A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE WONDERFUL STORY TOLD BY FRED C. VOSE AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO A REPORTER OF THE BOSTON HERALD—BOTH ARE RESTORED AFTER YEARS OF AGONY.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am thirty-seven years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for fifteen years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past seven years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit when, some time in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 150 per cent. better in every shape and manner."

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent $300 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink 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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

Golden Rule of Success.

The Golden Rule notes that whereas a man used to be held an exceedingly daring advertiser if in the course of a year he bought $50,000 worth of space in the journals of the country, now a man is not held to be a large advertiser unless he spends from $300,000 to $600,000 a year for advertising space. "Advertise liberally" is recognized now as the golden rule of business success.—Boston Globe.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Housewifely Forethought—Why She Called Him That—He Knew—An Appropriate Design, Etc., Etc.

Her hat was straight, her gloves were on,
And yet she lingered at the door
The while, impatient of delay,
Her waiting husband gently swore.

Her hat was straight, her gloves were on,
Yet while outside his heels he knocked
She stood within the open door
To ask him if it had been locked.
—Detroit Tribune.

AN APPROPRIATE DESIGNATION.

"Why does Henpeck call his wife an anarchist?"

"Because she is constantly blowing him up."—New York Press.

HE KNEW.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher.

"Noah's wife," said Tommy, who is great at guessing.—Music and Drama.

WHY SHE CALLED HIM THAT.

"Why do you call your husband Silence?"

"Because he always gives consent when I propose anything."—Atlanta Constitution.

PREPARED.

"Tom, were you frightened when you asked me to be your wife?"

Tom—"No, I knew exactly how much your father intended to give you."—Chicago Tribune.

EXPLANATION.

Friend of the Family—"Well, how's little Willie? We don't see as much of you as we used to."

Willie (shyly)—"No. I'm—I'm in long trousers now."—Truth.

A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Mamma—"Has Willy said 'Thank you' to the kind lady for the cookie?"

Willy—"Madam, I thank you for the cookie I just ate, and I would thank you for another."—Puck.

CHANGE IN THE RULES NECESSARY.

Husband—"What! Dinner not ready?"

Wife—"No; everything is delayed."

Husband—"What's the matter?"

Wife—"Well, Bridget has been filibustering all day."—Judge.

HUBBY PAYS.

Wife—"To-morrow is our birthday, darling, and I am going to stop at the jeweler's and buy you a present."

Her Hubby—"Get something cheap, pet. I haven't paid him for my last birthday present yet."—Spare Moments.

PARTLY OBEYED.

"Made an awful mistake at the Gotroyd's reception. Stepped up to one of the guests and told him to call me a horse and carriage."

"Did he do it?"

"No; He called me an ass"—New York Mercury.

COULD STAND IT.

Mr. Binks—"What's all that yelling and racket next door? It's enough to drive folks crazy. Close the windows."

Mrs. Binks—"It's that woman next door thrashing her boys."

Mr. Binks—"Oh! Open the windows wider."—Good News.

TOO BUSY THEN.

Savage Party—"If I kick that dog in the ribs, maybe he'll stop barking at me."

The Dog's Owner—"Maybe he will. He never wants to bark when he's chewing hard at something."—Joseph Banister, in Raymond's Monthly.

AND HE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.

"If you refuse me, Mabel Benderby," howled the desperate young man, "I shall offer myself to Mag Scaraway!"

"Do, Mr. Waxwell!" said the proud maiden with a fierce joy shining in her eyes. "I hate her!"—Chicago Tribune.

WORTH ACTING UPON.

De Fries—"I have one improvement to suggest with reference to the north pole exploration business."

Snow—"Let's have it."

De Fries—"It is to send the relief expedition on a month ahead, so as to have everything ready for the rescue by the time the explorers arrive."—Judge.

WHAT SHE WAS AFTER.

Jameson—"Are you going to refurnish your house?"

Fitz—"No."

Jameson—"Well, I saw your wife in a furniture store the other day pricing different articles."

Fitz—"Yes. She did that so as to find out what Brown's new furniture cost."—New York Herald.

HOLLOW.

Mrs. Cumso—"Oh, how my head aches!"

Mr. Cumso (absorbed in his newspaper)—"Why don't you have it pulled?"

Mrs. Cumso—"It's my head, I said."

Mr. Cumso (still absorbed)—"Have it filled, then."—Harper's Bazar.

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION.

"Well, young man," said old Mr. Breezy, "while you are at my house I hope you'll feel just like one of the family."

"Thank you. I'm sure I have every reason to."

"What do you mean?"

"Your daughter has just said she would be a sister to me."—Washington Star.

SO EXTRAVAGANT.

"I would go with you into the country, Gazzam," said the Judge to his friend, "but really I am very short of time."

"I thought you must be from the way you have been disposing of it," replied Gazzam.

"How's that?"

"Well, I heard you give one man six months and two others a year each this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

SHE IS HAPPY.

She is one of those very matter of fact girls.

"How are you getting along with your music?" asked the young man, who was calling on her.

"Well," she answered, "of course it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself. But some of the neighbors have told me that they have staid awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

And she smiled in a self-approving way that was sweet to behold.—Washington Star.

HER SARCASM.

"John," she said, after reading the evening dispatches from Washington. "What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind?"

"Yes."

"John."

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"N-no."

"And yet, just look at the printed proceedings."—New York Mercury.

WHERE HE MISSED IT.

"That idea of yours about telling everything is all wrong."

"It is, is it?"

"Yes. You told me if I wanted to get anything widely circulated to tell it to my wife."

"Well?"

"Well, last week I told her something that I wanted to be known, and I haven't heard a word about it."

"H'm! That's strange—but hold on. Did you tell her to keep it secret?"

"No."

"Pshaw! What pleasure do you think a woman could take in telling a thing that wasn't a secret?"—New York Press.

Story of Annie Laurie.

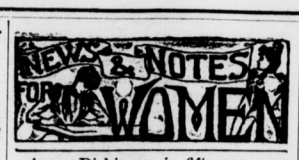
She was not a creature of imagination, but an actual verity, of whose ancestry honorable mention is made in Scotch history. Stephen Laurie was a flourishing merchant of Dumfries before James VI. became king. Prior to 1611 he married Marion, daughter of Provost Coran, getting with her a handsome marriage portion. Being a man of many acres he took the designation of Maxwelton, leaving at his death his lands and titles to his eldest son, John. The next head of the house was Robert, a baronet. He was twice married and had, by his second wife, three sons and four daughters. The birth of one of the latter is thus entered in the family register by the father: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, the minister of Glencairn." The well-known lyric was composed by Douglas Finland, an ardent admirer of "Bonnie Annie," who did not, however, return his affections, but married a rival, Alexander Furguson.—Youth's Journal.

The Pigeon Is Sacred in Russia.

In an article on "Religious Russia," published in Le Correspondent, of Paris, France, Fedor Zakarine writes that in his country the pigeon is sacred. Regarding it as the symbol of the Holy Ghost, a Russian will never use the bird of peace for food. Some famished dvornik, in the shadow of the night, may be tempted to get a stew from the brood nesting under his roof, or a foreigner's shop may, perhaps, on a quiet Sabbath, be perfumed with the smell of roast pigeons, for which, with interested solicitude, he provides shelter above his cabin, but these are very rare and risky exceptions. Pigeons multiply about the churches, choosing their domicile above the entablature and nestling among the acanthus leaves of the capitals of the columns. They treat the churches like conquered edifices, soiling at liberty the gold of the images, the sconce and the porches, just as the pigeons of Venice defile the flagstone of St. Mark. Nor have they more respect for the visage of the great Catharine, the horse of Peter the Great, the helmet of Nicholas, or the shoulders of Souvaroff.

A Pocket Night Lamp.

To obtain a light sufficient to read the time by a watch or clock by night, without danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, pour upon this some pure olive oil, heated to the boiling point; the bottle is to be filled about one-third full, then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter, then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter.—Cincinnati Post.



Anna Dickinson is fifty-one years old.

Women of rank go bareheaded in Mexico.

Alexandrite, which is green by day and red by night, is a woman's stone.

A novelty for vests for the front of dresses is of white cloth embroidered with jet.

Silver and gold caps on the ivory handles of umbrellas are less obtrusive than last year, being much smaller.

Evening cloaks of black brocade are trimmed with an ermine collarette and lined with white moire or brocaded satin.

The Infanta Eulalie, who has been spending much of her time in London, is going to live in Paris during the winter.

Evening cloaks of black brocade are trimmed with an ermine collarette and lined with white moire or brocaded satin.

The Princess of Wales always sends word to those who wish to present her with bouquets as to the size and weight of the presentation. The rose is her favorite flower.

To prevent the hair from coming out take a pint of bay rum and half an ounce of quinine. Mix and apply to the scalp twice a day with a woolen cloth, rubbing it in well.

The horseshoe is introduced into various styles of dress. The horseshoe crown is one of the newest forms for bonnets, generally supplemented by Mercury wings in front.

Chrysoprase, a charming light-green tinted stone, is in particular favor this winter. Double hearts of it, surrounded by diamonds, are the prettiest thing to be imagined.

"Miss Smith, of England," is described as the projector of "inexpensive homes for gentlewomen." Among these desirable places are some small furnished cottages as low as $1.25 a week.

Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, Superintendent of an English prison for women, finds she can control and stimulate her charges to higher effort by offering them prettier clothes as a reward for improved behavior.

Fashionable hairdressers say that hair brushed to a satin finish will be worn in the near future, although the fringe of short curls about the face will be retained, as they make a woman look more youthful.

The skirt of the day is no longer lined stiff stuff, but is wadded up to the waist with very thin wadding, and, of course, covered with silk or satin, the softer the better, for it is no longer good form to have the gown rustle.

Silk and wool mixtures will be largely used in the making of street and church costumes for the spring. In its weaving the silk threads are thrown almost wholly on the surface of the goods, and a rich lustrous effect produced.

Mrs. Casey Tincher, ninety years old, went to Carlisle, Ky., the other day to draw her pension. She walked twelve miles and seemed no more exhausted than a woman of thirty would have been. She walks to town at least once a week.

Artificial flowers are worn on evening dresses, placed as if they were growing at the side of the skirt, but nearly always mixed with ribbons. Large bunches and large trails are used, and only the most natural looking flowers are worn.

Imagine a household numbering 6000 persons and no woman allowed any part in the management. Such is the case at Dolma Bagtche palace of the Sultan. His Majesty never uses a plate and seldom a knife or fork, but the dinner services are of gold and silver.

Everything that is waved is fashionable. Worsted braids waved come in all colors, and a design in waved velvet with a jet edge has jet stars worked all over the velvet. Some of the braids have a waved edge crocheted in silk, which makes them very handsome.

Double-breasted effects appear upon many of the bodices of winter costumes, and this mode is often carried out in stylish house-dresses, the bodice pointed or in basque form, and cut down low, over a guimpe of some pretty contrasting color and material.

A woman mail carrier, Rose Shelley, carries the mails regularly between Dexter and Goshen, an eighteen-mile stretch of lonesome road in Lane County, Oregon. Early or late, snow or shine, she makes the trip, and no stress of weather or fear of road agents has yet interfered with her performance of her duty.

A curious fashion has found some favor in England. The hostess at an afternoon at home is supposed to feel sufficiently odd, as the only lady in the room without a bonnet, that she had adopted the custom of wearing some head covering herself. As a lookeron observes, it is rather a queer spectacle to see the lady of the house in a hat receiving her friends under her own roof.

One of the latest ideas is to keep a scrap book containing all the references to one's self that appear in print. Women of fashion and society belles keep them and wherever they go, seaside or mountains, at home or visiting in other cities, cut out the references made to them in the society columns of newspapers and preserve them carefully in a scrap book, which is sometimes beautifully bound.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A Gatling gun fires 5000 shots a minute.

A Philadelphia inventor has a miniature trolley road on the roof of his house.

Three hundred and sixty mountains in the United States are over 10,000 feet high.

A fever thermometer is now made in chatelaine form for the use of trained nurses.

The proposed hydrograph will enable ships to communicate with one another at long distances.

In France sixty-seven per cent. of the people live on rye bread, only thirty-three per cent. on wheat bread.

Two sexton beetles will bury a mole in an hour, a feat equivalent to two men interring a whale in the same length of time.

M. de l'Isle discovered an animalcule that could run six inches in a second, and calculated that it must move its legs no less than 1200 times in that brief period.

A French doctor has invented a new word, "onchyophagy." He applies it to young girls who bite their nails, claiming that the habit arises from a deranged condition of the nervous system.

Ninety-eight and a half per cent. of the locomotives on railways in the United Kingdom are fitted with automatic brakes; and ninety-nine per cent. of the carriages and other vehicles attached to passenger trains are similarly equipped.

Somebody's Good.

To make our own troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kindly sympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of sixty and when forty had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

Married His Nurse.

Lieutenant Saltos, a Spanish officer, who was severely wounded while fighting beside his chief, General Margallo, who was killed during the recent hostilities between the Spanish troops and the Riff rebels, at Melilla, was carried to the residence of the General and nursed by the latter's daughter. The tragedy has rounded off with a romance, in the marriage of the Lieutenant and Miss Margallo.—Picayune.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Atlanta, Georgia, celebrated her centennial on Saturday.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all *really good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

An explosion at the Abercorn colliery in 1878 killed 269 persons.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

The cinnamon crop is 16,000 tons.

For Pneumonia no other cough syrup equals Hatch's Universal. 25 cents at druggists.

NOTHING TO BUILD ON

"Two years ago I was taken sick with catarrhal neuralgia and a complication of diseases, including nervous prostration. I had four doctors here and then went to Boston, where I was treated by two physicians. They all said there was no help for me. I was run down so low there was nothing to build on. They said I had **catarrh of the bladder.** When I began taking

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

I weighed 98 pounds; now I weigh 139 pounds. I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash myself; now I can do all my work, which includes 4 for five in the family. Mrs. E. E. BROWN, Easton, N. H.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure them at their own estimate case in 20 to 50 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure. Our 44 to 56 page illustrated book sent sealed, free. Cook Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and do not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Human Sacrifices in Russia.

A Siberian paper gives the following account of the human sacrifices, which are still practised in remote parts of Russia, and which the orthodox church and the Government have long tried to suppress in vain. The victims of these sacrifices are always voluntary—people who for old age, or ill-health, or poverty, or some other reason, are tired of life and resolve to quit it. The Tchuktchi who has made up his mind to die immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends, and all of them soon visit the unhappy person to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints and tears have no effect on the fanatic, who explains his reasons, speaks of the future life, of the dead who appear to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. His friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days they return to the hut of the Tchuktchi, with white mortuary garments and some weapons which will be used by the man in the other world to fight evil spirits and hunt the reindeer. After making his toilet the Tchuktchi withdraws into the corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice, a knife, a pike or a rope. After the sacrifice the assistants place the body on a sledge drawn by reindeer, which draw it to the place of the funeral. Arrived at their destination, the Tchuktchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing, which is torn to pieces, and place the corpse on a lighted funeral pile. During the incineration the assistants offer up prayer to the happy in the other world, and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs. These horrible practices are followed to-day with the same exactness as in ancient times.

A RAILROAD pass has no value when two trains violently meet on a single track.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT SELLS THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST

SMITH WALL PAPER

Good Papers 3c. and 5c. Gold Papers 5c., 8c. and 10c. Send 3c. stamps for samples. 341 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patents of invention. Send for Inventor's Guide or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

California's Rich Gold Fields.

Expert miners predict that the new South African gold fields will prove richer even than California's. This seems hard to believe when the immense amount of the precious metal yielded by California is considered. The gold produced in that State since 1850 exceeds $1,250,000,000, and the yield at present amounts to about $13,000,000 a year, or perhaps $7,000,000 more than that of any other State. The output has decreased somewhat in recent years, but the decline is due, not to any general exhaustion of the territory, but to the suspension of the hydraulic mines, which of themselves turned out something like $10,000,000 annually.

These figures set a high mark for boomers of the South African gold fields. They represent a contribution to the wealth of the world never equaled by any similar area of territory on the face of the earth. And California, notwithstanding the diversion of vast sums of her energy and capital to profitable mining operations for other minerals, is still turning out more than one-third of all the gold produced in the United States.

THE chief objection we have to the "man who knows it all" is that he insists that every one else shall know it all, too.—Yonkers Statesman.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

"COLCHESTER" Spading Boot.

BEST in Market

BEST IN FIT, BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM, and don't be put off with inferior goods.

Colchester Rubber Co.

PNU 3 '94

THE WONDERFUL MECHANICAL SPELLER.

PIANO MOVEMENT

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED.

The Child's Best Teacher. Have you seen it? Older folks will find it very amusing. Would you like one? For $1.00 we will send it to your address, charges paid.

KINDERGARTEN MFG. CO. 925 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

One bottle for fifteen cents, Twelve bottles for one dollar, } by mail.

R·I·P·A·N·S

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