shortness of breath when exercising, pain in the side or stomach, fluttering, choking in throat, oppression, then follow weak, hungry or smothering spells, swollen ankles, etc. Dr. Franklin Miles' New Heart Cure is the only reliable remedy. Sold by T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery.

An aged, inquisitive old gent poked his head into a printing office door, in the city, and asked, "who's dead?" The man at the wheel answered, "nobody that I have heard of." The old gent then asked, "what is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of this medicine, was completely cured."—Angs A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

ONLY A FARMER.

"Only a farmer"—so disdainfully spoken
By a woman of fashion, as her garments gave token.
"Only a farmer, a tiller of soil,
With hands stained by labor and hardened by toil,
Reared in the country he knows little but work,
Always eats with his knife, while disdaining the fork.

"Only a farmer—so awkward—a boor,
And what is far worse, he always is poor,
'Tis said he's outstepped, his face wears a smile,
But he is no gentleman unless he has style."

"Only a farmer," the politician says
"'Tis but little he knows of the means and of ways.
Let him stay on the farm, he is better off there.
We've enough in our ranks, aye, and many to spare."

"Only a farmer," did the lawyer exclaim.
"There's no laurels for him, and no honor or fame.
Professional men should the offices fill,
And leave the farmers at home their acres to till."

But be not disheartened, ye tillers of earth,
Many others there be who recognize worth.
Whether in office high, or fashion's gay hall,
Or a plain country home, we obey duty's call.
Of old it was said by the sweat of man's brow
Should he win daily bread—'tis honorable now.

—Millie Coolidge in New England Farmer.

SHORTY'S CONVERSION.

"Wal, you see thar wuz 'bout a dozen of us fellers over thar workin' the mines, an' bein' all man, we got ter be blamed tough. We didn't have nothin' to read, an' nothin' to do when we warn't workin' but to play keerds an' drink whisky, an' so we sorter slid down hill into cussedness, and got to be 'bout the hardest lot ever a feller see.

"But one day 'long in spring, 'bout four years ago, a feller come 'long over thar holdin' meetin's an' Sunday schools. When he fust struck Horsethief Pass we didn't take much to 'im, an' some o' the fellers talked right smart 'bout givin' 'im a coat o' tar an' feathers an' ridin' 'im outen the camp, an' I reckon they'd a done it but for a leetle carcumstance whut happened jest then.

"You see old Shorty Brown wuz the leader in the camp, an' every feller swore by him through thick an' thin. Shorty wuz powerful wicked an' could out cuss a dozen common fellers, but he had a heart in him bigger'n a punkin an 'nd do anything to help the boys out.

"Wal, 'bout the time they wuz talkin' o' tarrin the preacher Shorty he got hurt in the mine, an fer a week wuz powerful bad off. We got ter thinkin' he'd reached the end o' his leed an' that he'd hev ter cross over the range. Shorty'd been the wust feller in the camp agin the preacher and it wuz him that proposed the tar and feathers, so when he got hurt the others dropped the matter, an waited fer him to git well if he wuz a goin' to.

"We wuz workin' like eve'thing then to git a new mine opened, an' we didn't hev much chance to look after Shorty, so we had to leave 'im to git 'long by hisself. That preacher, he see how it wuz, an' blame my skin if he didn't jest go right down to Shorty's cabin, an' fling off his coat an' turn nuss. An' he stayed by Shorty jest like a mother, an' waited on 'im an' give 'im medicine till he pulled through all right an' got well.

"After that we all thought a good deal more of the preacher an' as for Shorty—wal, I reckon he'd made short o' anybody who'd a said a word agin him. Shorty wasn't a man to go back on a friend, an' he never forgot a favor. As soon as Shorty was able to git about he comes down to the saloon whar we usually round o' nights, an' he says:

"'Boys, the parson's a goin' to preach down at my cabin to-night, an' I want ever last one o' ye to come.'

"Wa'n't none of us hankerin' to go, but we could tell by the way Shorty spoke that he wuz in dead earnest 'bout it, an' we knowed it wouldn't be extry healthy to refuse, so we agreed to come.

"'An' I want you to b'ar in min', says Shorty, 'that the preacher's my friend, an' that he's got to be treated white. I want you fellers to behave an' act decent, an' if any galoot disturbs the meetin', blamed if I don't put a hole through 'im on the spot.'

"Shorty'd a done it, too, an' we knowed it, so you may jest bet yer last dollar that we wuz a moughty well behaved congregation that night as we squatted agin the wall o' Shorty's cabin an' listened to the sarmont.

"At fust I didn't take no special interest in what the preacher said, an' reckon none o' the others didn't neither, but after he'd talked on a while he kinder warmed up to business, an' fer 'bout a hour he talked powerful eloquent, shore, an' the way he ripped them old rascals away back ther' to Jerusalem wuz a caution. Before he'd gone very far we all got powerful interested, an' could a listened a heap longer if he'd a kep' on.

"After that we tuck to goin' to meetin' reg'lar, an' afore many nights we got to lookin' forrard through the day, an' feelin' sorter anxious to hev night come an' with it another sarmont. Shorty allers set up in front along o' the preacher, an' sometimes when I looked up thar an' see him so solemn like an' remembered how he ust to cuss it wuz 'bout all I could do to keep from laughin' right out.

"Wal, the meetin's kep on fer a wee'h, an' then one night the preacher said he reckoned we ort to hev a Sunday school. Shorty said 'Certainly,' an' the rest uv us agreed, because we thought it 'nd save trouble. You see Shorty had got mouty pious, but the way he fingered them shootin' irons o' his'n made us a leetle jubous uv 'im, an' we didn't know but he would break out an' shoot some uv us 'fore he knowed what he wuz 'bout.

"So the next Sunday we met at Shorty's cabin to git up a Sunday school. Fust the preacher prayed an' sung, an' then he read a chapter o' scripture 'bout Judas betrayin' his master an' all that, you know, an' then he axed us to talk—to sorter give our notions of it. After waitin' awhile, an' nobody else not gettin' up, Shorty rose an' said:

"'Fellers, this yere's a new lay to me, an' it comes a bit awk'erd, an' I mayn't be able to say nothin' o' any count, but I'm blamed if I don't feel like somebody ort to make a few remarks, an' I'm willin' to wag my chin fer all ther is in it. The parson wants our notions o' this yere whut he jest read, an' fer my part I hain't back'ard 'bout givin' mine. In the fust place I think them thar Jews wuz a onery set, an' every blamed galoot ov 'em ort a been made to stretch hemp. In the next place, I figger thet thar low lived Judas fellar ort to 'a' been a doggoned sneakin' coward. I don't mind a feller bein' mean when he's out an' out in it, but I hain't got no use for them underhanded cusses what plays the part o' a friend an' is jest a watchin' fer a chance to throw off on ye. I put thet thar Judas down fer a mouty mean sneak, fellers, an' if he wus yere I'd tell him so, an' if he give me any of his chin it wouldn't take me mor'n two shakes of a sheep's tail to put a chunk o' lead through 'im. Parson, them's my sentiments, an' I reckon they're kivet, too. Mebby I hain't talked as well as some fellers you've heerd, but you want to b'ar in min' that talkin' ain't my fort. I kin grub 'long onter a pay streak bouts well as any of 'em, but this yere is a new lead to me an' I don't feel right at hoss on it.'

"With that Shorty sat down an' waited fer some o' the rest ov us to speak, but we didn't feel skal to the 'casion, so nobody rose up.

"'Look yere, boys,' says Shorty, 'this won't do. Some ov ye shorely got notions 'bout this business, an' if ye hev the parson wants to hear 'em. Git up, fellers, an' speak out.'

"Still nobody didn't move, an' I could see that Shorty wa'n't pleased. He waited a leetle while, then he hopped up an' said:

"'Stumpy Jackson, yer got gab 'nuff when it comes to swearin', an' I figger that you could fling out a few remarks on this arcasion if yer tried.'

"'I hain't no speaker,' said Stumpy, 'an' I'd rather be excused.'

"'Look yere, Stumpy,' said Shorty, 'we ain't goin' to hev no sneakin' out o' jooties in this business. Just you rise up thar an' set your mouth a goin', will yer'

"Stumpy see that he war in fer it, so he crawled up, an' leanin' agin the wall with his hands run down in his pockets he said:

"'Fellers, I'm with the parson. I'm in favor o' this yere Sunday school. I think that ther Judas chap what parson read 'bout wuz a gol darned scamp, an' I'm agin 'im. Them's my notions.'

"With that Stumpy slid down the wall to the floor, an' the parson talked a little more and then the thing wuz over.

"Purty soon after that the parson went away, an' we wus left to git along without 'im. But Shorty came out mouty strong then, an' 'lowed he could run the instertution, an' he did, too, an' made a success of it, you kin just bet.

"I never see Shorty's head fer takin' a interest in what he took hold on. 'Peared like when he set in to do a thing he jest put his whole mind to it, an' he wasn't satisfied less he wuz doin' his level best. That's the way he wus 'bout that Sunday school, an' every Sunday he wuz promptly on hand, an' he see to it that every doggoned one of us wuz ther, too. I never see sich a change in nobody nother as there wus in Shorty. He quit cussin' an' fightin', and he never pertended to go 'bout the s'loon no mor'n if thar hadn't been sich a thing. When he wasn't at work he wuz readin' the Bible, an' lots o' times he would set fer hours a singin' them old chunes, and fer makin' music he wasn't to be snuffled at, lemme tell ye.

"Wal, we got 'long fust rate with that thar Sunday school, and ever Sunday Shorty'd explain to us 'bout them Scriptures, and he'd allus give that thar Judas feller a gouge 'fore he quit. Shorty never could b'ar a sneak, an' I reckon that Judas wuz as low down an' miserable a sneak as ever lived, jedgin' from what I've heerd 'bout 'im.

"One Sunday, 'long two or three months arter the preacher left, Shorty got up after the Sunday school business was done an' he says, 'Fellers, 'cordin' to my way o' readin' this yere Scripture I figger out that we ot to be baptized, an' this book knows its business, so I reckon we'll go down to the crick right now an' git that over.'

"Stumpy hopped up to argy the question an' come out agin baptizen, but Shorty shet 'em up in short order an' carried the pint his own way.

"'A leetle water won't hurt you, nohow, Stumpy,' says Shorty, 'an' I reckon you needn't be so powerful skeered uv it. Yer ought to bathe once in yer life, anyway, an' now's as good a time as any.'

"That wuz a purty hard crack at Stumpy, fer joorin' the six years he'd been at the camp he hadn't never bathed none. Still, Stumpy wuz a mouty good hearted ole chap, an' we all liked 'im.

"But 'bout thet baptism. As I said, Shorty carried his p'int, an' we all filed out an' down the crick, war Shorty put us under, an' we submitted mouty meek, fer he carried two big pistols, an' we didn't know but he'd use 'em.

"'Twsan't long afore Shorty's Sunday school got to be known a fer an' near 'mong the miners, an' sometimes people come as much as thirty miles to see it in operation. I remember one time a lot o' fellows come over from Polecat Gulch, an' they wuz a ungodly lot, shore. They wasn't hardly in the house afore they began to laugh an' make light o' the doin's, but they didn't keep it up long, lemme tell ye, for the fust thing they know'd Shorty laid down the book he wuz readin' from, and pintin' a couple o' pistols at 'em, said:

"'We're goin' ter hev order in this yere shop er know the reason why, an' the next derned galoot that makes a racket had better say his pra'rs, fer blamed if I don't drop 'im in his tracks. We're glad to hev visitors when they know 'nuff to behave themselves, but when they don't they'd better stay 'way or bring their coffins 'long with 'em. The sarvices 'll now purceed.' Arter that Shorty never had no trouble, an' fer four years that Sunday school has been a runnin' right along, and today it's flourishin'."—Thomas P. Mountfort in Drake's Magazine.

Sixty-five years ago Emmons Rudge began to sell ice in Hartford, Conn., and he was arrested for it, as the doctors at that day had decided that ice impaired the health of those who used it, and its use was not tolerated in cases of fever.

A New Zealand Waterfall.

A waterfall has recently been discovered in the southern part of New Zealand which proves to be one of the most remarkable in the world. It is exceedingly difficult of access, being almost completely surrounded by a chain of snow covered mountains, numerous glaciers and superb lakes.

The highest of all the waterfalls whose existence is known at the present time is one in California, whose mass of water plunges down from a height of 2,550 feet.

The next in point of height is the Orco fall of Monte Ross, in Switzerland, which sends its water, in two falls, from a height of about 2,400 feet.

The newly discovered waterfall in New Zealand comes third on the list, falling from a height of 1,904 feet. This waterfall has three falls, and the mass of water thrown is much greater than that of either the Californian or Monte Ross waterfall.

The fourth highest is in the Pyrenees, and comes from an elevation of 1,400 feet.

Of course every schoolboy and girl knows that the greatest mass of water thrown by any waterfall in the world is that of our own Niagara falls.

Among the Zunis.

Curiosity seems a predominant trait in Zuni character. When we had reached the housetops with our photographic instruments there gathered about us on the walls of adjoining pueblos scores of boys and girls, laughing and chattering at a great rate. Further off, in little groups, stood the men of the pueblo, staring at us with sour looking visages and evidently not at all pleased at what we were doing. Big Dan was with us and kept talking to them incessantly in their own tongue, telling them that after we had finished taking photographs we would open a big trade with them and purchase all the pottery and trinkets they had for sale, if the price was right. —New York World.

Not Wholly Arcadian.

City Beau (feelingly)—How delightful must be your life amid these lovely pastoral surroundings! What can you know of the jealousies, the heart burnings, the rivalry, the malice and the hatred that exist in my great city?

Village Belle—But, Mr. Townleigh, I know all about these things.

C. B.—Impossible! You?

V. B.—Yes; I'm a member of the village sewing society.

ARIZONA WATER STORAGE.

Plans Perfected for Turning Arid Lands Into Fertile Farms.

Arizona has no lack of arable land. Hundreds of thousands of fertile acres lie uncultivated and unproductive all over the territory, needing but the touch of water to bloom with luxuriant vegetation. The mind of man is turned toward schemes for supplying the sufficiency. The smaller streams of Arizona are all of one class, running fullest in the spring and almost failing in the summer. Those that run into the plains sink in the sands, and are lost for the major portion of the year. The question naturally arises, Why not store the winter water in suitable catchment reservoirs, to be spread on the thirsty lands at the time of the drought?

This proposition has been appreciated, as is shown by the location of dam sites for water storage purposes in many parts of the territory. The Walnut Grove dam, owing to faulty construction, was a lamentable failure, but before it gave way showed by the fine body of water impounded the entire practicability of the scheme. The Florence Canal company has just finished an extensive reservoir in Pinal county to assist in the irrigation of the lands adjacent to the Casa Grande.

Among the projected reservoirs that have been located for the improvement of the lands lying below one of the most important is that upon New river, about thirty miles northwest of Phoenix. It is situated where New river debouches on the plain. The projectors are John King and W. C. Collier, who have been quietly working on the enterprise for years.

The dam will need to be nearly half a mile in length, 320 feet in thickness on the bedrock, 90 feet broad on top and 75 feet high. Hydraulic lime for the manufacture of cement, limestone and other rock for the construction of the dam are at hand in abundance, and can be cheaply quarried. Estimates from civil engineers of repute fix the cost of the work at less than $300,000. With the height of dam proposed the water would cover an area of eight by four miles, there being but little slope to the valley above. The supply of water from the spring freshets of the river is deemed ample, but as a precaution levels have been run to Hudson creek, Castle creek and the Agua Fria, and it has been demonstrated that it is practicable to divert at low cost the waters of those streams into the reservoir.

The Agua Fria, at the point tapped, flows the year round. All danger of overflow can be avoided, as a natural spillway exists at the proper height two miles back from the dam, conducting the water over a low bridge into the valley of the Agua Fria.

The land sought to be irrigated is really a continuation of this valley, and embraces over 75,000 acres of excellent soil. Many claims have already been filed in expectation of the benefits of the dam.

About eight miles farther to the west of this dam site and over a ridge is the location of a similar enterprise of fully equal magnitude. It is the property of the Agua Fria Water and Land company, composed of L. H. Orme, J. P. Orme, J. D. Monliton, N. O. Murphy and William Hancock, all of Phoenix. The dam is to be situated at the narrow gorge of the Agua Fria, 300 yards above the Frog Tanks hotel. The walls of the canyon at this point are but 300 feet apart to the height of seventy-five feet, and above this gradually retreat from the stream. The proposed dam is to be 175 feet high, with an ample width and a length on top of about 1,000 feet. It will not be difficult of construction. All rock and lime needed can be obtained right at hand.

A dam of the dimensions stated will back the water up stream a distance of ten miles with a depth at the mouth of Castle creek of 125 feet. At a point two miles above the dam the reservoir will be three and one-half miles in width, besides extending for some distance up Castle and Humbug creeks. The capacity of the reservoir is estimated at 40,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. This amount will supply for twelve months a canal carrying 40,000 miner's inches of water and allow for an evaporation of 25 per cent. The natural flow of the Agua Fria will more than supply this amount every year.

The main canal will be taken from the river on the east side about one and one-half miles below the Frog Tanks station. It will run along the slope of the river bottom for a distance, emerging on the plain three miles below the Tanks. The land to be irrigated comprises about 75,000 acres. It is of excellent quality, especially adapted to the growth of citrus fruits.—Phœnix Republican

A Wealthy Proprietor.

The Duke of Northumberland is one of the largest landed proprietors in Great Britain. To say nothing of his ownings in London, his possessions in Surrey, Middlesex and Northumberland aggregate 200,000 acres, with a rent roll of $875,000 per annum. In Northumberland alone he owns five castles, but it is said that the larger part of his enormous income is derived from his proprietary interest in Drummond's bank. The Marquis of Salisbury, premier at present, owns 20,000 acres, and as much of his real estate lies in London he is very, very rich.—Cor. Chicago News.

A Definition.

"What is a noun?" asked the teacher.

"The name of a person, place or thing," replied Willie.

"Give an example."

"Organ grinder."

"Why do you choose that?"

"Because it's the name of a person who plays a thing."—Harper's Bazar.

Hated Moving.

"To move three times is as bad as a fire, they say."

"It's worse to me," answered the gas office clerk. "I don't believe in it at all. I'd rather die than move, particularly if the man paying his bill is in a hurry."

Don't Wear a Soft Hat.

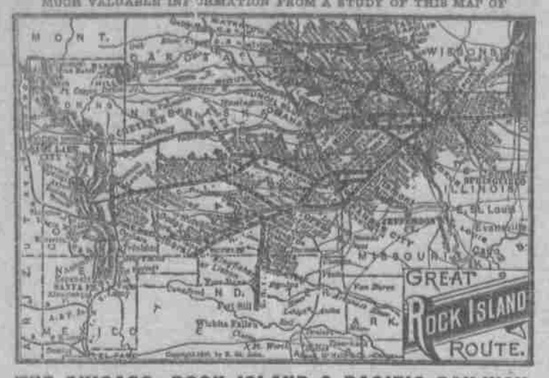
I write against the evil of wearing soft hats. I have made this a careful study and have found that the soft hat will eventually produce baldness. The band of the soft hat being so soft and flexible that it very readily falls into every line and curve of the head, it thus excludes every particle of air, thereby producing an intense heat and rotting the roots of the hair. I find that the healthiest hat for a man to wear is the silk hat, both summer and winter, not only on account of the stiffness of the band, which prevents it from falling so close into a man's head, but because the space which is inside of it allows a free circulation of air.

In England, for instance, there are not nearly so many bald headed people as there are in this country, even in proportion to the population, but there are a great many more silk hats worn there. The young men begin to wear them there at the age of 18 years.

To show you the difference in the production of silk hats here and in England I find from the statistics that England, with a population of about 30,000,000 inhabitants, has employed in the manufacture of silk hats about 2,000 men, while the United States, with a population of more than 60,000,000, has only about 500. Can you wonder that there are so many bald headed men here?

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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HOP PLASTERS never dry, rot or irritate. Are used by thousands of people to keep well of the ailments with success and satisfaction.

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A PERFECT HARNESS DRESSING.
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SHOULD USE

PIK-RON TRY IT.

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August 17, 1889

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Read the Advocate.

TWO PRAYERS.

A woman knelt in prayer and bowed her head
As to an angel passing by she said:
"Oh, angel! tell me, have the fates above
Decreed that I'll be blessed in my love?
I love so dearly, and I fain would learn
If he I love doth love me in return."
The angel paused as he was passing by,
And in soft, pitying tones he made reply:
"Even as you love your love, so he loves thee,
But fate decrees that you must parted be."
She sighed, then said: "Oh, angel! still I'm blessed,
If he but loves me, I can bear the rest."

Another woman prayed with drooping head:
"Oh, angel! will my love love me?" she said;
The angel's tears fell fast like summer rain,
As soft he answered her: "Thy prayer is vain;
He loves another and can never be
More than a true and earnest friend to thee."
And then she slowly raised her drooping head,
And, smiling through her tears, she softly said:
"He may not love me other than a friend,
But I love him and will unto the end
Of time; aye, and for all eternity;
And that alone is heaven enough for me."

—Toronto Empire.

Squatter Sovereignty.

Zuni is the largest Indian village in this country. It stands on a circular hill perhaps fifty feet high. The houses are all of adobe clay, intermixed with pieces of shale rock and clay. The ceilings are low, but the rooms are of good size. If one man has a house on a particular site which another man wants there is no question as to the rights or ownership of real estate, for the second builder erects his house squarely on top of the first, and no questions are ever asked. Then in turn some one else likes the location, and builds his house on top of the second. From this plan of building it would seem that Zuni will soon be a lofty city, but the element of laziness which is everywhere predominant in Zuni precludes the possibility of this, for the average buck will not climb more than two ladders, no matter how excellent a house site he might have by going up three or four.

Small doors open into the ground floor houses, but the holes in the roofs are used about as much as the street doors for ingress and egress. The ladders used by the Zunis in ascending and descending to and from the roofs certainly are substantial. Two long spruce poles, not less than eight or ten inches in diameter at the base, and fully twenty feet in length, form the upright rails of their ladders. For the rungs they use stout sticks of hardwood, and in one or two cases we found disused and bent rifle barrels serving as steps in a ladder. These metal rungs were so hot from exposure to the sun as almost to burn the hand, but the little Zuni children ran up and down them with bared feet, apparently oblivious to the heat.—Cor. New York World.

Love and Bald Heads.

Baldheadedness does not impair a man's value in the ordinary affairs of life. He can buy or sell, insure, run a bank or accept an office, with not enough hair on his head to make a first class eyebrow; but when it comes to making love to a girl it is very much in the way.

There is a great deal of capilliary attraction in love. Girls adore a handsome suit of glossy hair; it is lovely. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a greased pumpkin, he is at a disadvantage.

Just as the words that glow and the thoughts that burn begin