

**THE PLOWMAN.**

When the tired plowman his plow-stocks leaves  
 In the growing corn, as the sun goes down,  
 And the sky is as rich as a gleaner's sheaves  
 In flowers of crimson and purple and brown,  
 I will wait in the rare and wondrous eve  
 And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves  
 Its fabric of gold over country and town.  
 And I think of the springs that have come  
 and gone  
 Since we saw the shuttle across the blue  
 That wrought in colors of dusk and dawn,  
 When the music of the sleeping roses flew  
 On the breath of the southwind over the  
 lawn,  
 And the evening shadows were longer  
 drawn,  
 And the sun was low, and the stars were  
 few.  
 And youth was fair in the lives we led,  
 Its memories linger in this latter spring,  
 And live in the flowers, the books we read,  
 The kiss she gave me in the grapevine  
 swing,  
 In words and works, to be filled and fed  
 On the wasted honey and wasted bread,  
 And sung in the songs she used to sing.  
 Though thilly and rose have lost their leaves  
 In the shades of summers of long ago,  
 They come, through the rare and wondrous  
 eyes,  
 In the crop of love we used to sow,  
 As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves  
 When the tired plowman his labor leaves  
 In the fragrant corn, and the sun is low.  
 —M. A. Candler, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

**MY MAGAZINE FUND.**

BY E. G. RICE.

Four months before I was graduated from Wellesley College, some years ago, I was troubled with the perplexing problem of how to get a very nice graduating dress at a very low cost; for my father, a village merchant in Maine, could ill afford to spend more money than was absolutely necessary for my regular expenses.

"I do wish I could think of some way to earn the money for my dress," I said one day to my inseparable friend, Madge Bennett.

"Why don't you write stories for the papers?" she asked, impulsively.

"What papers?" said I with surprise.

"Why, any papers—all papers—magazines, quarterlies, literary syndicates—anything or anybody," she answered, springing to her idea in her usual enthusiastic way.

"But I've no talent for writing," I protested.

"Yes, dear, you must have," she urged, effusively. "You don't know how often I've stood enraptured to hear you go on telling some yarn that I knew" (kissing me fervently) "hadn't a word of truth in it. Oh, I know you could be a great novelist. Think of being pointed out by strangers on the street as the celebrated Millicent Warner, of Warner's Falls! What rapture!"

"But what could I write a story about?" said I, ignoring her little reflection on my veracity at times.

"Write a love story. Everybody likes them," she answered.

"But I've never had a love affair, and I never can have," I added, mournfully, "for there isn't a man in my town that I'd look at for a lover, and you know I've got to stay at home while the other girls take their turn away at school. I know it's predestinated that I shall be an old maid, but I don't like the outlook," said I, telling a literal truth for once at least.

"Tisn't of the least consequence," Madge said, encouragingly. "People never need to know about the subjects they write about. Why, all the books about the management of children are written by old maids; and do you suppose that the people who write about Lord This and Lady That ever saw a real lord, even with an opera-glass?"

"I don't know," said I with simplicity.

"Why, of course not," she rattled on; "half the stories of travel and adventure are made up by men who have never been outside of Coney Island. Indeed, the less you really know about a subject the better off you are, you see, because you're not hampered by facts and your imagination can have full scope."

"I'm afraid I couldn't succeed that way," I said, musingly.

"Indeed you could," she still asserted.

"Last year my cousin, Joe Schuyler, who always has lived in New York and was just graduated at Columbia—not even a country college, like Harvard—took charge of the agricultural department of a city paper while the regular editor went to Europe for three months, and he got along finely. He just hunted over the rural exchanges and re-wrote their articles, using a little different wording, that was all."

"Didn't he make any blunders?" I asked.

"No, not in the paper," she said; "but he did get into a bit of a scrape, for a farmer wrote him asking for some explicit directions for using a new remedy for pip in chickens, and as Joe is full of fun, he wrote the farmer a private letter sending him a prescription about like this:

Stumpus woodus, regular size.  
 Hichestus, one application.  
 Shuks well before using.  
 This is an absolute and instantaneous cure.

So the farmer drove off five miles to the nearest town, to the drug store, where the clerk assured him he'd been trifled with and that it was all a joke. That enraged the farmer and he took it in to the county paper, which happened to be published in that town, and the editor made the most of poor Joe's joke and all the county stopped their subscriptions in consequence. But Joe didn't care."

"Didn't the city head-editor care?" I asked.

"Dear me! I don't know. Joe didn't tell me what he said. But, Millicent, do try. I know you could write a sweet love story, or a yachting adventure."

"Why, I never was on a yacht in my life," I remonstrated.

"But I assure you, dear, it isn't of any

consequence if you never were. Now, if you'll never divulge my secret, I'll tell you that I am writing a story myself, and am doing just what I've advised you to do, for my story is named "A Night with Gamblers," and I've located it on the Mississippi River steamer. It's a thrilling tale, and I've got to a place where one man is just going to stab another."

"Do read it to me!" I begged; but Madge would not unless I would agree to write one with her;—and so this was the way my first attempt to write for the press came about.

I took her advice. I not only wrote a love story, but I placed the lovers on a yacht and set them afloat in Georgian Bay—probably because I knew less of that sheet of water than of most others.

"That's all right," said Madge cheerfully. "Send it to some inland newspaper. The editor himself won't know any more about it than you do. If he sends you fifty dollars—which I think would be a fair price—for your story, you won't care whether the yacht sails bow on or stern first, and if you do happen to get it wrong, folks will think the boat has got some new kind of a rig on her."

So I got a fresh block of paper, wrote my title, "Love in Georgian Bay," and began my story. By night I had two pages written, and couldn't seem to think of anything to say next. Madge, too, still had her gambler "standing with uplifted hand ready to plunge his dagger," but some way she couldn't seem to end the situation as she wished.

Day after day we wrestled with these imaginary men. The girl of my tale was all ready and willing—I had no trouble with her; but I wanted my hero to suffer some severe heart experience, and I found it no easy task to pull him into and out of his various difficulties. I wrote and wrote, and then would tear up my writing and try again.

Madge, too, had her trials. Some days she shot her gambler and then she would revive him and stab him, and once she poisoned him, but his style of death never seemed to satisfy her. "It must not seem melodramatic," she said; "it must be a tale indicating great reserved power."

Each day we asked each other our first waking breath:

"Will he propose to-day?" and "Will he be dead by night?"

Finally a day came when we each resolved to end the suspense before night, and in the recreation hour we took our writing blocks and wandered off to a quiet place under the Wellesley trees, agreeing to make some sort of an ending before we went back; but the gambler was still alive, and the willing maid was still trying to lure on the reluctant lover, when the sound of distant thunder came to our ears and a dark cloud rising in the west warned us to return to a shelter.

It gave us both a new idea, however, and we each resolved to work a thunder storm into our tales.

The result was better than our hopes. The gambler was made to rush on deck just as a flash of lightning struck the smoke stack of his steamer, and he was knocked senseless and then robbed by his fenshish companions and cast overboard, where "he sunk to rise no more."

Madge laid her tale aside with a sigh.

"It will send for an undertaker, anyhow," she said, "if I drown him instead of stabbing him; so, on the whole, I think it's the better way."

As for my couple, they are idly drifting on an ebbing tide (I didn't know then that there was no tide in Georgian Bay), when dark clouds began to roll up, and the muttering thunder began to reverberate among the darkly wooded hills. They hastily rowed to the shore, led their yacht to a tree, and began climbing a rugged precipice, while the maid clung in terror to the soul-tossing lover. It was too suggestive. He begged to defend her through all life's pathway, and in well-feigned surprise she murmured her assent just as the first drops of the bursting storm fell and they reached a shelter.

"It was a happy omen of future days," were my closing words.

"My maiden is ready to don her solitaire diamond ring," I declared triumphantly to Madge, and we kissed each other ecstatically.

"I knew you could do it, Milly," she said. "Now, shall you sign your name to it?"

"No, indeed," I replied; "I've decided to use a man's name, for I think it would be more in accordance with my style of composition. I shall be known as George Warner."

Madge said she did not shrink from the public gaze. She would use her own name.

We copied our stories carefully and sent them each to one of the two best-known magazines, and then began to watch the daily mail for an answer. While we continually asserted to each other that we hadn't the least idea they would be accepted, we each were, in our own minds, as continually planning as to how we would spend the fifty dollars that we duly expected to receive.

Having heard from neither story at the end of a fortnight, we concluded that the stories had been accepted and were waiting to be published before being paid for, and settled back quite composedly at that conviction. Each day I planned a new way to spend my money.

"Since we've been so successful in these articles, let us write some more," said Madge; and we did.

This time she took a love story, and had a West Point cadet elope with a Southern heiress, and then both of them went to the President to ask pardon, and he reinstated the cadet in the military academy, at the same time allowing him to board at the hotel with his bride, to the envy of the whole corps.

I told a true story about a French-Canadian boy from Three Rivers who came to our own town to earn money for his widowed mother, and was crushed in a jam of logs, and how kind the rough men were to him, and how they sent him home to die because he longed so to see his mother once more.

We wrote these stories rapidly and sent them to the two best magazines of our choice. Madge said we might just as well become known at once to the

world of readers as to limit our scope to the circle reached by any one periodical. In our imaginations we now had each earned fifty dollars more, and as the proceeds seemed to accumulate so well we decided to write all that we could find time for.

It made a serious inroad in my pocket money to obtain the needed stamps to send the articles away and also to provide for their being returned, and Madge suggested that we save this last expense, as it was evidently uncalculated. Then graduation time came, and we had to leave each other and the place we loved so much.

We debated whether to write to all the various editors about our articles, and notify them of our change of address, but finally decided to leave word with the postmaster at Wellesley and await results. I had been sorely tempted to run in debt for some graduating extravagances, being sure I could pay for them out of my "magazine fund," as I now called my expected fifty dollar payments, but had bravely resisted the temptation, as it was contrary to all my home training, by thinking how happy I would be later to repay my father for some of his generous outlay on my pleasure.

When I got back to Maine I took our village postmaster into my confidence enough to persuade him to retain any letters addressed to George Warner, for delivery to myself alone.

One after another, in the course of the next six months, those various rejected manuscripts found their way back to Warner's Falls, and time after time my "magazine fund" diminished correspondingly. Daily I was more and more thankful that I had not left any debts to be met from that prospective income.

A formal printed blank, stating with courtesy that my article was not available, accompanied each one but the one of the Canadian boy, to which the editor added in a foot-note the words, "If written with more care this would probably be accepted somewhere. Try your local paper."

Madge wrote me that all of her productions had been used in due time to light her grate fires, but she was convinced that editors were time-servers and could not recognize genius unless a big name were signed to an article.

I now felt very humble, but re-wrote the story suggested and sent it to our county paper with many misgivings. The editor wrote me a kind note saying that he could not afford to pay for contributions, but he would be glad to publish any good short articles sent him on those terms, and I soon had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing my story in print, and of sending a copy of the paper to Madge, who unselfishly satisfied my longing with her ready and effusive, though truly genuine, sympathy and praise.

Then I sent my first story, "Love in Georgian Bay," and another entitled, "The Bride of Castle Chaleur," but the editor returned them both with a note saying that they were not adapted to his paper, and suggesting that I send him several brief letters about college-girl life at Wellesley; and he added: "Write simply about things you know about."

I re-read all my silly, stilted stories, and recognizing their utter trashiness, put them into the kitchen fire. I could not help letting a tear fall as I thought of the "magazine fund" with which I could never surprise my father's emptied purse. Some time afterward, however, I wrote Madge a long and true tale. The unexpected man had come to pass, even in our town that I had scorned, and the subject of my true tale was "Love in Warner's Falls."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated*.

**How Caviare is Made.**

The *Allgemeine Sport Zeitung*, in an article on caviare, says: "This delicacy has only become generally known in the last fifty or eighty years, but during that time it has acquired a distinguished place in the estimation of every gourmet. Every one is aware that caviare is the salted roe of the sturgeon, a fish which is caught in great numbers off the south coast of Russia. The large grained caviare, made from the roe of the largest species of that fish, is considered the best."

"Some of the sturgeons weigh as much as 3,000 pounds, measure from eighteen to twenty-seven feet in length and yield a roe weighing 800 pounds. The fish should be caught some months before spawning time, while the roe is hard and light gray in color. As it gets softer and darker it becomes less and less suitable for preparing caviare; and when it is quite ripe, it is completely useless for the purpose. The process is a simple one. The roes, cut into large pieces, are put into a horse-hair or metal sieve, the coarseness of which is regulated by the coarseness of the roe, which is then rubbed carefully through, so that it falls out as unjoined as possible, while the skin attached to it remains in the sieve."

"The finer sort of caviare is rubbed into an finely dish; it is then strewn with dry, finely powdered salt; the whole mass is then well stirred with a wooden fork and immediately put up in little wooden barrels, ready for export. The inferior sorts are rubbed through the sieve into strong brine, where they are allowed to remain untouched until thoroughly salted through; the brine is then pressed out and the caviare packed tightly in cases. The fresher and more lightly salted caviare is the better. In 1826 caviare to the worth of \$105,000 was exported from the Caspian sea; since then the amount annually exported, and especially its value (for the price is now much higher than it used to be), have greatly increased."

**Biggest Fresh Water Fish.**

The biggest of fresh water fishes, the "arapaima," of the Amazon, in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue, so that the latter resembles the file and is used as such. Some kinds of trout also have the same peculiarity. Fishes that swallow their prey entire have their teeth supported on flexible bases as to bend backward, but not forward, in order that their victims shall not escape after they have been seized.—*Boston Cultivator*.

**HOW TRAINS ARE ROBBED.**

**MILLIONS LOST THROUGH SYSTEMATIC PLUNDERING.**

**The Men Who Commit the Robberies—How a Big Gang of Thieves Was Broken Up.**

Railroad managers have two grades of losses to contend with which involve not only a heavy expenditure of money but the constant patrolling of the lines by a corps of well-trained detectives and experts. Lost or astray cars, sometimes side-tracked and left to the exposure of the weather as a temporary abode for tramps, and oftener run off for other purposes, keep a body of men busy all the time. A regular department has been created, with a chief and a corps of experts, whose duty it is to follow up these astrays and return them to the companies to whom they belong.

The second and more serious trouble to railroad corporations is the constant and systematic plunder of freight cars, the removal of valuable cargoes and the hiding of the plunder. The latter is an adjunct of the astray cars, which the robbers run into the woods or other desolate places that darkness and secrecy may cover up their nefarious transactions.

During a period covering fifteen years the larger corporations—like the Pennsylvania, Pan Handle, New York and New Haven, New York Central and Erie roads—have been sufferers to the extent of millions of dollars from this grade of thefts, and frequently the shrewdest and most expert detectives have been baffled for weeks and months in running down the thieves, recovering their plunder and safely housing the perpetrators in State prisons.

"Three grades of men commit the robberies on freight trains," said Private Detective L. A. Newcome. "They are tramps, who secrete themselves in the cars and steal anything they can pick up; railroad employees, who band together for the purposes of plunder, and organized gangs of professional thieves, who reside in the big cities and make trips into the country, led by a local pal, who ascertains when a car-load of valuable freight is to pass over a designated line."

Perhaps the most extensive haul of plunder in freight-cars extended during a period of years in the sixties, and was checked through the exertions of the late railroad detective, Gilkinson. There had been wholesale and systematic robberies of freight-cars on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Road, better known as the Pan Handle route of the Pennsylvania system, extending over a period of three years and involving a total loss to the Company of nearly or quite half a million dollars. Chief Detective Roe, of the Pennsylvania Company, aided by Gilkinson and his corps of well-trained detectives, set at work and labored day and night in search of the miscreants. It required two months of persistent labor to run down the gang, and it unearthed the most extensive scheme of train robbery ever known. A local train was robbed and some of the detectives had the good fortune to be in hiding when the gang was operating. They were railroad employes, and subsequent developments showed that seventy-five or eighty crews practically were engaged in the scheme of plunder. The work was performed skillfully. The secreted detective saw the wire pulled out of the seal, the door thrown back, the car entered and the plunder removed to a caboose, while the conductor pulled back the door, run the wire through the seal and then by a blow with a board the lock looked as if it had been tampered with.

The plunder consisted of liquors, cigars, organs, pianos, silks, ribbons, and other valuable packages. In one instance a freight car was converted into a temporary concert room. A conductor sat all night playing on a piano while his companions danced, drank, sang and smoked at intervals, and ate their supper from the polished top of the valuable Grand. When this musical employe was arrested he was thumping a piano in a Pittsburgh dive. The robberies included everything except an anvil and a coffin. The plunder was sold to well-known Philadelphia and Pittsburgh "fence-houses," and wives, sisters and sweethearts were decked out with the stolen silks, gloves, laces and jewelry.

When all the details were prepared and the time for action arrived, the arrests began in Pittsburgh in April, 1887. As the trains rolled into the big yards detectives stepped forward, revolvers in hand, and the crews were handcuffed. The same course was pursued all along the line between Pittsburgh and Columbus. Over four hundred warrants were issued. Over one-fourth of the men arrested were railroad employes and keepers of "fences." One of the men who was arrested, a brakeman by the name of Baker, made a desperate attempt to murder an engineer. The engineers and firemen were not in the plot of robbery. Brakeman Young called at the jail to visit some of the prisoners and was arrested. He protested his innocence at first, but finally confessed, and a large amount of the plunder was found in his house. J. R. Dunlop, one of the gang, made a full confession and seventy-three of the men were sent to prison.—*New York World*.

**Two Senses of an Apostrophe.**

In "Scenes Through the Battle Smoke" is the following example of ill-chosen eulogy. A missionary in India was shot, as he sat in his veranda in the dusk of the evening, by his own chowkeydar, or watchman, whether intentionally or by accident will never be known. Near a public road stands his solitary grave. On the stone at the head is the inscription:

Sacred  
 To the Memory  
 of the  
 Rev. —————  
 He translated the Scriptures into the Afghan tongue, and was shot by his own chowkeydar.  
 Well done, thou good and faithful servant.  
 —Argonaut.

**Population of Germany.**

The figures of the census taken in Germany last December have been published, and are regarded with satisfaction by the Germans, for they show that Germany grows more rapidly than any other European state, except Russia. The population last December was 49,420,000, as against 48,885,704 in 1885, showing a gain of 2,565,096 in five years and the largest gain in any five years since the establishment of the empire. In 1871 the population was 41,085,792. In the next five years it increased 1,658,568. From 1875 to 1880 the gain was 2,506,701, but from 1880 to 1885 it decreased to 1,621,643—a period during which immigration to this country was very heavy. As to the character of the increase, the same rule holds good as in this country. The bulk of it was in the cities. Ten per cent of it was in Berlin and more than one-half of it in the ten largest cities of the empire. As compared with European countries, Germany in the last ten years has grown about 4,200,000, Austria less than 3,000,000, the British Islands is estimated about 3,600,000, Italy about 2,750,000, and France less than 1,000,000—probably much less. The huge empire of Russia shows a gain during the same period of nearly 15,000,000, which can be accounted for in part by the comparatively small outflow of immigrants. Thus with the exception of the latter country, Germany heads the list.—*Recorder*.

**Source of Solomon's Gold.**

Recent political events on the southeast coast of Africa give renewed interest to the theory that the famous kingdom of Ophir, from which came much of the vast wealth of Solomon, was located in this vicinity. Not only is the name Sofala, which is the head of a bay opposite Madagascar, a possible corruption of Ophir, but travelers have found an astonishing quantity of gold in the hands of the natives, while several explorers have met with most remarkable ruins in the interior. These remains are unlike any others found in the Dark Continent, being great inclosures made from granite blocks regularly laid and sometimes cemented. These works must have been built by foreign invaders, probably representatives of one of the great commercial powers of the ancient world—Babylonians, Hebrews, Phenicians or Egyptians—and add strong confirmation to the belief that here was the kingdom of Ophir.—*Trenton (N. J.) American*.

**How to Pack Cut Flowers.**

This is the way florists pack their cut flowers for long distance journeys: They take a box large enough to hold twice as many flowers as they wish to send. First, they line it all about with brown paper; then a layer of cotton, and brown paper again. That makes a sort of an air chamber all about the box. They then lay the flowers in the box in two rows, stems pointing together in the middle, with a slight aisle, as it were, right down the exact middle of the box, to give freedom and prevent crushing. Then two upright strips of wood or cardboard are laid parallel along the middle, with a two-inch space between them, filled with ice. That is the way you must pack your flowers if you want them to be fresh as the proverbial daisy when they reach their destination.—*Chicago Herald*.

**Peat Coal.**

A plan for converting peat into a more convenient form of fuel has been doubtfully received in Sweden, but has been tested with results that seem to be very satisfactory. Several new manufacturing plants are to be started soon in different parts of the country, and "peat coal" is likely to prove an important product, and to have a stimulating effect upon other industries.—*Trenton (N. J.) American*.

Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott's powerful novel, "Jerry," has no woman or love episode in it.

In England when a member of Parliament becomes bankrupt he resigns his seat.

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**A Soldier's Savings.**

The wages of private soldiers in the army is not more than \$11 or \$13 a month and rations. It does not seem easy for a soldier to become rich, but they can save something. According to the Omaha Bee, Colonel Stanton, Paymaster of the Department of the Platte, recently paid a soldier \$1048.89 as the savings of a five years' enlistment. Said that officer: "I have paid quite a number of men amounts ranging all the way from \$500 to \$5000. The largest sum I ever knew a soldier to have deposited with the United States when he was finally paid was \$5012.45. That man was a hospital steward at Fort Meade. He had served several terms of enlistment, and had not only saved what money the Government paid him, but he had made some more by lending. When I paid him the \$5012.45 he immediately re-enlisted for five years more, and deposited the entire amount again with the United States. Soldiers are just like men in every other occupation. Some of them save money and others do not. They could all save money if they would."

Daniel Webster's grave is on a knoll nearly in the centre of the little graveyard at Mansfield, Mass. It is marked by a simple headstone that bears only the name "Daniel Webster." There is no other inscription on the stone and the surroundings are dreary and solemn.

The object of the manufacturers of Dobbin's Electric Soap has been for 24 years to make this soap of such superior quality that it will give universal satisfaction. Have they succeeded? Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

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 IT HAS NO EQUAL.  
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