

High Latitude Not Beneficial.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes.

Toward Old Lions.

In a recent lecture the German traveler Prof. Pechuel-Loescheke declared that the danger from attacks by wild animals in the African deserts and elsewhere was greatly exaggerated.

CURED HIS CATARRH

Getting Better Very Soon After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "My son had catarrh very badly and he could get nothing to do him any good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Some men are never satisfied to remain at the bottom of the ladder; they always try to get farther down.

A Sensation. That the world is coming to an end suddenly at a given time is not what is here referred to.

A Workman's Idea of the Drama. Walter A. Wyckoff, in Scribner's, tells in his narrative, "The Workmen," what one of them thought of Shakespeare.

A novel parcel for delivery by express post was recently handed in at a Birmingham postoffice. A workman, who had been out of town with his 3-year-old child, arrived at Birmingham in time to reach his place of business.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS.

Women Who Know the Laws of Nature and Obey Them May Live to Green Old Age. Mrs. Pinkham says when she violated Nature's Laws...

store woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No. 203. This quarter-sized writing desk is published in a plan. It has a 9x12 inch plate glass top and a 4x6 inch mirror below. Price \$3.95.

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md.

DESTROYS A MILLION DAILY.

Uncle Sam Grinds Bank Notes and Greenbacks Into Pulp.

"Every working day in the year Uncle Sam destroys a million dollars; liberally tears up and grinds to pulp one million dollars' worth of paper money—genuine banknotes and greenbacks."



GRINDS UP A MILLION A DAY.

form the work that is required; for not only must the soiled and mutilated money be accurately and rapidly counted, but all counterfeit notes must be detected and thrown out.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS.

Women Who Know the Laws of Nature and Obey Them May Live to Green Old Age. Mrs. Pinkham says when she violated Nature's Laws...

store woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Fiction.

LOVE I BEAR.

Daytime or nighttime, Duty or leisure, Weary with labor, Or heart sick with care, Sleeping or waking, In sadness or pleasure, My life is possessed, Of this love that I bear.

Summers have budded And blossomed and faded, The fruit of rich autumns Been garnered with care, The treacherous life Of winters invaded, And bright Easter springtimes Since love that I bear.

Angels of mercy, Bring messages gleaming With hope, that the future Will kindly prepare, And kindly declare, Bright with the beaming Of love, in return, For the love that I bear.

THE SILVER BULLET.

HIS silver bullet three times has saved my life, and it had a history when it came into my possession. Do you wonder that I wear it as a talisman?"

Mexico, talking with two friends in the reading room of an uptown hotel. He speaks excellent English, and he said this he held up to view the battered silver ball which he carries always strung by a gold wire to his watch guard.

"It weighs just an ounce," the Senator continued. "It was given me by my grandfather, who told me the story of it when he put it into my hands on his dying bed. He was clear of mind, and I could not doubt a word of his story, strange as it may sound to you."

"This silver bullet is the bullet that killed the bandit Tomas Viejada, who, for several years following the fall and banishment of President Lerdo, terrorized Sinaloa and several of the adjoining States of the Mexican republic."

me, and it may succor you in some bad time. "For six years I carried the silver bullet in my pocket before the chance came to demonstrate that it was a lucky piece for me."

"The Puerte del Leon was a gap in the foot-hills four miles beyond, through which the road to the estancia lay. I said to the shepherd, 'give me to eat what you can get most quickly, and then I will go on to the estancia by the path round the Venada peak. The bandits will have no idea of my coming by that route. You shall guide me.'"

"While the shepherd set out his earthen platter of frijoles and a couple of tortillas, the remains of his supper, my eye fell upon his gun hanging upon two pegs against the side of the hut. It was an old-fashioned, smooth-bore affair, but I knew that Antonio could do some wonderful shooting with it."

"The silver bullet had certainly been my salvation in this case. It was less than two years afterward that it was the means of saving my life in another and very surprising way. I was in Chihuahua visiting the Las Quemadas mines, in which I held an interest, and on the day after my arrival rode in from the hacienda six miles away, where I was staying, to see the mine superintendent. He was in the magazine where the explosives used in blasting were kept. It was a stone house, or dugout, built in the side of a hill, and was reached from the foot of the slope by a steep path. I started there to find him, and had climbed the hill to the very step of the house, when, in taking my handkerchief from my pocket I pulled the silver bullet out and it fell and rolled down the slope. I turned and ran back after it, keeping my eye on it as it rolled, for I knew if I once lost sight of the bullet my chances of finding it were small."

"I followed it to the foot of the hill and saw it roll into a ditch that once had been used in draining a mine working. The ditch was about four feet deep, and just as I jumped into it and stooped to pick up the bullet there came a roar like the bursting of a hundred cannon and a shock that sent me flat on my face, stunned, in the bottom of the ditch. When I came to my senses I found myself half buried in dirt. I got clear of that and upon my feet, so that I could look around to see what happened. Where the magazine had been there was a great hole in the hillside, with smoke floating about it, and not so much as one stone of the building to be seen."

"The wreck was caused by the explosion of half a ton of giant powder that had been stored there. What had set it off could not be known, for not a trace of the superintendent, the foreman, and two Mexicans that had been with them, was ever found. The shock and flying rock wrecked half the buildings at the mine camp, and several persons there were hurt. You can judge for yourself what my chance would have been of ever telling this story to you if I had gone into the magazine—if the bullet, falling from my pocket, had not been the cause of my turning back down the hill and going into the shelter of the ditch just as the explosion came."

"This silver bullet is the bullet that killed the bandit Tomas Viejada, who, for several years following the fall and banishment of President Lerdo, terrorized Sinaloa and several of the adjoining States of the Mexican republic. He had been one of Lerdo's partisans and was very bitter toward whoever was prominent as a supporter of the Diaz Government. The best that one who was so unfortunate as to fall into his power could hope was to be held for ransom. I was on my way to my ranch, a journey of two full days on horseback, carrying money with which to pay my men. Being delayed by the difficulty in crossing a flooded stream, I was not able to get to the estancia—the home ranch, Americans would say—by daylight on the second day, but stopped in the early evening at the hut of one of my shepherds for supper and to rest my horse. The man, Antonio Bajada, an old and faithful employe, had something important to tell me."

"Tomas Viejada has planned to waylay you in the Puerte del Leon," the shepherd said, "to rob and kill you, or hold you captive for ransom. I learned of it only to-night. How I found out? Well, senior, my daughter, at San Elizario has a sweetheart in Viejada's band, and my little son overheard him telling her yesterday what the chief meant to do, and came to-night to tell me. He started back for home only a few minutes before you came."

KLONDIKE THORNS.

Entangling Vines Which Torture Niwari Vagabonders. H. Juneau, of Dodge City, Kan., who, with his brother, Joseph Juneau, founded the town of Juneau, Alaska, now counted as the leading citizen of the famous territory, has an interesting story to tell of the dark side of life on the Upper Yukon. Mr. Juneau spent several years in Alaska, and helped lay out the streets of the town which now bears his name.

"While the shepherd set out his earthen platter of frijoles and a couple of tortillas, the remains of his supper, my eye fell upon his gun hanging upon two pegs against the side of the hut. It was an old-fashioned, smooth-bore affair, but I knew that Antonio could do some wonderful shooting with it."

"You'll want to take your gun along, Antonio," I said to him. "We may run in with the bandits on the way we're going." "Alas, senior, but it cannot serve us to-night," said the shepherd, shaking his head. "I have no bullets. Powder and caps I have, but my last bullet I fired at a coyote yesterday."

"I thought of my silver bullet. The case was urgent. 'Try this,' I said, and handed it to him. 'Will it fit the barrel of your gun? Just a bit too large, is it? A little hammering out will make it the right shape.' 'While I bolted the tortillas and frijoles as fast as I could, knowing that the quicker we got away from the place the better, Antonio, with the back of his axe, pounded the bullet out so that it would go easily into the barrel of his gun. You can see the marks of his hammering now, and how the ball is lengthened out, and not quite round. He had the gun loaded, with the silver bullet upon the powder, by the time I had finished my supper. He blew out the candle before he opened the door for us to start forth, for there was no telling who might be watching the house. Carrying my saddle, heavy with the silver dollars packed in the cantinas, on his shoulder, and with his gun in hand, Antonio led the way to where my horse was picketed. He had put the saddle on the horse's back and I was just drawing the cinch tight when I heard the shepherd's warning 'Sh-h!' and looking in the direction in which he was gazing I saw a man on horseback about fifty yards away. He had stopped his horse and sat looking at us; through the darkness I could catch the gleam of the silver buttons on his jacket and pantaloons and the silver braid on his sombrero, and I knew by these that he was a caballero, a man of pretensions above those of a common cattle herder. Across his saddle horn he held a carbine."

"Behind my horse Antonio dropped to one knee and levelled his gun beneath the horse at the horseman. The stranger, perhaps detecting this movement, suddenly raised his carbine, and with the motion Antonio fired. At the explosion my horse jumped and ran, throwing me from my feet and dragging me by the riata, which I had not taken from his neck. I kept my hold on the rope and managed to bring the horse to a standstill after being dragged a considerable distance. When I got to my feet, a good deal shaken up, Antonio was running to me, bringing the saddle and his gun. He clapped the saddle on the horse and cinched it fast."

"For God's sake, senior, mount quickly," he said, and helped me into the saddle.

"But the man—the man you shot at—where is he?" I asked, for the horseman was nowhere to be seen. "God knows, senior. He was hit, I know, and his horse carried him away. That caballero—I am not mistaken, for I have seen him often—was Tomas Viejada. Heaven preserve us if his men are near."

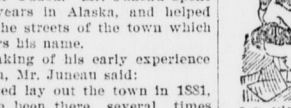
"With the shepherd running ahead, picking the way, we rode into the shadows of a spur of the mountain, and from there made our way by a roundabout route to the estancia, where we arrived after midnight without having seen or heard anything further to cause us alarm. Next morning I despatched a messenger to the nearest post of the rural guards, and within thirty-six hours a detachment of the rurales were on the trail of the bandits. They tracked them night and day and hunted them down, killing seven and bringing five back, who were tried at drumhead court-martial and shot. Not one would confess what had become of their leader, more than to say that he was dead, and no searching availed to find his body."

"Nearly three years afterward, as I visited my ranch, the major domo handed me my bullet.

"Miguel Quintana, the hunter, found it in the mountains," he said. "The bones of a man were lying about as the coyotes had left them. The bullet was in the skull. Miguel buried the bones and brought the bullet to me. We know now, senior, what became of Tomas Viejada."—New York Sun.

EIGHTEEN YEARS A SENATOR.

John R. McPherson, Once the Democratic Leader in New Jersey. A once dominant figure in New Jersey politics and a man of affairs at Washington for eighteen years passed away in the person of ex-Senator John R. McPherson, Mr. McPherson was a type of the successful politician.



He was born in Livingston County, New York, in 1853; he removed to Jersey City and became a dealer in live stock. Almost immediately he commenced taking a part in politics and six years after taking up his residence in Jersey City he was chosen alderman. From 1884 to 1870 he sat in the Common Council and meanwhile made money in various corporations. In 1871 he was elected to the New Jersey Senate and served three years. When Frederick T. Frey, longhouser's term in the Federal Senate expired McPherson had become enough of a power in Democratic politics to have himself elected to succeed him. This was in 1876. Twice he was re-elected, his service at Washington running from 1877 to 1895. In these eighteen years he was a prominent member of the upper house and very influential on the Democratic side.

Rudyard Kipling. Has written one of his best stories for the 1898 volume of 'The Youth's Companion.' 'The Burning of the Sarah Sands' is its title, and it is a stirring tale of heroism in the ranks. Those who subscribe to 'The Youth's Companion' now will receive the paper free for the rest of the year, and 'The Companion's' twelve-color calendars are recognized as among the richest and most costly examples of their form of art. Illustrated Prospectus of the volume for 1898 and sample copies of the paper on application. Address The Youth's Companion, 297 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to by me, FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public, Toledo, O., this 1st day of December, 1897. SEAL, A. D. 1897. A. W. COLLIER, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich sweet aroma of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the moderate cost renders it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15 c. and 30 c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate cough.—Rev. D. BUCHHEIMER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c. a bottle.

For Coughs or Colds, for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Throat Troubles or Lung Diseases, you can't beat and you can't better Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Half size bottle, 50c.

THE NATIONAL KLONDIKE MINING AND TRADING CO. Incorporated. CAPITAL STOCK, \$200,000. 220 Broadway, New York City. A solid, conservative company, incorporated by reliable business men, which, in addition to its mining industries, will devote its energies to a general Merchandise and Trading Business throughout the Klondike and Alaskan goldfields.

AGENTS—To sell the best Washing Machine made. Every family needs one. Any child can do the washing. Write us and get into business for yourself. THE STROBEL MFG. CO., Marion, O.

Life, Endowment and Tontine INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED. Richard Herzfeld, 25 Nassau St., New York.

INVENTORS! Don't waste money advertising. No patent no pay. Prices, medals, great riches, etc. We do regular patent business. Low fees. Advice free. Highest references. Write us. PATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitor of Patents, 202 E. Street, Washington, D. C.

MAN OR WOMAN Wanted to travel: \$40 per month and all expenses. Ziegler & Co., 247 Locust St., Phila. P. N. U. 46-97.

SMOKE STAR TOBACCO—THE BEST. SHEW SLEDGE CIGARETTES.

Seattle Klondike Alaska FREE INFORMATION SEATTLE, WASH. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUREAU. SEATTLE, KLONDIKE, ALASKA, Washington State, Seattle, 40,000 population; Railroad, Commercial, Mining and Agriculture Centre; Best Outfitting; Lowest Prices; Lowest Experience; Largest City; Safest Routes; Address Secretary.

Over Half Million in Use. Send 15c in stamps for sample to OVAL KIDNER CO., Bloomfield, Ind. Mention this paper when you write.

PENSIONS PATENTS CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 372 1/2 First Ave., in adjoining office, 343, 345, 347.

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

Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest Work, But Quick Witted People Use SAPOLIO