I'm So Hungry

Says nearly everybody After taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil*, used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk*. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,* *CONSUMPTION,* Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

The Turning Point

With many a man is some trifling act, and a mere recommendation of some friend to try S. S. S. has saved the lives of hundreds.

Speaking a good word for S. S. S. is natural, for wherever it has been tried there have always been good results.

S. S. S. for { Blood Poisoning, Cancer of the Skin, Ulcers and Sores, All Skin Diseases.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 2, Atlanta, Ga.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. The BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance so necessary will be found in

Prickly Ash Bitters!

It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., Sole Proprietors, **ST. LOUIS, MO.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

CERMAN Sweet Chocolate.

The most popular sweet Chocolate in the market. It is nutritious and palatable; a particular favorite with children, and a most excellent article for family use.

Served as a drink, or eaten as confectionery, it is a delicious Chocolate.

The genuine is stamped upon the wrapper, S. German, Dorchester, Mass.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FLAGS The Best U.S. BUNTING FLAGS ARE SOLD BY G. W. SIMMONS & CO., BOSTON, MASS. DEALERS IN MILITARY GOODS.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO., Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

THE DATE FINDER

JANUARY, 1890.

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

It is a model of the Lithographer's art in two colors. It shows at a glance every month of every year from A. D. 1800 to A. D. 2000 inclusive; 201 years, 2412 months or 73,414 days. YES, everybody wants a DATE FINDER. By mail prepaid, 2 for 25 cents or 6 for $1. Chicago Calendar Co., 203 W. Lake St., Chicago.

Can sell a 1-20 Size.

TAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

ESQUIMAU EVENINGS.

Up where the north pole towers high
Out of a snow-drift up to the sky,
Up in the dreary Arctic regions,
Where the Esquimaux are the only legions,
There where the climate is always frigid,
And explorers are gen'rally frozen rigid,
The nights last always a half a year,
And the evening three months, or very near;
There, ev'nings are long as a spring or fall.
Oh, there is the place for an ev'ning call!

The Esquimau lover may well rejoice
When he calls on the maid of his fond heart's choice;
From her sweet smiles he need not be banished
After a brief two hours have vanished.
There they can sit for three months together,
And talk of love, or about the weather;
They can pass their time amid chat or song
And ev'ning a goodly three months long.
No hurrying clock hints he must go—
I envy the gallant Esquimau.

When the clock strikes ten there appears no size
To tell the maid she had best retire;
Nor call is there from the stairway's head,
Telling the damsel to haste to bed;
No voice comes saying how late 'tis growing,
Asking: "Well, isn't he ever going?"
Nor need he, fearful of walking far,
Hasten to catch the latest car.
Young lovers who know 'tis hard to go
Will envy the happy Esquimau.

If a drama the Esquimau attracts,
He can sit through a couple of hundred acts;
So long the evenings are, you see,
He wouldn't put up with a play of three.
Then, after every act is ended
The neighboring "bar" is, of course, attended.
When the play is over how full of glee,
How awfully jovial he must be!
With their nights so long, why, it stands to reason
That an Esquimau play must last a season.

—Harry B. Smith, in America.

THE STORY OF A RING.

How the Perpetrator of a Bank Robbery Was Detected.

IN LOOKING over a collection of finger-rings in the possession of a friend who has a great fondness for such ornaments I came across a most unique character.

It was a heavy band of gold, set with a cameo cut to represent a snake that lay coiled with head erect. Its eyes of emerald seemed to snap at a tiny bird, also cut in stone.

"There is a singular incident connected with that ring, which," my friend remarked, as I picked it up and carefully examined it, "perhaps you would like to hear."

"I should," was my reply; and he narrated a story which I will tell as nearly as I can in his own words.

"Three years ago I went to pass a few days in Clifton—as you may know, a noted summer residence, but a better resting place than most 'resorts.'

"I had been there only a few hours when I saw on the hand of a lady who lodged at the same hotel a ring which greatly excited my curiosity, for reasons that will appear later in my story.

"I easily secured an introduction to her, and in the course of our first conversation referred to this ring, no longer on her hand, as having attracted my especial attention.

"'It is very curious,' she said.

"'Does it belong to you?' I inquired.

"'It does not, but was lent me by a friend.'

"'May I inquire the name of the owner?'

"'She requested me not to mention her in connection with the ring; so you will please excuse me from telling you her name.'

"'I should like to purchase it, if she would dispose of it for a reasonable sum,' I remarked, interrogatively.

"'I will learn whether she is willing to sell it, and let you know soon.'

"Before my arrival in Clifton there had been many cases of pocket-picking and petty theft in the place, and on the fifth night after I came the village bank was burglarized.

"Though the minor offenses had caused no particular excitement, the burglary did, for the temporary as well as the permanent residents of Clifton would lose considerable sums if the stolen funds were not recovered.

"Every possible effort was made to ferret the crime to its source, but so shrewdly had it been planned and executed that no clew to its perpetrator or perpetrators seemed likely to be discovered.

"The detective—of wide renown—employed upon the case after a thorough investigation said:

"'It baffles my skill as nothing in my previous experience.'

"He had labored indefatigably but in vain for several days, when I requested him one morning to accompany me to my room. After I had locked the door and we were seated I observed:

"'Straws show which way the wind blows, and I may be able to tell you

"IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?"

something that will aid you in your present work.'

"'I shall be pleased to receive assistance,' he replied.

"'Two years ago the 15th of last April,' I began, 'I was on my way from Elkhart to Chicago, when, at South Bend, a lady entered the closely-packed car in which I was seated and asked me: "Is this seat occupied?"

"'"It is not," I answered, rising that she might pass to the place next the window.

"'"If you please," she said. "I will take the outer seat, as I shall only go to the next station, if my brother meets me there."

"'She was dressed in deep mourning and wore a heavy veil, which she kept drawn over her face, rendering it impossible for me to get a glimpse at her face.

"'I endeavored, without success, to engage her in conversation. She appeared willing to talk, but her sentences were interrupted quite frequently by sobs, and she would raise her handkerchief to her face, evidently to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"'I was very tired, and fell asleep soon after the train pulled out of Carlisle. The stranger had not left the car.

"'When I awoke, just before reaching Otis, she was gone, as were my gold watch and chain and my pocket-book, containing several hundred dollars and numerous valuable papers.

"'I learned that she got off the train at Laporte, and had no doubt she was the one who had picked my pockets.

"'I was unable to recover my watch and chain and money, but the papers, of no value to anyone except myself, were several days later returned to me from New York city by mail.

"'On her left hand I had noticed a curious ring, and the day on which I came to Clifton I saw its exact counterpart on the hand of a lady who is at this hotel.

"'Confident that two such rings do not exist, I made inquiries of this lady relative to the one I had seen on her hand. I could only learn that it belonged to a friend, who did not wish her name mentioned in connection with it.

"'The person with whom this lady is more intimate than with anyone else in Clifton is Mrs. Mary Ashleigh, whom I suspect to be the owner of the ring, which I have not seen since the time specified.'

"'You do not suspect that Mrs. Ashleigh was connected with the burglary, do you?' the detective asked, in a tone of surprise mingled with horror.

"'And it is not strange that he was astonished and horrified at the idea of her guilt, as Mrs. Ashleigh seemed to

"I SUSPECT JUST WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU."

be one of the wealthiest as she was one of the handsomest and most attractive women in Clifton.

"'I suspect only what I have told you,' I replied; 'and if you base your future investigation upon what I have said, I do not wish to publicly figure in the affair.'

"'You shall not. And I will prosecute my investigations in such a way that Mrs. Ashleigh, if innocent, shall not know that the faintest suspicion ever attached to her.'

"To make the story as short as possible: In the cottage occupied by Mrs. Ashleigh were found nearly all the spoils of the pocket-picking, the larceny and the burglary, besides burglar's tools and innumerable articles for effecting disguise. Confronted with these evidences of her guilt, she calmly said:

"'The daughter of poor but estimable parents, more than fifteen years ago I left my home in disgrace, to get my living by my wits.

"'Eventually, I attached myself to a gang of miscreants, and met with wonderful success as a pickpocket and confidence woman.

"'My face and manners easily won me the attention of gentlemen who implicitly trusted me, and whom in various ways I victimized without arousing their suspicions.

"'For instance, the impressible teller of the bank in this place was fascinated by my charms, smiling as the words left her lips, "and more than once has explained to me all that an inexperienced cracksman need know in order to appropriate the contents of the vault without leaving any clew to his identity.

"'I have a wonderful faculty of remembering the names and faces of those whom I have victimized, and wherever I go I am on the lookout for them. Learning that you,' addressing me, 'were in Clifton, I felt certain that you, seeing it, would recognize the ring which I carelessly exposed to your view on the occasion when I relieved you of your valuables. I at once obtained it from her to whom I had lent it, but you had seen it, and I have no doubt that it was the immediate cause of a revelation of my misdeeds.'

"She was arrested, tried, found guilty on various counts, and sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years persistently refusing to divulge her real name.

"Her two 'servants' were found to be her accomplices, and each was imprisoned for five years.

"'The impressible teller of the Clifton national bank was discharged from his position.

"The ring in your hand 'Mrs. Ashleigh' gave me 'as a partial compensation for the loss you sustained at my hands two years and more ago'"—Fred F. Foster, in Chicago News.

THE IDEAL TAILOR.

Requisites of a Perfect Wielder of the Scissors and Tape Line.

The ideal merchant tailor should be a good-looking man, for the same reason that a meritorious book should be handsomely bound; he should be well dressed, because a good-looking man who is not well dressed, unless he cannot afford to dress well, seems ungrateful for the physical gifts with which nature has endowed him, and because a tailor who is not well dressed insults his trade and advertises himself as an alien to it except financially; and he should be obliging and of pleasing manners, because if he is not his nature and presence will be as completely out of harmony with the character and duties of his business as the tooting of a tin fish horn in a string band.

He should be well educated, brainy, and thoroughly familiar with business usages, for unless he is he can understand the requirements of his trade no more than a holdearrier can the phlogiston of the chemist Stahl; and he should be in every thought and instinct an artist, for only an artist can appreciate, much less worthily exemplify, the grace and beauty that are possible to clothes.

He should be familiar with his trade from waxing a length of sewing silk to properly trying on a coat, for this kind of familiarity is as sure to create confidence in and respect for his ability, as too much of another kind is certain to breed contempt.

He should do business in an elegantly finished and furnished store, containing comfortable dressing-rooms and every necessary convenience for his customers, and should carry a choice if not a not a very large stock of goods; for his establishment as well as himself should suggest comfort, art and refinement, and be in every way in perfect harmony with the most cultivated taste of the time.

He should be, in short, a gentleman, a thorough master of his business and an artist. The ideal tailor, then, would seem to be an ideal man who is very comfortably fixed; for his trade is an ideal trade, able to exert innumerable refining influences that cannot fail to benefit mankind and give to civilization a polish and charm.—Sartorial Art Journal.

—Rather Damning Praise.—She—"Don't you think that Miss Simpson is too lovely for anything?" He—"Well, I wouldn't put it as strong as that, but I don't doubt she's a well-meaning girl and a comfort to her mother."—Harvard Lampoon.

—A Baltimore spinster has become insane over the death of her pet dog. She should have stuck to parrots. They never die.—Texas Sifting.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—About twelve months ago the editor of Light, the principal spiritualistic journal in London, received an anonymous donation of one thousand pounds for the support of his paper. The other day another donation of the same amount came apparently from the same quarter, but the donor remains entirely unknown.

—Prince Anton Radziwill, the father, and Countess Aranicka, the mother-in-law of Prince George Radziwill, have procured an order from the courts at Potsdam placing Prince George under tutelage, on account of his extravagant mode of living. His racing stable is to be sold off, and it is understood that his creditors will lose everything.

—The story called "The Brazen Android," the first part of which appears in the April Atlantic, was written more than thirty years ago. The then editor of the Atlantic returned it with the request that the author should rewrite it, but the author would do nothing of the sort, and no more was heard of the story until its present appearance.

—Mrs. Eleanor Kirk Ames, the authoress, is as industrious as she is successful. She is constantly occupied at her charming home in Brooklyn, with revising proofs, correcting manuscripts and collating literary information, as well as in creative writing. Her noted book, "Information for Authors," is in great demand among literary people.

—One of Barnum's recipes for old age was this: "In addition to being strictly temperate, I have always been cheerful. I once adopted as my family motto the words, "Love God and be merry," and firmly believe that he who faithfully follows that precept in all that it implies is pursuing a course well calculated to enable him to live to be very old.

—Emma Abbott's ashes are to be surmounted by an eighty-five thousand dollar Gothic monument of Westerly granite, which is to be erected in Oak Grove cemetery, at Gloucester Mass. It will also serve as a tomb for the body of her husband, Eugene Wetherell. The monument will be fifty-seven feet high, and will resemble the Prince Albert memorial in London.

—James Whitcomb Riley lives on the wing: now in the best Indianapolis hotel, then with his sister. The next he is off somewhere lecturing. "I never owned a desk in my life," he said recently, "and don't know what it is to have a library. I write everywhere, sometimes on the kitchen-table in my sister's house, then in a parlor, and again on the printer's case—just where the fancy seizes me. 'When the frost is on the punkin' was written on the end of a desk in ten minutes."

—Rider Haggard, who has just returned to New York from Mexico, says "the climate is very trying—thin air and insufferable heat. And the insects! The air swarms with them—mosquitoes, 'jiggers,' a kind of tick they call 'garapata,' and I don't know what more! They made life a misery, and I couldn't sleep even at night for them. I have plenty of material for my story. I shall take the time of Cortez to tell it in, as I believe that Mexico was more civilized then than it has ever been since."

HUMOROUS.

—Sensitive. Judge—"So Huber is your accomplice." Thief—"Excuse me, my associate."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—A recent examination elicited the following forms of comparison: Ill, iller, illest. Ill, worse, latter. Ill, worse, dead.—Exchange.

—Lady of the House—"You say you haven't had anything to eat to-day?" Tramp—"Lady, if you believe me, the only thing I've swallowed to-day is insults."—Exchange.

—A Pensioner.—"And I suppose, like a brave soldier, you followed your colors." "Yes; whenever there was a battle I noticed that the colors were flying, so I fled too."—Buffalo Express.

—In the Zoological Museum.—"See, Hans, that is a lion. He belongs to the animals that eat flesh." "But, mamma, if you look at this hole in his side, you will see that he is full of hay."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Young Baffodil says that when a young man kisses a willing girl for the first time their pleasure is mingled with mutual reproach that they did not have enough sense to do the same thing long before.—Somerville Journal.

—W.—"I understand you are learning to be a sprinter." P.—"Yes, my girl's father has sent me word that if he ever catches me at his house he'll thump the life out of me, and I'm bound to have the girl, that's all."—Outing.

—"I noticed that a tramp left the house as I came over the hill," said the farmer. "Yes," replied his wife, "he left the house, but he managed to get away with about everything else in sight. Maybe he'll come back after the house later on."

—He must have been a bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother: "I wish a lion would eat me up." "Why?" the mother asked. "Because it would be such a joke on the lion; he would think I was inside of him, and I should be up in Heaven."—Congregationalist.

—Hinter—"So you've given up your attention to Miss Camden, eh?" Winter—"Yes. I saw there was going to be annoying complications, so I dropped out." Hinter—"I observed a figure drop out of Camden's parlor window last night, but I wasn't sure it was you."—Yonkers Gazette.

—The Pall Mall Gazette tells of a doctor on a man-of-war who had a very simple method of treatment. He would tie a piece of tape around the waist of the complaining mariner, and command him to state whether the pain existed above or below the tape. If above, an emetic, and if below, a dose of salts followed as a matter of course.

—The boy's fishing pole was fastened under the root of a tree on the river bank yesterday, and he was sitting in the sun playing with a dog. "Fishing?" inquired a man passing along the road. "Yep," answered the boy, as briefly. "Nice dog you've got there. What's his name?" "Fish." "Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What did you call him that for?" "'Cause he won't bite." Then the man proceeded on his way.—Washington Star.

Not So Easy as It Looked.

I never tried but once to step off a moving tramcar," said a lady in conversation with a friend.

"Did you get a fall?"

"I heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it."

"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"

"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I stuck the footing, I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim: 'It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested.' I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a tramcar in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."—Jury.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE SWAMP DOGWOOD.

One Plant Will in a Short Time Cover a Square Rod of Land.

In riding from Talmadge to the northwestern corner of Ravenna, O., the traveler passes through one of the most fertile and beautiful portions of the western reserve, and it would be difficult to persuade a foreigner who saw the fine, nicely painted farmhouses and huge bank barns, that it was not a prosperous, wealthy region. In going to Mr. Jennings' home your correspondent went through a neighborhood known in Portage county as red brush, so called because of the great abundance of the swamp dogwood or "red-willow" that grows in that region. This is the cornus sanguinea of the catalogues, and a young lady once told how she sent to a distant nursery for a

FIG. 1.

plant of this when they might have got thousands of plants within her own township had she known it was the same.

This pretty winter shrub in its wild state is a fine illustration of nature's methods of extending the area of her wild growths. It is simply a natural method of layering by which people can, if they will, indefinitely multiply almost all the pretty shrubs and bushes which are used in dooryard adornment. Fig. 1 is a two-year plant of the red willow. After a habit of this bush, one branch will grow long and curved, as *a*. This branch will send out upright shoots and become top-heavy, and the long grass will fall over it when the frosts come in autumn. By spring the branch will have been weighted to the ground by snow and ice, and the clogging grass will hold it down in the position indicated in Fig. 2. Being in contact with the moist swampy earth it strikes root and becomes a separate bush if the connecting branch is broken, and if not, it remains a partner in the firm of Cornus & Son. The bending of the main branch brings the ascending shoots of last year's growth in a partially prostrate position and in goods hape to renew the previous process. In this way, under favoring circumstances, a lively and pushing red willow could walk across a ten-acre lot, just as a wild strawberry will push itself along a fence-row. The snowball, wiegela, syringa and other shrubs, sometimes self-layer themselves in this way, but not so persistently as the red willow. A neighbor sent to Bloomington, Ill., for a little plant of this shrub, and in a few years it covered a rod square, simply by the process described.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

FIG. 2.

BUCKWHEAT AND BEES.

The Japanese Has Been Found Superior to All Other Varieties.

Ever since I have been engaged in bee-keeping I have been hearing of the good reputation of buckwheat as a honey plant. The good qualities of the common and silver-hulled have been discussed, and now we have a new candidate for public favor in the Japanese buckwheat. This is the fourth season that it has been before the public. It has been weighed in the balance and found superior to all other known varieties. The grain is large in size, and gives a very much larger yield of grain. The

JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT.

quality of the flour is equal to that of the well-known varieties, and ahead of them in quantity. I regard the sowing of buckwheat as a safe investment, although in many localities it only yields honey occasionally. Years ago I was accustomed to drive by a farm where there was a low place near the road, where yearly grew the rankest of weeds. The farm changed tenants, and the new one put this piece of ground into buckwheat, and it changed the appearance of the whole farm. The following year I noticed this piece of ground remarkably clear of weeds. Low places in corn fields are occasionally drowned out by heavy rains in June, and produce both honey and cakes for their owner. Japanese buckwheat is advertised by seedsmen for one dollar per bushel.—Prairie Farmer.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

CLEAN straw is good for the hens to scratch in.

PUT turpentine in the drinking water to prevent gapes.

SOME recommend soaking corn in kerosene for cholera.

GEESE eat the grass close down to the roots and often kill it out in this way.

WHEN hawks bother the chickens a few brush piles will afford a good protection.

POULTRY will readily digest bones if they are broken fine enough for them to eat.

CLEANLINESS now will aid materially in preventing the lice from getting a good start.

HENS will lay more eggs without the roosters than with them, but of course the eggs will not hatch.

THE tendency of wheat fed whole is to produce a healthy growth and to aid materially in laying eggs.

In a majority of cases it is impossible to compete to advantage with incubated chickens as regards earliness.

FEED only what is eaten up clean and at certain hours in order to keep the fowls from getting too fat.

DUCKS and geese can be picked now whenever their feathers are ripe; there is no advantage in letting them go to waste.

Keeping Farm Accounts.

Every farmer ought to know at the end of the season what work has paid him best, what work has paid least, and what has returned no profit whatever. We need more of business methods on the farm and less haphazard work—some of which is very likely carried on at a loss.—American Agriculturist.

A BOLD UNDERTAKING.

An American Who was Going Around the World on Foot.

In these days, when there is such a search for novelty, it will not belong before some one will go around the world on foot. Of course, the entire journey on foot would not be practicable, but the carriage could be reduced to a few hundred miles by crossing America on latitude 66.

More than a century ago a corporal in the English marine corps, an American by birth, named Lediard, undertook this stupendous task. He left London in the winter of 1786, with $250 in his pocket, and his plan was to traverse Europe and Asia on foot, and then be ferried across Behring straits to the American shore, whence he would continue his journey to the Atlantic ocean, somewhere between New York and Labrador.

He walked to St. Petersburg by way of Hamburg and Copenhagen, going around the Gulf of Bothnia to the north. Then he continued to Siberia, and went as far as Yakutsk, intending to press on toward Behring's straits in the spring of 1788. But in January of that year he was arrested by order of Empress Catherine, taken back to St. Petersburg, and afterward put across the Polish frontier, with orders not to enter Russia again without the imperial permission. Thus was his enterprise broken up.—Golden Days.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

THERE is one business industry that has some snap to it even in dull times—the whip manufacturer.—Lowell Courier.

Summer Tourists.

Take the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the popular route to all points of interest in the scenic Northwest and the Puget Sound region. Connects with transcontinental trains for all resorts dear to the hearts of pleasure seekers. F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phœnix Building, Chicago, Ill.

CORN in the field is shocked, and when it is made into whisky it is shocking.—Binghamton Republican.

Before You Start

On a journey by sea or land, procure Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a defense against traveler's malaria and climatic infirmities. Colic, cramps and dyspepsia don't stand the ghost of a chance against this paramount alterative and stomachic. Neither do malaria, kidney trouble, sick headache and biliousness.

WHEN you get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick that's the sign of spring.—Buffalo Express.

GEO. A. DUNCAN, a well known resident of St. Louis, says: "I have used several bottles of Prickly Ash Bitters for biliousness and malarial troubles, so prevalent in this climate, and heartily recommend it to all afflicted in a like manner. It is the best remedy I ever used."

IT is a curious fact that when one is seized with a consuming passion one's appetite fails miserably.—St. Joseph News.

THE complexion becomes clear, the skin free from eruptive tendencies, the appetite and digestion improved, aches and pains cease, the body grows stronger, sound sleep at night a habit, and the general health every way better when Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla is made use of.

AUCTIONEERS have their regular customers; but they also depend greatly upon the bystanders at a sale.—N. O. Picayune.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly pure*. Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it now.

THE young man who can write "a good hand" hasn't half a chance in life with the youth who can hold one.—Washington Post.

ALL cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

THE cat is a meow animal, but she has a voice like a fire alarm.—Binghamton Republican.

IN 1870 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

ANYONE who has listened to the groaning of the big fiddle in the orchestra knows what "viols of wrath" mean.—Binghamton Republican.

HOW CRUEL to force children to take nasty worm medicines. Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers are always sure and taste like dainty little candies.

A DETECTIVE'S allies should be all-eyes—a lawyer's are reputed to be all lies.—Boston Courier.

THE Grip of Pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THIS is the season of the year when potted plants want the earth.—Washington Star.

DON'T wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit.

IT is a woman's nature to pet something. If she has nothing to pet she is apt to be in a pet herself.—Somerville Journal.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1891.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$5 00	@	6 45
COTTON—Middling		@	7½
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	4 50	@	6 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 11	@	1 11
CORN—No. 2	88	@	88
OATS—Western Mixed	55	@	61
PORK—New Mess	13 50	@	14 25
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	8⅝	@	8½
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	6 00	@	6 25
Shipping	5 60	@	5 90
HOGS—Common to Select	4 40	@	4 95
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	5 75	@	5 50
FLOUR—Patents	4 90	@	5 05
XXX to Choice	3 40	@	4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 02½	@	1 02¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	56	@	56½
OATS—No. 2	52¼	@	52½
RYE—No. 2	88	@	90
TOBACCO—Lugs	1 10	@	5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	11 00	@	12 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	19	@	22
EGGS—Fresh		@	12
PORK—Standard Mess		@	12 00
BACON—Clear Rib	6⅝	@	6¾
LARD—Prime Steam		@	6⅝
WOOL—Choice Tub		@	32
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	4 85	@	6 60
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 75	@	5 05
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	5 50	@	6 65
FLOUR—Winter Patents	5 00	@	5 25
Spring Patents	5 10	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring		@	1 03
CORN—No. 2		@	62¾
OATS—No. 2		@	45¾
PORK—Standard Mess	11 60	@	11 65
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 70	@	5 00
HOGS—All Grades	3 25	@	4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		@	93
OATS—No. 2	50½	@	51
CORN—No. 2	57	@	57¼
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	4 90	@	5 40
CORN—No. 2	77	@	78
OATS—No. 2		@	65½
HAY—Choice	20 50	@	21 00
PORK—New Mess		@	13 00
BACON—Clear Rib		@	7¼
COTTON—Middling		@	8⅝
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		@	1 03
CORN—No. 2 White		@	55
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	58	@	59
PORK—Mess		@	13 00
BACON—Clear Rib		@	7¼
COTTON—Middling		@	8

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