

Bismarck's Old Sweetheart.

One of the most popular pictures at the present day in Germany is the portrait of a woman who was Bismarck's sweetheart in his early days. Bismarck was living at Kniephof in the year 1839. His personal life during that year was of that lively character over which he afterward lamented so bitterly. It was the Sturm und Drang Zeit of his existence. Stories of his dissoluteness and pride, his daring feats as a rider, and his achievements as a boon companion, his disregard of conventional rules, and his love of wild adventure are numerous. The youthful owner of Kniephof was to be often seen careering wildly across the country alone or in the company of gay friends who were his guests, and such was the impression he produced on the quiet population that he came to be generally known as the "Mad Bismarck." Near Kniephof there lived a farmer of the name of Goetz. He had an only daughter, Malvina, who was known as the beauty of the neighborhood. Bismarck met her and paid his addresses, but as it was impossible for the proud young master of Kniephof to make this lovely maid his wife her father frowned upon their intimacy. Soon after Bismarck, on his mother's death, moved to Pomerania and probably forgot all about his early attachment. Malvina Goetz married in her own station of life.

Years afterwards, when Bismarck's name became famous throughout the world, the respectable middle-aged Malvina became a local celebrity, and the Chancellor's enemies tried to make capital out of his old love affair.—Illustrated American.

Immense Petrified Fir Tree.

Chief Engineer Kennedy reports an unusual find in a rock cutting being made on the O. R. & N. line five miles west of The Dalles. The cut is fifty feet in depth through columnar basalt, the hardest kind, and in this rock the workmen have encountered the petrified trunk of a fir tree, six feet in diameter, standing erect as it grew. Petrified trees have been found at several places in the gorge of the Columbia, but never before standing where they grew and surrounded by basalt.

The tree is about 189 feet above the river, near the edge of a plateau. Mr. Kennedy brought down specimens of the tree, which, unfortunately, must

be blasted out of the way. They are translucent, and ring like pieces of glass or china. How long the tree has stood on that spot is a problem for geologists to wrestle with. It was 200 or 300 years growing. Then who can tell how long it took to petrify it, or how this was done where it stands? This process must have been completed before Mount Hood poured forth the basalt which covered it.

If any one wants specimens of petrified fir, there are a few carloads to be had at the cut above mentioned. There are also lumps of petrified fir balsam there. The wood shows the grain of the Douglas fir as plainly as a tree cut yesterday does, and even the pitchy parts can be recognized. The basalt in cooling seems to have shrunk, leaving a cavity around the petrified tree which is filled with earth and loose stones.—Portland Oregonian.

Hindoo Serpent Superstition.

The Hindoos, who are probably more terribly exposed to the ravages of poisonous serpents than any other people in the world, declare that no venomous creature of that class will bite or otherwise injure babies, says the St. Louis Republic. When the women go to the cane and cotton fields they always take their children with them and do not hesitate to deposit the little innocent on grassy plots adjoining, even when it is known that such places literally swarm with cobras and blood-snakes. English observation in India appears to bear out the Hindoo's assertion that babies are snake-proof. The reason assigned is that the serpent is the wisest of creatures, and that it knows better than to bite one utterly sinless.

Ingenious Method of Testing Gems.

An ingenious method of testing gems has been devised by a Holland expert. He uses double nitrate of silver and thallium—a liquid so dense that all gems will float upon it, yet capable of being gradually diluted. The stones to be tested are floated on the surface of the liquid, together with standard gems of various kinds. As the liquid is diluted and becomes less dense one after the other sinks, according to its specific gravity. Of course, if the stone is genuine, the standard gem of the same kind sinks at the same instant; otherwise it will not.—New York Sun.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

Despair of all and hope for none,
We are unclean beneath the sun,
Foul vapors cling to all that's high,
Notes jar in every harmony,
We tame our flights to lower goals,
Mean deeds defile the purest souls,
Trust nothing—this alone is sure,
We pass, and nothing will endure.

For all men hope, despair of none!
Foul vapors flee the golden sun,
The darkest puddle draws on high
To paint the sky with harmony,
So love shall lift to higher goals
The lowest lives, the darkest souls,
Rejoice we then, of one thing sure,
We pass, but deeds of love endure.

—I. Zangwill, in Voice, Speech and Gesture.

A STORY OF TEMPTATION.



MISS WARNER!

She turned, clenched tightly in her fingers the bank-notes, and with a face deadly pale she gazed on the woman beside her.

"Miss Warner! The trustworthy, the confidential clerk! The betrothed wife—"

"Stop! oh, stop! Let me tell you! Hear me!"

"The betrothed wife of the junior partner of the firm of Fairleigh, Noble & Co., to be caught at—"

"For God's sake, have mercy! I am not doing as you would say. I am only borrowing this until I can return it, when it is really due me!"

"Of course! But if it was any one but Miss Warner—I, or the boy who sweeps this place—what would it be?"

"Oh! you have no mercy! You hate me, I know, and will not hear the truth. You know I am incapable of such wrong. But, oh! you will tell it! Yes, yes; I am in your power. Oh, why was I so weak as to yield to his pleading? Why should he not have borne the result of his own wrongdoing? Listen, Julia, you shall hear. When my mother, dying, bade me kneel by her side, and vow to love, protect and shield her boy, I did it, knowing full well it would require long endurance, privation, and possibly the sacrifice of my dearest hopes. But I never dreamed it could possibly bring even a suspicion of dishonesty upon me."

The miserable girl dropped her head, in her anguish, on the desk, and sobbed.

Coldly, cruelly Julia Garnet stood, unmoved by the piteous moans of the girl she was torturing. A triumphant light gleamed from her small black eyes, and with a sneering expression curling her lips, she said:

"Really, this is quite dramatic! You have mistaken your vocation, Miss Warner."

The girl raised her head, wiped from her face the tears—that pale, beautiful face, with the soul-lit deep gray eyes, the clear, smooth brow so full and broad-formed; and such a striking contrast to the dark one beside it, whose every feature was so sharp and hard; no softening line about the compressed lips, to bring one thought of hope to the poor girl's heart. She knew she was doomed, and said:

"'Tis useless to tell you more of my trials. You will have no mercy. You cannot feel a sister's devotion. You only know your own wishes, and seek only your own ends. Speak at once! What do you intend I shall do? I know you now, Julia Garnet. You have been my enemy since—"

"Yes; since you won the love of Harry Noble, I have hated you. And what think you my father, who even now looks with little favor on your engagement—what will he say to his son's betrothed having been caught in—well, if the truth is so terrible to your ear, I will say—a family failing, perhaps!"

"Speak, and end your torture!"

"You will resign your position here, for any cause you may choose to assign. Put back that money, if you wish, now. I will let you have the same amount. You can return it when you have obtained so much to spare. You will readily obtain employment in Blake & Co.'s."

Tying on her bonnet, with a calmness that would have been more touching to a heart that could feel, than the distress and tears of a short time before, Dora Warner left the store.

An hour after, a pleasant, boyish voice called out:

"Dora, where are you? Have you got it?"

"I have."

"Oh, you darling sister!" I'll do anything in the world for you; indeed I will. I am so glad! so relieved!"

The little room was not cheerful as usual on his return; the lamp not lit, the fire not burning brightly in the grate, everything so cold and dark; and she, the life and light that used to welcome his coming, sat with bowed head on the little lounge, her bonnet and cloak still on.

Thinking she was tired, and had been late getting home, Willie began to stir around, to make things more comfortable.

His heart was so filled with gratitude to his sister for saving him, he did not think of the disappointment in not finding the nice little supper waiting his coming.

Lighting the lamp, he turned to look at Dora.

"Dora, are you tired? Let me take your wrappings?" he said.

She raised her head—his eyes fell on her face. He sprang forward, caught her hand, and sank on his knee beside her.

"Dora! Dora! sister, what is it? You are ill? Speak to me?" he pleaded, gazing wildly into her face—yesterday so beautiful, loving and hopeful; now so haggard, weary and despairing. "What is it? Oh, tell me, sister!"

She put out her hand, drew him to her, and said:

"Love me, Willie, I have no one else to love me now."

When, with his head bowed in her lap, he heard of the sacrifice his sister had made to shield him, the boy's heart was awakened to the full appreciation of his own wrong and its results.

He had been drawn into bad company, tempted to visit gambling houses, and finally to try his luck, which, at times, was so successful as to lure him on. Thinking he could soon return it, he took, from time to time, small sums of money from the store, of which he was the bookkeeper. He had, up to a short time before the opening of our story, returned the amount before the loss was discovered. But fate turned against him. After having taken a much larger sum than usual, his losses were continual. The principal of the firm had been absent for several weeks, but was expected back the next day; and Willie knew the books would be carefully examined, and the discrepancies surely discovered. So it was he sought his sister for help, confessed his error, and besought her to save him from the suspicion of dishonesty.

"For me you suffer this? Oh, Dora, I cannot permit it. I will go to Harry Noble, tell him all. To my employer—"

"No, no, Willie. It is too late now for that. Harry Noble, I know, would feel for me and help us. Your employer might forgive and trust you again. But Julia Garnet has a power over me that she will never resign. Her heart knows nothing of pity. She would use her power to the utmost of her evil will. Nothing can change her determination. Nothing but God's work can move her hard, cruel heart. It is meet that I should suffer, Willie; and you, too, my dear. We have both erred very much. We did not mean to be dishonest, yet it might have resulted so. Many things might have intervened to prevent the return of the money. Oh, think how narrowly you have escaped! Will this sorrow of mine call you back from the fearful path into which you have strayed? If so, I am content. Give me this hope to cheer my dreariness, Willie."

"Dora! sister! darling! Yes, yes, hope and pray for me. With God's blessing, I will not give your loving, devoted heart an additional pang. I vow here on my knees, before heaven, to be once more worthy of your love. And I will seek God's forgiveness. You will not suffer long. I feel, I know, mercy will be shown us. That cruel girl's power must give way."

All was over. The severest trial of all was past. Dora had seen Harry Noble for the last time, she believed. After receiving her note, giving him back his pledged faith, Harry sought her presence, and would not go until he had seen her, and from her lips he had heard the words, "I wish to be free."

He could obtain no explanations. But from various hints, looks and insinuations from Julia Garnet, Harry's mind was filled with the idea that Dora had been trifling with him until she found a more acceptable suitor. And, indeed, the one had been pointed out. Harry knew that one had shown a decided preference for Dora; and so, believing her false, he strove to drive her from his heart.

Months passed by. The money was returned to Julia Garnet, and Willie was comforting his sister for her sacrifice.

Rumor whispered that Harry Noble and Miss Garnet were engaged, and of the gratification it gave Harry's father, who had yielded to the wiles of the scheming girl, and grown very fond of her. Still time rolled on, and Dora wondered why the marriage did not take place. She had never seen Harry since the day she sent him from her. She had studiously avoided him, and strove hard to forget him; or when she thought of him, it must be only as the future husband of another. By continual acts of charity, mercy and kindness, she won partial forgetfulness of her sorrows. Those who suffered came to her for comfort.

Three long, weary years of waiting, with alternating hopes and fears, had passed, and Julia Garnet had not yet gained her heart's desire. Although Harry Noble was often, and only seemed to care to be with her, still he had never told her he loved her, or asked her to be his wife.

Why? Because his heart was still true to his love for Dora; and the falsity of his suspicions was proved by her rejection of many others who offered her their love.

Once more he went to her, and asked:

"Dora, will you come to me? Will you not reward all these years of constancy? I love you only, Dora!"

"I cannot," she answered.

"Why? Better? Tell me!"

"Because, whiter than my own life I love one—"

What more she would have said, he heard not; for, starting up, he said:

"Enough, Dora. May you be happy. I will go now and strive to be grateful, at least, to one who I know has loved me long. I can offer her a poor recompense for years of devotion. Farewell."

He was gone, and poor Dora had drained to the very bottom her cup so overflowing with bitterness.

"Oh, when will this weary journey be over? Pity, pity me, heavenly Father!" she sobbed.

A coming step fell on her ear, and she knew Willie was near. And her heart grew calmer, and breathed the grateful prayer:

"Forgive my murmuring, Father. Through my sorrow I have gained a blessed boon."

Yes; her brother had kept his vow, remaining firm against all temptations. Julia Garnet was triumphant at last.

Her marriage was fixed for an early day. But when only two days remained before the time for which she had so long hoped, she was stricken with a fever, which proved to be of a contagious form.

This reached Dora's ear while visiting a sick friend. From the attending physician came the intelligence, and he added:

"I fear she will suffer. All have fled except her mother, who is too feeble herself to do much for her. Do you know, Miss Warner, of a competent nurse I could obtain?"

"I do. I will find one immediately."

"Hush! She is stirring. She will awake to consciousness," said the doctor, as he bent over the prostrate form of the sleeper, who, in a moment after, opened her eyes, looked inquiringly at an instant into his, and whispered:

"Have I been asleep? I was so tired! When Julia was sleeping so sweetly, I must have lost myself."

A pleasant little smile was on the doctor's face, when he said to himself:

"Yes, my dear. You lost yourself for just three weeks."

Willie came in and pressed his lips to hers, so pale and thin. And then gradually the truth was given to her. Beside the suffering Julia she had stayed, despite all the entreaties and commands of her brother and the doctor. And when the fearful crisis had passed, the noble girl's strength failed, and she too was stricken with the same fearful fever. Long days and nights Willie and the nurse watched beside her couch, and Julia Garnet feebly hovered near, praying—for she could pray then—that the noble, suffering girl might live.

"May I come in, doctor?" asked a voice at the door, so low and sweet, that Dora looked up with surprise, in answer to the permission, Julia came to her side—Julia, whose sharp eyes were softened, and glowed with a new and holy light, as she bent over and whispered:

"Dear Dora! Good, noble, forgiving Dora!"

"You do not hate me now, Julia? Oh! I've had such happy dreams!"

"I love you, Dora. But there is one who loves you better than I. Your future life shall be one long happy dream. Look at me, Dora. Thank God, the wicked girl you used to know died in that dreadful fever, and you nursed back to life another, a better one, whose aim is now only to prove her gratitude to God and you. Harry knows all. He has forgiven me, and is waiting now to gain your permission to come to you."

"And you—you love him. No, no; he is yours!"

"Dora, I do love Harry Noble; but I have learned to love justice better than him. I can return him to his own true love without a struggle?"

A few weeks after there was a quiet little wedding, when Julia and Willie attended the happy couple. A nine days' wondering after, by all the friends and acquaintances, no two of whom came to the same conclusion about the affair.

No Training of Snakes.

One cannot train or teach a snake to do anything whatever; their brain power is so limited that the marvel is how they have ever managed to survive in the great competition, especially when one finds that they are still on the "ascending curve" of evolution. Most of them can be tamed to some extent by constant human companionship and judicious handling (some species very much more readily than others); when they have learned to trust, to appreciate the fact that there is no necessity for self-defense, then they may be trusted, a principle which applies to most animals; and there the scope and possibility of their education comes to an end.

After that, the most that a skillful exhibitor can do with them is to adapt himself and his actions to their movements, which by familiarity he can pretty nearly anticipate, so that these may appear purposeful and intelligent. He may affect to listen to the serpent's counsels, or receive its kiss on his lips if its head inclines in an upward direction, or to lure it from one hand to the other, or to guide it to some given spot, should it by chance glide horizontally or downward; just as the Indian snake charmer takes deceptive advantage of the natural defiant attitude of the well-nigh untamable cobra da capello.—Chambers's Journal.

Muscular Power From Sugar.

The experiments made by Dr. Vaughan Harley to ascertain the food-producing muscular power of sugar exhibit some interesting results. It seems that during a twenty-four hours' fast on one day, water alone was drunk, and, on another, 500 grams of sugar were taken in an equal quantity of water; it was found that the sugar not only prolonged the time before fatigue occurred, but caused an increase of sixty-one to seventy-six per cent. in the muscular work done. Again, the effect of sugar added to the meals was investigated, and the muscle energy-producing effect of the sugar was found to be so great that 200 grams added to a small meal increased the total amount of work done from six to thirty-nine per cent. Some 250 grams, or about eight ounces, of sugar, on being added to a large mixed meal, not only increased the amount of work done from eight to sixteen per cent., but increased the resistance against fatigue, and the same quantity of sugar added to a full day's work increased largely the day's work.—Home and Farm.

Beef Roullette.—Take a large slice of round steak, pound enough to break the fiber and trim into rectangular shape; season and spread with a stuffing; roll, tie, dredge with flour; put in a baking-pan with two tablespoonsful of beef drippings and bake, basting often.

Strawberry Pie.—Bake a plain crust as for custard. Mash a basket of strawberries, sweeten to taste, fill the pie, cover with a meringue made from three egg whites, three tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon brown in a moderate oven. Serve when cold.

Pomona Cutlets.—One cup of cold oatmeal or any cereal, one cup of bread crumbs, two eggs, season with onion, pepper and salt; add enough liquid either milk or water, to roll into flat cakes; sprinkle with flour and spread with butter and brown in the oven. Serve with a butter or white sauce in which floats bits of parsley.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One cup cranberries, cut in two, one cup sugar, 1/2 cup seedless raisins, one tablespoonful flour, one teaspoon vanilla; cup boiling water. Mix sugar, flour, berries and raisins, add water and vanilla. Fill a lined pie plate. Cover with pastry, cut in thin strips and bake twenty or thirty minutes in a quick oven. Serve cold. Very good the second day.

Salmon Soup.—Remove the oil, bones and skin from half a can of salmon, chop the salmon very fine; boil for ten minutes one quart of milk in which there is a slice of onion; remove the onion and thicken the milk with one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonful of flour; season with one teaspoonful of pepper; add the salmon, and when it is heated the soup is ready to serve.

Egg Timbale and Cheese.—Six eggs, one gill of milk, salt and pepper to taste, two tablespoons of grated cheese. Beat the eggs well without separating the yolks and whites, add the milk and seasoning; stir in the cheese, and pour in well-greased little tin pans with straight sides; set these in a pan of hot water and bake in the oven; when the egg is firm turn out on a flat dish, and pour a white sauce over them.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BEEF TEA.

According to a prominent German practitioner, this is the way to make beef tea: One pound of beef, cut up fine and beaten, to one pint of cold water; cover it, and let it simmer for twenty minutes, and then let it boil twenty minutes, after which add one tablespoonful of salt and a little pepper, and then boil again ten minutes and pour off for use.—New York Advertiser.

THE SECRET OF FRENCH COOKING.

The gentle heat is said to be the secret of the superior delicacy and richness of French cooking. With a gentle heat and tight covers we may have just the amount of juice we like in our vegetables. A glance will decide this, or perhaps the ear, if the hand at the same time rests on the cover. Many kinds of meat may be cooked in this way to the best advantage. A rump steak, three or four inches thick, kept closely covered and cooked in its own juices alone, will be far more tender than when put into the oven; and this without basting and without fat, the latter having been trimmed off closely.—St. Louis Star-Spangles.

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

Three things are enemies of flannels: hot iron, hot water and the rubbing on of soap when wet; these things it is that shrink, full and discolor flannels. Look the garments over and rub soap on soiled spots before wetting. Make a warm sudsy and add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water. Squeeze the garments with the hands, but never rub them, least of all upon the board—put that out of temptation's way. Rinse in water of the same temperature as the first, till clean. If colored add white vinegar to the last water, to set the color. After wringing shake well and draw into shape; dry quickly, pulling them into shape as they dry. The wristlets of vests and ankerets of tights should be stretched as narrow as possible, to restore them to their natural close fit; and the bag at the knees and bulge at the elbows can be pulled out. Take the garments down while still damp, and press with a warm iron—never hot—till perfectly dry. In this way old flannels will be as soft and comfortable to wear as new ones.—Demorest's Magazine.

BETTER HARD SOAP.

A lady wished directions for making hard soap out of beef tallow that had been tried out. Will the sisters try my recipe, which I have used for several years? I think they will find it a great improvement on the one that accompanies Babbitt's potash. For hard soap, use 5 1/2 pounds of clean tallow, one pound of potash, one ounce of borax, one ounce of powdered ammonia; perfume with what you please. First put the potash in a stone crock and pour three pints of rain water on it and let stand till it gets cold. Dissolve the borax in a teaspoonful of rain water and pour in crock. Warm the tallow quite warm and pour in the crock of potash water, stirring it all the time you are pouring it in; this requires an extra hand. Dissolve the ammonia in a cup of rain water and add to the mixture before it cools. Continue the stirring until it is as thick as pancake batter. Then pour in a wooden box, previously lined with paper so it will come out nicely. When cold and hard, turn out of box and cut in bars with a thread.—American Agriculturist.

RECIPES.

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Women Only Know

How much they suffer when nervous, weak and tired.

Nervous prostration is a lingering, racking, living death to those afflicted, though wholly incomprehensible to others. The cause of this condition is impure and insufficient blood.

Make the blood pure, give it vitality and it will properly feed the nerves and make them strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness because it acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and endowing it with vitality and strength-giving power. No other medicine has such a record of

cures. Thousands write that they suffered intensely with nervousness and were cured by this great medicine. The building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful. Even a few doses are sufficient to create an appetite, and from that time on its healing, purifying, strengthening effects are plainly felt. The nerves become stronger, the sleep becomes natural and refreshing, the hands and limbs become steady, and soon "life seem to go on without effort," and perfect health is restored. Such is the work which Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for hundreds of women today.

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Testa's Original Idea.

Nicola Testa's idea of electric illumination is different from any hitherto conceived. His theory is that the light of the sun is the result of electric vibrations in the 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from that luminary, and does not proceed from a great orb on fire, as the sun has always been supposed to be. Now, if these vibrations can be reproduced by artificial means, the light will follow. The rapidity of the vibrations is a second necessary to produce the desired result is expressed by the figure five and fourteen ciphers, and Testa's is now trying to build a machine that will produce these vibrations. Should he succeed in only a partial degree, the result will be to do away with lamps and wires. The machine will render luminous the ether of a room or a city, giving a light like that produced by the sun.—New York Dispatch.

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The latest fish story is that the shape of a fishhook has not changed in twenty centuries.

Summer Activities.

If one were to attempt to enumerate and classify the sports of summer, he would have a large job on hand, but at a glance we know that thousands are engaged in these pastimes of land and water. The use of physical and muscular exertion is immense, and as a result the rough usage brings about sprains, hurts, bruises, wounds and cuts, for which the greatest and surest cure is St. Jacobs Oil. All sportsmen know and acknowledge this, as also, raisers and trainers of fine horses, and breeders of fine cattle. It is the sportsmen's best reliance and is kept on hand accordingly.

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The one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means, in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 50 Wall St., N. Y.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Don't wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. Pike's Toothache Drope Cures in one minute. After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pike's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 239 Ohio Avenue, Allegheny, Pa., March 16, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle