

### Ancient Oak.

Among the interesting relics of Bishop Hendrix's life in China is a picture frame made of oak dug from beneath the foundations of the Chinese wall, where it is supposed to have lain since the year 214 B. C. Seward Tabor, who carved the frame, found the wood almost black and nearly as hard as iron. Not only is the frame an object of interest; the picture it surrounds is a novelty—a handsome photograph of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, with that distinguished statesman's autograph in native characters adown the border. The photograph was a present to the bishop from the viceroy. The frame was obtained in the rough from some British contractors who were blasting out piling under a section of the wall, preparatory to repairs of the masonry.

### Why Not.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of headache, toothache, or neuralgia headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacobs Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

Two St. Louis dentists fought a duel with pistols; one killed the other.

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 cure known to 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.

Miss Elizabeth Cady Stanton, now aged 80, has decided to take music lessons.

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of millions who use it, after the 31 years it has been on the market, one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

The credit that is obtained by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

A CORON SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. "Bronchial Troubles" are a simple remedy and give immediate relief. Avoid imitations.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may run out of breath.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N.Y.

A queer sect in Dumah worships Queen Victoria.

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, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I have found Pisco's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—R. L. ROTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1884.

## Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

## Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, and blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00, \$1.75 for ladies' shoes. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 3 cents for carrying. State kind, style of toe (cup or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box K.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. H. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

### RETRIBUTION.

Across their lives men headless go, Like thieves or freshly fallen snow, Who think—if'er they think at all— That through the night much more will fall To cover up their footprints; so With booty laden home they go.

But far away from sound or sight The Power to whom the dark is light Bids Nature send detectives forth— The swift, cold bloodhounds of the North, To freeze their footprints in the snow And tell the world which way they go.

—The Open Court.

### MISS DELY'S TWO TYRANTS.

MISS DELY was down at the spring-place. It was an area of soft turf a few yards square, worn by footpaths, lying in a basin between two hills. The branch ran through it, and kept the grass green and tender, and the spring, which bubbled cold and delicious at the foot of a giant planetree, contributed its largesse to this end. A little square of wet earth just below the spring was almost constantly marked by hoofprints.

An expert rider, swinging downward from his seat, could easily grasp the long-handled gourd that hung from the tree's brown bole and refresh himself and his horse at the same time. Dely had spread the long breadths of cotton sheeting, which had just come from her loom, on the grass to bleach, and seemed now to be studying the hoofprints. Her eyes wandered from them to the farmhouse on the hill, and again to the mountain which lifted its blue shoulder above the crest of the nearest hill.

"It do pinterly seem like ma gits wasser and wasser the hull time. I ain't hed a mite of peace all summer," said Dely, addressing the hoofprints.

"Why she should suspicion at them ar hootmarks war made by Alec Penlan's horse I cayn't surmise. An' Bob Wilson a-comin' reg'lar an' the license got an' everythin'."

"Oh, Miss Dely, Miss Dely!" called a soft, drawing voice.

"That you, Bud Harris? What yer want? Don't holler that a-way?" with a furtive glance at the house.

She looked at the boy as calmly as if he had been a post. And yet he was a picture. He set all hygienic theories at defiance. Cornbread and bacon, golden biscuit and butter-milk, stewed beans plentifully "seasoned" with bacon, made the menu by which Bud had come to such a glory of starchy growth.

"What yer want?" repeated Miss Dely, imperturbably.

"I hate ter leave ye," said Bob kindly. "But that's Alec thinks a heap on ye. 'Twas a mighty squar' thing his givin' ye up ter me like he did."

"Oh, Bob, don't talk that a-way!" cried Miss Dely.

Here was a sincere soul and here was Bob dying, but she was absolutely powerless to tell him the whole truth.

"Weil, well! It's all right, I suppose," said Bob weakly.

He was so nearly done with his life that his loves and hopes did not matter much.

Dely's wedding gown was presently put away in the old family chest and Dely went about her duties with a sadder face.

"A widder 'thout ever bin' married," sneered her mother, and the kind neighbors added that it "peared like Dely Townsend was pinterly meant for an old maid."

In the few weeks that followed Bob Wilson's death, Alec Penland did a deal of thinking and day dreaming. Pleasant thoughts and pleasant dreams they were, too, one would guess by the serene expression of his strong, kind face. He worked some at "dixin' things" around home.

Alec had lived alone, keeping house for himself ten years or more, and it is putting it mildly to say that the appearance of the house, both inside and out, indicated that such had been the case.

One day found him at Mrs. Townsend's door.

Mrs. Townsend was carding cotton. She gave him but a curt welcome.

"I hope you air well enough, ma'am," said Alec, with deference. "I'm only jest to'able," was the cold reply.

"Where is Miss Dely?" ventured Alec presently.

ished for it, a kind of poetic justice which appeals to souls of all grades. But soon her mood changed. She began to cry heartbrokenly.

Big Alec Penland grew as weak as a baby.

"Dely, if you won't come out hyar I'm er comin' in thar," he cried, and in another minute he had her in his strong arms.

It was only for a second, however. Dely's sobs stopped suddenly. She struggled to get free.

"Ain't yer 'shamed, Alec Penlan, an' me most ez good ez married ter Bob Wilson?"

Alec released her instantly and stood looking at her, his face drawn and pale.

"You act like a plumb fool, Alec," whimpered Dely.

"I reckon mabby I do," said Alec, humbly.

He looked at her, his heart sinking, but he saw that she was trembling for all her harsh words.

"Dely, Dely, Dely!" called a sharp, menacing voice.

"That's ma!" exclaimed Dely, wildly. "Oh, Alec, don't let her see ye. She'll bang her head ergin the wall 'n ever she headed hit when Bob axed fer me an' she banged hit ergin when Susan Harris brung home yer weddin' gown. Oh, Alec, why won't yer go? She's er comin'!"

Alec went, seeing that the danger was imminent.

Mrs. Townsend called again. "I'm comin', ma," and Miss Dely hastened.

"What air you er footin' away your time for down thar, an' here's Jim Wilson been ter tell yer that Bob's took powerful bad an' the doctor aint no hopes on him hardly. Er pretty piece er work that is, an' you'll git talked about fine. An' yer got yer weddin' dress an' all," jeered the old woman.

Miss Dely grew sick all over. Was there then no escape from this life?

"Jim wanted yer fer over thar, but I telled him I wouldn't hev no sich work as that—my da'ter running after a man that a-way."

They had reached the house now, and there in the living-room was the wedding gown Dely had been so proud of.

She began to weep.

"You shet up, Dely Townsend!" cried her mother. "Ef yer don't I'll bang my head all to pieces ergin the wall!" and she gave it a hard thump.

"Oh, ma, don't, don't!" shrieked Dely. "I won't cry. I won't do nothin'."

The old woman sat down in her splint rocker.

"Yer'd better not then!"

The menace in her black eyes meant business, and Dely, choking down her sobs, went about getting dinner.

Poor Bob Wilson never recovered from his sudden illness. He begged to see Miss Dely, and in the dead midnight she stole out trembling and went and stayed an hour by his sick bed.

"I hate ter leave ye," said Bob kindly. "But that's Alec thinks a heap on ye. 'Twas a mighty squar' thing his givin' ye up ter me like he did."

poster bedstead, and confined her hands and feet.

"I'se reely afeard ye might hurt yerself, Miss' Townshend," he said kindly.

"Alec Penlan, how dare ye! Turn me loose, turn me loose! I'll put yer in the penitentiary!" yelled the victim.

"Sho, now, I wouldn't! There! Don't fret! Will is er comin' back afore sundown, yer know, an' he'll untie yer. I wish yer good day, Miss' Townshend."

He backed out of her presence like a courtier, carefully shut all the doors, and hurried to the springplace.

Poor old woman! She gave one or two discordant cries, and then astonishment got the better of anger.

By this simple expedient of beating her head against the wall, she had all her life ruled with an iron rod her whole family. Was it possible it was going to fall now?

Alec found Miss Dely sitting on the steps at the springhouse, churning. She wore a dark-blue gown, and the cream which foamed up around the dasher was not whiter than her cape.

She looked, Alec told himself, as pretty as a peony.

She smiled at him and bade him "Good-by."

Alec thought of Bob Wilson.

"Thar shan't nobody say he war a better man than me!" he muttered.

He went boldly up to Miss Dely and kissed her. Then he laid his shaggy head close and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh, no, no, Alec! Ma'd beat her head off."

"No, she won't. She cayn't." Dely looked scared.

"You ain't killed her, Alec?"

"Oh, no! She's—gone a-visitin'." Miss Dely got up quickly.

"Alec, what you been er-doin'?"

"Nothin'! But I'm goin' ter Kerry yer off."

"No, you ain't!" I cayn't go!"

"Now, Dely!" coaxing. "De a good gal. Come!"

"I cayn't! Alec, what you done with ma?"

"You come an' I'll tell yer."

"No, no, Alec! I cayn't!"

"But I say yer got ter."

### WOMAN'S WIT.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL. Something About Morphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for a while, and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed."

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses.' And I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after using in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds, I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished my box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon got good bye to my headaches, while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely subsided to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be, well and strong, light-hearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a tumbled desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Where Did You Get This Coffee? Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Eliel Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds \$1.00. Order to-day.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH 15c. STAMPS TO JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)


Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children cures all the common ailments of infancy, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. in a bottle.

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one will be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

It was found that in the Arkansas valley water could be obtained by shallow wells ranging in depth from eight to twenty feet. This is raised by hundreds of windmills into hundreds of small reservoirs constructed at the highest point of each farm. The uniform eastward slope of the plains is seven feet to the mile. The indefatigable Kansas wind keeps the mills in active operation, and the reservoirs are always full of water, which is drawn off as it is required for purposes of irrigation. These small individual pumping plants have certain advantages over the canal systems which prevail elsewhere. The irrigator has no entangling alliances with companies or co-operative associations, and it is able to manage the water supply without deferring to the convenience of others or yielding obedience to rules and regulations essential to the orderly administration of systems which supply large numbers of consumers. The original cost of such a plant, exclusive of the farmer's own labor in constructing his reservoirs and ditches, is \$200, and the plant suffices for ten acres. The farmer thus pays \$20 per acre for a perpetual guaranty of sufficient "rain" to produce bountiful crops; but to this cost must be added \$2 per acre as the annual price of maintaining the system.—Century.

A Washington Episode. I saw the Chief Justice of the United States give his seat to a pretty young lady in a Pennsylvania avenue street car, writes W. E. Curtis from Washington. She took it but she didn't thank him, and probably was a stranger and did not know who he was. Several who did know him, however, arose and offered him their seat, but he declined them and hung on to a strap for the remainder of his journey while he gossiped with Admiral Meade.—Chicago Record.



"Knocks Out All Others."

# Battle-Ax

## PLUG

The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

Better use them this way, if you don't use Pearline. Give your tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning. "An absurd idea?" Of course. But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, and time, and rubbing, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy.

# Millions NOW USE Pearline

When Hamlet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!" Could He Have Referred to

# SAPOLIO

## Insist

On a good (the best) skirt binding as strenuously as on a good cloth for the skirt.

Ask for (and take no other) the

# S-H-&M

Blue Velvet Skirt Binding.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

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POPPIAN'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Give relief in 15 minutes. Send for a FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. Sold by Druggists. One box 50c. Postage on receipt of \$1.00. Six boxes \$2.50. Address: DR. POPPIAN, 1710 N. W. 10th St., Detroit, Mich.

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Buy a Cripple Creek Gold Mine for particular and prospectus. "MINES," 1740 Stout St., Denver, Col.

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