

Hunting the Sea Otter.

The North American Commercial Company's schooner, C. G. White will soon sail on a sea-otter hunting expedition to Alaska. She carries twenty-five men, rifles and the usual outfit of animal butchery in the northwestern waters, also four engineers for the steam launches which the company uses in preference to the slow-moving canoes of the Indian hunters who are supposed to do the hunting for the pelt of the exceedingly valuable sea-otter.

The revenue laws are most stringent on the point that no white man shall kill or capture this animal in the waters of Bering Sea and along the Alaskan coast, but the C. G. White has signed the proscribed hunters here, who will receive \$7.50 for every skin they bring over the side of the schooner. Moreover, they are provided with a stock of new Winchester rifles, the use of which will make the vessel liable to seizure, as only clubs, spears and shotguns are to be used by the Indians, who alone are permitted to hunt.

The sea-otter, like his brother the seal, is fast disappearing from the rocks, and coasts of the northwestern coast before the ceaseless and untiring quest of the white hunters. His valuable fur, which is worth from \$300 to \$500, and sometimes twice as much to the man who takes him in his native waters, makes life a constant burden and his fate from a rifle bullet almost inevitable.

Unlike the curiosity-loving seal, who will stick up his foolish black head within a boat's length from his poaching foe, the sea-otter can only be caught by skillful and experienced hunters. Stout steam launches and far swifter Winchester rifle balls are now taking the place of the crude appliances of the Indians.

It is the intention of the Government that the sea-otter should be left to the Indians, that this helpless people, often starving on their bleak wintry islands, might receive some remuneration from the valuable pelt. But the charitable design of the department will fall of realization. Hunting vessels clearing for the Alaskan coast make a pretense of employing native hunters and often carry two or three Indians among the crew for the edification of the revenue officers. So the sea-otter, like the seal, is passing.

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

NERVOUS TROUBLES END IN ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Physicians Powerless.—The Story Told by the Child's Mother.

(From the Reporter, Somerset, Ky.)

Among the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains, near the town of Flat Rock, is the happy home of James McPherson. Four months ago the daughter of the family, a happy girl of sixteen, was stricken with St. Vitus' dance. The leading physicians were consulted, but without avail. She grew pale and thin under the terrible nervous strain and was fast losing her mental powers. In fact the thought of placing her in an asylum was seriously considered. Her case has been so widely talked about that the report of her cure was like modernizing a miracle of old. To a reporter who visited the home the mother said:

"Yes, the reports of my daughter's sickness and cure are true as you hear them. Her affliction grew into St. Vitus' dance from an aggravated form of weakness and nervous trouble peculiar to her sex. Every source of help was followed to the end, but it seemed that physicians and medicine were powerless. Day by day she grew worse until we despaired of her life. At times she almost went into convulsions. She got so that we had to watch her to keep her from wandering away, and you can imagine the care she was."

"About this time, when our misery was greatest and all hope had fled, I read of another case, almost similar, that had been cured by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost in desperation I secured some of the pills and from that day on the wonderful work of restoration commenced; the nervousness left, her cheeks grew bright with the color of health, she gained flesh and grew strong both mentally and physically until to-day she is the very picture of good health and happiness."

"It is no wonder that I speak in glowing terms of Pink Pills to every ailing person I meet. They saved my daughter's life and I am grateful."

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In many cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner. Their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Dr. Maurier, the novelist, and Alma Tadem, the great painter of marbles, were fellow students.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. It is a fact that ten cases out of twelve, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. J. C. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Skill and Knowledge Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

Forty Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

GRANDMA LAND.

There's a wonderful country far away,
And its name is Grandma Land;
'Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!
In this wonderful country far away,
Where grandmamas abide.

In this beautiful, witching Grandma Land
The good things wait on every side—
Jan and jelly cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just good things here! Just good things here!

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding land
Each child does just as he pleases.
All through the night, all through the day,
Every single child has his way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma elime—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a Time."
Stories are told and songs are sung,
Of when the grandmamas were young—
"Once on a Time!" "Well, Let Me See!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma Land
Good children only find the way,
But when they sleep and when they dream
Away they float on the gilding stream
To Grandma Land! To Grandma Land!
—Harper's Young People.

A NEIGHBORLY FEUD.

"I'll tell you, Frank, it's got to the point where something must be done," said Mrs. Burnett, and as she spoke she rapped at the small knuckles that were moving toward the sugar bowl. Morton, aged nine, jerked his hand out of the way and laughed at his mother, who pursed up her lips to conceal a smile. "Don't do that, Morton," said Mr. Burnett. Then turning to his wife he asked: "What have they been doing now?"

"That boy and some more of his crowd put tin cans along the top of the fence and then threw at them to knock them off. About every other stone went over the top of the fence and went sailing across our back yard. If one of them had struck anybody he wouldn't have known what hurt him."

"What did you do?" "What did I do? I went out and told them if they didn't stop I'd send for a policeman. I said to that Deakin boy: 'It's a shame your mother can't teach you to be a little better than a savage.'"

"Maybe she didn't know they were doing it." "I do believe she puts 'em up to it. That boy's enough to try the patience of a saint."

"Next time he comes into our yard I'll bet I throw something at him," put in Morton, whose chin was dripping with a mild mixture of milk and coffee.

"You leave him alone," said the male parent. "You get into enough fights already."

"Well, Frank, those boys are forever picking on to him," said Mrs. Burnett.

"Boys are a good deal alike," responded her husband. "I'll bet when he gets out he's the same as the rest of them."

Morton grinned and said nothing. The only member of the Burnett family who had not joined in the arraignment of the neighbors was Alice, six years of age. She knew all about the feud and shared in the suspicions of her mother, but at present she was too busy with supper.

The Deakins lived next door, and although there was a dividing fence it had not kept the two families apart.

In the year during which the two households had dwelt side by side there had been a growing enmity. Yet Mrs. Burnett had never spoken a word to Mrs. Deakin, and her husband knew nothing of Mr. Deakin except that he worked with his hands for a living and spent a great many of his evenings at home.

It would have been rather difficult for either the Burnetts or the Deakins to explain how the feud started, but it was operated from the start through the children.

There were two Deakin children, Lawrence, or Larry, aged ten, and little Willie, who, at the tender age of three, had learned to regard the Burnett tribe with scorn and hatred and suffer, to some degree, under the indignities heaped upon his family by that arch fiend of juvenility, Morton Burnett.

For when the Deakins sat around the supper table and cast up the accounts of the day it was Larry who posed as the persecuted and abused child, while Morton Burnett was pictured as an infant of dark intents, headed straight for the Bridewell.

"If I was a man, Tom Deakin," said the wife, "I'll warrant you'd go over to that house and give notice that things are simply going too far. To-day that boy got up on the fence and called Lawrence all kinds of names."

"He said that his mother said that he didn't have clothes fit to wear," suggested Lawrence, who had begun to breathe hard during the recital of his grievances.

"Anyway, I don't try to make myself look like a peacock every time I start to church," said Mrs. Deakin.

This comparison of Mrs. Burnett tickled the children, and they laughed immoderately. Tom Deakin restrained them with a quiet "Tut, tut," and said that the proper way to get along

was to pay no attention to the neighbors.

"I'd like to know how you can it," said his wife. "That boy is up to some mischief every hour of the day, and his mother seems to encourage him in everything he does. He throws things over into our yard, teases Willie and makes faces at me."

"Next time I see him pick on Willie I'll give him another kicking," suggested Larry.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," exclaimed his mother. "Don't you remember the talking I gave you the other time you had that fight with him?"

Lawrence remembered the mild rebuke, and his inward resolution was not changed. Tom Deakin went for his pipe, oppressed with the thought that he had been very unlucky in his selection of neighbors.

These complaints had come to him day after day from the downtrodden members of his family.

The feud had grown from a thousand aggravating circumstances. "Suppose Morton Burnett to be on the fence. His mother would open the back door and say loud enough to make herself heard through the open windows of the Deakin house: 'Morty, get down from that fence! Haven't I told you about that?'"

Mrs. Deakin would hear and understand. Then she would wait her opportunity to appear on the back stoop and retaliate.

In summer time, when both women were out of doors much of the time, they occasionally exchanged glances which were more significant than anything they could have said.

When Mrs. Burnett put out her washing she knew that Mrs. Deakin was watching her and counting the number of pillow slips and tablecloths.

When Mrs. Burnett came to the back door and called out, "Come, Alice, dear, and practice your music lesson," it was equivalent to saying to Mrs. Deakin: "Aha, we have a cottage organ in our house, but you haven't any in yours."

Mrs. Deakin had frequently informed Tom that the Burnett organ was a cheap, second-hand thing.

One day, when Mrs. Deakin came home from a funeral in a covered carriage, there was consternation in the Burnett family, and accounts were not fairly balanced until the new coat of paint was put on the Burnett house.

The Deakin children told the Burnett children all that their mother had said about the probable character of Mrs. Burnett. Likewise the Burnett children repeated to the Deakin children all that they heard at the supper table. Mrs. Burnett knew that she was being reported to Mrs. Deakin, and Mrs. Deakin felt it to be her duty to learn what the viperish thing had been saying. Frank Burnett and Tom Deakin became convinced each that the other's family was probably more to blame over the fence, clothes-line and garbage-box issues.

Allie Burnett started to run across the street one day in front of a delivery wagon. She fell, scrambled to her feet again and a horse's knee struck her in the back again. She fell on the black pavement and lay quiet.

Mrs. Deakin saw it all from her front window. She ran into the street and gathered the muddled child in her arms. The frightened driver had left his wagon, and he followed her timidly to the front door of the Burnett house.

Mrs. Burnett screamed and then began to cry.

"Run for a doctor, you loony," said Mrs. Deakin to the driver as she placed the limp little body on a bed and then ran for cold water and cloths.

When the girl opened her eyes she found her mother on one side, Mrs. Deakin on the other, while a reassuring physician smiled at her over the footboard.

"She's a little jolted up and bumped her head when she fell, but it was mostly shock," he said.

"Law me!" gasped Mrs. Deakin, "when I saw that child fall my heart just went into my throat. Don't cry, Allie, you ain't a bit hurt. The doctor says I can put some poultice on your bad o' bump."

"I'll get it," said Mrs. Burnett.

"No, you sit still. You are as pale as a ghost."

That is how it happened that Frank Burnett, coming home from the works by the back way, found in his kitchen the hated vixen, the trainer of criminals, the woman without character—Mrs. Deakin.

She told him what had happened and begged him not to frighten his wife, as there wasn't any real danger.

Mr. Deakin was likewise surprised upon arriving home. Supper was not ready and his wife had gone over to the enemy. He went after and was taken in.

Mrs. Deakin told him she couldn't come home because Mrs. Burnett was all upset, and some one would have to take care of the child. So Mr. Deakin and his two boys ate cold lunch with Mr. Burnett and his boy.

Mr. Burnett sent Morton out to get two cigars, and while the women sat by the bed in the front room the men sat in the back room and smoked, while the three boys, awed by the revolution, kept very quiet.

"If Morton ever bothers you, Mr. Deakin," said Mr. Burnett, "you just let me know, and I'll tend to him."

"I was just going to say to you that Larry's apt to be too gay now and then, and if I ever hear of him picking on your children I'll make him remember it."

In the front room Mrs. Burnett was thanking Mrs. Deakin, who was hoping that her children had never bothered Mrs. Burnett very much. The little girl went to sleep and the Deakin family went home.

That was the end of the feud. In each household there was a general order that in case of neighborhood riot punishment should be visited upon those nearest at hand.

Those two houses, side by side, became the peace center of the west division.

The Deakin children were at liberty to go over and thump on the Burnett's cottage organ.

But who ended the feud—the men, the women or the six-year-old?—Chicago Record.

The Age of Trees.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the length of time during which trees of particular kinds may live; but anything like an absolutely accurate estimate is obviously impossible. Approximation to exact knowledge is all that can be obtained.

Such an approximation, however, is interesting, and here it is. The cedar has been known to live 2000 years, the cypress 800, the elm 300, the ivy 335, the larch 575, the lime 1100, the maple 516, the oak 1500, the olive 800, the orange 630, the spruce 1200, the walnut 900 and the yew 3200. It is not unreasonable to suppose that some of the giants of the Yosemite Valley are older than any of those given, their years being almost, if not quite, equal to those of the period since the flood, according to common chronology. The existing cedars of Lebanon are supposed to be contemporaneous of those cut down by Solomon for the building of the Temple. Doubtless there are trees to be seen in every primeval forest as old as the Christian era, and some, perhaps, that antedate the Pyramids of Egypt.

While we look with undisguised awe and wonder upon the ancient monuments of civilization, we fail to realize that we may have almost every day within our view, in the shape of an aged oak or towering pine, a yet living and vigorous witness of the far-off morning of the world.—New York Ledger.

To Preserve the Hair.

"What'll you have on your hair, sir?" interrogated a barber to the man in the chair. "Nothing at all? Not even water? Well, do you know that you are one man in fifty? The other forty-nine want a decoction of some sort to make their hair lay smoothly and shine nicely." To tell the truth, though, he continued, in a confidential tone, "it would be a great deal better for their hair if they also persisted in having their locks combed dry. Nature has placed a little oil sac at the root of each hair, the duty of which is to supply the hair with natural oil, and make it smooth and supple. The use of water, bay rum, oil and other hair dressings takes the place of this natural oil, and the sacs soon wither from disuse. And so, unless the use of dressings is discontinued, the hair is liable to grow hard and stiff. I would advise every one to discontinue the use of all hair dressing, and have the hair combed dry. About three weeks of dry brushing will reopen the oil sacs, and thereafter the natural oil will do the work thoroughly. No, sir, I wouldn't advise any one to wet the hair in combing it. Bad practice. Next."—New York Advertiser.

Detective Ability.

A some what glibly but quite successful bit of elucidation is credited to M. Bertillon, the anthropometrist. On his back, in bed, a man was found the other morning, shot dead through the mouth. The revolver was still in his hand. There were doubts, however, whether it was a case of suicide, after all. For one thing, deceased had never been known to possess a revolver. Of course, he might have bought one for the occasion. It was advisable to try to ascertain this, and it was M. Bertillon who hit upon the way. He had the corpse taken out of bed, dressed it himself in deceased's clothes, and set it in deceased's customary attitude in his usual chair. The cofiture was as it used to be, and the hue of life was brought back to the face as nearly as stage paints could make it. Then the revival was photographed, and the photograph was sent to every gunsmith in Paris. One of them recognized a person who had bought a revolver two days before, and this witness identified the weapon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Widow's Vow.

An English parish clerk, seeing a woman in the churchyard with a bundle and a watering can, followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was a widow of a few months' standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering pot, she informed him that she had been obtaining some grass seed to sow on her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The clerk told her there was no occasion to trouble; the grave would be green in good time. "Ah! that may be," she replied, "but my poor husband made me take a vow not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave, and, having had a good offer, I do not wish to break my vow, or keep as I am longer than I can help."—New York Sun.

Persecuting a Poet.

John G. Whittier was greatly loved by strangers, who not only called on him, but thrifly insisted on putting up with him all night. "There has no idea," said his sister, "how much time Greenleaf spends trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says: 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him. But I can never lose a her. The women are more pertinacious than the men; don't they find them so, Maria?'"

A Dinner in Korea.

"Korea, the country which has caused all the trouble between China and Japan, has many queer social customs," said J. A. Morrill, the traveler, "and I remember going to a banquet given by a member of the foreign office there, which, in many respects, was quite unique. The guests arrived long before the dinner hour, for in Korea an affair of this kind lasts all day, and were ushered into a pavilion adjacent to the one in which the dinner was to be served. After several half hours had been whiled away in smoking and in conversation, the dinner was at last announced, and we were summoned into the other hall.

As soon as we had entered, the officials began to divest themselves of some of their clothing, for part of a native's wearing apparel seriously incommoded him in taking food. We took our places at a large rectangular table, which was heaped with food of all kinds in brazen dishes of hemispherical shape. For the first course we had soup and sul, which is a kind of wine, and for the second the waiters handed around some of the other dishes which stood on the table. These

contained meats of various kinds, beef, pork and fried fish cut in thin slices. At this juncture there entered several Korean singing girls, clad in the gaudiest costumes, and whose business it was to make themselves generally agreeable when at a banquet, for they constitute all the female society that there is in that country. Their singing was not what an American would call good, nor was their dancing, but their conversation and presence certainly added a zest to the occasion.

"Long as it is, a Korean banquet eventually comes to an end, and this one closed with a decoction of pear juice colored crimson and spiced with pine nuts. This we sipped at our leisure, while the attendants lighted pipes for us. After watching the performances of the singing girls, we summoned our chairs and were carried to our various homes, I at least feeling much wiser by having participated in one of the queer customs of a queer people."—New York Advertiser.

The next international medical congress occurs in Moscow, Russia, in 1897.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

"With pleasure I will state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For several months I could not lie down to sleep on account of heart trouble and also

Prostration of the Nerves.

For three years I had been doctored, but could not get cured. I received relief for a while, but not permanent. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling splendidly. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me. I keep it in my home all the time, and other members of the family take it, and all say there is

Nothing Like Hood's

Sarsaparilla. I have highly recommended it and one of my neighbors has commenced taking it. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity." Mrs. S. BRADDOCK, 404 Erie Ave., Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

RADWAY'S PILLS, 500 AEROMOTORS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Loss of Appetite, Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

OBSERVE

The following symptoms result from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Diagonal of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Stifling Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Defficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pains in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders. Price 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

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