Gold has been discovered within the limits of Salt Lake city.

What's a Bump?

In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump another one would call a thump. Thus we have a bump from a thump and a thump from a bump. In like manner, a bruise may cause a bump, and a bump may cause a bruise, or perhaps a thump may cause both. Well, what's the difference, so long as we suffer from either bump or bruise, we want to get rid of it. That's true, and the surest, quickest way to cure a bruise is at once to use St. Jacobs Oil. Then the question will be not what it is, but what it was, as it will promptly disappear.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:

"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards

A Sore

two inches across formed, and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on, and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. BLAKE, South Berwick, Me.

This and other similar cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills The best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

PNU 10 96

RIPANS TABULES

Because he had palpitation of the heart, Mr. A. J. Allen determined to quit smoking. He thought the tobacco habit was the cause of his trouble, but when he ceased smoking the pulsations of the heart were more violent than ever. Mr. Allen is a registered chemist of Lynn, Mass., and at second thought he concluded that, if tobacco wasn't the cause, it must be acute dyspepsia. His knowledge of chemistry naturally prompted him to take Ripans Tabules, well knowing their efficacy in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Quick relief followed, and now there is no more distress in the region of his heart. But the remarkable part of Mr. Allen's experience follows: He decided to forego smoking anyhow, and discovered that Ripans Tabules not only satisfied the longing for tobacco, which all smokers are familiar with, but at first he actually looked forward with pleasure to the three periods each day when he took the Tabules. Mr. Allen no longer smokes, and has no desire to, nor does he take the Tabules. He is a well man, and does not need medicine of any kind. Mr. Allen believes Ripans Tabules will prove a powerful aid to any man who desires to abandon the tobacco habit.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

Going to South Africa.

During the last year or two there has been something of a migration of miners from the Western States to South Africa, and advertisements of rates and routes to South Africa are printed in most of the mining papers. The movement seems to have extended to others than the miners, and may indicate that the emigrants have not fared badly. A man advertises in a recent issue of a Deadwood paper that he will sell at a bargain his saloons in Deadwood and in Lead, as he intends going to South Africa. Whether he expects to make money out of the mines or the miners he doesn't state.

Fattening Hogs Costs One Cent.

The editor recently heard of a farmer fattening hogs at less than one cent a pound. This was made possible through the sowing of Salzer's King Barley, yielding over 100 bu. per acre, Golden Triumph Corn, yielding 200 bu. per acre, and the feeding on Sand Vetch, Teosinte, Hundredfold Peas, etc. Now, with such yields, the growing of hogs is more profitable than a silver mine.

Salzer's catalogue is full of rare things for the farmer, gardener and citizen, and the editor believes that it would pay everybody a hundred-fold to get Salzer's catalogue before purchasing seeds.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., they will mail you their mammoth seed catalogue and 10 samples of grasses and grains, including above corn and barley. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. (A.)

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 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. 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.

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

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Come West For Your Seed.

That's what we say, because it's the best. Salzer's Wisconsin grown seeds are bred to earliness and produce the earliest vegetables in the world. Right alongside of other seedmen's earliest, his are twenty days ahead! Just try his earliest peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, etc. He is the largest grower of farm and vegetable seeds, potatoes, grasses, clovers, etc.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c. postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family, and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

The height of Her Majesty Queen Victoria is 4 feet 9 inches.

Nothing in bath or laundry so good as Borax. Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap needs but one trial to prove its value. Costs same as poorer floating soap. No one has ever tried it without buying more. Your grocer has it.

The Turks would have the world believe that the Armenians committed suicide.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghampton, N.Y.

The population of Newfoundland has increased from 10,000 in 1786 to 202,000 in 1891.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give effective relief.

There are 132,000 servants, men and women, in Paris.

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

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

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

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

GRAND PREMIUM!

To the Subscribers of this Paper.

SOLID SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS

THE Coin Silverware Co., of Columbus, Ohio, will furnish to each of the subscribers of this paper, six solid silver plated teaspoons manufactured for this Company. These spoons are chased in design, full size spoons and handsomely engraved, plated on solid white metal, and are guaranteed to last for years. The teaspoons manufactured for this Company are well known and there is nothing finer of the grade put on the market by any other manufacturers; they are such as sell in the stores for a dollar a set. We do not put any expense in the matter of packing them; they are sent securely by mail, as it is the spoons we are anxious to give subscribers, and not a fancy velvet case, and as they are intended for every day use they can be put into the silver basket at once, and used without delay. Teaspoons are such a necessity of our daily life that we thought something of this kind would be more highly appreciated than pictures or thermometers, or any other of the novelties that are sent out at this season of the year.

THE CONDITIONS.

All that you are required to do is to cut out the Coupon below and send it with 19 two-cent postage stamps to the Coin Silverware Co., Columbus, Ohio, and six solid silver-plated teaspoons will be shipped promptly and guaranteed to be first-class in every respect.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT.

PREMIUM COUPON!—*This is to certify that I am a subscriber of this paper and entitled to the six silver-plated teaspoons and they are to be sent to my address as per the attached letter.*

Address all orders for these spoons to the Coin Silverware Co., Columbus, Ohio, who will promptly fill the orders for the spoons, which are guaranteed to be of the very best quality and workmanship.

COIN SILVERWARE CO., Starr Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

IN ABSENCE.

When shadows dim the meadow-gold, and mignonette and musk
Perfume through every scented fold the garments of the dusk,
When all the heavens are yearning to the first faint silver star,
My spirit leans across to you, beloved, from afar.

When courier winds begin to ride the highways of the dawn,
And up the orient hills, in pride, the car of day is drawn,
Even as the bridegroom, Sol, appears, and Earth's dismays are done,
O love from out the dark and tears, arise and be my sun!

—Margaret Armour, in Black and White.

A CHILD OF SILENCE.

BY MYRTLE REED.

RIGHT at the end of the street stood the little white house Jack Ward was pleased to call his own. Five years he had lived there, he and Dorothy. How happy they had been! But things seemed to have gone wrong some way, since—since the baby died in the spring. A sob came into Jack's throat, for the little face had haunted him all day.

Never a sound had the baby lips uttered, and the loudest noises had not disturbed his rest. It had seemed almost too much to bear, but they had loved him more, if that were possible, because he was not as other children were. Jack had never been reconciled, but Dorothy found a world of consolation in the closing paragraph of a magazine article on the subject.

"And yet we cannot believe these Children of Silence to be unhappy. Mrs. Browning says that 'closed eyes see more truly than ever open do,' and may there not be another world of music for those to whom our own is soundless? In a certain sense they are utterly beyond the pain that life always brings, for never can they hear the cruel words beside which physical hurts sink into insignificance. So pity them not, but believe that He knoweth best, and that what seems wrong and bitter is often His truest kindness to His children."

Dorothy read it over and over until she knew it by heart. There was a certain comfort in the thought that he need not suffer—that he need never find what a wealth of bitterness lies in that one little word—life. And when the hard day came she tried to be thankful, for she knew that he was safer still; tried to see the kindness that had taken him back into the Unknown Silence of which he was the Child.

Jack went up the steps this mild winter evening, whistling softly to himself, and opened the door with his latch key. "Where are you, girlie?"

"Up stairs, dear; I'll be down in a minute," and even as she spoke Dorothy came into the room.

In spite of her black gown and the hollows under her eyes she was a very pretty women. She knew it, and Jack did, too. That is, he had known, but he had forgotten.

"Here's the evening paper." He tossed it into her lap as she sat down by the window.

"Thank you." She wondered vaguely why Jack didn't kiss her as he used to, and then dismissed the thought. She was growing accustomed to that sort of thing.

"How nice of you to come by the early train! I didn't expect you till later."

"There wasn't much going on in town, so I left the office early. Any mail? No? Guess I'll take Jip out for a stroll." The fox terrier at his feet wagged his tail approvingly. "Want to go, Jip?"

Jip answered decidedly in the affirmative. "All right, come on," and Dorothy watched the two go down the street with an undefined feeling of pain.

She lit the prettily shaded lamp and tried to read the paper, but the political news, elopements, murders, and suicides lacked interest. She wondered what had come between her and Jack. Something had; there was no question of that, but—well, it would come straight some time. Perhaps she was morbid and unjust. She couldn't ask him what was the matter without making him angry, and she had tried so hard to make him happy.

Jip announced his arrival at the front door with a series of sharp barks and an unmistakable scratch. She opened it as Jack sauntered slowly up the walk, and passed her with the remark, "Dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Into the cozy dining room they went, Jip first, then Jack, and then Dorothy. The daintily served meal satisfied the inner man, and he did not notice that she ate but little. She honestly tried to be entertaining, and thought she succeeded fairly well. After dinner he retired into the depths of the evening paper, and Dorothy stitched away at her embroidery.

Suddenly Jack looked at his watch. "Well, it's half-past seven, and I've got to go over to Mrs. Brown's to practice a duet with her for to-morrow."

Dorothy trembled, but only said, "Oh, yes, the duet. What is it this time?"

"'Calvary,' I guess. That seems to take the multitude better than anything we sing. No, Jip, not this time. Good-by—I won't be gone long."

The door slammed, and Dorothy was alone.

She put away her embroidery and walked the floor restlessly. Mrs. Brown was a pretty widow, always well dressed, and she sang divinely. Dorothy could not sing a note, though she played fairly well, and Jack got into a habit of taking Mrs. Brown new music and going over to sing it with her. An obliging neighbor who had called that afternoon had remarked maliciously that Mr. Ward and Mrs. Brown seemed to be very good friends. Dorothy smiled with white lips, and tried to say pleasantly, "Yes, Mrs. Brown is charming, don't you think so? I am sure that if I were a man I should fall in love with her."

The neighbor rose to go, and by way of a parting shot replied, "That seems to be Mr. Ward's idea. Lovely day, isn't it? Come over when you can."

Dorothy was too stunned to reply. She thought seriously of telling Jack, but wisely decided not to. These suburban towns were always gossipy. Jack would think she didn't trust him. And now he was at Mrs. Brown's again!

The pain was almost blinding. She went to the window and looked out. The rising moon shone fitfully upon the white signs of sorrow in the little churchyard far to the left.

She threw a shawl over her head and went out. In feverish haste she walked over to the little "God's Acre," where the Child of Silence was buried.

She found the spot and sat down. A thought of Mrs. Browning's ran through her mind:

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for—

then some way the tears came; a blessed rush of relief.

"Oh, baby dear," she sobbed, pressing her lips to the cold turf above him, "I wish I was down there beside you, as still and as dreamless as you. You don't know what it means—you never would have known. I'd rather be a stone than a woman with a heart. Do you think if I could buy death that I wouldn't take it and come down there beside you? It hurt me to lose you, but it wasn't the worst. You would have loved me. Oh, my Child of Silence! Come back, come back!"

How long she stayed there she never knew, but the heart pain grew easier after a while.

She pressed her lips to the turf again. "Good night, baby dear. Good night. I'll come again. You haven't lost your mother, even if she has lost you!"

Fred Bennett passed by the unfrequented spot, returning from an errand to that part of town, and he heard the last words. He drew back into the shadow. The slight black figure appeared on the sidewalk a few feet ahead of him, and puzzled him not a little. He followed cautiously and finally decided to overtake her. As she heard his step behind her she looked around timidly.

"Mrs. Ward!"

His tone betrayed surprise, and he saw that her eyes were wet and her white, drawn face was tear stained. She shuddered. A new trouble faced her. How long had he been following her?

He saw her distress and told his lie bravely. "I just came around the corner here."

Her relieved look was worth the sacrifice of his conscientious scruples, he said to himself afterward.

"I may walk home with you, may I not?"

"Certainly."

She took his offered arm and tried to chat pleasantly with her old friend. Soon they reached the gate. She dropped his arm and said good-night unsteadily. Bennett could bear it no longer, and he took both her hands in his own.

"Mrs. Ward, you are in trouble. Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

She was silent. "Dorothy, you will let me call you so, will you not? You know how much I cared for you, in a boy's impulsive fashion, in the old days when we were at school; you know that I am your friend now—as true a friend as a man can be to a woman. Tell me, Dorothy, and let me help you!"

There was a rustle of silk on the pavement, and her caller of the afternoon swept by without speaking. Already Dorothy knew the story which would be put in circulation on the morrow. Bennett's clasp tightened on her cold fingers. "Tell, me, Dorothy, and let me help you!" he said again.

The impulse to tell him grew stronger, and she controlled it with difficulty. "It is nothing, Mr. Bennett, I—I have a headache."

"I see, and you came out for a breath of fresh air. Pardon me. I am sure you will be better in the morning. Good night, and God bless you—Dorothy."

He walked away rapidly, and she lingered on the porch till she could no longer hear his footsteps. She left a lamp in the hall and went up to bed. "Jack won't be home till late," she said to herself, "and he will want the light."

So the tired head dropped on its pillow, and she stared sleeplessly at the ceiling.

Meanwhile Bennett was on his way to Mrs. Brown's cottage. His mind was made up, and he would speak to Jack. He had heard a great deal of idle gossip, and it would probably cost him Jack's friendship, but he would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he had tried to do something for Dorothy.

He rang the bell, and Mrs. Brown herself answered it. "Good evening, Mrs. Brown. No, thank you, I won't come in. Just ask Jack if I may see him on a matter of business."

Ward, hearing his friend's voice, was already at the door. "I'll be with you in a minute, Fred," he said. "Good night, Mrs. Brown; I am sure we shall get along famously with the duet," and the two men went slowly down the street.

They went on in silence till Jack said, "Well, Bennett, what is it? You don't call a fellow out like this unless it is something serious."

"It is serious, Jack; it's Dor—Mrs. Ward."

"Dorothy? I confess I'm as much in the dark as ever."

"It's this way, Jack. She's in trouble."

"Jack, you know I'm a friend of yours; I have been ever since I've known you. If you don't take what I'm going to say as I mean it, you're not the man I think you are."

"Go on, Fred, I understand you. I was only thinking."

"Perhaps you don't know it, but the town is agog with what it is pleased to term your infatuation for Mrs. Brown." Jack smothered a profane exclamation, and Bennett continued: "Dorothy is eating her heart out over the baby. She was in the cemetery to-night sobbing over his grave, and talking to him like a mad woman. I came up the back street, and after a little I overtook her and walked home with her. That's how I happen to know. And don't think for a moment that she hasn't heard the gossip. She has, only she's too proud to speak of it. And, Jack, old man, I don't believe you've neglected her intentionally, but begin again and show how much you care for her. Good night."

Bennett left him abruptly, for the old love of Dorothy was strong tonight; not the fitful, flaming passion of his boyhood, but the deeper, tenderer love of his whole life.

Jack was strangely affected. Dear little Dorothy! He had neglected her. "I don't deserve her," he said to himself, "but I will." He passed a florist's shop, and a tender thought struck him. He would buy Dorothy some roses. He went in and ordered a box of American Beauties. A stiff silk rustled beside him, and he lifted his hat courteously.

"Going home, Mr. Ward? It's early, isn't it? But," with scarcely a perceptible emphasis, "it's—none—too soon!" Then, as her eager eye caught a glimpse of the roses, "Ah, but you men are sly! For Mrs. Brown?"

Jack took his package and responded icily, "No. For Mrs. Ward."

"Cat!" he muttered under his breath as he went out. And that little word in the mouth of a man means a great deal.

He entered the house, and was not surprised to find that Dorothy had retired. She never waited for him now. He took the roses from the box and went upstairs.

"Hello, Dorothy!" as the pale face rose from the pillow in surprise. "I've brought you some roses!" Dorothy actually blushed. Jack hadn't brought her a rose for three years; not since the day the baby was born. He put them in water, and came and sat down beside her.

"Dear little girl, your head aches, doesn't it?" He drew her up beside him and put his cool fingers on the throbbing temples. Her heart beat quickly and happy tears filled her eyes as Jack bent down and kissed her tenderly. "My sweetheart! I'm so sorry for the pain!"

It was the old lover-like tone, and Dorothy looked up.

"Jack," she said, "you do love me, don't you?"

His arms tightened about her. "My darling, I love you better than anything in the world. You are the dearest little woman I ever saw. It isn't much of a heart, dear, but, you've got it all. Crying? Why, what is it, sweetheart?"

"The baby," she answered brokenly, and his eyes overflowed, too.

"Dorothy dearest, you know that was best. He wasn't like—"

Jack could not say the hard words, but Dorothy understood and drew his face down to hers again.

Then she closed her eyes, and Jack held her till she slept. The dawn found his arms still around her, and when the early church bells awoke her from a happy dream she found the reality sweet and beautiful, and the heartache a thing of the past.—Munsey's Magazine.

Bears in Cornfields.

In the district of Rachinsk, in the Trans-Caucasus, bears are regarded as the worst enemies of the maize fields, and when the season for the maize cobs to ripen comes round, the population take all possible steps to protect the fruits of their toil. In the evening, says our consul at Batoum, the peasant, armed with a gun, a kinjal, a stout oaken cudgel, or whatever other weapon he can secure, takes all the dogs he possesses with him and goes off to the field, where he sleeplessly guards his maize during the whole night, sometimes at the risk of his life. He passes the night in firing off his gun and continual shouting, while during the day he is forced to work to the utmost of his powers, seeing that it is just at this period, i. e., when the maize is ripening, that he has to thresh his wheat, gather in his crop of beans, repair his winnower, and make ready the places for storing his maize. If a bear gets into a maize field in which he does not expect to be disturbed during the whole night, he first sets to work and gorges himself; then, feeling heavy, he begins to roll and sprawl on his back. Having sprawled about a bit, the bear begins to feel playful, and it is then that the maize stalks suffer most severely; tucking his legs under him, he rolls head over heels from one end of the field to the other, and in his course he naturally breaks and rolls down everything in his way, rendering the whole crop useless.—London News.

Claimed He Invented Matches.

Johann Irinyi died a few days ago in Hungary, at the age of seventy-nine. He was one of the five or six persons who claimed to be the inventor of matches in their present form. He brought out his invention in Vienna in 1836, and a factory was started to work it. For the last few years he acted as Government inspector of match factories in Hungary. He died a poor man.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be **put** in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you **get Ayer's.**

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Pass Your Plate." 47

BattleAx PLUG

Prices of all commodities have been reduced except tobacco. "Battle Ax" is up to date. Low Price; High Grade; Delicious Flavor. For 10 cents you get almost twice as much "Battle Ax" as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

LOOK AT THE BOX

This is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa box—be sure that you don't get an imitation of it.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"Fool's Haste Is Nae Speed." Don't Hurry the Work Unless You Use

SAPOLIO

The World's Earliest Potato.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1 a bushel—$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

NOW IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue. (A.)

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared Steel Galvanized Compressed Wind Mills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/2 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory, 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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