Simply, I make ready n For His verdict. Yo You have killed us bo Will you face us t

BEHIND THE

FOUNDED ON

I had been sent by the Office at Dublin, where I time an official, to inquire in ques-tion of the necessity of establishing an office in the far lying district of the West of Ireland.

Heft Dublin early one morning, and after traveling all day arrived at Dun-more at about five in the afternoon. This was as far as I was able to go by train; so hiring a car I determined to push on by road, and if possible reach my destination that night.

My "Jarvey," as the drivers are called in Ireland, was like most of the Irish peasant class, a dull, anything but a funny being, yet, withal, as doggedly pertinacious at a bargain as a Maltese.

My particular specimen was not at all a bad natured fellow. I found him merely uninteresting and dull. In vain I asked him for information as to the various houses we passed-what rents per acre were usually paid in this district? What he supposed was the population of that? To nearly all my questions he replied, with generally very little variety of expression:—"Well, surr, I don't rightly know." Then he would turn his mare, with a "Get up, Molly," at the same time giving his reins a twitch, and administering what he would have called a "shkerrup" with his

The road, like most Irish roads, was bad. Perhaps the truffic was so small that it was not considered necessary to keep it in repair. Anyway, we jolted on remorselessly, evasperatingly.
"I trust your springs are strong?" 1

asked, presently.

"O, they're strong enough, surr." The man was either not altogether truthful or no springs were yet made which could have withstood the loose stones we found scattered along our path. After two or three more than ordinarily severe jolts, I found myself lying on the road. The off-side spring had broken, and, as a consequence, the balance of the car had been upset, and with it myself.

What are you going to do now?" I asked, angrily. "Well, surr, I don't rightly know,"

replied the man, impeturbably. "How far is it to the next village?" "Well, surr, I-"

I knew what he was going to say, so cut him short. "Can't you ask?"

"There's nowan to ask."

The man was right th's time. We light thr eared to be in a bleak, barren part of the country, without a human being in sight, far or near. So I scrambled up to the top of a mud tank and reconnoitered. was now some feet above the road evel, and able to command a fairly extensive prospect. Straining my eyes to the utmost, for it was now dusk, i discerned, at about the distance of an English mile and a half, smoke issuing from some chimneys. This, at any rate, was something to be thankful for; so, telling the driver to lead the horse, I struck out for the village.

The inn was not difficult to find. appeared to be the only house of any importance in the place-an Ichabodish, comfortless looking hostelry at the best; with a landlord sad, sallow faced, Spanish looking-this last a characteristic often to be met with in this part of the

I explained matters in a few words and ended by asking: "Could I have a bed the old boards."

for the night?"

So I rattled "You cannot," he replied, not un-

civilly, but decisively.

"You see the predic—the difficulty easy at this. And a strange, creepy, we're in," I pleaded, substituting an easy eerie feelings commenced to take hold of for a more uncommon word.

"Ivry room in the house is wanted that some other presence besides mine this night, surr." He spoke as if was there. Just then the scratching usually he had twenty or thirty at his "Come, I'll give you a sovereign for supper, breakfast and a bed."

would have given him that sum for listened attentively for their recomshakedown alone, but did not deem it wise to appea too flush of money.

The man-whose name I saw by the sign was McKillan-looked at me so!emply, then rubbed his chin contemplatively, and then called a young girl of about sixteen and spoke to her in Irish. In answer to his first sentence, the girl shook her head sturdily; he went on speaking, however, argumentatively, as it seemed to me. I remarked that the girl covered her face with her hands for an instant while he spoke; it was a strange gesture in such a connection, but it made no impression on me at the time. I was too eager for the result of their discussion.

I flew to my bag and opened by pocketbook. Every note, every sov-ereign, every shilling just [the same as It seemed that the man had won his point, for presently he said: "Well, surr, mi dhaughter an' me think we can I was now so impatient to get down stairs and question McKillan that I tubbed and managed to shave in icy manage a supper, breakfast an' bed-at the price ye name."

"That's all right. Can I go up now and have a wash!"

ond have a wash."

"The room is not ready yet, but wo'll on seeing me. "He shall read nothing from me." I determined. "I shall be

It mattered little to me where I washed off the stains of travel, so I agreed.

It was soon arranged that the carman was to seek shelter somewhere in the village, at a house the landlord told him of. We ascertained, besides, there was a so came down at once."

I fancied he looked relieved at my A pause: then a little hesitablacksmith shop, where he could get his spring mended in the morning.

During the evening I inquired if the goom was ready yet, as I wanted to un-

pack my bag.

"It'll be asl right be bed time, he answered." "It's not reddy yet."

"Dear me," I thought to myself, "this room requires great need of preparation.

Are they converting it from a pig sty, and is the present occupant objecting:"

The bacon and eggs for supper were "Capitally, take it altogether."

Another pause.

"Got any rats about this place?" I asked presently.

"Sorra rat—nor yet a mouse—dare show his face in the township, with Pincher here to look after them. Here, Pincher!" and he called a remarkably

ish terrie posed to be

s, spirits supposed explanatorily. such stories of this man threw a rapid is keen, gray eyes. have been I heard im straight in the face sked the question. peated, as if he was one else than myself

"Yes, he rd!" (He knows something.)
"Heard? he said again, after a second's panse, and starting to his feet.
"For the luv o' God, what did ye hear." r what? He precear me, and presently aking of some other subsurprised at the man's vehemhe, then, ignorant of the thalf past ten Nancy McKillan,

e I asked my

at the room was ready.

the little one surr, he withis is generall eps

At last. Taking up a candle, the man

s on this bed behind them cur-

She would not like ye to see the

disorther it's in, so the pinned up the curtains. We're not like the English,

for me, that the big one should not be disturbed; and then said: "Good

I suppose I was over tired; or, perhaps,

I walked up and down the room. Then looked at the hearse like bed and won-

dered what was concealed there. "I've

a good mind to pull back the curtains,'

said to myself, "just for a bit of fun.

After all, it would be hardly fair, I sup-

instead, I got back to bed a ain, and

What made me start? I distinctly

heard the faint sound of scratching; now

louder, now softer. How long it had

been going on before I awoke I could

he contemplate a raid on my bag? The

thought did not at ail make me nervous,

for, with a first class revolver at my bed-

side I felt I was sufficiently well armed in case of an attack, even if he brought

moment, I laughed at myself for imagin-ing such a thing as likely. "Does a man," I reasoned, "resort to the slow and stu-

own door, when one strong kick would have forced it open, though bolted?"

after a few seconds.

clock on the stairs.

juggling with me.

"Of course, it's rats," I concluded,

"They are nibble-nibble-nibbling at

So I rattled with the chair close to

me, to frighten my visitors away. Still the sounds continued. I felt a little un-

me. I felt I was not alone in the room;

grew louder, then fainter; suddenly

The cause removed, the uncanny feel-

ing gradually left me. I even supposed

der if, while I was asleep, they concealed.

cold water, and was soon in the inn

able to get the truth out of him all the

"Y're down urly, surr," said the man, in the sad, almost sullen tone I had noticed in him the evening before.

when I counted them last night,

cold him as briefly as possible of my addord's daughter, after whisper-omething to her father, announced o periences of the previous night. Of the sound of gnawing or scratching at the boards, of the low moan, of the entire cessation of the sounds after a few mo-At last. Taking up a candle, the man preceded me up the creaking stairs. Before he opened the door he paused for a moment, then led me into a very fair sized apartment, practically two rooms knocked into one. It was an old house. Blackened beams crossed the ceiling, and the large fireplace looked as though it had not been new even the time of the "Rebellion." ments. I was about to question him further, when I looked up into McKil-lan's face. A cold sweat had started to his temples, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and a scared, terrified look had come into his face.
"Mary-Mother o' God!" he cried

out, distractedly, flung open the door, and dashed wildly out. I followed, "I shan't want two beds," said I, laughing, on observing at one end of the room a little truckly bed, and at the other a large four loster, with heavy curtains drawn all rund it. "Which is "About three wondering what was about to happen.

As we rushed up the stairs, he asked

When was this?" "About three this morning, I should

fancy. This wan, sir, "he replied, pointing to he little one. To tell you the treuth, arr, he was on, after a short pause, "Too late! too late!"

To tell you the treuth, on, after a short pause, dhaughter's room. She eps in that bed," pointing to he keeps all her odds and ends greater strength, he tore them open. A sight met my eye for which I was so little prepared that my blood froze in my veins and my heart stood still.

tidy an' that; we throw one thing here A rude coffin, with the words on a rough, brass slate, "Mary McKillan, born 184—, died 187—. R. I. P."
"My darlint! my darlint!" the man and another there, and think nothin' of I laughed again, and assured him the little bed would do quite well enough cried piteously, distractedly. "There may be hope yet. Nancy, fetch Dr. Growin—fetch him, d'ye hear, this in-

"Good night, surr." But as McKillan With the speed of lightning he next turned to go I heard him heave a deep flew to the cupboard, and drew out some "Good night, surr." But as McKillan rough implements, and with the aid of these we removed the coffin lid.

it was the new, the strange bed; any-how, I could not sleep. At last I got up and sat by the remains of the fire. Then There lay a woman in her grave clothes, the eyes wide open, yet over-spread with the film of death; the arms ent up near the face, the fingers distended toward the lid, and the nails broken and split with the splinters of elm from the collin boards. She had had a brave fight for her life,

It would give one an insight into Irish and I might have saved her! I who manners and customs. My hand was almost on the curtains when I desisted. slept through her dumb agony, and only waked when her struggles were well nigh spent. I, who lay close to her, listened, and lent no saving hand. Oh, pose. I should not like it myself. The the horror of that woman's second death!
Oh, the anguish of her mortal pain! I
turned to the husband, but he had fainted room has been lent me on sufferance. It's hardly the thing to cast profane eyes on a girl's belongings-little feminine knic-nacs and vanities, and all that. So away. I wiped the sweat from his forehead—that cold, clammy, awful sweat that leaves the indescribable feelings on this time dropped off into a dose, and from a dose passed off into a deep sleep. the fingers that cling to them for years "What's that?"

after which the scene is recalled. I o ened my eyes but saw nothing. I tried to express sympathy for the The room was not quite dark. Not even unfortunate husband and the motherless the fitful gleams of the moon threw their daughter, but my words were very inuate to tell to them all I feit.

Presently McKillan became so far recovered as to be able to explain to mewhat I could well believe-that he was terrible poor. He ought not, he said, to not, of course, tell; but it was this, doubtless, that had disturbed me. have let me the room, but when I offered him the sum I did he was not able to "What's up?" I thought to myself, "is resist. The supposed dead wife was to have been buried to-day; that accounted the landlord up to any mischief? Does for the significant "to-morrow" of the men on taking leave the night before. The custom of "waking" had taken place before I reached the village, but during its progress poor "Mary" had shown no a friend or two with him. Then, after a

I stayed over the funeral, as I thought "the family" would like it, and my car being repaired, I started on my journey pid process of scratching a hole in his

directly the ceremony was over.

I have never forgotten that awful night.
The horror of it clings to me, and even now, after all these years, if I awake in the night I fancy I hear the sepulchral scratch, scratch, scratch of the dying woman on the coffin lid, and then the relapse into silence which I now know was but the sinking back from an awful awakening into the sleep of death. The distorted face and the strained eyes, for all the world like glass marbles, will al-ways haunt me. - New York Herald.

The Curse of China.

The sallow complexion of the people heard a low moan, and then all was still. of China, their emaciated forms and While awaiting the development of events, the sounds had ceased. I languid movements, attract our attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy mencement, but heard nothing, except the monotonous "tick, tick" of the cheek; a dead leaden color is on all faces, old and young, male and female, I look at the broad, swift river; I feel the cool, clear breeze; I gaze at the high green hills, the flowing rivulets and the that my imagination might have been wide-spreading trees overhanging the hamlets. Upon the mountain sides are houses and hundreds of workmen; ap-"Strange!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if the place has the character of proach these busy laborers and you will being haunted, and the landlord and his daughter have been up to my hankey, pankey to serve their own ends. I won-

see this deathlike pallor on all faces.

The climate seems the acme of perfection—a long, pleasant summer, with a cool, agreeable autumn and bracing winter; yet there is a want of energy and life among the recoils. There is please. life among the people. There is plenty of food and of excellent quality for China-rice, wheat, millet, peas, beans, corn, oils and fruits of many varietiesall within the means of the humblest la-

I enter a large field near a hamlet, by the side of a luxuriant growth of ripen-ing wheat. The field is clean; not a weed visible. But close together and four feet high stand stalks with large dry heads, brown and decaying now, for their bright flowers faded a month ago. These decaying stalks speak; they tell me why the death pallor is upon all faces, from the shriveled form of age to the bowlegged child sitting in the cot-tage door. Oh, seductive viper, curse of millions! Who shall dare to stand

of millions! Who shall dare to stand up in the presence of this fast fading, degenerating people and say the evil is not widespread and fatal?

Traverse the fairest portion of all the provinces; not the cities alone, but the quiet, out-of-the-way places are all saturated and besmeared with the black paste, even to the gods.—New York Graphic.

The total number of Protestant Epis-copalians is 418,531.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Amount of Winter Feed. A cow or horse will need from twenty-eight to thirty-five pounds of feed per day, the amount varying according to size of animal and kind of food given. size of animal and kind of food given. With the best chance for pasturing stock there will be nearly or quite two hundred days of barnyard or stable feeding. Thirty pounds per day for this time makes a total of 6000 pounds, or three tons. If all this has to be purchased it will eat into the value of pretty good stock at present prices of feed. With ordinary stock the farmer can only make himself whole by feeding it with rough fodder that would not be readily salable, but may be changed into valuable manure.—American Cultivator.

Sweetening a Pork Barrel. Sweetening a Pork Barrel.

It is quite an object for a farmer to make his pork barrel last from year to year, and there need be no trouble about it, for the brine has a preservative quality that will prevent decay of the wood for a lifetime, so that only a hoop may need renewal occasionally. But where a barrel has stood empty for weeks through the summer it will become mouldy and sour and should be mouldy and sour, and should be thoroughly cleansed before it is used. I have never had any trouble after cleaning them with wood ashes and hot water, and then rinsing them out clean. If meat has spoiled in a barrel so that the barrel has become tainted this will not be enough to make it safe. In such cases steaming or smoking has been recommended, but probably a more effective way is to fill with fresh earth and let stand a couple of days, then empty and refill as before. This is said to be successful, but for myself I have always preferred buying a new one to using one in which meat had spoiled. —New York World.

Credit Side of the Cat Account.

I have three large, well-bred and fullfed gelding cats which keep the pre-mises, consisting of barns, sheds, wood and poultry houses, grain, hay and straw accessible at many points, to say nothing of considerable covered space, so nearly free of rats, mink, mice, weasels, etc., that I do not get a sight of either oftener than once a month, and then it is usually a young rat one of my faithful feline servants brings to me to show he has done his duty. The black-soil prairie of Illinois is easily burrowed into, and rate make underground passages any distance with almost the ease of moles; grain abounds in most fields, the grass is heavy and long, hedges are common, and everything favors the multi-plication of the rodents. Without the three guardians, rats would take the young chickens, suck eggs, undermine of manure. barns and sheds, gnaw into the corncribs, There is eat haif the grain and defile the other half, burrow into the stacks of grain, and make worthless chaff of clover and hay. Yes, there are objections to cats by those who hate them; but they are as much preferable to rats as mosquitoes to bedbugs .- New York Tribune.

Growing Peppermint for Profit. The mints are all cultivated in a similar manner, only peppermint is much grown for commercial purposes. The soil should be rich, mellow, and moist. Divisions of the roots are dropped some six inches apart, about corn-planting time, in rows two feet apart, and kept clear of weeds. When the plants come blossom is the proper time to cut them : they are then carried immediately to the laboratory, where they are distilled into oil and usually sold in that form. The oil is chiefly used to make essence, in which form it is mostly sold by druggists as a remedy for various ailments, though some is used for other purposes. The essence partakes of the nature of all labiate plants. As to the process of extracting the oil, we are not fully advised, but think it is neither difficult nor expensive to one who understands the busiess. The industry is considered a profitable one in the few localities where ppermint is successfully grown, but the price of oil varies considerably in different seasons, so that the profits are

In case either of the mints are to be dried for use, it must be done in the shade, and the branches should not become wet in drying. For garden culture, plants may be set one foot apart each way. A plantation will last for years, but it is usual to renew it every three or four years. - New York Witness.

Buttermilk is Important Food. There has been some dispute about the value of buttermilk, says the New England Home-tead, but from a practical test made by D. W. Little, this food is proved to be more valuable than is commonly believed. Not having hogs enough of his own to consume his buttermilk, Mr. Little contracted to feed a neighbor's hogs at 4 cents per pound. From May 15 to October 31 there were 54 head in the pen, some being put in and some taken out every week. It was an uneven lot of old hogs and young pigs. They were quarreisome, and of course did not do so well as would have been the care had the same hogs been kept together without a break until the end of the season. The 54 hogs weighed 6385 pounds when put in, and 11,455 pounds when taken out. This is a gain putty knife will do the work quite well. of 5070 pounds, and at 4 cents is worth \$202.80. About 207 bushels of corn in the ear were fed with 64,357 pounds of milk. The corn cost \$87.05, the milk

191 per cwt. On September 1, the pen was cleared, and 20 pigs, averaging 70 pounds, were then kept there until October 1, when then kept there until October 1, when they averaged 170 pounds, 69 bushels of corn, costing \$21.85, and 17,157 pounds of milk being fed. This made nearly 35 cents per cwt. for creamery buttermilk. Mr. Little estimates that had he fed his own pork instead of feeding hogs for the neighbor, he would have realized 5 cents per pound instead of 2 cents, and that the milk through September and October would have brought him 44 cents per cwt. He says that buttermilk cents per cwt. He says that buttermilk is commonly sold at 75 cents per barrel of 400 pounds, when it should bring at least \$1. One great trouble is, farmers have too much milk and not enough bogs. One hundred bushels of corn to 20,000 pounds of milk is the right pro-

Pernicious Winter Seedings. There is a kind of winter seeding not generally entering into the plan of the average farmer. Winter is in thought associated with a period of rest and comparative death in the vegetable world.

The winter wheat lies dormant in its rozen bed beneath the white blanket of fallen snow, and the ears of corn selected for next spring's seeding are stored out of the reach of the mice in the crib. All meadow and pasture land sleep on until wakened by the silent quickening of the spring. Nevertheless there is a work going forward through the short days and nights of the severe months in the dead of winter. Every gust of wind that hurries by the street corner and dies away in momentary calm; every giant gale which comes down from the frozen north and sweeps whole States with a besom of relentless fury, may carry with it the germs of weeds and deposit them in some secure place where the spring sun finds and quickens them into new

all sowings are not confined to the newly harrowed field or the rich and mellow garden. If it were so, farming and gardening would be a less serious matter than it is. Many seeds like those of the dreaded Canada thistle are provided with light, feathery appendages by which the ripened seeds take long flights in the upper air like so many miniature balloons. Other plants, as the burdock and beggar's lice, rely for transportation upon the passing animals to which they adhere by hooks, thus stealing a ride. Others still are left without any special structure for migration, and must therefore depend in part upon the favoring conditions of winter. The various sorts of tumble weeds break up into a number of parts, or by a decay of the main stem at its union with the soil the whole plant is set free and blown by the wind where it listeth. There are many weeds which remain upright with their seedbearing portion above the fallen snow, and when the smooth crust of ice forms over all, the seeds, loosened by the elements, are blown for miles over the frozen surface only to find lodgment in some ditch, hollow or other place of safety. This helps to explain how marvelously weeds spring up in cultivated ground. -American Agriculturist.

Farm and Gården Notes. Feed the hay as it runs.

Save your poorest hay for the latter part of spring.

To make the butter, milk from healthy cows only should be used. Avoid excitement of the cows, produced by chasing with dogs.

Harsh treatment lessens the quantity and reduces the quality of milk.

Milk vessels should be thoroughly cleaned, scalded with boiling water and aired to keep them perfectly sweet. The lawn will be the better for a fine top dressing, but do not make it un-

sightly by strewing with coarse lumps There is little danger of manuring land too heavily for vegetables. Heavy fertilizing will always improve the

health and quality of the plant, It is better to fill up the water trough before it is quite empty than to let the cows get very thirsty and drink so much

they don't care to eat for two hours. An Indiana fruit-grower puts a dozen moles in his five-acre strawberry patch each year, and claims that they save much in the grubs that they devour. . It is said that a horse-shoe nailed on

the forward feet of a cow or steer will prevent jumping fences, as the foot cannot spread, hence the animal cannot spring. In spare moments nail up the loose

boards on fences, sheds and barns, rake up and burn all useless rubbish and put things generally in good trim for severe There is no danger that the business

of raising eggs for market will be overdone, as long as we are obliged to import several million dozen each year, in order to have enough to go around.

There is an urgent demand for some succulent food for hogs in winter, as we now have only concentrated grain feed with which to supply them, and this is not wholly satisfactory for growing ani-

About the dust-bath-dry road dust is the best material for the dust-box. Some perfectly dry wood ashes may be mixed in, or a box of carbolic powder, but don't use clear wood ashes for a dustbath. They are too strong.

A lady of Indiana says that when any of her hens in winter do not seem to relish their food and their crops look full, she makes them fly from some high place and they get along all right. Do you see the philosophy of it?

The swarming box should be made of light material, two sides being cleated like honey board, for the bees to pass through, and one end must be open or movable. The poles for the handles can be attached as best suit the user.

One of the best fertilizers for house plants is land plaster. Sprinkle it around the stem, and then work it carefully around the roots with a table fork. Geraniums and fuchsias are especially benefited by an application once a week.

Choose a warm day for fastening comb foundations in frames and sections. The foundation must be warm enough to press into the wood nicely, and the wood should be warmer than the foundation to do the work to the best advantage.

If you did not build a silo but did cut up some corn for fodder before all the dness was dried out of it, get it from the field before all the goodness is wasted. Snow, wind and rains do not improve fodder in the shock; house or stack it near where you wish to feed it. Don't forget this.

A fowl should be quick in picking up food, for when one is slow in feeding occasionally taking a grain and then moping about, something is wrong. One can soon become expert in detecting other symptoms of disease as ruffled plumage, lustreless eyes, pale comb and wattles, droppings sulphurous, green or waters.

Miss Ethel Ingalls, daugter of Senator Ingalls, is going to take charge of the the Washington society column of a New York newspaper. She says she wants to make money in order to buy her father a new library in the place of the one that was burned.

Chief Justice Fuller's third daughter Mamie, has a great talent for music, which she intends to cultivate. She is a sprightly beauty of the blonde type, and her favorite indoor dress is a Gretchen costume of soft white material that is The House-Fly.

This domestic pest, the certain acco paniment of all unclean housekeeping, s an imported insect, having brought into this country from Europe at some indefinite time in the past. is common during the warmer parts of the year and hibernates as adult, or perfect fly, during the winter. In warr regions it may be active throughout the

Packard states that it breeds in August about stables, the eggs being placed in horse-dung. Other writers state that it breeds freely in other kinds of filth sbout houses and out-buildings, and by devouring it prevents to a great degree, that contamination of the air that produces epidemics of diseases.

The eggs hatch in about twenty-four hours after they are laid; the larva she its skin twice, and in about a week it pupates. It lies dormant in the pupa state for six or seven days more, when the perfect fly appears.

One of its parasites in this country is a small red mite, which fastens itself on its body, generally near the wings. In Europe it is infested by a small Chalcid It is also attacked by a fungous disease which causes it to swell and come mouldy. Flies that have died from the effects of this disease, are often found sticking to walls and window-panes, surrounded by a white cottony mass, as described in a previous article. However, the best means of being free from annoyance are to keep the house and surroundings as clean as possible, leave no scraps of food or other tempting morsels about to attract them, and remove all filth to a distance.-Prairie

The reason a person at one end of a long iron pipe will hear twice over the sounds made at the other end, is that fron is a better conductor of sound than air is, so that the sound which is heard last travels through the air, and hence more slowly than over the metal.

There are 7,000,000 colored people in the United States.

Would You Believe

The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle Free at all druggists'. Large Size 50c and \$1.

THE steamship Great Eastern was sold for \$200,000.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
So she lets me look at her."

An unhealty woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the ser are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of bead and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only med cine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive quarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

A company has been organized in London for laying a Trans-Pacific cable from Vancou-vers, British Columbia, to Australia. Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a poor of the balling of the ball with a record! It has been weighed in the bal-ance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Com-plaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all dis-orders resulting from impovished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-repowned and ever records. Discovery-world-renowned and ever gro-in faver!

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, the English Attorney-General, was a noted athlete at Cambridge.

Hew's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pieasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Japan has 29,233 elementary schools, with 3,-233,536 pupils, and 97,316 teachers. Attendance is compulsory.

A Rad-cal Cure for Epileptic Fits.

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