

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. Hanson, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 69 and when 40 had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs' and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle in Berlin.

Physicians' carriages have the right way in Berlin.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

The French Montpelier gave a name to the Vermont Montpelier.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 35 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Excelled by None

"For some years I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism, and I could not attend to my business, but after using Hood's Sarsaparilla for three weeks at a time, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'"
C. F. Kido, Verona, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Be Sure to get Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.
P. N. U. 42 '94

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by using a natural remedy. 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 can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. The case is not tenacious; it is permanent. 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.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.

What Hissing Signifies.
Hissing means different things according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

You won't make a home run by striking at every ball.

ASSIST NATURE
A little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's services. Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. They are used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their use with suffering from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help lasts.
The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, loss of stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from over-eating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.
Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be just as good. It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.
THIS KNIFE! Finest Steel. Keen as a razor. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Cotton Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of other fine premiums.
WOOLSON SPICE CO., 430 Huron St., Toledo, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR
BILIOUSNESS AND ALL LISE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup.
In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE HARVESTERS.

Urrah, as a field wren!
We walk and reap as the hours drift on,
We raise our blind and our plump sheaves
Are fair to look upon.

For the harvest of coming winter eves
We are gathering comfort and mirth;
Her bins overflowing with ripened grain
Are the joy of all the earth.

Oh! Earth is a gaily sight,
With its billowy fields of gold,
The furrow that last year's plowshare turned
Brings riches a hundred fold.

The sower who eust the seed,
How he sings in his inmost heart,
For joy that in this harvest wealth
His hand bore goodly part.

Then hurrah, as a field wren,
For the prize that awaits our hands!
And I will sing, as our scythes flash in and
out.

Old songs of the harvest lands;
Old songs whose rhythm holds
The welded music of stone and blade
And the psalm of the winds, from seas of
grain.

As they fly over hill and glade,
—Harriet Small, in Inter-Ocean.

OUT OF A TRUNK.

BY BRET HARTE.

I was a slightly cynical but fairly good humored crowd that gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco, one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.

It was an auction of unclaimed trunks and boxes—the personal luggage of early emigrants—which had been left on storage in bulk or warehouse in San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold seeker to make part of his journey on foot, restricted him to the smallest impediments, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilization. As a consequence, during the emigration of '49, he was apt on landing to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the doors of the rude hostleries on the shore, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to reclaim his stored property.

Enforced absence, protracted equally by good or evil fortune, accumulated the high storage charges until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty—absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions—combined together to leave the bulk of the property in the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement they were always sold at public auction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with public sentiment to sell trunks locked and unopened. The element of curiosity was kept up from time to time by the incautious disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding thus encouraged—except when the speculator, with the true gambler's instinct, gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery.

Generally, however, some suggestion on the exterior of the trunk, a label or initials; some conjectural knowledge of its former owner, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

A modest-looking, well worn portmanteau had been just put up at a small opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco, penniless and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation if he could make himself more presentable to their clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half listlessly, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge. In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his detected and half-clad appearance had attracted the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down for \$15, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a smile.

"That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad!"

"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who come back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—he like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half credulous, half scornful smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember you. I'm here for that

purpose. But as that

bought and paid for by nobody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. Take or leave it."

The ridiculousness quarreling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and as his abrupt benefactor had so abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging house he examined its contents. As he had surmised it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort, and suitable for his urban needs. There were a few articles of jewelry, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters, which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few dagnertotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another of a young man which startled him with its marvelous resemblance to himself! In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck, and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more reformed, civilized garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver in his face. The shot missed. Before his unknown assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed upon him and instinctively clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing him, when suddenly a look of astonishment came into the furious eyes of his adversary, and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-freed pistol, thrown upwards by this movement, was accidentally discharged point blank into his temples, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered.

"You've done for French Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly, and recognized his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you to witness, gentlemen," continued the gambler, turning dictatorially to the crowd, "that this man was first attacked and was unarmed." He lifted Flynn's limp and empty hands and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralyzed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does it all mean! What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was a case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler; but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had agin you."

"But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted and dragged him in a doorway. "Who are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically, Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "I have passed my word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now, and say it's a lie, that your name isn't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll just pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you are an orphan, and ain't got any relations livin' that you're beholden to?"

"Then take my advice, and be Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up, and thanks you for it, for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have lunked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you, and you've a right to his name." He stopped, and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes.

"Don't you see what all that means? Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler'! Play Fowler first, last, and all the time. Good-night, and good luck, Mr. Fowler."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING DELICATE LACES.
There is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lacemaker, who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme. Modjeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesin, place another paper over it and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skilful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven. Mme. Modjeska is quite an adept at the art of lacemaking and fashions many dainty patterns with her deft fingers.—New York Telegram.

THE REMEDIAL USES OF APPLES.
In all temperate climates the apple grows freely, and might be obtained in practically unlimited quantities. That it is not more used than it is probably due to the fact that, being so plenty, it is undervalued. Yet almost every one likes the fruit in some fashion, and it should form a part of at least two meals out of every three during the year round; for even when the fresh fruit is not in season, canned, dried or "evaporated" apples may always be had.

"Chemically," says a writer in the North American Practitioner, "the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecinithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason—though but rudely understood—that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body."

Not only the phosphorus, but the acids of the apple are of singular use for persons of sedentary habits, whose livers are apt to be too slow of action. These acids aid the liver in its work of eliminating from the body the noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or, in time, would cause rheumatism, jaundice, or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles.

The malic acid of apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Ripe apples are probably the least fermentable of all fruits, except, possibly, the banana. For this reason ripe and sound apples may be eaten by most persons in even the hottest weather; but even the apple is safest when cooked.

We have the support of eminent medical authority in saying that the most healthful way to cook apples is to pare and core them, and bake in a moderate oven. If the apple is of a quite sour variety it may be necessary to add a little sugar, putting about a saltspoonful in the hollow whence the core was extracted. The next best way to cook them is stewing. Contrary to common belief, apples baked in their skins are the least healthful of cooked apples.—Harper's Bazar.

RECIPES.
A Cream of Chocolate—Take a pint of milk and three ounces of chocolate. Boil this with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until thoroughly mixed, then remove from the fire and add four eggs beaten light. Pour into a cold bowl to cool, and when cold, add a pint of cream beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Potatoes a la Maigre D'Hotel—Cut about a quart of potatoes in slices. Put one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted stir in a small teaspoonful of flour, stir till turning yellow, then add a quart of milk and salt to taste. Let it boil up once, take from the fire and add the potatoes. Put it back over a slow fire for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the yolks of two eggs, and serve.

Calif's Head Cheese—Boil a calf's head in four or five quarts of water for three hours, or until the meat leaves the bones. Take up the head with a skimmer, remove the bones and chop the meat very fine. Season it with a tablespoonful of each of salt, pepper and sweet herbs. Mix thoroughly. Put it into a deep dish, lay a plate over it, put on a weight and set away in a cool place. When cold it can be served out in thin slices or for sandwiches, seasoning each slice with mace mustard.

Cheesekins—Take three ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter melted, a teaspoonful each of flour and mustard, a saltspoon each of cayenne and white pepper and two eggs well beaten. Mix all these ingredients together and let them stand an hour. Knead and roll out as thin as possible; or roll it into thin sticks about three inches long and bake in a quick oven sixteen or eighteen minutes. Serve hot.

Omelet—Add to six eggs beaten very light a scant tablespoonful of flour, mixed smooth in two tablespoonfuls of milk, half an onion chopped very fine, a little ham, and a sprig of parsley, also chopped fine, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix these all well together. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a frying pan, and when hot turn in the mixture, stirring all the time till it begins to thicken. Then let it stand three minutes to brown, lay it half over, slip it on a dish, and serve at once.

Bit the Goat in Halves.
A full grown goat was quietly browsing on the shore of Star Lake at Palmetto Beach, Florida, when a large alligator, fully ten feet in length, was seen by several persons to suddenly emerge from the reeds with one stroke of his ponderous jaws bit the goat in half. He disappeared for a few minutes and was then seen to rise again and take the other half of the animal that had been left on the shore.—Atlanta Constitution.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The most Careful Housewife will use no other.

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On this Continent, have received SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS on all their Goods at the CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.
Their BREAKFAST COCOA, which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalis, and other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
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W. L. Douglas \$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF.
\$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
\$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.00 2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE.
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE BY W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, MASS.
You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.
Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other makes. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.
P. N. U. 42

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(Vegetable)

What They Are For

biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 305 Canal street, New York, for the little book on **CONSTIPATION** (its causes, consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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They Used to Say "Woman's Work is Never Done."

For Twenty Years
Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe
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because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.
For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scorfula, Anemia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.
The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in salmon colored wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes!
Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and