

ALL FOR 50 CENTS.

Mr. E. C. Walker, Editor "Track and Road," The Spirit of the Times, New York, after an exhaustive interview with all leading horsemen, sportsmen, drivers, and breeders of horses of the country, states that St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure, will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of aches, pains, and suffering in man and beast.

A "Stand-Off."

Defeated candidate, meeting an acquaintance, is indignant because he has been deceived.

"Say McSpobble, you said that you were going to vote for me."

"Yes," McSpobble replied.

"But you didn't?"

"That's a fact."

"Then, sir, you are a liar."

"Say!" said McSpobble, without sense of offense, "you told me that you would certainly be elected."

"Yes, I—"

"That's all right. And you were not elected."

"You see—"

"Never mind what I see. I see that you were not elected, and that therefore you are a liar. This thing's about even. Let's go in here and take something."—*Travelers' Magazine.*

* * * RUPTURE, pile tumors, fistulas, and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and inclose two (2-cent) stamps for book.

A SKIN GAME—Calling a gray elephant white.—*New York Journal.*

Prominent Butter Makers.

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Choever, of Massachusetts; E. D. Mason, Vermont; Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

A GOOD church man may go astray, but his umbrella will keep Lent.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

AS A NERVE FOOD.

Dr. J. W. Smith, Wellington, Ohio, says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."

WHAT are the greatest attachments made? More lawsuits than love suits are brought on by attachments.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound cures all female and kidney complaints.

Why should the company of fallers never be tolerated? Because they keep bad company.

The Conflict

Between disease and health is often brief and fatal. It is better to be provided with cheap and simple remedies for such common disorders as coughs, colds, etc., than to run the risk of contracting a fatal disease through neglect. Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam is a sure and safe remedy for all diseases of the lungs and chest. If taken in season it is certain to cure, and may save you from that terrible disease, consumption. It has been known and used for many years, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is the best remedy in the world for coughs, etc.

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist, will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$3 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

H. W. HORN, Proprietor.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Lumbago,

Sciatica, Cerebral,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

SORE THROAT,

QUINCY, SWELLINGS,

SPRAINS,

Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTBITES,

BURNS, SCALDS,

And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and

Dealers. Directions in 11

languages.

The Charles A. Vogler Co.

(Successors to A. VOGLER & CO.)

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style."

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such."

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible."

"To induce people."

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers."

"Religious and secular, is."

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines."

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability."

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!"

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good."

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous Debility."

"Under the care of the best physicians."

"Who gave her disease various names."

"But no relief."

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—*THE PARENTS.*

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:"

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—*A LADY of Utica, N. Y.*

THE MONKS OF CHINA.

Life in the Windowless Pagodas of Rest. Wong Chin Foo, formerly editor of the Chinese American, is a contributor to the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. Of a Chinese brotherhood of ascetics he says:

In the Flowery Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence, and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet, study, and beneficence.

These retreats (mi-an) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests.

Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds, and upon the surrounding land, nature is assisted, but never interfered with.

The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Close examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree.

This also is a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong-doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy.

These retreats do not belong to specific orders, as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself, giving his name, address, and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship, and sympathy to his fellow members, and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete.

From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden, or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund, or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently.

The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A Brother Superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity, and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant, or narcotic is permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism, or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense.

He Remembered.

A man never feels more lonesome and forgotten anywhere on the face of this big earth than in the land of his boyhood, after an absence of fifteen or twenty years. He goes back with a sort of half belief that he will find everything just about as he left it, and is startled to see the little red-headed girl he was wont to help at her mud-pie baking the mother of a growing family, and the cherry-tree of his childhood's happy hour full of the sons of the boys he used to play with.

About a year ago I went over into the happy land of my boyhood, where I was wont to chase the bright hours away hunting the amusing bumble-bee in his native lair. I had been away from the locality about eighteen years, and it was half a day's work to find a person I could call by name. It seemed to me that everybody I knew when I was a boy and lived there had died or moved away. The cherry-tree I used to climb; the streams I used to dam for water-power to run miniature saw mills; the hills I used to coast upon; the great chestnut trees I used to shake till they showered down their nuts; the rocks among which I was accustomed to hunt the ferocious chipmunk were all there, looking very much as they had looked nearly a score years before; but the people had all changed.

Near the old house in which I was a happy boy, with a great longing for pie and a marked distaste for work between meals, I found a solitary white-haired man leaning against a fence. He was apparently occupied by his thoughts and a large chew of tobacco. He was an old inhabitant. I had stolen watermelons from him twenty years before. I knew him at once. I recognized him by a strawberry mark on his nose. I thought I would question him and see if he remembered me, and, approaching him, I asked, in a kindly and reverential tone of voice:

"My good sir, do you remember a fair, bright youth, with thoughtful, pious air, who was the joy and light of a family who lived in yonder house some eighteen or twenty years ago?"

"No, I never knew any such boy in this section," said the old inhabitant, slowly, and in a dry, husky tone of voice. "But I used to know a tow-headed, freckled-faced youngster who lived over there about as long ago as you speak of. I can't forget him well, for he was the worst boy in the community—a boy who was as frisky and chipper as could be when there was no work to do; but who always had a bad pain when there was water to be carried to the harvest hands, or firewood to be fetched in, or the cows to be hunted, or the grindstone to be turned; a boy who was always at work at a rabbit-trap, or a machine to hull wal-

nuts; or a saw mill, or something; a boy who had a dam across every run in this section, and a flutter-wheel-a-going at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew to live over there in that house on the hill."

I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me.

"What do you suppose that boy is doing now?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, in a meditative way, "but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be, any way, if he is still alive, and hasn't reformed."

"No, he is not in jail," I said, thinking I would surprise him; "he is the editor of a newspaper."

"Well," answered the old inhabitant, slowly, after changing his quid from his left to his right cheek, "I ain't a bit surprised to hear it. I always said he would come to something bad."

At this point the conversation flagged, and a sort of coolness appeared to spring up between the old inhabitant and yours truly. I decided not to surprise him by revealing to him the fact that I had once been a boy and had lived in the house referred to. I was afraid the news might shock him, broke it to him never so gently. He was a very old man, and the shock might have been too much for him.—*Scott Way, in Puck.*

An English Habit.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing easier than to prove that hard drinking has been an essentially English habit since the dawn of our history. Shakspeare, who left off writing 270 years ago, paints a whole gallery of typical drunkards, and, by the mouth of Iago, claims the Englishman as far and away the most consummate toper in Europe.

In 1506 it is on record that Joice Rowe, Abbot of Rumsay, one of the wealthiest convents in the kingdom, and tenanted mostly by noble dames, was accused before Bishop Fox of carousing habitually far into the night with his nuns—a pretty strong proof that hard drinking was then a national vice.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century Chaucer represents all his low-class characters as jolly toppers. The miller can hardly sit on his horse and the cook tumbles off into the mire in consequence of their potations. The wife of the miller of Benay does not go to bed without "her jolly whistle well wet." In 1315 the noble dame Clementina Guilford, Abbess of Rumsay, and the worthy predecessor of Joice Rowe, drinks herself to death.

Some generations earlier the author of the romance of "Merlin" describes the mother of his hero—a highly respectable young woman—as accompanying her neighbors to the ale-house, swilling there till long past midnight, taking a lusty share in a brawl, and then falling, literally as well as figuratively, into the claws of the demon, the whole thing taking place as quite a matter of course.

In the reign of Stephen comes Walter Map, the jovial Archdeacon of Oxford, with his widely popular drinking songs. A century earlier the whole Saxon army spent the night before the battle of Hastings in pushing about the bowl.

And so we go back century by century; poets, annalists, statutes, and the canons of provincial councils all telling us that deep drinking was the rule all over Great Britain up to the time when our ancestors could form no other ideas of heaven than as a place where fierce bouts of fighting and bouts as fierce of drinking were the only occupations and enjoyments.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Real Pathway of Roses.

One day the little town of Schwalbach suddenly became all astir, and from our windows we saw the flags of state and duchy and town and church flying—a remarkable variety of banners. It was a great fete day in Schwalbach; the bishop was coming to town for the first time in ten years. We, too, improvised the colors of our land and flung them boldly from our windows, though we were not Romanists, and it was noticeable that the Protestant windows were dead set against all this festivity. But we belonged to the Holy Catholic Church Universal, and when the people came out in procession to meet and bring in the good bishop from the edge of the town, where he alighted from his carriage, we joined the procession and lifted up our voices with the faithful, who chanted and sung without instrumental accompaniment, as they walked through the quaint old streets. It was a pretty and an impressive sight, and nothing more un-American is to be imagined. All the young girls ready for confirmation were in white muslin, with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and formed a circle held together by a rope of flowers, in the center of which the bishop, in purple and scarlet—a benevolent good old gentleman—walked with much dignity. Rose leaves were scattered in his path. I saw one hanfrau, with the aid of her servants, scatter over two bushels of fresh red rose leaves before her house.—*Margery Deane, in Boston Transcript.*

Doors of Paper.

"Feel the weight of that door," said a New York builder to a reporter, who was looking at an unfinished apartment house up town. The reporter prepared to lift what seemed a polished mahogany door, but it proved too light for any wood. "It is made of paper," said the builder, "and, while it costs about the same as wood, is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking, or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and molded into panels and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a waterproof coating, and is painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding doors."

Dividing the Baggage.

They were going off on a journey.

"Which shall I carry?" he asked, "the baby or the dog?"

"You had better carry the baby," she replied, "and I will take charge of Beauty, dear little fellow. I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world."—*New York Sun.*

Before Breakfast.

"Ivanhoff," said the czar this morning as he rolled out of his patent Nihilist-proof sleeping safe and felt to see if any nitro-glycerine had been put in the toes of his boots, "how many poisoned letters came by the 6 a. m. mail?"

"Ninety-seven, your Most Illustrious Highness."

"Have the police discovered any plans to blow up the palace?"

"Only twelve up to daybreak, Supreme Ruler."

"H'm, things are getting safer. How many men with bombs have been arrested about the royal quarters?"

"But seventeen, Mighty Lord of Siberia."

"And how about the conspiracies of students to assassinate me?"

"All the students in the empire have been exiled. O, Arbitrator of the Destinies of Mankind!"

"Good. Have any of the cooks been found putting arsenic in my food?"

"Only a little scullion boy this morning, and he don't count, Master of the World and of the Sideral System."

"Have any of my confidential attendants been found to be cockalorum in the ranks of the Nihilists?"

"Only a few this morning, hardly worth mentioning, Exalted Emperor and Imperator of all the Russias."

"Better yet. Ivanhoff, does the telegraph tell of any new uprisings in different parts of the empire?"

"There are but three minor rebellions and a couple of Jewish massacres reported this morning, not enough to cause a second thought, O, Originator of all that is Good and Beneficent."

"Well, if this is the state of affairs, I think I may venture to get up. Ivanhoff, telephone for five regiments to fill the corridors of the palace, and when they come you may unlock the combination of my sleeping safe. For breakfast I will have eggs boiled in the shell; they are safest; and see that the cook who prepares them is made to breakfast on a portion of them. Ah, by the way, order that services of praise be held in the churches for the unprecedented peace and quietness that prevails in the empire. How my people love me!"

"This done, Grand Mogul of the Earth and Planets."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Roost.

This bird is not very well known in America, because he is an English bird. But he is very much like the crow, which our farmer boys know so well.

Roosts live in colonies, many thousands going off together and building their nests in the tops of neighboring trees. In these bird-towns, or rookeries, there seem to be certain laws which all the birds understand and obey. One of these laws is that no rook shall build a nest within the limits of the town except those born there; and another forbids the young rooks from going out of town to build. If any bird disobeys these laws, the other birds promptly tear down his nest and drive him back to his native town.

They are also said to hold courts for the trial of offenders. The birds assemble upon a few trees, the guilty one sitting by himself, with drooping head; and after much croaking and flying hither and thither, which we may imagine is their way of examining the witnesses, and hearing the pleas of advocates, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, the birds fall upon the culprit, and execute the sentence of death, or whatever the penalty may be.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Cooking as an Art.

The man who presides over the kitchen in a first-class hotel is an absolute monarch. Nobody ventures to question his acts, and even his employers make their feeble suggestions in a deferential way. The modern chef is an artist as well as a student, and for his use is provided a library filled with all the standard works upon his art. Here he consults his authorities, and plans his campaigns of gastronomic conquest. In the kitchen are subordinates of many grades who look up to him with awe. The chef of a leading hotel in New York lately admitted a reporter to his inner sanctum, and there confided to him the great secret of the cooking art. This, it appears, is the making of sauces. "Everything in its raw state," says the oracle, "has a distinctive taste, but the cook's art is to bring it to the surface so that it reaches the palate. The secret in our profession is to supply the flavors when they are absent and develop them when they are there, just as a painter makes his effect stand out from the canvas."—*Boston Herald.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Doan think dat becasse er 'oman likes gay colors she's weak. Natur' puts de brightest tech on de fines' fawers.

Er new idee is ez likely ter be dis-kivered by er fool ez er wise man, der de wise man knowz how ter use it an' de fool doan't.

Truth twisted outen shape is wus den a direct lie. De thief wid er hones' lookin' face is wus den de thief dat looks like er vill'n.

Wid too full er stomuck de nigger ain't a good han' in de harves' fel'. Der cat dat's got eruff ter eat doan' kere much erbout keekin' de mouse.

Sometimes er great show o' kin'ness is merely fur de vantage o' de pusson what it comes frum. De chile what hol's up er apple fur a pusson ter bite doan' do it so much becasse he wants de pusson ter hab some o' it, but 'casse when it's bit he ken git er better hol' hisse'f.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Before and After.

"Clara, what makes you sit so close to George when he calls? I hope you will not forget the proprieties, my child."

"Oh, but, ma, George is dreadful deaf."

"Yes, I remember, your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I cannot go through his pantaloon pockets, in the morning, without waking him up."—*Chicago News.*

Are You Discouraged?

Has your physician failed to arrest the disease from which you are suffering? Are you losing faith in medicines, and growing alarmed at your condition? Then give Compound Oxygen a trial. Write to Dr. Starkey & Pallen, 110 Grand St., Phila., for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell. The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. It was probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels, and stomach they are specific.

Why have you no cause to fear the arrows of resentment from an old man? Because he never had a beau.

FRENCH GRAPE BRANDY, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Squat Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, is the best possible remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, or bloody flux; also, to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks; 50 cents. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

A ROSUM friend—the chest protector.—*Vanity Fair.*

HAY-FEVER. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for twenty-five years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure.—Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Carbo-lines. The clouds may darken o'er the sun, Yet rivers to the ocean run. The bald and gray may live serene By using the famous Carbo-line.

HAY-FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for two years.—E. J. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs,