

GOLD BY THE HANDFUL.

But Clouds of Giant Mosquitoes Keep Treasure Seekers at Bay.

Gold in plenty may be found in the hands of the Volador River, a stream of moderate volume that comes tumbling from the snow line of the Sierra de St. Martha, in South America, but, though the lowland region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible, the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of the gold have so far failed.

Elisee Rodius, the celebrated French geographer, was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands that are literally golden. He told the news to the French Vice Consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado.

He took with him when he set out an ingeniously constructed gauze tent of large dimensions. For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employe with one accord gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next to try to bring fortune from these arduous sands was an Italian who obtained permission from the Vice Consul referred to above. The Italian started out with a party of six, who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture and then fled.

Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this hell whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steeps the river comes tumbling down. These savages, who are mosquito-proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of that awful disease, leprosy. The mosquitoes will not touch them.

But neither gold nor the gaunts of civilization will tempt them to labor, and there is no human power, apparently, which will drag them out from their rude caves on the mountain side and make them labor for the white man.—New York World.

Undesirable Horse. "Patrick, why didn't you tell me Farmer Laurie had a pony to sell, when you knew I wished to buy one for Ethel?" asked Mrs. James, with considerable severity.

"Och, mum," replied her man-of-all-work, with a beaming smile, "O'f'n he says 'that the craychure didn't schlip me moind, jist for the toime bein', mum; but anyway, he was no baste for Miss Ethel, mum."

"And why not?" demanded Mrs. James. "Why, mum, said Patrick, shifting his weight carelessly from one foot to the other, 'Farmer Laurie made a great pint of the craychure's bein' well broke'—it was meself heard him spake' av it. An' as for you, mum, yez would me more than that that nob'ly but a sound an' imile would yez take, mum, an' that's the livin' truth!"

Reversing the Axiom. The mother of the nineteenth century has brought up her daughters to match some other mother's sons. The mother of the twentieth century will have to bring up her sons to match some other woman's daughters. This is contrary to George Eliot's oft-quoted theory that "God Almighty made the women to mate the men."

He-You reject me because I am poor. Heless—Say rather that you are poor because I reject you.—Boston Transcript.

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

Germany's harvest prospects are unusually good this year.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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WHAT YOUR GRANDSON MAY SAY

Oh, grandma, is it really true that men did once delight to look on girls as goddesses? Who dwelt upon a height? Oh, did they really slave for them? And think it was but right?

Oh, had they no grievances? They organized to air? Did they never vow her tyranny? Was more than they could bear? When women wore a petticoat? And never cut her hair?

Oh, were men happy subjects once? Of an unconscious queen, Ere yet the sun of Progress came? 'Twixt them to intervene—That heavenly sea in which to-day We watch her throne career?

Was she a thing of beauty once, Ere yet she did affright? A wondrous world by blazing out In bloom-etres bedight? Ere Freedom in her books was made Synonymous with Fight?

Oh, grandma, I was born too late! A lamp comes in my throat To think that a divinity. On whom all men might dote, Died an unnatural death the day That woman got a vote. —New York Herald.

ONE ASTROLOGER WHO KNEW.

THE struggle was over; the last spark of rebellion crushed out and the ancient city of Delhi, the glory of the Mogul race, was again in the hands of the English. What a time it had been, that summer of '57!

The war over, my former regiment no longer existing, and having realized quite a modest little fortune as my share of the fruits of the great Delhi prize auctions, I determined to give up the service and return to England.

I therefore sold my commission, but, the season of the rains approaching, I resolved to remain in Delhi till they should be over. My sycor, or native servant, who had faithfully served me throughout the campaign, I retained as a valet.

His name was Meer Alee and he was a splendid example of the hill tribesmen, standing about 6 feet 3 inches. Withal, he was as intelligent as he was handsome.

I was seated one day in the veranda of my bungalow, thoughtfully surveying a slowly-healing saber cut upon my left wrist, when Meer Alee entered the room, and, pausing in the doorway, made me a profound salaam.

He stepped close to my chair, and extending a small object, said, "Will the sahib look at this?"

I took the thing in my hand. It was a little image of dusky yellow metal, and very heavy. I recognized it as a statue of Gautama, the incarnation of Buddha, and from its weight at once perceived that it was made of gold.

"Where did you get this, Meer Alee?" I asked. He rolled up his fine eyes till nothing but the whites of them gleamed forth between the dusky lids. Then he said, "I found it in the Ram-Bagh."

"The sacred garden," the Ram-Bagh, which my servant spoke of, was a little wild tract of land surrounding a ruined mosque not far distant from the outside of the city walls. It was a place where no living creature ever went, save maybe some wretched fakir seeking shelter in the crumbling temple.

"What were you doing in the Ram-Bagh?" I asked. "I will tell sahib everything," answered the sycor, squatting in Eastern fashion at my feet with the little image in his lap. "Three days ago came hither an astrologer, begging for alms. I brought him in and gave him food and drink, together with a few pice."

"Then he said unto me, 'Bhai-Bund, you are the first who this day has given me charity. May Siva bless your caste. I cannot live much longer; I will tell thee a secret in return for thy goodness which is written in no book and known only to him that can divine the unseen.'"

"'Know ye the Ram-Bagh?' said he to me. 'Despise not what I tell you, but take a spade and dig deep, and you shall find these treasures untold. For I am grown old and it is no use to me.'"

"So I went forth into the Ram-Bagh with a spade, and dug down into the earth, but discovered nothing. I was not disheartened. This morning I once more went into the Ram-Bagh and dug again the same place and found this," said he, holding up the little golden image.

The Ram-Bagh stood among the ruins of Perozabad, the ancient city of Delhi, and was just the spot to prove a vast earthly coffer.

The land was all crown property, but the commissioner or government agent chanced to be a personal friend of mine, and I had small doubt of being able to obtain permission to dig for treasure by applying to him.

I went that same afternoon to a well-known money changer and goldsmith in the Chandree Chouk, and, placing the image in his hands, requested him to test it. He took it, stroked it over, and said: "No need to test it. The thing is pure gold."

I went next to see my friend the commissioner, and found him seated in his office sucking iced brandy-pawnee through a straw.

"I have come to ask a favor," said I, dropping into an inviting canvas chair, which at once folded up under me and landed me on the floor.

"To ask a favor, eh?" he exclaimed, laughing at my mishap. "Most of my friends visit me for that purpose. I begin rather to suspect that my apparent popularity in the station is due to my capacity of obliging."

"O, it is a very simple affair," said I, getting on my feet again. "I merely want your permission to do digging"—he stared at me—"on the Ram-Bagh," I added.

"What the deuce can you want to go digging in that weedy, snake-haunted place for?" said he, screwing a gold-rimmed glass into his eye, to view me more attentively. "Going to seek for treasure, eh?"

"Why," I answered, a little taken aback, and wondering whether, after all, the astrologer's secret might not be known to him, "to tell you the truth, you have exactly hit it."

"I wouldn't give you the value of a paper dollar for all you're likely to find. My dear fellow, dig over the whole place if you like. You will be doing a great service by clearing it of weeds. But what has put the notion of seeking for treasure in the Ram-Bagh into your head?"

"Well," I answered, feigning reluctance to admit a little superstitious weakness, "an astrologer called at my bungalow a few days ago begging for alms, and out of gratitude for the charity bestowed upon him, he said that if I should dig in the Ram-Bagh heaven would reward my goodness."

"My poor, deluded friend," he cried, laughing, "you won't discover anything. But if you happen to discover an old coin or two, or a bit of antique pottery, why, don't tell anybody about it."

"One thing more to crown the obligations I am under to you," said I. "Lest I should be interfered with during my explorations, will you give me a written permit to dig up the Ram-Bagh?"

He took a sheet of officially headed paper, scrawled a few lines upon it to the effect that I was at liberty to seek for treasure upon the spot named, and handed it to me.

My first act upon returning to my bungalow was to summon my sycor, and go with him to take a view of the Ram-Bagh.

"Now listen to what I am going to say to you. First of all, I have had your image tested, and it is of pure gold. Here it is. Next, I went to the commissioner and obtained from him a written permission to dig in the Ram-Bagh for treasure. His advice to me was to keep all I found and say nothing about it; therefore, we shall know how to act in this respect."

"Now, Meer Alee, as you have behaved so handsomely toward me, I wish to treat you equally well. We will go into partnership in the undertaking; I will find all the money requisite to hire labor to clear away the wild growth of the place and dig up the ground, and we will share equally of the profits of whatever we find. Do you consent to this?"

"Sure, the sahib is much too generous," replied he. "It must be our business to keep as quiet as we possibly can over the matter. Once we let it get wind that we are seeking for treasure people will come flocking about us, and it may end in the government laying claim to whatever we discover, since the land is crown property. Where are we to get, say, half a dozen good, trusty fellows, who may be relied upon to keep their own counsel?"

"If the sahib will leave it to me, I will undertake to go to-morrow to find six such men, who will eat of my chutnee, and swear to secrecy."

Directly after breakfast I set out for the Ram-Bagh, clad in a suit of khartee and knee boots, a useful costume in a hot climate.

In due course the half-dozen natives my servant had hired arrived. They were stout, likely-looking fellows, and came well armed with shovels and pickaxes.

We set to work in real earnest, and by the hour of noon, when I called a halt to rest, the coolies had cleared away a broad space of land extending the whole width of the bagh. The number of snakes, chiefly cobras, which lay hidden in the tall grass was incredible.

The shape of the Ram-Bagh was nearly square, and my idea was to start by digging a trench about four feet deep close up against the wall whence we began cutting down the ground and work our way from this, turning up the soil till we had covered the whole length of the garden.

Meer Alee, who was himself the most enthusiastic among the workers, turned the coolies to refresh after a short interval and they labored on all but little pause until sundown. With was now in readiness to begin digging, and I am free to confess it was with no small degree of anticipation that, on the following morning, I set the natives to work upon the trench I have already spoken of.

The coolies toiled on for several hours without lighting upon anything more than some fragments of broken pottery; then we came to our first find.

This was neither money nor jewelry, but an elephant. The animal lay upon its side about a yard below the surface, pressed as flat as a board and in a wonderfully good state of preservation.

Our next discovery, made some yards away from the spot where we had come upon the elephant, was of a more welcome character. It consisted of a long-necked, brown earthenware vase, of the size of a large melon.

The neck of it was filled up with clay, but on handling it the weight of the thing gave us to know that it was full of some heavy substance. I took a pickax from one of the natives, and by a cautiously directed blow shattered the vase; the riven fragments flew asunder and out fell a mass of gold coins.

But during the rest of the morning we discovered nothing more, save a large jade-stone statue of some ancient native god, which was so damaged that I left it.

A thought came into my head while the little gang were taking their mid-

day rest and eating their meals under the shadow of the bagh wall. I strolled toward the ruins of the temple and entered.

The flags were laid, not close together, but at intervals of about a couple of inches apart, the interstices between being filled up flush with dust.

In sweeping aside the rubbish I had taken notice of a long, rusty iron spike, like a ten-penny nail. I picked it up, and, stooping down, ran it along the chinks betwixt the flagging of the floor.

Out spurted a quantity of dirt, scattering itself right and left, and—could I believe my eyes?—among the grains of dust there rolled forth a number of pearls!

About twenty, I think there were. None of them was very large or of great value, but there could be no shadow of a doubt that they were genuine gems, and if the floor of the temple was going to disgorge jewels in this fashion there might be many magnificent prizes among them.

I put the pearls I had gathered up carefully in my coat pocket, stepped back again into the bagh and beckoned to Meer Alee.

"I have good news to tell you," said I, subduing my voice, though excitement was now working deep in me: "I have discovered where the real treasure of the Ram-Bagh lies."

"It is beneath the floor of the temple. Look what I have just found among the flagstones there," and, drawing forth a handful of pearls, I exposed them to his view.

We found that the tiles, which were about two feet square, needed little effort to raise them; if they had ever been cemented the stuff had crumbled away long ago.

Almost the very first blow of the shovels into the yielding ground gave back a sharp metallic clink.

They began gingerly scraping away the soil, and presently uncovered what proved to be a most beautiful model of a pagoda in pure gold, as I afterward found, of Chinese workmanship.

We were three days in lifting all the tiles and searching the soil underneath. One evening, while we were still working in the garden, my friend, the commissioner drove over after dinner to visit me at my bungalow. He presently said: "Have you got any treasure yet from that dirty old spot?"

I answered: "Yes, we have found several curious things; I will show you some of them."

And then I produced one of the little golden images and about a dozen coins. I set these upon the table before him. "I think, on reflection," said he, stroking his mustache, "that I may perhaps have exceeded the power vested in me by giving you permission to search for treasure and keep all you found in the Ram-Bagh. As crown agent, you will easily understand that it is a point of honor with me to look after crown property."

"Now, see here," I exclaimed. "I will tell you what I have done. You gave me permission to search the Ram-Bagh for treasure and to keep what I found. On the strength of this, I set to work, hired labor, and had the plentiful old place cleared out. That in itself was a distinct service."

"Now, I will not turn another sod myself, for I am quite satisfied with what I have already got. The place simply teems with buried treasure. The natives will go to work at sunrise to-morrow morning, as usual, but I shall not be there. Meer Alee will attend, and tell them they may dig for another master. Do you understand me?"

He sprang toward me and grasped my hand. "You have given me a fortune," cried he. "And the government," said I, drily. "Is always pleased to have waste lands cleared away and rendered fit for cultivation," he answered, with a slow smile.

I contrived to get something resembling a fair price for my valuable property from the haggling Brahmins. When all was sold, and I came to calculate the amount yielded, I found that Meer Alee and myself had nearly \$225,000 to divide.

The last time I saw Meer Alee was in London. The handsome fellow was parading Pall Mall in the costume of a west end dandy, and a fine commanding figure he looked for all the incongruity of his garb.

I gazed at his frock coat and his curly-brimmed Bond street hat, his umbrella, gloves and elegant boots, and could scarcely realize that this remarkably well-dressed Hindu was indeed the same sycor who had so faithfully served me through the mutiny.

"Yes," he answered, "all due to the Ram-Bagh. But, excuse me, my name is now Hopkins."—Strand Magazine.

Influence of Dr. Holmes. Among his varied gifts, Holmes had also a very abundant humor, and this helped to sweeten his life and to broaden his influence. To the whole United States he set an example of kindness and of gentleness, associated with sagacity and with strength. He was the last to survive of the great New England group of authors—Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, which followed, and in some ways surpassed, the earlier New York group—Irvine, Cooper and Bryant.—St. Nicholas.

Range of a Spider's Vision. Experiments have recently been made to decide how far spiders can see, and as a result of these investigations it has been determined that they have a range of vision of at least a foot. It is not at all ways possible to tell, however, whether the lower animals perceive by sight or hearing or by the action which air in motion has on their bodies. Experiments tend to show that mice are sensitive to motions of the air which to human ears create no sound whatever.

WITHOUT US.

We struggle and strive for a wonderful place

In the wonderful world about us, And then we die, and the wonderful world Goes merrily on without us.

—Carrie Blake Morgan, in Overland.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man [who keeps step with conscience rarely gets his heels trampled.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Over the wires creeping, Daily, till ears are sore, Come the voices of strong man weeping, And women who wait the score.

Do not tell secrets to people on an ocean voyage. They can never keep anything to themselves.—Life.

She is in a deal of trouble, For she has lost her good name, 'Twas engraved on her umbrella, And somebody stole the same.

Some hearts never learn the difference between an earnest longing and a hoggish greed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spinner—"After all, it is easy to make the time fly." Bicyclist—"Yes, only the other day I made a century run."—Life.

Housekeeper—"Your milk is as thin as water to-day." Milkman—"Well, it was very foggy this morning when we milked."

Before marriage, a girl complains of her kin to her lover, and after marriage he complains of them to her.—Acheson Globe.

Bilkings—I am advised to take a vacation and go abroad at once." Smithers—"Who so advised you, your doctor or your lawyer?"

Doctor—"Are you troubled by dreams?" Patient—"Very much! I have in my pocket now the third bill for my daughter's latest."—Pack.

It is by no means vainly! That she's educated well, She's able, when she sees a mouse, To give her college yell.

When you find a man of whom it is often said that he has his heart in the right place, there is apt to be something wrong with his head.—Acheson Globe.

"Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence," said one friend. "Yes; and right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment."—Detroit Free Press.

Five dollar bills and ten dollar bills Are things I don't often see, But four dollar bills and nine dollar bills Are presented quite often to me.

Extract from the casualty column of a Western newspaper: "He fell on his neck, but he didn't weep, for he fell a long distance and the neck was his own."—West Union Gazette.

Possibly the highest proof of the shrewdness of doctors and lawyers is the fact that they seldom rely on their own judgment in their own cases.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To lie in a hammock is bliss; Then the world seems to hush to a frown, Though it's when one is thinking like this: That the pesky old thing tumbles down.

Johnny Snaggs—"Papa, what is the difference between a boom and a boomlet?" Mr. Snaggs—"A boomlet is a movement in favor of a candidate we don't want, my boy."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Vultures and a Dead Tiger. The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pal to the ground, and before the skin has been removed there, above one, and always bearing the earth, are the vultures circling, posing like things of air; now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two, and then a hundred strong. Then, when the fayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend; down they come like feathered thunder out of the sky, and from the east and west and north and south. The very embodiment of power, while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth; and now, as the waddle around that carrion beast, misshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravaging jaws which tear and gorgo the tiger's flesh, until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean-picked skeleton.—Thirty Years of Shikar.

A New Filter for Ships. A new filter for ships is made of a tree-trunk. The water is pumped up into a reservoir and then forced, under heavy pressure, into the filter formed by the trunk of the tree. In a few minutes the water is seen oozing out of the lower portion of the trunk, and is entirely freed from salt and the objectionable taste of sea-water; in fact, it is drinkable, and may be used for all domestic purposes. This is a discovery of the utmost importance, as heretofore chemicals have been the only means of purifying the sea-water, and this sometimes brought about unpleasant results, on account of developing new elements by the mixture of the purifiers with the salt water.—New York Ledger.

Rapidity of Hair-Growth. Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches; while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

Umbrellas for Dogs.

"Yes," said a dog's outfitter, "fashions in canine clothing change pretty frequently. There is not, as yet, any journal devoted to the dress of dogs that I am aware of, but in the Palais Royal fashion plates, published in Paris, the latest modes of 'dogs of luxury' may be seen.

"And this reminds me of an incident. A month or so ago I saw in the publication above mentioned the picture of a dog's umbrella! The article is small, and made of silk. When open the frame is attached by ribbons to the dog's collar, and, according to the advertisements, the animal is trained to hold the handle in its mouth.

"In addition to providing clothing for dogs, I retain the services of a dentist to fit dogs with false teeth; and the extent to which this branch of my business is patronized is surprising. The cost of a set of teeth varies from \$5 to \$15.

He Knew His Mother.

Mrs. Williams is a widow with three boys, whom she has brought up with great firmness. It is one of her rules that obedience to her commands must come immediately, and explanation, if at all, at her leisure.

"Freddy," she said, a short time ago, to her youngest boy, aged 7, "I am going to do something in a few days about which I want to talk to you a little."

"Yes'm," responded Freddy, meekly. "I am intending to marry Doctor Morse next week on Monday," said his mother, and then she paused for a moment.

"Yes'm," said Freddy again, and then he added, with a look of awe on his small face: "I s'pose Doctor Morse won't know anything about it till the time comes, will he, mother?"

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Miss Midway—"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very tender-hearted." Miss Frost—"Yes, he has a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean."—Boston Transcript.

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 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 impediment in 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. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, 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. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In 1860 gold was nine times more valuable than silver, now it is 15 times.

The True Laxative Principle Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Nearly 10 per cent of the recipients of the Victoria Cross are military doctors.

Jr. Kline's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

To clothe the British soldiers and sailors costs the country between a million and a million and a quarter of money annually.

"Good Spirits." The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits are a matter of good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans' Tabule after each meal, that's all.

In 1830 Sir Humphrey Davy produced the first electric light with carbon.

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

Mr. Keir Hardie's expenses at the recent election in Southwest Ham are returned as amounting to £245 5s. 4d.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. BLISS, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1895.

Laura Annie Cole (29) a single lady, late of Kensington, England, has died from fright caused by lightning.

WOMEN'S FACES—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the shallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Great sale Parker, Baker and other three-barrelled. Price way down. Single barrel, \$4.00; double, \$6.00; muzzle loader, \$2.00; rifle, \$1.00; air rifle, \$1.00; repeating, \$1.00; revolver, \$2.00; pistols, hand gun, \$1.00; loading gun, \$1.00; \$1.00 set of four. Send stamp for 48-page pictorial catalogue. H. & D. Folson Arms Co., 514 B'way, N. Y.

I WANT YOUR SERVICES if you can sell an article in an universal demand. Write me. JAS. U. GARLANDER, 145, B'ward St., Chicago.

Dyspepsia, Insomnia.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Inas Hamburger is a well-known cigar manufacturer and tobacco dealer at 1425 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore,