A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

E cut a bonnie figure
In bonnie buff and blue;
A goodly sight his buckles bright,
And primly powdered queue!
A more courageous quester
Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah
Than he, my brave ancestor,
My great - great - grandpapa!
And then in his elation
Did my forefather gay
Speak out the word he'd long deferred
For fear she'd say him "nay;"
And when he saw how tender
Within her eyes the light,
He cried—"In your surrender
I read—We win the fight!"

And when the freedom paean
Swept, surge-like, through the dells—
A mighty clang whose echoes rang
From Philadelphian bells—
Loud from a stern old steeple,
He hurled the proud hurrah,
The joy peal to the people,
My great-great-grandpapa.
He held the brutal Briton
A "thing" beneath his scorn;
A Tory he conceived to be
The basest caitiff born;
And not a neighbor wondered
He looked upon them so;
Forsooth, that was one hundred
And twenty years ago!

How true that happy presage!
In faith, how leal and true
Thy whole long life of love and strife,
Thou saint in buff and blue!
Beyond all touch of travail,
With great-great-grandmamma,
Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme
For great-great-grandpapa!
—New York Herald.

GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.

RIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. Not that Griggsville wasn't anxious to set off firecrackers and have a balloon ascension, with fireworks in the evening. Quite the contrary, for the Fourth of July in the past had always been the greatest day of the year. Griggsville had thought it all over, remembering that crops were bad, that the times were hard and that taxes were high, and had come to the conclusion that it would need all the money it could get for winter fuel and buckwheat flour and bacon.

All of the older folk agreed with this decision, not without many mournful shakes of the head, but the boys of Griggsville were much displeased.

"It's what I call a burning shame," sniffed Jack Morris when he heard the news.

"Yes," chimed in Ruddy Wilson, "Alden's Mills and Norcross and Simpson's Landing and nearly every town in the county is going to have a celebration, and now Griggsville has backed out."

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play unless there is something going on."

Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the disappointment deeply.

For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently Will Spencer blurted out:

"Let's have a celebration anyway. I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least—and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

"That's all very well," returned Dick, "but it's easier said than done," and there the matter dropped.

The next day when the boys met at the ball field Will came rushing up the street, evidently much excited. As soon as he was within hearing he shouted:

"I've got it, fellows, I've got it."

"Well, out with it, old man; don't keep us in suspense," replied Dick, who didn't think much of Will's many plans. For Will had only lived in Griggsville a short time and Dick was a little jealous of his popularity.

As soon as Will recovered his breath he unfolded his schemes. It was to go down to Sullinger's Hole and find the cannon and muskets that were supposed to lie hidden in its depths. During the war the part of Missouri in which Griggsville is located had been overrun by roving bands of marauders, belonging to both the Confederate and Union armies, and it was on one of these raids that the Southerners had pounced down upon a quantity of stores and ammunition held at Griggsville and, being unable to get entirely away with their plunder, they had dropped it into Sullinger's Hole. All this had been long known to the boys of Griggsville, whose fathers and mothers often told of the wild day of the raid, and pointed out the bullet-furrows in their homes. And they knew, too, all about Sullinger's Hole. It was said no one had ever found bottom, although more than one of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool," but ever since old man Sullinger had scoffed at the idea and had gone bathing in its waters, never to return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole. All these things the boys knew, and it was, therefore, not at all surprising that Ruddy Wilson shrugged his shoulders and laughed when Will made the suggestion.

"None of that for me," he said.

"Oh, well, you needn't go along unless you want to," responded Will, impatiently. "All this talk about Sullinger's Hole being haunted is foolishness." Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested.

"I'd help," said Dick Lansing, "if I was sure there was any way of doing it."

"All right, Dick, we'll show 'em," put in Will, whose eyes fairly glowed with excitement. "We'll have the old guns all up here by the Fourth and it will be a celebration worth seeing." When Dick went over, all of the doubters except Ruddy went with him.

That night and the next evening they dragged or rolled a number of big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a huge raft that would support a dozen or more boys. As early on the afternoon of the third day as possible the seven slid quietly out of the town and down the hill to the pool. They carried with them ropes and a crowbar or two and a number of long poles cut in the woods, besides hammers and nails and other implements. On reaching the shore of the pool they mounted the raft and pushed it out. Once out on the pool they poled themselves along until they were about twenty feet from the shore.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. As long as there was light they poled about the edges of the pond with their drags, but with the exception of snags and weeds and mud they could find nothing at all.

After two more discouraging afternoons of work "Lank" Everson said he wasn't going to waste any more of his time.

Three of the boys agreed with him, but Will Spencer was able to persuade Dick and Jack to make one more trial.

The next night Will was handling the drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in. At the end was a mass of snags.

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly.

Will pulled the rope nearer and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted beyond recognition.

Forgetting that he was on a raft, Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice:

"We've found 'em! We've found 'em!"

But although they dragged an hour they could bring up nothing else.

"I don't see how we can ever get the things up even if they are there," said Dick.

"Dive," answered Will, quietly.

The other two boys looked at him with horror. But when they parted for the night Will had expressed his firm intention of diving to the bottom to see if he could find the cannon. And the next day all seven of the boys came back very much excited. The finding of the gun barrel had reassured them. Carefully they poled out so as not to make the water muddy, and then Will stripped and stood poised for a moment on the edge of the raft. Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and, with a look at the blue sky above, Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's Hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water. It was a critical moment. What would Will find? Would he be sucked down to his death as Sullinger had been?

But the rope had ceased to spin through Dick's hands. Then it pulled again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, sputtered and shouted:

"It's there, it's there; I touched it!"

Then he struck out for the raft, dragging something along in his hand. When he crawled out he laid an old, worn, rusted musket on the logs. All the boys were wild with excitement. Dick insisted on stripping and making a dive, and he, too, brought up a musket. Then Will went down with one end of a small rope in his mouth. This he ran through the fork of the cannon. A larger rope was dragged down and before dark the boys were on shore ready to begin pulling in their prize. But it would not stir. It was too deep in the mud.

The next afternoon they came down with Tom Fisher's old white-faced team, fastened it to the rope, and with one strong pull the cannon came loose and then it was no trouble to pull the battered and rusted and wholly worthless old piece of artillery out of the water.

Somehow, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wildfire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day. A hundred willing hands dragged the old cannon to the top of the bluff, and on Fourth of July morning it was loaded with powder—but that is getting ahead of the story. For when Griggsville heard what the boys had done Will Spencer became the hero of the hour, and the money for a great celebration was quickly subscribed. And on the morning of the great day Griggsville was out in her best with flags waving and firecrackers popping and anvils booming. The news of the great find had spread, and men and women and children came from all over the county to help Griggsville celebrate and to see Will Spencer. And Dick Lansing's ball team won two games.

About the old cannon? When it was fired it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy. And she is probably celebrating around it today, for Will Spencer made the dive which brought him fame all over Missouri many years ago.—Chicago Record.

"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

Fourth of July Advice.

Be sure to get up at 4 o'clock, so that you can have all your firecrackers exploded before breakfast. Later in the day perhaps you can get your little sister to loan you some of hers.

Don't bother about scraping out the fire in your punk. Just stick it into the pocket where your firecrackers are when you get through with it.

When you light a fuse and it won't go stoop over and blow it well. If you lose your eyebrows they'll grow on again in a year or two.

Always sit on the old barrel under which you put the lighted cannon cracker. If the head caves in and you go through you may lose both legs, but the probability is that you will lose only one.

By all means drink sixteen glasses of lemonade and eat as many dishes of ice cream as you can. It doesn't matter at all if you are groaning and tossing on the lounge in the back parlor while the other boys are watching the fireworks.

Always hold a roman candle squarely by the end. In this way, if it should happen to blow out backward you can have a complete celebration up your coat sleeve.

Lay your lighted punk carefully on the steps. You may want to come back after awhile and sit down on it.

Girls should wear light cotton frocks, for if they catch fire they will make all the finer display.

If you follow these simple directions you cannot fail to have a jolly Fourth, celebrated in a way that would make George Washington smile

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

ONCE on a time old Johnny Bull
Flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have
No trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held
Across the briny waters.
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea
Of all his sons and daughters."
Then down he sat in burly state,
And blustered like a Grandee,
And in derision made a tune
Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee Doodle, these are facts,
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
"My son of wax, your tea I'll tax,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

John sent the tea from o'er the sea,
With heavy duties rated,
But whether Hyson or Bohea
I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began;
He laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" So he
Threw overboard the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment
Big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land
Played "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
"I'll poison with a tax your cup,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A long war then they had, in which
John was at last defeated.
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march
To which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly,
Could not restrain his laughter,
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,
I'll sing it ever after."
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
Was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more
The "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee Doodle, ho! ha! he!
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
We kept the tune, but not the tea,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

I've told you now the origin
Of this most lovely ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as dull
And stupid—what a pity!—
With "Hail, Columbia," it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty;
On land or main we breathe the strain
John made for his tea party.
No matter how we rhyme the words,
Their music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy?"

Yankee Doodle, firm and true,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

UNCLE JOSHWAY'S 'SCURSION.

"Whew! Dat boy's sho' sprujous today! Des look at 'im, Blazy Ann! Peart an' brickly es a young colt an' friskifider'n a rabbit, dat's jes' whut he is!" said Aunt Anarky, as she skillfully shucked off the sun-scorched outer leaves of the tough blue colards she was preparing for dinner. The "boy" indicated was Uncle Joshway, who approached in high glee, singing at the top of his voice:

"Come, chillun, git on de train,
Come, chillun, git on de train,
Come, chillun, git on de train,
Fur Zion's rockin' on!"

"Gressious, Joshway, how come you walkin' so spry an' singin' so loud today? You musser got sawter 'zalted over singin' 'bout dat gospil train, didn't you?'

"Well," admitted Uncle Joshway, half sheepishly, "I mouter been singin' de 'Gospil Train' hymn unbeknownst, but dat wan't de train I wus thinkin' 'bout jes den. I'm goin' off on a 'scursion Saddy an' was thinkin' of de Swevepote train, an' I reckon dat's how come me to be singin' 'bout trains.'

"En' what 'scussion you talkin' 'bout? I hain't heared tell o' no 'scussion.'

"Ef you ain't dat don't meek it not be so,' was Joshway's lucid reply.

"Anarky, I wusht you'd cook me up a lot o' nice vittles 'ginst Saddy—some meat an' cakes an' pies. It's a Foath July 'scursion I'm gwine on."

"Foath July? Whatcher talkin' 'bout, boy? Don't you know Foath July's come an' went long ago? Don't you 'member de big bobbycue et Warnut Crick when de Foath July was? G'long, Joshway, you'se meckin' game o' me! You know it's 'twixt Settember 'n' Noctober now."

"Res' of de folks don't call it a Foath July 'scursion nex' Saddy, but I does jes' him to an accommodating post, to stand all day in hungry meditation, while his master traveled and feasted.

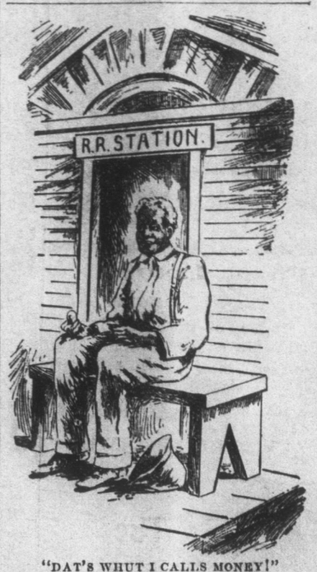
Reaching the depot platform Uncle Joshway was surprised to see but a few people collected. "Pears lack a mighty slim 'scursion," said he to one of the usual loungers.

"Excursion? What you talking about, old man? Did you come in for the colored excursion?"

"Yes, sah, I sho' did. Dat's what I comed fur.'

"Then you're a day too late. The excursion excurted yesterday, but, uncle, you can have a nice little excursion by yourself, if you like."

"Well," answered Uncle Joshway, reflectively, "I might teck a dollah's wuth."



"DAT'S WHUT I CALLS MONEY!"

"A dollar'll carry you to Monroe and leave you four cents over.'

"All right, mister. I 'low Monroe's a nice pious place fur me to spen' de day in." Then Uncle Joshway took off his coat, ripped open the pocket containing his purse, and took out a big shining silver dollar. This was handed, with lingering fondness to the lounger, who soon gave him a ticket and four copper cents.

"What's dem things?" asked our traveler, eying the dark coppers with disgust and contempt. "What you call dem things?" he repeated.

"Why, cents; copper cents."

"Den, mister de agent's cheated you. Gimme back my dollar. I can't take no sich ole black nigger money es dis. Neenter think dey kin 'pose on me an' give me ole black no 'count iurn stuff fur money jes' kase I'm a colored pusson. Druther miss trav'lin f'rever'n to tote roun' money made out'n ole tin kittles!"

This description of the way Uncle Joshway "went on" is no exaggeration. The "way down South" country knows no coppers, and their introduction at various depots for change a few years ago was an innovation bitterly resented.

By the lounger's good-natured interest Uncle Joshway's ticket was disposed of to a Monroe-bound man, and his piece of money, as well as peace of mind, restored. Then, picking up his coat and saddle bags, he left in high disdain, taking care, however, not to go home until after the return of the supposed excursion train. He gave a dazzling account of his trip, and Aunt Anarky will never know he spent his Foath July rambling around Ruston abusing "dem ole Swevepote railroad folks."

"Celebration" and "Observance."

The Sons of the American Revolution addressed the town clerks in Massachusetts, asking that they endeavor to bring about a fitting and universal observance of the Fourth of July. "What!" every boy will exclaim, "do we not now observe that day? Does not all our spending money go for firecrackers and rockets and lemonade?"

Yes, you do keep the day with as much noise as Webster suggested, in the "supposed speech of John Adams." But do you observe it? The Fourth of July was at first observed as the anniversary of the day when the throwing off of the "British yoke" began. But the nation is now a hundred and twenty years old. We have outgrown our fear and our hatred of Great Britain. Now it is time to cease regarding the Fourth as "Independence Day" merely, to forget all the suggestions of England that the anniversary brings to mind, and to treat it as the nation's birthday, in the broadest sense.

That means that it should call up before us all the glories of America, not simply the heroism of '76 and '61, but the conquest of the soil of the great West, the triumphs of industry and invention, the victories of education, art and culture, the spread of religion. These things cannot be adequately commemorated by burning gunpowder. We do not go so far as even to suggest that the firecracker be abolished.

Yet while we ring the bells, and fire the cannon and flaunt the flag, let us all remember that the day is a solemn as well as a joyous occasion, and observe as well as celebrate it. Let us make it a day of commemorating glorious deeds in peace and in war, by speech and song and story. It should be a day of revival of patriotism, real and earnest; of consecration to the cause of good government; of stern resolution against the evils which have gradually crept into our system.—Youth's Companion.

A Paper Soldier Battle.

Some of the younger boys and girls will find a good deal of fun in a paper soldier battle. Cut out from advertising cards and posters a large number of figures of men, women and children. Pin these along the top of the fence or at the edge of a board. Now save up all the "fizzlers" among your firecrackers and when there is a good supply ahead you are ready for the battle. Any number of boys and girls may play on a side. The object is to shoot the "fizzlers" at the paper soldiers and kill and wound as many of them as possible. A paper soldier is killed when he is burned up or his head is blown off and he is wounded when his face is burned or blackened. The side that kills and wounds the greatest number is the victor.

A Firecracker Story.

He did it in sport;
He alone is to blame;
The fuse was too short,
Now his finger's the same.

The Pennsylvania Senate has passed the bill which has already gone through the House, taxing each unnaturalized adult male employed in the State 2 cents a day.

TOO MANY LAWYERS.

"Of a Thousand Seeds He Pringeth Only One to Bear."

The rush into the learned professions seems greater than ever, particularly into the legal profession. Within a fortnight, says a Chicago paper, several hundred young men have been admitted to the bar of Illinois, and the same thing, to a greater or less extent, is going on in all the States. Taking the 45 States it would not be surprising to learn that some 3,000 or 4,000 youths had been licensed to practice law in the United States this current year. Nor is the spectacle a new one. It is simply a repetition of what have been seen for years and years past.

What becomes of all these youths, fresh from their studies, full of ambition and emulous of the fame of the great masters of the law? How many succeed and what proportion fail? Are the rewards of the profession so great as thus to entice so many to pursue it? And what are the chances for obtaining a portion of these rewards? Let a great English jurist, Vice Chancellor Bacon, who died but a short time ago, answer. It became his duty on a certain occasion to receive a class of students just called to the bar, and he thus addressed them:

"I cannot congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the profession which you have chosen. It is one in which very few succeed, and most of those who succeed wish they had failed."

A few, alas! how few, favored by good fortune and possessed of real qualifications for the profession, finally forge into prominence and success. Just read the leading newspapers of the country. Here they tell of the suicides of disappointed lawyers, there of others driven to desperation, insanity and crime because of failure. Glance over the advertisements: "A good lawyer wanted in a commercial establishment; salary $10 a week!" "Wanted—An active and experienced lawyer to draw papers and make collections; salary $8 per week."

Undoubtedly the law is an attractive field in the United States. The pathway to power and public station lies through it. The lawyers may be said to be the ruling class. They make, construe and execute the laws, and are to be found in the seats of the mighty. But where one attains that seat hundreds fall by the wayside. "Of a thousand seeds he only bringeth one to bear," saith the Scriptures. No truer word can be spoken of the legal profession.

Direct Vote of the People.

It is a singular and not generally known fact that no official of the United States is elected by the direct vote of the people. The President and Vice President are not named in the ballots cast at a presidential election, but in their stead appear the names of a number of gentlemen, most of whom are unknown even by name to the great mass of voters. The members of the President's Cabinet are selected by himself and are confirmed on his recommendation as his personal advisers. Supreme justices, judges of the Circuit and District Courts are named by the President, who, with his Cabinet, nominates, with a few trivial exceptions, all other United States officials. Members of the United States Senate are elected by the State Legislatures. Representatives are voted for directly by the people, but neither Senators nor Representatives are properly officials of the United States. While the people of this country are the ruling power, the exercise of that power, so far as the United States Government is concerned, is largely indirect.

Tea, Coffee and Nerves.

Everybody in England drinks tea; morning, noon and night, and nervous diseases are consequently on the increase there. In this country we drink more coffee than the English do, with plenty of tea besides; and nervous diseases are on the increase here, too. Both these universal beverages are bad. They break down the health of habituating people to the effects of the poisonous principles they contain. The recent introduction of Grain-O, the new food-drink, designed to take the place of coffee (and why not tea?) is the beginning of a needed reform. Grain-O is made from pure grains, is harmless, nutritious, palatable, good for young and old, and one-fourth the cost of coffee. Try it and you will drink no more coffee, and have better rest and sounder health as rewards. Packages 15c. and 25c. of any grocer.

Sarcastic.

"Oh, Mr. Smyth, your newspaper jokes are so funny I always read them twice."

And after Smyth had departed, with his bump of self-esteem considerably extended, she told the other girls that she had to do so in order to see the point.—Texas Siftings.

Waltham—The Watch City.

Waltham, Mass., has achieved a reputation famous the world over for the fineness of its mechanical products. It is a city of high-class mechanics and has attained its position by keeping the highest standard always in view. A new business is being largely developed which bids fair to rival the older watch industry. It is the construction of high-class cycles by the Waltham Mfg. Co. For five years Orient bicycles have been marketed with immense success, and in the Eastern States the rider is looked upon with envy who can secure one of them early in the season, so great is the demand for Orients. The company has recently changed its Chicago headquarters from 268 Wabash ave. to the corner of the avenue and Van Buren st.

Never.

Crimsonbeak—Speaking of George Washington, the first President of these United States——

Yeast—Yes.

"There is one thing certain; if the policy adopted by him for truthfulness had been carried out we never would have a weather bureau."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Caesar did not say "Et to, Brute!" Eye witnesses of the assassination deposed that he died fighting but silent, like a wolf.

When Dr. Chalmers wrote his letter of proposal, he said to the lady, "I have no anticipation of heaven upon earth." In spite of this lack the twain were soon after married.

Women admiration win who use Glenn's Sulphur Soap to improve the skin.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

The hydra fusca, a sort of polypus, may be turned inside out like a glove, and will continue to live and eat as heartily as ever.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c and 25c per package.

Elevators.

The following mention of one of the earliest elevators is taken from the "Greville Memoirs:" "Genoa, March 18, 1830.—Went to the King's palace. The King and Queen sleep together, and on each side of the royal bed there is an assortment of ivory palms, crucifixes, boxes for holy water, and other spiritual guards for their souls. For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any story and at each landing-place there is a contrivance to let them in and out."

A Wonderful Rifle.

Hunting big game is not as hard work as it used to be in the days of the long, heavy, big-bored rifles. With a light, modern rifle, such as the Model '94 or '95 Winchester, more game can be killed and at much longer distances than with any one of the old-time guns. The Model '95 Winchester is one of the highest powered rifles made. It will shoot a 30-caliber U. S. army bullet through over fifty inches of dry pine boards, and drive a bullet at the rate of 2,000 feet a second through the air. Hunters all over the country say that this is the best hunting rifle ever made. Send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct., for a large illustrated catalogue free.

Too Wet to Plant Her.

Employer—I thought you wanted to go to your grandmother's funeral this afternoon.

Office Boy—Please, sir, it was postponed on account of wet grounds.—Truth.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

Deserve your wife's respect and you need not fear the world's opinion.

Ere the Farewell Is Spoken

On the deck of the steamer, or on board the train that is to bear you away from those dear to you, you will, if you are wise, have safely stowed away in your luggage a sufficient supply of that safeguard against illness—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Commercial travelers, tourists and pioneer emigrants concur in testifying to the fortifying and saving properties of the great tonic. Use for constipation, biliousness, malarial and kidney complaints and nervousness.

The Seven Churches in Asia.

Whether the famous seven churches established at Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardus, Philadelphia and Laodicea were all founded by the Apostle John is a matter concerning which the commentators are not agreed, many taking the ground that some, at least, were established by others of the Apostles. The question is one of those historic problems which will never be settled, because the information is lacking. It is certain that from the allusions made by John in the Book of Revelation to these churches that he was on most intimate terms with them, and that he felt a lively concern for their welfare. It is possible that each may have been at one time or another the recipient of his personal attention, but this is uncertain.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is more snuff used in Boston than in any other city in the United States.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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