Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla. "My little boy, fourteen years old, had a terrible scrofula bunch on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunch has left his neck. It was so near the throat that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." MRS. INA HOOD, 324 Thorndike St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25c.

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CURES

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. Every time it will relieve

Backache, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages, containing important information that every woman should know about herself. We send it free to any reader of this paper.

All druggists sell the Pinkham medicines. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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KORONG.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

About 1 o'clock in the day, however, looking casually seaward what was this M. Peyron, to his great surprise, described far away on the dim southern horizon? A low, black line, lying close to the water? No, no: not a steamer!

Too prudent to excite the natives' attention unnecessarily, the cautious Frenchman whispered, in the most commonplace voice on earth to Felix: "Don't look at once, and when you do look, mind you don't exhibit any agitation in your tone or manner. But what do you make that out to be—that long, black have on the horizon to southward?"

Felix looked, disregarding the friendly injunction, at once. At the same moment, Muriel turned her eyes quickly in the self-same direction. Neither made the faintest sign of outer emotion; but Murial clenched her white hands hard, till the nails dug into the palm, in her effort to restrain herself, as she murmured very low, in a agitated voice, "Un vapeur, un vapeur!"

"So I think," M. Peyron answered, very low and calm. "It is, indeed, a steamer!"

For three long hours those anxious souls waited and watched it draw nearer and nearer. Slowly the natives, too, began to perceive the unaccustomed object. As it drew abreast of the island, and the decisive moment arrived for prompt action, Felix rose in his place once more and cried aloud, "My people, I told you a ship, propelled by fire, would come from the far land across the sea to take us. The ship has come: you can see for yourselves the thick black smoke that issues in huge puffs from the mouth of the monster. Now, listen to me, and dare not to disobey me. My word is law: let all men see to it. I am going to send a message of fire from the sun to the great canoe that walks upon the water. If any man ventures to stop me from doing it the people from the great canoe will land on this isle and take vengeance for his act, and kill with the thunder which the sailing gods carry ever about with them."

By this time the island was alive with commotion. Hundreds of natives with their long hair falling unkempt about their keen brown faces, were gazing with open eyes at the big black ship that ploughed her way so fast against wind and tide over the surface of the waters. Some of the shouted and gesticulated with panic fear: others seemed half inclined to waste no time on preparation or doubt, but to rush on at once, and immolate their captives before a rescue was possible. But Felix, keeping ever his cool head undisturbed, stood on the dusty mound by Tu-Kila-Kila's house, and taking in his hand the little mirror he had made from the match-box, flashed the light from the sun full in their eyes for a moment, to the astonishment and discomfiture of all those gaping savages. Then he focussed it on the Australsian, across the surf and the waves, and with a throbbing heart began to make his last faint bid for life and freedom.

For four or five minutes he went flashing on, uncertain of the effect, whether they saw or saw not. Then a cry from Muriel bust at once upon his ears. She clasped her hands convulsively in an agony of joy. "They see us! They see us!"

And sure enough, scarcely half a minute later, a British flag ran gayly up the mainmass, and a boat seemed to drop down over the side of the vessel.

As for the natives, they watched these proceedings with considerable surprise and no little discomfiture—Fire and Water, in particular, whispering together, much alarmed, with many superstitious nods and taboos, in the corner of the enclosure.

Gradually, as the boat drew nearor and nearer, divided counsels prevailed among the savages. With no certainly recognized Tu-Kila-Kila to marshal their movements each man stood in doubt from whom to take his orders. At last, the King of Fire, in a hesitating voice, gave the word of command. "Half the warriors to the shore to repel the enemy; half to watch round the taboo-line, lest the Korongs escape us! Let Breathless Fear, our war god, go before the face of our troops, invisible!"

And, quick as thought, at his word the warriors had paired off, two and two, in long lines: some running hastily down to the beach, to man the war canoes, while others remained, with shark's tooth spears still set in a looser circle, round the great temple enclosure of Tu-Kila-Kila.

For Muriel this suspense was positively terrible. To feel one was so close to the hope of rescue, and yet to know that before that help arrived, or even as it came up, those savages might any moment run their ghastly spears through them

But Felix made the best of his position still. "Remember," he cried, at the top of his voice, as the warriors started at a run for the water's edge, "your Tu-Kila-Kila tells you, these newcomers are his friends. Whoever hurts them does so at his peril. This is a great taboo. I bid you receive them. Beware for your lives. I, Tu-Kila-Kila the Great, have said it."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DOWNFALL OF A PANTHEON.

The Australasian's gig entered the lagoon through the fringing reef by its narrow seaward mouth, and rowed steadily for the landing place on the main island.

A little way out from shore, amid loud screams and yells, the natives came up with it in their laden war-canoes. Shouting and gesticulating and brandishing their spears with the shark's tips, they endeavored to stop its progress landward by pure noise and bravado.

"We must be careful what we do, boys," the captain observed, in a quiet voice of seamanlike resolution to his armed companions. "We mustn't frighten the savages too much, or show too hostile a front, for fear they should retaliate on our friends on the island." He held up his hand, with the gold braid on the wrist, to command silence: and the natives, gazing open-mouthed, looked and wondered at the gesture. These sailing gods were certainly arrayed in most gorgeous vestiments and their canoe, though devoid of a grinning figure-head, was provided with a most admirable and well-uniformed equipment.

A coral rock jutted high out of the sea, to the left hard by. Its summit was crowded with a busking population of sea-gulls and pelicans. The captain gave the word to "easy all." In a second the gig stopped short, as those stout arms held her. He rose in his place and lifted the six-shooter. Then he pointed it ostentatiously at the rock, away from the native canoes, and held up his hand yet again for silence. "We'll give 'em a taste of what we can do, boys," he said, "just to show 'em, not to hurt 'em." At that he drew the trigger twice. His first two chambers were loaded on purpose with duck-shot cartridges. Twice the big gun roared: twice the fire flashed red from its smoking mouth. As the smoke cleared away, the natives, dumb with surprise, and perfectly cowed with terror, saw ten or a dozen torn and bleeding birds float mangled upon the water.

"Now for the dynamite" the captain said, cheerily, proceeding to lower a small object overboard by a single wire, while he held up his hand a third time to bespeak silence and attention.

The natives looked again, with eyes starting from their heads. The captain gave a little click, and pointed with his finger to a spot on the water's top, a little way in front of him. Instantly, a loud report, and a column of water spurted up into the air, some ten or twelve feet, in a boisterous fountain. As it subsided again, a hundred or so of the brightest colored fish that browse among the submerged coral-groves of these still lagoons, rose dead or dying to the seething, boiling surface.

The captain smiled. Instantly the natives set up a terrified shout. "It is even as he said," they cried. "These gods are his ministers! The white-faced Korong is a very great deity! He is indeed the true Tu-Kila-Kila. These gods have come for him. They are very mighty. Thunder and lightning and waterspouts are theirs. The waves do as they bid. The sea obeys them. They are here to take our Tu-Kila-Kila from our midst. And what will then become of the Island of Boupari? Will it not sink in the waves of the sea and disappear? Will not the sun in heaven grow dark, and the moon cease to shed its benign light on the earth, when Tu-Kila-Kila the Great returns at last to his own far country?"

"That lot'll do for 'em, I expect," the captain said cheerily, with a confident smile. "Now forward all, boys. I fancy we've astonished the natives a trifle."

They rowed on steadily, but cautiously, toward the white bank of sand which formed the usual landing-place, the captain holding the six-shooter in readiness all the time, and keeping an eye firmly fixed on every movement of the savages. But the warriors in the canoes, thoroughly cowed and overawed by this singular exhibition of the strangers prowess, paddled on in whispering silence, nearly abreast of the gig, but at a safe distance, as they thought, and eyed the advancing Europeans with quiet looks of unmixed suspicion.

At last the adventurous young chief, who had advised killing Felix off-hand on the island, mustered up courage to paddle his own canoe a little nearer, and flung his spear madly in the direction of the gig. It fell short by ten yards. He stood eyeing it angrily. But the captain, grimly quiet, raised his Winchester to his shoulder without one second's delay, and marking his man, fired at the young chief as he stood still half in the attitude of throwing, on the prow of his canoe, an easy aim for fire-arms. The ball went clean through the savage's breast, and then ricochetted three times on the water afar off. The young chief fell stone dead into the sea like a log, and sank instantly to the bottom.

It was a critical moment. The captain felt uncertain whether the natives would close round them in force or not. It is always dangerous to fire a shot at savages. But the Boupari men were too utterly awed to venture on defense. "He was Tu-Kila-Kila's enemy," they cried in astonished tones. "He raised his voice against the very high god. Therefore, the very high god's friends have smitten him with their lightning. Their thunderbolt went through him, and hit the water beyond. How strong is their hand! They can kill from afar. They are mighty gods. Let no man strive to fight against the friends of Tu-Kila-Kila."

The sailors rowed and reached the landing-place. There, half of them, headed by the captain, disembarked in good order, with drawn cutlasses, while the other half remained behind to guard the gig, under the third officer. The natives also disembarked, a little way off, and, making humble signs of submission with knee and arm, endeavored, by pantomine, to express the idea of their willingness to guide the strangers to their friends' quarters.

The captain waved them on with his hand. The natives, reassured, led the way, at some distance ahead, along the paths through the jungle. The captain had his finger on his six-shooter the while; every sailor grasped his cutlas and kept his revolver ready for action. "I don't half like the look of it," the captain observed, partly to himself. "They seem to be leading us into an ambuscade or something. Keep a sharp lookout against surprise from the jungle, boys: and if any native shows fight shoot him down instantly."

At last they emerged upon a clear space in the front, where a great group of savages stood in a circle, with serried spears, round a large wattled hut that occupied the elevated center of the clearing.

For a minute or two the action of the savages was uncertain. Half of the defenders turned round to face the invaders angrily; the other half stood irresolute, with their spears still held inward, guarding a white line of sand with inflexible devotion.

The warriors who had proceeded them from the shore called aloud to their friends by the temple in startled tones. The captain and sailors had no idea what their words meant. But just then, from the midst of the circle, an English voice cried out in haste: "Don't fire! Do nothing rash! We're safe. Don't be frightened. The natives are disposed to parley and palaver. Take care how you act. They're terribly afraid of you."

Just outside the taboo-line the captain halted. The gray-headed old chief, who had accompanied his fellows to the shore, spoke out in Polynesian. "Do not resist them," he said, my people. If you do, you will be blasted by their lightning like a bare bamboo in a mighty cyclone. They carry thunder in their hands. They are mighty, mighty gods. The white-faced Korong spoke no more than the truth. Let them do as they will with us. We are but their meat. We are as dust beneath their sole, and as driven mulberry-leaves before the breath of the tempest."

The defenders hesitated still a little. Then, suddenly losing heart, they broke at last at a point close by where the captain of the Australasian stood, one man after another falling aside slowly and shamefacedly a pace or two. The captain, unhesitatingly, over-stepped the white taboo line. Next instant Felix and Muriel were grasping his hand hard, and M. Peyron was bowing a polite Parisian reception.

Forthwith, the sailors crowded round them in a hollow square. Muriel and Felix, half faint with relief from their long and anxious suspense, staggered slowly down the seaward path between them. But there was no need now for further show of defense. The islanders, pressing near and flinging away their weapons, followed the procession close, with tears and lamentations. As they went on, the women, rushing out of their huts while the fugitives passed, tore their hair on their heads, and beat their breasts in terror. The warriors who had come from the shore recounted, with their own exaggerative additions, the miracle of the six shooter and the dynamite cartridge. Gradually they approached the landing-place on the the beach. There the third officer sat waiting in the gig to receive them. The lamentations of the islanders now became positively poignant. "Oh, my father," they cried aloud "my [illegible] deed the true Tu-Kila-Kila. Do not go away like this and desert us! Oh, our mother, great queen mighty goddess, stop with us! Take not away your sun from the heavens, nor your rain from our crops. We acknowledge we have sinned: we have done very wrong: but the chief sinner is dead; the wrong-doer has fallen: spare us who remain: we are us, great deity: do not make the bright lights of heaven become dark over us. Stay with your worshipers, and we will give you choice young girls to eat every day: we will sacrifice the tenderest of our children to feed you."

It is an awful thing for any race or nation when its taboos fail all at once, and die out entirely. To the men of Boupari, the Tu-Kila-Kila of the moment represented both the Moral Order and the regular sequence of the physical universe. Anarchy and chaos might rule when he was gone. The sun might be quenched and the people run riot. No wonder they shrank from the fearful consequence that might next ensue. King and priest, god and religion, all at one fell blow were to be taken away from them!

Felix turned on the shore and spoke to them again. "My people," he said, in a kindly tone for, after all, he pitied them—"you need have no fear. When I am gone, the sun will still shine and the trees will still bear fruit every year as formerly. I will send messengers I promised from my own land to teach you. Until they come, I leave you this great Taboo. Tu-Kila-Kila enjoins it. Shed no human blood: eat no human flesh. Those who do will be punished when another fire canoe comes from the far land to bring my messengers."

The King of Fire bent low at the words. "Oh, Tu-Kila-Kila," he said, "it shall be done as you say. Till your messengers come, every man shall live at peace with all his neighbors."

They stepped into the gig. Mali and Toko followed before M. Peyron as naturally as they had always followed their masters on the island before.

"Who are these?" the Captain asked, smiling.

"Our Shadows," Felix answered. "Let them alone. I will pay their passage when I reached San Francisco. They have been very faithful to us, and they are afraid to remain lest, the islanders should kill them for letting us go or for not accompanying us."

"Very well," the captain answered. "Forward all there, boys. Now ahead for the ship. And thank God, we're well out of it!"

But the Islanders still stood on the shore and wept, stretching their hands in vain after the departing boat, and crying aloud in piteous tones: "Oh, my mother, come back! Oh, very great gods, do not fly and desert us!"

Seven weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Felix Thurston, who had been married in the cathedral at Honolulu the very morning the Australasian arrived there, sat in an eminently respectable drawing room in a London square, where Mrs. Ellis, Muriel's aunt by marriage, was acting as their hostess.

"But how dreadful it is to think, dear," Mrs. Ellis remarked for the twentieth time since their arrival, with a deep-drawn sigh, "how dreadful to think that you and Felix should have been all those months alone on the island together without being married."

Muriel looked up with a quiet smile toward Felix. "I think, Aunt Mary," she said, dreamily, "if you'd been there yourself, and suffered all those horrors that we did together, you'd have troubled your head very little indeed about such conventionalities, as whether or not you happened to be married. . . . Besides," she added, after a pause, with a fine perception of the inexorable stringency of Mrs. Grundy's law, "we weren't quite without chaperons, either, don't you know: for our Shadows, of course, were always with us."

Whereat Felix smiled an equally quiet smile. "And terrible as it all was," he put in, "I shall never regret it, because it made me know how brave and trustful and pure a woman could be under such awful conditions."

But Mrs. Ellis sat still in her chair and smiled uncomfortably. It affected her spirits. Taboos, after all, are much the same in England as in Boupari.

THE END.

The Cat Not a Domestic Animal.

"I always thought a cat was a domestic animal," said a bright newspaper woman, "but I am satified that it is a thoroughly business animal. We have three cats in our office. One of them has her abiding place in the manager's office. You can sit down upon her regularly any hour of the day if you have any business there. The other one is a restless, nervous sort of cat, and prowls about a most everywhere in the office. When I stay late at night I generally fall all over her in dark corners, and she has a squawk that would furnish food for a sensational item anywhere else. The third cat belongs to the compositors' room. She has recently had a fine family of kittens, and they were a source of the most frantic delight to all the printers. There was always an interested crowd about the box watching them crawling about and other inane and infantile proceedings of those small cats. As long as they had their eyes open and were not more than six inches long, the men had them out on the floor and were trying to induce them to play with strings, spools, balls, etc. Therefore I think that while the cat is often a failure as a domestic animal, it is a great success in the haunts of business."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mrs. Hevern's Turtles.

Mrs. Hevern, wife of Justice Hevern of Highlandtown, is noted for making pets of animals and birds. Her latest fad is a collection of land turtles, which she carefully looks after every day. One of the turtles has been in her possession for nearly four years, and is now so tame that when she calls it will come to her and feed from her hand. The turtles were brought home by Justice Hevern's daughter, who teaches school near Back River. In driving to and from school Miss Hevern frequently sees the clumsy turtles in the road and takes them home to add to her mother's collection. In winter the turtles hide in the ground. They disappear with the first snap and come above ground as soon as warm weather begins. They can burrow in the hardest ground, and generally go a foot beneath the surface. They live in Mrs. Hevern's back yard. "As fond as she is of animals and reptiles," said the Justice, "there is one that makes her squeal and jump for a chair, and that is a harmless little mouse."

No man ever enjoys the kisses that are enclosed in a letter, but they are said to make women feel happier.

The world is full of jays, but the supreme guy of them all is the fellow who tells his troubles in a crowd.

When a woman's husband becomes worthless, she thinks seriously of publishing a cook book.

The truth is, when a man has no sense, there is nothing in his head to cause him to know it.

When a woman stops crying about a man, she has stopped caring for him.

Of late people can't wait until the [illegible]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The most Careful Housewife will use no other.

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Old "Daddy-Long-Legs."

Almost every one is well acquainted with that extraordinary insect called "daddy-long-legs," which makes its annual first appearance in the month of May. But every one does not know, what Mr. S. H. Scudder has recently abundantly demonstrated, that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its thread-like stilts, is probably, as its name may be thought to imply, a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species.

Far back in tertiary time, at the very dawn of the modern world, its ancestors lived in great numbers in that part of the continent which we now call Colorado. The fossil remains of these insects show the characteristic features that mark them to-day, although new species have taken the place of the old: for even daddy-long-legs knows what evolution is, and has attained to something that in his view is, perhaps, a kind of civil zed existence suitable to the exigencies of life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries

Money Value Value of Hands and Fingers.

An engineering journal has collated some interesting statistics from the tables of a German miners' insurance company. If a man loses both hands he is registered as entailing a 100 per cent. loss. In other words, he has been deprived of the ability to earn a livelihood. The loss of the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent., while the loss of the left hand leaves him with only 60 to 70 per cent. of his original earning capacity. The thumb is taken as playing a part equal to 20 to 30 as a bread winner: the first finger of the right hand is put at 14 to 18 per cent., that of the left hand at from 8 to 13.5 per cent., and the middle finger of either hand is worth from 10 to 16 per cent. The value of the third finger is put down as from 7 to 9 per cent., while that of the little finger is estimated at 9 to 12 per cent. These values may appear arbitrary, but is is explained that the apparent inconsistency in the rating is occasioned by the differences in the trades followed by the injured ones.

Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow.

The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton England Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the Western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central sun seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rain bow made its appearance at a short distance above the central sun, upside down; that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the zenith, and the bow's neck toward the horizon."

Multiplication of the Typewriter.

"The coming man will not write nearly so much as the man of this age," said Prof. Charles Whiteford of Philadelphia, at the Normandie, "and yet it must not be inferred that the art of penmanship is going to drop into early desuetude. The cheaper typewriters become the less chirography there will be. Professional men of any standing rarely do any writing now, save, perhaps, to indite their own signatures. In newspaper offices three-fourths of the reportorial staff compose their 'stories' on machines, and not a few of the more dignified editors have learned to play the keys. Handwriting will linger a great deal longer in the country and smaller towns than in the big cities, for the same reason that the candle and kerosene lamp linger longest in the former localities."—Washington Post.

An Ample Fund of Pleasure and Health

May be derived from an ocean voyage and foreign travel. But before one gets one's "sea legs" on, as the sailor says, the abominable qualms, begotten of sea-sickness, have usually to be gotten over. Delicate people suffer, of course, more than the robust from this ailment, but few sea-travelers escape it. Against the frightful nausea it produces, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable defense, and is so esteemed by tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen and mariners. An ailment akin to sea-sickness often afflicts land travelers with weak stomachs. This is often brought on by the jarring of a railway train. Disquietude in the gastric region from this cause is always remedied by the Bitters, which also prevents and cures chills and fever, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble, constipation and biliousness.

His Last Name.

"What is your last name?" inquired a teacher of a new scholar. "Peter, ma'am," replied the small boy.

"Peter!" echoed the teacher."

"What is your other name?"

"Fairbanks," responded the boy.

"Then Fairbanks is your last name of course," said the teacher, eying the round-eyed, vacant faced Peter with considerable severity.

"No'm," replied the child, respectfully. "My name was Fairbanks when I was born, but mother says they didn't name me 'Peter' for most six months."

His Chief Trouble.

The late Lord Tennyson was not credited with much admiration for pictorial art. Lord John Russell met him on his return from Italy, and asked how he enjoyed the pictures and works of art in Florence. "I liked them very much," said Tennyson; "but I was bothered because I could not get any English tobacco for love or money. A lady told me I could smuggle some from an English ship if I heavily bribed the custom-house officers: but I didn't do that, and came away."

Apple Exports.

The apple export season opened with a good demand from Great Britain. The European crop has been a very poor one this year, and there is every prospect that our exports will approach nearer the figures of 1892 than those of 1893. In the former year the apple exports from the United States and Canada amounted to 1,201,000 barrels, while in 1893 only 175,000 barrels were exported. The American crop is unfortunately only a half one this year. The Canadian crop is good.

POLICY HOLDERS [illegible] seam blind

Rapid Development in Alaska.

Some late reports show that Alaska has been rapidly growing in commercial importance. Very few know the size of the United States or appreciate its value. It is as large as England, Ireland, France, and Spain together. It is a spacious territory, filled with mineral wealth and likely in time to become of the first importance to this country. Even now its fisheries stand in the front rank, and its production of gold increases year by year, and in time it may develop into a new California or Australia. Immigration is increasing and the statistics of exports and imports show a steadily growing volume. Business has grown so rapidly that there is a demand for a revision of the statutes and the enactment of a code to govern the concerns of the territory.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Indefatigable Workers.

The South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

Minor failings are more annoying than major faults.

Incredible.

Bridget Hoolohan came over from Ireland, and the day after her arrival in this country, "took service" with a resident of Governor's Island.

"Sure, ma'am, an' phwat's that n'ise?" demanded Bridget of her mistress, as the sunset gun boomed, on the evening of her arrival.

"That? Oh, it's the sunset," replied the lady.

"Is it, indade, ma'am!" ejaculated Bridget, with her hands raised in astonishment. "Why, afther hearin' that n'ise all yure loife, Oi suppose yez'll harrdly belave me, but in Oirland the sun goes down jist as aisy as aisy can be, ma'am, wid niver a bit av a sound!"

Her Address.

Old Aunt Fannie, who "does washin'," lives up in the West End and has a fair clientage. The other day she obtained an addition to the number who, after making all necessary arrangements, asked the old lady for her address. "Ya-as, sir, Colonel, mah 'dress, cert'ny, Colonel. Well, I lives on M street in the rear of de alley, not far from de hydrant, whar de boys play ball, and across from de bureau" brewery.—Washington Post.

Send your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philada., Pa., by return mail, and get *free of all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

"Canuck."

"Canuck" is a colloquialism for a Canadian. In the Dominion a Canuck is a French Canadian. The word is said to be a corruption of "Connaught," the name given by the French Canadians to the Irish settlers.

Disorder.

That is the state of your stomach. You know it, you feel it, you show it. The remedy you need is Ripans Tabules. Safe, Sure, and Effective.

Many a wise man has envied a merry fool.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents

A ready hand multiplies a small gift.

A superb girl; surpassingly lovely; skin fair as a lily; cheeks like roses, and why? It is because she uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Old birds keep one eye on the cat.

Attend the Fort Wayne Business College.

Late hours bring early age.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE REVERSIBLE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well, and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK. 27 KILBY ST., BOSTON.

CALIFORNIA

Weekly Overland Parties—Personally Conducted—in New Pullman Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, without change, leave Chicago every Thursday for all points on the Pacific Coast. For particulars address TUDSON & CO., 195 South Clark St., Chicago.

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

My ELECTRIC BELT sent on TRIAL FREE Dr. Judd, 8 Detroit, Mich. Want agents

If It's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise **St. Jacobs Oil** Will Cure It

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY

Ah! what a warning to millions of America's men who are daily tearing down their naturally strong physical and nervous system. Stop a moment! Did you take to tobacco naturally? Well, no! And now you want it—why? Because tobacco tastes good? No, but to gratify a feeling hard to explain, and only satisfied by nicotine.

LIFE'S SHORT! THE USE OF TOBACCO MAKES IT SHORTER.

We have not the time, much less the inclination, to preach printed sermons for the sake of making a man quit tobacco, IF HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT IT HURTS HIM. We want to talk to the man who realizes that he is TOBACCO spitting and smoking his life away, who WANTS TO STOP AND CAN'T. Tobacco has produced a diseased condition of the nervous system, and from time to time, you are compelled to feed the never ceasing demands, and you may have, like millions of other men,

A TOBACCO HEART. Nearly every day the newspapers give an account of some eminent man falling suddenly dead at his desk from heart disease. As a rule, no middle-aged man in active business dies thus suddenly unless poisoned, and that poison, in a majority of cases, is tobacco. Meanwhile the slaughter goes on. The press and the pulpit seem muzzled, the majority being participants in the popular vice, and those who are not seem hypnotized and afraid to speak out.

VITALITY NICOTINIZED

Tobacco destroys manhood. Tens of thousands of men feel the darkening clouds of early decline, because nature, not exhausted naturally, but burdened with the taking care of a tobacco-poisoned blood, has slowly and surely succumbed to the frightful effects of tobacco upon the vital forces, that makes strong men IMPOTENT and DESTROYS THEIR MANHOOD.

YOU ASK FOR PROOF.

Test NO-TO-BAC under our Absolute Guarantee; feel how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases the weight, makes the blood pure and rich and tingling with new life and energy. Hundreds of letters from aged men testify to years of tobacco slavery, and tell how No-To-Bac destroyed tobacco's power and brought back feelings long since dead, while sensations of a younger existence once more warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. Gloomy days were gone, the sunshine was brighter; the warble of the little birds all spoke of love; the old man made young again and—happy.

IT IS TRUE, NO-TO-BAC DOESN'T CURE EVERYONE.

What's the use of telling a lie to get caught at it? You know and so do we, that the claim "never fails to cure" is a quack lie, and fraud's talk. Our guarantee is clean cut and to the point. Read it. We would rather have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. Beware of the man who says, "Just as Good as NO-TO-BAC." It stands alone, backed by men of national business reputation and integrity, who are personally known to the publisher of this paper, who also indorses our guarantee.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

Have been received from enthusiastic users of NO-TO-BAC. We print a few to show how NO-TO-BAC does the work. *We do not want our testimonials doubted, for they are truth—pure and simple.* We know it and propose to back them up by offering a *reward of $5,000* to anyone who can prove that any testimonial published is false, or that we knowingly and willingly cause to be printed *testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers.* Signed, H. L. KRAMER, Treasurer.

Snuffed for Thirty-Five Years.

RUDD, KY., May 12, 1894. GENTLEMEN:—No-To-Bac entirely cured me of a thirty-five year snuff habit, and made me gain 24 pounds. Thank God for No-To-Bac. Yours truly, MRS. M. A. RUDD.

**No-To