When the sparse leaves left to the oak are

And fray at their boughs, and night is near, And the wind wails over marsh and mere Where the after light lies dead and drear-Then, ah that again!

Come days that have been-Dead many a year-for many a year!

When the wild drake calls in the early

When the plashy pools give back dull light, And above in the gray void out of sight The flocks pulse by on their inland flight-

Then, ah for the dead Sweet days that are fled-And their dear delight-and their dear de-

-G. K. Turner, in Springfield Republican.

JARAMILLO'S GIRL

The gossips of the little California town of Savoy talked much about Mrs. Duperu. She was a very wealthy, lame old lady who lived in lonely grandeur in a country residence called Robin Wood, about a mile from the town, with no one but servants about her. It was said that she had a son for whom she had planned a great career, but that she had disowned him.

What had been his fault was not certainly known, but it was reported that he had led a life of foolish pleasure, and at last married a rope-dancer.

One day two events stirred the drowsy atmosphere of Savoy.

The first was deeply tragic. A new turnpike was building, and the Chinese graders were at work on the mountainside about a third of a mile from the town. During a heavy blast in the morning one of the Chinese, named Ah Gow, had been killed.

The Chinaman's body was badly mutilated, and, dreadful to relate, his head could not be found.

Poor Ah Gow's body, lacking the head, received temporary burial on the mountain. I say temporary, because, after a time, the bones of all Chinese who die in foreign lands are, if possible, exhumed and sent back to China, to receive final interment in their native soil.

The second event was simply light comedy. A circus came to town, and pitched its tent on the plaza. A graceful little girl, who danced on the slackwire, was greatly admired; but the applause and laughter were loudest when ever Jaramillo, the clown, appeared.

When the circus departed from Savoy, it left behind it Jaramillo, the clown. Many of those who had heard his hollow and painful cough in the circus ring, followed by a side-shaking jest, had laughed and thought the mockery ex- "I don't see what I'm a-goin' to do with cellent; but, alas! the cough was reality, and Jaramillo was dying!

He remained at the Woodman's Hotel, when she was well." kept by the rude and energetic Mrs. Driscoll. His little daughter, Mercedes, whom he called Mercy, was with him. She was the graceful child who had danced on the slack wire.

Jaramillo lingered several weeks, always hopeful of recovery. Nevertheless, stamped it. Then, giving it to Mercy, gossips. he said:

happens to me, put it in the postoffice." she put the letter away carefully in a ture. She was well-dressed and welldeep pocket of her dress.

Jeramillo's money gave out. thrifty but kind hearted Mrs. Driscoll complained loudly to her family and great lady had taken charge of her. friends, but never to the clown or to There were many splendid trees to Mercy. Jaramillo cheerfully asserted that climb at Robin Wood, but Mercy soon friends, but never to the clown or to

would pay up everything.

One sad day he asked Mercy to bring his make-up box and the looking glass. She had never seen his eyes so bright, and thought with joy that he was much better. She held the glass while he painted his face. At last he said: "That's good. I'm ready to go on

He fell back on his pillow, dead.

Mercy was overwhelmed by her great When she had seen her father laid to rest in the little cemetery on the ridge, she knew no kindred nor friend in the

wide world. She went back to the Woodman's

that kind of work, she often aroused the wrath of the severely practical Mrs. Companies of San Francisco. The landlady had a daughter named

red-cheeked, loud-voiced romp, and explosion; and the bills offered a reward when any mischief was done, which fre- of fifty dollars to the person who should quently happened, she did not scruple to ay the blame upon Mercy. So Mrs. Driscoll's sceptre of power, in the shape of a broad black strap, often descended of great importance, as a Chinaman who unjustly on Mercy's shoulders.

tinguish sometimes between the occasions when Mercy was innocent and the fault was hers she would tearfully acknowledge it, and await with folded hands and downcast eyes any punishment that Mrs. Driscoll saw fit to inflict; but when falsely accused by the whining Beat, she always preserved a watchful that time was sad and absent-minded. silence, neither explaining nor denying, until she saw the strap taken down from its awful place upon the kitchen door.

Then, if possible, she would fly out of the house, through door or window, like | fidence a gazelle, flee to a huge oak-tree which stood on the ridge above the hotel, and ascend into its breezy top with marvel-

One day Mercy found in her pocket the letter that her father had given to her; she had forgotten it. It was ad-

> MRS. FLORENCE DUPERU. No. -- Van Ness avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO. She mailed the letter. Mrs. Duperu had been in San Francisco for some weeks, but soon after Jaramillo's letter was despatched, she arrived suddenly at

Mercy saw her ride past the hotel. The pale, haughty old lay looked keenly she went to Mrs. Duperu and asked,

hotel in her carriage nearly every day, ostensibly to visit the postoffice.

Sometimes she saw Mercy at the door or window, gazing at her with sad wistful eyes. Again she saw her dancing like a fairy, or perched on the boughs of a neighboring tree. This seemed to excite her anger, and she would stamp her sound foot and mutter to herself, "A clown's daughter!"

One day at the Woodman's Hotel the clumsy Beatrice let a tray of dishes fall. She fled upstairs promptly and swiftly, well knowing what would follow.

Mrs. Driscoll, hearing the crash, rushed in furiously. She found Mercy, pale and

horrified, picking up the pieces.

The next instant the strap descended on the child's shoulders. She cried out, and at once sprang through the door, and fled up the hill to her tree of refuge. The landlady followed, but she soon saw Mercy safely perched on her lofty seat.

It happened that a rough young sailor, a nephew of Mrs. Driscoll's had come to the hotel the evening before. Hearing the noise, he came out.

"I'll fetch her down for you, Aunt Bet," said the sailor.

"Do it, Jim! I wish you would!" said Mrs. Driscoll.

When Mercy saw the young sailor climbing toward her, she gave a little cry like a frightened bird, and at once ascended higher, and disappeared in a thick bunch of foliage at the very top.

A moment later the spectators heard a scream, and saw Mercy fall from that dizzy height like a wounded squirrel. Fortunately, she struck first among the lower boughs, but from these she fell to the ground, where she lay motionless. The sailor, reproaching himself for the

accident, sprang down and picked her up. One of her slender arms hung limp, and there was blood on her face. carried her tenderly to the hotel, and Mrs. Driscoll promptly sent for a doctor, and meanwhile exercised her own skill to revive the child.

"I never thought of fallin', no more'n a squirrel," she mused. "She must a' ben terrible scared at Jim."

In the midst of the excitement, the landlady was surprised to see Mrs. Duperu enter, assisted by her coachman. She tottered feebly, and her pale face was really ghastly. She laid her trem-bling white hand on Mrs. Driscoll's big red arm, while her frightened eyes were fixed on Mercy's motionless form. "I saw her-fall!" she gasped.

-is-she-badly hurt?" "Not so very, ma'am," replied the landlady. "Her arm is broke, and she's a bit jarred. Don't be scared, ma'am. Beat, fetch a chair for the lady. But it's pretty hard, ma'am," she continued. her, with all the work that's a-pilin' up on me. Sure, she was enough trouble

"I shall take her home with me as as soon as she can be moved," whispered Mrs. Duperu, eagerly.

Mrs. Duperu spent the night and the succeeding days at Mercy's bedside. When the child could be safely moved she took her in her carriage to Robin he wrote a letter one day, sealed and Wood, to the great amazement of the

Mercy recovered, and lived happily at that, Mercy, and if anything Robin Wood. She felt many restrictions about her, but they were generally of a Mercy wondered what he meant, but kind that accorded with her gentle nataught. Mrs. Duperu showed little atfection for her, but she was very kind, and Mercy often wondered why this

he would soon be on his fect again, and discovered that Mrs. Duperu did not regard with favor that form of exercise, and she regretfully promised her bene-factress never to indulge in it again.

The girl wore a pair of antique earrings-little crescents of gold, set with turquoise. Mrs. Duperu deigned to admire them one day.

"They were my mother's," said Mercy. The old lady started as if a wasp had stung her. Then she seized her cane and hobbled away.

Mercy had been with Mrs. Duperu several months when a Chinese notable arrived at Savoy, and registered at the Woodman's Hotel. He was a grave, dignified gentleman, dressed in his rich native costume, and wearing a black Hotel, and was expected to help with the skull-cap with a red braided button at housework, but as she knew rothing of the top. His name was Wo Keong, and be was an official of the Chinese Six-

His business was soon made known by small bills which were posted about Beatrice, but the name had degenerated town. He had come to remove the body in common usage to "Beat." She was a of Ah Gow, who had been killed by the recover the missing head.

Wo Keong quaintly explained in his advertisement that the matter was one had left his head in a foreign land was But soon the landlady learned to dis- placed in a very bad position in the next world. Happiness was impossible to him until his head was found; and at the when she was really to blame. When great festival of Yu Lan he was sure to come back to the earth mournfully

searching for it. One of these singular bills was brought to Robin Wood as a curiosity, by Mercy's music teacher. Mercy read it, and from

A secret was weighing upon her mind, and there was no one in whom she could confide. Mrs. Duperu was kind, but she had never invited her love and con-

Mercy drove to town one day in the carriage, and saw a great number of men and boys on the mountain side above the town. She knew for what they were searching, and she shuddered.

One morning the music teacher re-marked that Wo Keong was about to give up his search, and that he would probably leave Savoy the next day. When Mercy heard this a great lump rose in her throat, and at the same time a great resolve rose in her heart.

The image of Ah Gow, so distressed without his head haunted her. She kept saying to herself, "He is unhappy; I must help him."

When the music lesson was finished

at her. After that time she passed the with a tremulous voice, "Mrs. Duperu, will you please let me climb a tree just once more?'

The old lady was surprised at the request, so solemnly and earnestly made. "Is that what has made you so serious

of late?" she asked. "You are pale, too. I fear that I have kept you too quiet. I must give you more exercise, a pony to ride, perhaps. Yes, go and climb a tree if you wish, but let it be a very small one."

"I want to climb a big tree," declared Mercy, with a grave firmness.
"What a strange child!" murmured Mrs. Duperu. "Choose your own tree,

then," she continued, "but do not fall, and let no one see you." At twelve o'clock that night Mercy, on foot and alone, was walking the gloomy road to town. The wind roared in the tall redwood trees; black clouds hung overhead, and drops of rain were

The Woodman's Hotel was dark and silent. Mercy passed it and went up to the great oak on the ridge. She stopped there shivering. The wind made a strange noise in the huge tree.

She began to climb slowly. Her arms were weak with terror, and she had to stop often to rest. Once there was a bright gleam of lightning, and she cowered close to the trunk, lest some one should see her.

At last she reached the thick mass of foliage at the top, from which she had fallen. She wrapped her handkerchief around her hand, shut her eyes, and reached out fearfully.

She touched a smooth, round object that had lodged in the thick foliage of the tree. This object, the mere sight of which had once made her lose her hold and fall, she was now courageously grasping, inspired by pure compassion. Holding it firmly, she hurriedly descended and ran to the hotel.

She knew Wo Keong's window; she had seen him sitting there, grave and sedate, as became his rank. There was a rain spout at the corner; a large rosebush clung to the side, and the window cornices would afford a foothold. She began to climb the wall.

Wo Keong was awakened by the cold touch of the wind and rain on his face. Before he could rise, a brilliant flash of lightning illumined the wild night. He saw a slight form, with pallid face and flying bair, framed in the open window. Dense darkness fell, but in the mighty crash of the thunder he thought he heard a shrill cry.

He sprang up and lighted his lamp. No living thing was visible, but on the floor beneath the window he saw a human skull. He knew that Ah Gow's head was found.

Something gleamed beside the mournful relic of humanity. Wo Keong picked it up and examined it curiously. It was an antique earring-a golden crescent set with turquoise.

It had been raining heavily for an hour, with frequent flashes of lightnag, when Mrs. Duperu heard a strange sound in the house. Obeying her first impulse. she took her lamp and went to Mercy room. There she found the child lying on the floor sobbing piteously. Her hair and clothing were drenched with rain, vering with cold.

"Mercedes! Where have you been?" creamed the frightened woman. "I have lost my mother's earring, was all that Mercy could say. She began

to sob pitifully, and then fainted. The next day Mercy was delirious and dangerously ill. The old lady's proud spirit broke, and she prayed that Mercedes might live to know her again, so that she could take her to her heart.

But Mercy was likely to die. Hour after hour she seemed to be seeking the lost earring, or shrinking in terror from

some frightful object. Late one night, when sleep had at last stilled Mercy's piteous voice, Mrs. Duperu, watching by her bedside, fell into a short, troubled slumber. She suddenly awoke and started up wildly, with the feeling that some one was in the room. But everything was still.

She was about to sink down in her chair again, when a strange object on the table attracted her attention. It was a small octagonal box, of silver filigree work. She had never seen it before.

Mercy was still sleeping, and Mrs. Duperu went out and questioned the servants. No one had called, and none of them had been in the room

Greatly astonished, Mrs. Duperu returned and looked closely at the box. At one side of it was a spring, which she pressed. The box opened, and she saw in it a slip of paper on which was written, "Mercedes Jaramillo."

Beneath the paper lay Mercy's lost carring. A piece of folded white silk remained. She lifted one corner, and saw within a beautiful pearl necklace.

This mystery greatly disturbed Mrs. Duperu, but she gently clasped the earring in Mercy's ear, grateful to whoever had returned it. When the morning dawned, the child

awoke, rational for the first time. She anxiously put her hands to her ears, and a look of joy came over her face. "O Mrs. Duperu, I dreamed that I lost

one of my carrings," she cried, weakly. The old lady's face was wet with tears as she bent down and kissed her. Then a sound and healing slumber fell upon

The gossips of Savoy were astonished when, not long afterward, a marble shaft which bore this inscription was placed at poor Jaramillo's grave:

GEORGE DUPERU.

How the little silver box was placed on the table was never discovered. If Wo Keong thought it fitting that a mysterious kindness done to himself should be repaid by a kindness equally mysterious, he certainly carried out his idea very well.—Youth's Companion.

The output of North Carolina pine during this year is expected to be about 500,000,000 feet, worth \$6,000,000, besides 300,000,000 feet of cedar, poplar, cypress, holly, ash and gum, worth about \$4,200,000.

New York hotel clerks are organizing.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

NITRATE OF SODA ON WHEAT. The wonderful properties of nitrate of soda are being strikingly exhibited at the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, where wheat is being grown con-tinually under different methods of fertilizing. Although the nitrate was not applied until the middle of April it stimulated such a big growth that the plots which received nitrate in large quantities carry almost thrice as great a weight of vegetation as do the plots that had no

GUINEAS ON THE FARM.

nitrate. - New York World.

There is no sale for Guinea fowls in market, but the Guinea fowl is, nevertheless, one of the finest of all table birds, possessing a certain game flavor that is not found in other fowls. They have full meated breasts, and possess but a small proportion of offal compared with hens. If their real value for the table were known they would sell at high prices. On the farm they cost almost nothing, being industrious foragers, and there never was a better insect exterminator than the Guinea. Outside of the eggs they provide, without cost, they destroy thousands of insects, and though their efforts in that direction may not be apparent, yet the work goes on with them constantly. They are never idle. being engaged from early morn until night .- Mirror and Farmer.

HOW TO PLANT A FLOWER BED.

It is no easy matter, writes a correspondent, to prepare a flower bed for the seeds, and especially if the turf has not been spaded up for years. After the sods are taken away the bed should be well filled up with earth, so that it will not be too damp, It should then be raked over and made smooth, after which it is ready for the seeds. Some seeds, pansies for instance, should first be planted in boxes, and when large enough must be set into the ground. It is well to Cultivator. transplant pansy seedlings two or three times, and when the seedlings are transplanted it should be done at night rather than in the morning, unless it is a very cloudy day. Some seedlings will not stand it well to be transplanted. The poppy, for instance, should never be transplanted. When pansy seeds are first planted it is better to water them with boiling hot water, because they will sprout quicker. This must not be done more than two or three times, on account of killing the sprouts. Seeds may be planted in rows or not, but I prefer to have them mixed up, as I think they look prettier. It is very discouraging to have a bed all dug over, seeds planted and sprouted, and then to have some child run over it. That was my case with a nasturtium bed, and the seeds were just sprouting. My brother was out digging up a bed and playing with a little girl at the same time, when she ran straight through the best part. Of course I shall not know the difference ten years from now. The weeds should always be kept out from among the plants and the earth should be loosened quite often. The plants should be watered every day, and I think it is better When the plants are in blossom some folks seem to be afraid to pick them. It is very much better for various kinds of plants to pick off the blossoms, as it makes them bloom more freely .- New England Homestead.

BOARDING THE HELP.

Grace Perry writes to the Farm Journal that to many a farmer's wife the most disagreeable part of farming is the taking into the family of help that is needed. It is the primitive custom yet retained in many locations, but with improved methods of farming will come more enlightened ideas as to the preservation of the heart of the home, the wife and the mother, and her strength will be husbanded as we do not think of now. It is too precious to be wasted in preparing immense dinners for brawny men

other than her own family. And what an absurdity to try and feed children on food fit for hard working men; it cannot be done. Food proper for children would not furnish the strength necessary for the performance of hard physical labor, and to feed children on the hearty food laborers need would lead to no end of ill-heath for them. It is almost an impossibility to deny children food that is on the table and to hold them to the proper diet with things before them that they want so

There are so many dishes that a woman loves to prepare for her own family that would be silly to set before laboring men. Dishes that would be of no more good to them in the way of nourishment than so much candy, but that we love and make good for us-such as custards, cream puffs, cakes, lemon pies and such

And, too, the meeting of the family at table should be the pleasantest affair of the day, and where a man is a busy one it is often the time to make plana, to talk over many private matters that one does not speak of before any but members of his own family.

One's evenings, too, should be generally spent in private, just the family. Who is willing to admit to the intimacy of the home evening circle those who may retail all that happens or who may influence the boys and girls ever so little in a way we cannot approve of?

Let the help have their own quarters.

A married man is best, then he has his own home life and is content.

HOG CHOLERA.

The most reliable authorities differ in many points in regard to the disease known as "hog cholers," for it seems to be manifested in nearly as many ways as ever the "hornail" in cattle was, and as that has been found to be in no way a disease of the horns, though the horn may become diseased in consequence of some forms of it, so the cholera is not the disease, but a symptom of the efforts nature is making to throw off the disease. And quite as often the first symp-tom of these diseases are constinution

rather than scouring, but it does not attract attention. The feeding of indigestible food may originate diseases that are often called "hog cholera," and most frequent are the feeding of grass or clover while wet, weeds that are partially wilted or have lain in piles until they have begun to decay, decaying vegetables, and musty or mouldy grain, and city swill containing more or less of matter which has reached nearly the last stages of decay. While scouring and vomiting are among the earliest symptoms noticed in many cases, others show dulness, stupor and loss of appetite, and perhaps a breaking out of red or nearly purple spots back of the ears, on the rump or thighs, and on parts lain on or kept too warm by contact with other animals when lying down in the pen. In nearly all stages the evacuations are poisonous to other swine, and when the disease once appears in a herd the larger part of them will take it unless the most effective measures are taken to check its progress. The removal of all not yet ailing to clean pens and grounds, the best of care in regard to proper food, and a supply of clean water for drinking and bathing, are usually more effectual remedies than medicine, but all pens and yards in which hogs have been taken sick should be at once disinfected after they have been removed, for which purpose a solution of carbolic acid or of sulphuric acid seems to be as good as anything known, though sulphate of iron (copperas) may suffice in place of more powerful disinfectants, or a solution of corrosive sublimate. These solutions will not be very strong, but must be used abundantly about all wood work, to penetrate into all cracks and crevices. Air-slaked lime upon the earth of yards and pens may assist very much, but pastures where sick swine have run should be plowed to bring up fresh earth to the surface, and even then it is well

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Have your fowls any shade?

to use the lime around their most fre-

quent haunts. All dead animals should

be buried deep or cremated .- Boston

Spade up the runs occasionally. No farm should be without one or two good brood sows.

Fowls having the run of the farm will get along with a little corn these days. Sheep are often a source of economy,

All plants started in hot-beds should be exposed to the air a few days before transplanting.

The little chicks will sooner be big

as they thrive on what would otherwise

ones is kept shut up each morning until the dew is off. As far as possible, contrive to have your crops come on successively-not all

at the same time. Make pot pies of stock you do not wish to winter, if you have too few to

What a blessed thing it is that the weather and the growth of crops do not depend on politics.

make a shipment.

Look to your sources of water supply, they are not receptacles of foulness and disease. No country is ever so prosperous as

when its labor forces are all employed and properly directed. Did you mean to clean out the hen house yesterday? Did you do it? If

not, stick your head into it to-night at nine o'clock. Notwithstanding the good fruit prospects tomatoes will find ready purchasers and can always be made a saisble and

paying crop. Fowls running at large should be provided with convenient secluded nesting places known to you or they will find some unknown ones.

We believe the sooner a sick hen is killed the better. It saves time, saves feed, saves health to the rest. Kill and bury every moping hen. Don't pull too many stalks from the

main, for they are the lungs that supply life and vigor to the roots. Some men pay a great deal of attention to the branches of the fruit tree, and let the roots take care of themselves.

rhubarb bed; let some of the leaves re-

Both require equal attention. Don't pick the peaches too green. Remember that this fruit cannot ripen after leaving the tree without losing its flavor, hence the value of near-by mar-

kets and local growers. Present prices of land and its products will not justify a man in clearing rocky land for pastures or fields either, unless it is near some large town where market gardening can be followed.

trees and to keep the trunks nice and smooth I wrap them with tar paper from an inch below ground up eighteen inches when first set out and keep it on. If you do not use a lawn mower save some nicely cured fine grass where you

To keep borers away from my peach

can get at it next winter. Run come of it through the feed cutter and soak out for the fowls; they will appreciate it. It cost much more to regain a lost pound of flesh on a steer than to add a like weight to a thrifty one. In pur-

chasing steers to feed, thrifty ones will

generally be found the more profitable. We know of nothing that purifies the hen-house better than fresh earth scattered on the floor. Kerosene may kill lice, ashes or dust be good for a dust bath, but neither of these give the freshness that fresh soil does. Try it.

The improvement in native wild fruits has made the Northwest more productive in the line of plums, cherries and currants, while the introduction of pears and apples from Russia has greatly increased the production in that line.

The little culls of strawberries, perhaps imperfect on one side, will add but a trifle to the quantity of fruit and surely pull down the price for the basket or crate more than seems possible. Suc-cessful fruit men agree in the advice to Quick Lunch and Sunstroke.

Americans in general are noted for the habit of fast eating, and New Yorkers in particular spare but a few minutes for their midday meal. While this practice of quick lunches usually ends in some form of dyspepsia, there is another result far more serious. The best medical authorities agree that sunstroke is far more frequent after than before noon, and there are two good reasons for this. In the first place, the heat is most intense during the early part of the afternoon; and, secondly, after a meal the stomach and other organs of digestion are very much congested with blood. The internal organs being congested, the surface blood vessels are comparatively empty and the function of perspiration is considerably interfered with. Sunstrock is apt to follow any interference with free perspiration, and the process of digestion interferes by drawing off the blood from the skin to the stomach.

A light lunch properly masticated and slowly eaten has but little effect in disturbing the circulation, but a hasty meal, bolted and washed down by large draughts of water or coffee, necessitates increased exertion on the part of the digestive apparatus, and a much larger supply of blood is needed to do the work. Business men are often heard to complain that in the afternoon they have a headache, that they cannot work so well, and that the heat seems to affect them more. The statement is correct; they do feel the heat more, and the reason is because of the hurried, half-eaten lunch taken at noon. If business men would only learn that this pernicious habit of rapid eating, especially in the middle of a hot day, exhausts their energi es and makes them liable to sunstroke or heat prostration in some form, they would save themselves money, comfort and health .- New York Mail and Express.

Four-Footed Guerillas.

The Spanish conquest of Central America was achieved largely by dogpower. Balboa, the butcher Davila and all their successors kept brigades of trained mastiffs which more than once decided a bat'le by their ferocious courage. The best breed came from Aragon, in old Spain, and the efficiency of that four-footed militia may be inferred from a recent episode in the Oklahoma prair-

ies. The Dalton brothers, after their robbery of the Santa Fe express, took refuge in the gullies of the Fox Indian Reservation and would have escaped but for the pluck of three Spanish bloodhounds who followed the track of the handits across creeks and sandhills, and at last forced them to try conclusions with their pursuers. When the dogs had approached within eighty yards, the brigands opened fire, but the four-footed bailiffs continued to advance, and, in their desperately wounded condition, kept the outlaws at bay till the contest was decided by the arrival of the mounted rangers .- New York Voice.

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