

Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
FREELAND, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year\$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Illiteracy in Great Britain has decreased from forty to seven per cent. during Victoria's reign. During the same period in Spain illiteracy has continued over 60 per cent. Education and national life, growth and success go hand in hand.

An interesting departure in our export trade promises to be the sale of automobile vehicles. The announcement is made that a company has been formed in Paris expressly for the sale of these carriages of American manufacture, and that large orders have been placed in several American cities. No matter how novel the article may be, American skill and ingenuity are ready to supply it to any applicant and to any market cheaper and better than it can be produced anywhere else in the world.

Whos shall say to what extent the exposures and the comments of the newspapers have prevented abuses and deterred wrongdoers? Call it newspaper scolding if you will, yet who can maintain that it does no good? Thousands of people would never follow the straight and narrow path were it not for fear of the publicity of the newspapers, says the Milwaukee Journal. Besides, the newspaper serves to hold up before the young and those active in life some sort of a standard of right doing.

The wonderful growth of the telegraph business can best be shown by quoting some figures. Thirty years ago there were only 3000 telegraph offices and little more than 75,000 miles of wire strung throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the present time there are about 26,000 offices and over 1,000,000 miles of wire. The annual number of messages handled thirty years ago was 5,879,282; today it is 80,000,000. The average cost to the sender thirty years ago was \$1.04; the average cost today is 39.9 cents. At the start the cost to the company was more than twice what it is today to the sender.

Well, well, what a demoralizing thing it is to have big medical authorities turn up now in the British Medical Journal and prove that white bread is better for most of us than that made of unbleached flour! Of course most of us have little to repeat of under the new gospel; we have gone on eating white bread, although supposing we ought to repent of that; but then this topsy-turvy business, with all the hygienic teachings of the century, is so discouraging to the spirit of reform. Who knows? Some one may tell us yet that Welsh rarebits are particularly calculated to preserve the digestive powers.

One of the latest examples of the ability of the United States to successfully display its practical independence of the rest of the world is furnished by the course of prices in the iron and steel industry, says Bradstreet's. In most European countries the tendency of the iron and steel market has been upward for some years past, active demand furnishing satisfactory reasons for this price development. In this country, however, the contrary has been the case, and the tendency has been toward the lowering of the price of both the crude and manufactured product. Attention has been called to this feature by some foreign iron-trade papers, which contrast the upward movement in prices which has occurred abroad with the even more pronounced downward movement occurring in iron and steel products in the United States. In the case of Germany advances have been particularly marked in pig iron, but it is to be remarked also that the price of iron and steel in other countries, not excepting Great Britain, have all been toward a higher plane. In this country the contrary has been the case, and on a total volume of business, unprecedented in size, values have shown little improvement over one or two years ago.

ANOTHER.

Ten thousand men obeyed his lightest word; he pressed a button at his desk and lo! men who for years had struggled on and on. Awoke to find their dreams of riches gone. And bowing servants saw him come and go.

He spoke, and markets rose forthwith or fell; He governed all that mighty wealth will buy; Fame, honor, power, homage he possessed. And yesterday you would have called him blest— But millionaires and paupers have to diet!

The shouting in the market still goes on, Through whispering servants tiptoe through his hall; How poor was I beside him yesterday— How rich, to-day, beside his pulseless clay— Make fast the lid and let the curtains fall.

—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

The Autograph, or the Trick That Did Not Fail

SCARCELY had the postman gone out of the house, after having left the morning letters, when Jules Dupre, who was watching from his sixth-story window, descended hurriedly to the porter's office.

"Any letters for me?" he asked.

The porter put on his spectacles, gathered up the letters which had just come in, looked them over one by one, and replied, laconically:

"None."

"Thank you," said the young man, and he slowly remounted the stairs, where his friend, Armand, was waiting for him.

Through economy, the two young men lived in the same room. There were to be seen all their books and all their papers. There were more papers than anything else, because both of them ran manuscript mills. We regret to say that, while the two young men turned out a great deal of manuscript, they succeeded in placing very little. Once in a while one of them would get an article inserted in one of the papers, but they scarcely made enough to live on, even by making a partnership of their assets—and liabilities.

"Well," said Armand, seeing his companion enter.

"Nothing, as I told you. We shall have to wait until the end of the month. My uncle is a man who is a believer in fixed dates."

"Will it last never cease? We have five days yet to wait. Still, I would not object to breakfasting to-day, instead of five days from now."

"We needn't breakfast."

"I am as hungry as a wolf. You know we had rather a light supper yesterday."

"Yes, it is true that a smoked hering for two is scarcely gluttony."

Armand, his hands in his pockets, walked up and down the room, reflectively.

"See here," said he, "don't you know anybody who could lend us a hundred francs?"

"Yes, I know lots who could, but I know of no one who would."

Armand suddenly cried out:

"I have an idea!"

"Is it a good one?"

"Listen. Have you not often spoke to me of an old collector of autographs who lives in this house?"

"Yes. He lives on the first floor, a man by the name of Bridoux."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, I don't know. I have scarcely seen him more than a couple of times."

"Suppose we try and sell him something."

"That is a good idea. It is true we have plenty of autographs, but they are mostly our own. He wants historic ones."

"Are you sure that no celebrity ever wrote to us?"

"I don't think so, but there is the correspondence coffer. Look through it."

Armand seated himself at the table, emptied the box upon the table, and began to go through the letters. For at least half an hour he carefully turned over the sheets of paper. Suddenly he cried out:

"Eureka! I have found it—a letter from the Empress Marie Louise."

Feverishly he waved in the air a yellowish sheet of paper, almost cut in two by the folds.

Jules looked at it.

"Why, I recognize that," said he. "It's a note from Marie Louise, who used to be a saleswoman at the lace counter in the Louvre. I got that letter from her when I was serving my volunteer term of a year, with the grade of corporal."

"I tell you, old man, that it is from the Empress Marie Louise, and it is addressed to the great Napoleon."

"And dated 1873?"

"1813, my dear fellow. The seven looks exactly like a one. It is after the victorious battle of Lutzen, and this is what the Empress wrote:

"My Little Corporal—You have won enough of laurels for the moment. Leave your army and come to me at the Louvre, where I am yawning in the midst of billows of lace."

MARIE LOUISE.

"And you think you can sell that to our neighbor Bridoux? Why, you are joking. It would be a swindle."

"You can aid me. Have you that false beard that you wore at the masquerade last year?"

"Yes, I think it is somewhere about."

"Listen, then, and I will soon teach you your role."

In a few words Armand instructed his friend what he had to do, and

then, putting the precious autograph in his pocketbook, said:

"Do not forget. Knock in a quarter of an hour."

Armand repaired at once to the apartment of Bridoux. The autograph collector lived alone. He was a man of about sixty years of age. Armand looked at him critically.

"I wish to speak to Monsieur Bridoux."

"That is my name, sir."

"I wish to see you on a serious affair."

"Come in," said Bridoux.

Armand entered, and Bridoux offered him a chair.

"Sir," said Armand, "I have heard of you as being one of the most erudite autograph collectors in Paris, and I wish to show you something very rare—an autograph of the Empress Marie Louise."

So saying, Armand unbuttoned his coat, carefully took out his lank pocketbook, and from it took the letter, which he placed under the eyes of the autograph collector.

Bridoux read it, mused and said:

"It is very short. You say that these characters are from the hands of the Empress Marie Louise? Her autographs are very rare."

"It is authentic. The Empress addressed it to the great Napoleon the day after the battle of Lutzen."

"But the Emperor lived at the Tuileries then."

"Certainly, sir, and that observation proves your intimate knowledge of the history of the time. But, if you will remember, during the absence of the Little Corporal, as he whirled from battlefield to battlefield, the Empress was in the habit of retiring to the Louvre."

Bridoux was evidently flattered at his historical knowledge being praised, but, rubbing his nose reflectively, he said:

"How did the letter fall into your hands?"

"Oh, in the most natural manner in the world. I got the letter from my father, who got it from my grandfather. My grandfather—a soldier of the empire, and a fanatic admirer of Napoleon—picked up this letter one day when it had fallen from the pocket of the great man, and preserved it as a precious relic. Sir, nothing but the most urgent need would force me to sell it. But I must have 100 francs. It is for me a question of life and death. Nevertheless, I beg you to believe I am patriotic, for if I come to you it is because you are French and because, if you purchase it, this precious document will remain in my own country. I could have had ten times the price I asked you. Just now an Englishman tried to buy it on any terms. He followed me, even dogging my footsteps to the door of this house."

But Bridoux evidently did not appear to be in a hurry to bind the bargain.

"I would willingly buy it, but I wish to consult an expert first."

"I regret, sir," said Armand, "that I cannot wait."

He turned cold inside as he said to himself:

"This affair is going to fall through if Jules does not hurry up."

At this moment the door bell rang. Bridoux went to open it. Jules entered. He was unrecognizable. His hat was on the back of his head, his coat was buttoned to the chin, and he had on a pair of long whiskers, not unlike those which adorn tourists who travel about with those queer "personally conducted" parties.

At the sight of this curious personage the autograph collector stared in stupefaction.

"Pardon me," said the false Englishman, "I wish to speak to the gentleman who just came into your house."

Bridoux was about to reply, when Armand interrupted.

"How," said he, "you here again, man?"

"Yes, I will give you 200 francs for your letter."

"But I told you I would not sell it."

"I will give you 500 francs."

"I tell you, sir, that I am already making a bargain with this gentleman."

"I will give you 1000 francs."

"I beg you, sir, to leave the room."

"Very well," said the Englishman, "I will wait for you outside the door, but I must have that autograph!" and he left.

"You see," said Armand to Bridoux, "the price that Englishman attaches to this precious document. Don't force me to let it pass into his hands when I ask you only 100 francs for it."

The autograph collector was at last convinced. He took the 100 francs from his desk and gave them to Armand, who thanked him and withdrew.

Not long after that the two young men scored a success with a novel, and the first thing they did was to put a bank note of 100 francs into an envelope with this indorsement, "Restitution and thanks," and addressed it to Bridoux. But Bridoux never knew what it meant. He simply placed the 100 francs in his treasury, and for him the note of the little saleswoman at the Louvre lace counter is still an authentic autograph of the Empress Marie Louise.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Highways in Porto Rico.

Many of the soldiers who went to Porto Rico and Cuba in the war with Spain were enthusiastic wheelmen. Two of them met at the headquarters of the New York division of the L. A. W. and began to compare notes. One of them was a member of Troop C, of Brooklyn, and he said: "I have heard the claim made that the natives down there did not know what good roads were, but my own experience showed me that such was not the case. The military road from Ponce to San Juan runs diagonally across the island from southwest to northeast. This road is probably ninety miles long, and it is a splendid piece of macadam. It is bordered on each side, for a part of the way, with trees, and it furnishes a fine road for cycling. The road is kept in repair on the European system, in sections. There is a wide gully or ditch on the side of the road which furnishes excellent drainage, and the culverts are also admirably arranged. About the heaviest grade is probably six per cent. in the mile. I tell you that many of us wished that we had our wheels along when we were down there." Then the other wheelman, who had spent considerable time in Cuba before and since the war, said: "There are some good roads in Cuba, and under the new order of things there will be more. The shell road on the west side of the island is fine, and it is about thirty miles long. The roads about Santiago don't amount to much at present. There is a fine road near Cienfuegos, and I have traveled over it for about eighteen miles. In my trips through the island I have found good macadam roads in the mountains. In some places these roads appear to be cut out of the solid rock, and they are in as good condition to-day as they were I don't know how many years ago. I suppose that as soon as they become thoroughly Americanized down there we will have to send missionaries and organize an L. A. W. alliance and a good roads association. They have some good roads now, but most of them seem to be sort nowhere and end in about the same sort of district."

Good Roads Congress.

The Farmers' National Congress, which has just closed its annual session at Fort Worth, Texas, has adopted resolutions strongly indorsing the system of State Aid to road building, and commending the efforts of the League of American Wheelmen for its general introduction.

The resolutions in full are as follows:

"Resolved, That the best interests of American agriculture demand the construction of first-class roads connecting farms with market towns;

"That the cost of their construction is too considerable to be borne by farm property alone;

"That, as the entire population is interested in and benefited, directly and indirectly, by good roads, all property ought to contribute to the cost of their construction, through the medium of a State tax;

"That we indorse the system of State aid to roads, because it appears to solve the good roads problem in the farmer's interests; it largely decreases the cost of road construction to local communities, provides the means by which the large city taxpayers and corporations owning valuable franchises from the State are made to share in the expense, and properly leaves it optional with farming districts to avail themselves of its provisions or not, as they may choose;

"That we believe the State aid system suitable to most States in the Union, and commend the efforts of the National Road Parliament, the League of American Wheelmen and the Government Office of Road Inquiry to make this system of road construction generally known and understood, and to bring about its general adoption."

"Wood is bringing fabulous prices in Vassar now-a-days on account of the condition of the roads," says the Vassar (Mich.) Pioneer. "Almost any kind of fuel is eagerly sought after by a dozen or more purchasers almost before it gets into town. The high prices will not last longer, probably, than do the muddy roads, when hauling is an easier task." The Grand Rapids Herald adds that "substantially the same condition of affairs exists in every county in Michigan. The autumnal rains have done their work, and with roads hub-deep or bottomless, rural traffic is impeded or stopped entirely, and this will continue until a friendly freeze makes the roads hard again."

Paragraphs About the Crusade.

The most critical road inspector is the bicycle.

The resolution of the Good Roads Parliament (that each agricultural college ought to furnish a course on good roads construction) should receive prompt and careful consideration by every one of those institutions.

On the road question, J. M. S. says in the L. A. W. Bulletin: "To my mind more common sense would help us. Narrow roads, a more convex surface, and frequent small repairs; but unless we do these things ourselves I don't see how they will be done. Open ditches, kept open, and a wide-tire law would help us."

"Good roads assist in making prosperity for farmers. Prosperous farmers bring prosperity for cities. Prosperous cities and farming districts, when coincident, mean happy people, healthy people—healthy because happy. A happy and healthy people is the goal of existence. Good roads are a great force in reaching the goal. Therefore all classes should assist in securing them."

Deceptive Photographs of the Sultan.

Photographs of the Sultan have been much in evidence in consequence of the Kaiser's visit to the Holy Land. But these portraits give a false impression of the Sultan as he really looks to-day. Abdul Hamid has not had his photograph taken for twenty-two years, and the pictures which have appeared in the illustrated papers represent him as he was when he ascended the throne. The Sultan was born in 1842, and he is therefore fifty-six years old. He wears a long beard, which is now turning gray. When he was a prince he was without a beard, but as soon as he ascended the throne he abandoned the use of razors.—London Globe

SUN ECLIPSED AT MIDNIGHT.

A Phenomenon Which Was Visible Nowhere on Earth.

The ordinary almanac gave for December 13 a partial eclipse of the sun, invisible at Greenwich. And, indeed, the expression as to its invisibility might have been put much stronger, for it was seen in no inhabited region of the earth. An Antarctic expedition might possibly have sailed within its sphere of influence, but as it was it passed unwatched by human eyes. This being so, and the eclipse one that was necessarily wholly unseen, it would seem as if nothing more could be said about it, and as if it might be passed without comment. But, unaccountably, it was the eclipse was by no means devoid of interest. First of all, it offers us an example of what seems a paradox—an eclipse of the sun taking place at local midnight. It is, moreover, the first of three eclipses falling within a period no longer than a single calendar month. December 27 brought a total eclipse of the moon at Greenwich; January 11 a partial eclipse of the sun, and the three are very intimately connected with each other. The latter in nearly all its characteristics stands in strong contrast to the eclipse of December 13—a large partial eclipse which will be seen just outside the arctic regions, at their midday and in their midwinter. Nor is this sequence accidental. A similar triplet of eclipses—the first partial of the sun and seen near the south pole, the second total of the moon, the third partial of the sun and visible near the north pole—occurred just eighteen years ago, all three eclipses falling in December, 1880. Going back yet another eighteen years, we find the same thing repeated some ten days earlier in the year, and so on right away backward till 1664, when, while the southern eclipse was a large partial one and fell nearly in the midwinter of the southern hemisphere, the northern was a mere graze taking place at the midnight of the regions from which it was visible. Looking forward, we find in like manner that eighteen years hence another similar triplet of eclipses will fall at the turn of the year, and yet another eighteen years later still. This ends the series of these midnight eclipses of the sun in the south polar regions, for January, 1953, will be marked only by a total eclipse of the moon.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good deed never dies.

Cant carries no conviction.

The best berries ripen where the biggest thorns are.

Cultivate the field of life clear up to the corners.

The man who lives for self is not missed when he dies.

Don't be molded by your circumstances; mold them.

The way to get over your troubles is to get under them.

By using what we have we gain that which we have not.

Anger closes the eyes of reason as soon as it opens the mouth.

Don't blow out the lamp of reason for the gas light of wit.

In proportion as you say, "I am not my own," all things become yours.

The man who does his own thinking becomes a focus for all the reflectors.

There is no slave so sadly bound as the one who thinks he is free to serve his own lusts.

Don't build the ginger-bread house of cheap reputation on the ten-cent foundation of inexperience.—Ram's Horn.

"Oh, My! Oh, My! I Wasn't Scared."

A surgeon relates that before Santiago, he (the surgeon), going to the front, came upon a young officer, sitting beside the road, trembling like a leaf, and whiter than the dead men around him. At sight of the surgeon he began to talk, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"I'm a coward, I'm a coward, I'm a coward," he said; "I knew I'd run, and I did. I'm disgraced forever. I was going along all right, not thinking of anything but getting at the dashed Spaniards, yelling to my men to come on, and running ahead as fast as I could, when all of a sudden I stubbed my toe, or something, and then I can't remember being scared, but I must have been, for I came galloping back here, sick as a dog. I'm a coward, and I wish I were dead! Why don't somebody shoot me? I've got such an awful goneness right here," and he put his hand to his stomach.

The surgeon gave him a quick look and caught him as he plunged forward in a faint. Where the awful goneness was a Mausey bullet had found its billet. They carried the wounded man to the field hospital, and he chuckled all the way. "Oh, my! oh, my!" he said, over and over: "I wasn't scared! I wasn't scared." And then he would laugh delightedly: "I wasn't scared. I was hit—I was just hit. I ain't a coward after all."

Buried With His Weapons.

A doctor died and was buried at Miltonville the other day. In the funeral procession the doctor's team was led just behind the hearse and propped on the buggy seat was the doctor's medicine case. And yet some people reject the belief that heredity has brought down to us the customs of 6000 years ago. The earliest account of man tells us that the warrior was buried with his weapons.—Kansas City Journal.

Birds' Nests.

Many birds vary the composition of the outer layer of the nest, according to the circumstances. If the nest is located among growing leaves, the outer layer will be of green moss; if on a dark branch, of natural-colored lichens.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A Table Bookcase.

An odd table bookcase has three shelves for books, the highest about as high as an ordinary table. A shelf is built at either end at the height of the second shelf, on which a teacup, inkstand, a vase of flowers or some other "aid to industry" can be placed. The set of shelves is strongly built, so that a heavy lamp can be placed on the top without any fear of a catastrophe.

A Hint About Tea Making.

Dr. Goodfellow, an English analyst of note, denies the oft-heard statement that "anybody can make a good cup of tea." He lays down half a dozen rules, as follows:

1. Always use good tea.
2. Use water which has just got to the boil.
3. Infuse about four minutes.
4. Do not allow the leaves to stand in the infusion.
5. Avoid second brews and used tea leaves.
6. If suffering from heart or nervous complaints, only use the very finest qualities of tea, with short infusion. If this cannot be afforded give up tea altogether.

The Treatment of Windows.

The window should be made quite a decorative feature of the room, not simply left, as it often seems to be, to the tender mercies of a pair of muslin or thick curtains, allowed to hang almost as they please on either side.

True, the ordinary sash window which is found in the majority of houses, does not seem to lend itself in any way to decorative treatment; still there are ways and means by which even this seemingly hopeless structure may be converted into effective shape if not into absolute picturesqueness.

An attractive treatment for the window is to have the frame taken entirely out and substitute a leaded glass casement opening outward in the centre; but this naturally is an extensive change, and partakes more of a structural alteration, which should hardly be undertaken except on freehold property. Much can be done in the way of improvement without altering the glass by the skillful manipulation of draperies and the arrangement of a window seat.

The bow window requires a little care in draping, and should never be cut off from the room by having a straight curtain pole fixed across it. The pole should be shaped to the window, and the curtains fixed near to the glass, with a pair of heavy handsome ones at the sides. A window seat will also be found a helpful addition, or a large Chesterfield may find a place in the recess with very good effect.

With the long French window there can be no difficulty, as its only requirement is a short festoon drapery at the top, with a nice pair of side curtains; but the square window is altogether different, and must have short draperies falling from the top to just below the ledge, fixed close to the glass, and the window seat is almost an indispensable adjunct.

The small casement window is without doubt the least troublesome to arrange, as it is already a decorative feature, which only needs pretty short curtains to complete.—Philadelphia Press.

Recipes.

Grilled Ham—Cut rather thick slices of cold boiled ham. Dunt with cayenne and lay each piece in a little mushroom catsup. Broil until well heated and serve. Good for a cold morning.

Cold Weather Salad—Cold beefs minced, bits of cold boiled cauliflower and string beans. After each sort is prepared, pour over them separately a little French dressing. Put the beets in centre, the cauliflower next the beets on the outside, or divide the space into thirds and make a tri-color dish.

Raised Graham Griddles—Into one quart sweet milk stir two cups graham flour, one of white flour, one teaspoon salt, two of molasses, half cake dissolved compressed yeast. Rise over night; beat down the first thing in the morning, set in warm place. When ready to bake add half teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Serve from the griddle.

Red Vegetable Salad—One pint of cold boiled potatoes, one pint of cold boiled beets, one pint thinly sliced red cabbage, six tablespoonfuls of salad oil or melted butter, eight tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Mix thoroughly after slicing the beets and potatoes. Let stand in a cold place one hour before using. It can be served in a salad bowl, or in individual dishes, in nest of lettuce leaves.

Hot Boned Chicken—Remove the bones from a chicken about one year old; fill the spaces from which the bones were taken with fresh chopped mushrooms; roll it over; fasten, tie in cheesecloth, and put it on top of the bones in a kettle; cover the bones with cold water, bring to boiling point; add onion, bay leaf, four cloves and a blade of mace. Cook gently for one and a half hours. Serve garnished with molded rice and cream sauce.

Eggs ala Caracass—Free two ounces of smoked beef from fat and rind and chop very fine. Add one cup of canned tomatoes (use as little liquid as possible), ten drops of onion juice, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika (or a dash of cayenne), a dash of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a small piece of butter, put in the chaffing-dish, and when smoking hot add three eggs well beaten. Put the hot water pan underneath and stir till the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve on heated plates, adding to each portion two slices of hard-boiled egg.

Advice Free.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

NORTHERN THIRST.

Dwellers in the Arctic Are Great Drinkers.

The dwellers in the Soudan or the Sahara, of course, you would suggest. But you would be quite wrong. It is not the tribes who dwell in the fiery deserts of the tropics who drink most water in a day. Far from it. They are, as a rule, most temperate in all things. Unlikely as it may seem, it is just the last people you would imagine—the dwellers in the frozen north, the Esquimaux—says the Philadelphia Record. They seem to have a thirst which is quite unquenchable, and for that purpose they are constantly melting snow and ice over the lamp which, fed by blubber, burns day and night in every hut. Small wonder that the soapstone out of which these lamps are made is to the still uncivilized Esquimaux the most valuable of possessions, and that they will make long journeys to secure pieces large enough to carve lamps out of. The lamp itself is shallow, in the form of a small segment of a circle, and the wick of dry moss, rubbed between the hands with a little fat. It supplies itself with oil by melting a long thin slip of blubber hung above the flame. Sometimes substitutes for the soapstone lamps are made by the women, by cementing together pieces of other stone with a composition of clay, hair and seals' blood, but they are never very satisfactory.

Britain's Homeless Wanderers.

In Great Britain it has been reckoned that there are about 100,000 absolutely "homeless wanderers," and that 60,000 of those belong to London.

It Hangs On.

If it was only health, we might let it cling.

But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.

And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster draws out inflammation of the lungs.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.



SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

NORTHERN THIRST.

Dwellers in the Arctic Are Great Drinkers.

The dwellers in the Soudan or the Sahara, of course, you would suggest. But you would be quite wrong. It is not the tribes who dwell in the fiery deserts of the tropics who drink most water in a day. Far from it. They are, as a rule, most temperate in all things. Unlikely as it may seem, it is just the last people you would imagine—the dwellers in the frozen north, the Esquimaux—says the Philadelphia Record. They seem to have a thirst which is quite unquenchable, and for that purpose they are constantly melting snow and ice over the lamp which, fed by blubber, burns day and night in every hut. Small wonder that the soapstone out of which these lamps are made is to the still uncivilized Esquimaux the most valuable of possessions, and that they will make long journeys to secure pieces large enough to carve lamps out of. The lamp itself is shallow, in the form of a small segment of a circle, and the wick of dry moss, rubbed between the hands with a little fat. It supplies itself with oil by melting a long thin slip of blubber hung above the flame. Sometimes substitutes for the soapstone lamps are made by the women, by cementing together pieces of other stone with a composition of clay, hair and seals' blood, but they are never very satisfactory.

Britain's Homeless Wanderers.

In Great Britain it has been reckoned that there are about 100,000 absolutely "homeless wanderers," and that 60,000 of those belong to London.

It Hangs On.

If it was only health, we might let it cling.

But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.

And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster draws out inflammation of the lungs.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the Doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.