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THE APACHE.

SHREWDNESS OF THE TREACHEROUS ARIZONA INDIAN.

His Cunning and Cruelty—How the Mexican Fears the Wily Savage, and His Reasons for So Doing.

In the hot, dusty towns, in the less frequent stage-coach, in the declining mining camps, the tourist of to-day finds but a faint survival of the bustle which once reigned in Arizona before the day of the railroad, when the route of the Southern Overland mail was hither, and long trains of immigrant and freight wagons, carrying water in casks for two and three days' supply, passed continually over these wastes, East and West.



APACHE CHIEF.

These mushroom civilizations that have gathered around a "find" of the precious metals; the rough, raw materials of new mining America, made memorial by the literature of Bret Harte and his followers, is, with the rapid advance of population and conventional ideas, disappearing from sight as absolutely as the dodo of tradition. Still, the Indian remains, his fiendish cunning unaltered, his inordinate treachery unchanged.

The "Yuma" Indian, as that band on whose habitations the fort looks down is designated, are not Apaches, though possibly offsprings of that tribe. They are rather more picturesque than the Apache, wear little clothing, and none of that European.

It was at the close of the recent Indian disturbance, says a Yuma letter in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, that we first made a visit to the scene of war between the Government troops and the much-dreaded Apache. Our first view of these savages was, therefore, of double importance. Since the construction of the railway through this interesting territory they are to be seen in numbers by the casual passenger on the trains. Though years have elapsed since the road's construction, its working is still a novelty to them. Their curiosity seems still unsated, and with their friends who may be visiting them from remote quarters, they visit the draw-bridge at Yuma, explain how it swings, how the trains are switched from one track to another, etc.



APACHE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

During our stay we had abundant opportunity for observation and reflection upon the operation and traits of character of several tribes that infest these regions, and we finally came to realize that our rude impressions, founded upon the works of Fenimore Cooper and others, must be considerably modified.

On our reservations there are 260,000 of these inhuman, uncivilized, unromantic aborigines whom we treat with diplomacy, whose outrages are regarded as the doings of a foreign nation. From Gila Bend to Paso del Norte is little better than a continuous graveyard. The blood runs cold at recollection of the town after town, ranche after ranche, that has been devastated by these blood-thirsty Apaches during the last decade.

The more ignorant classes of Mexican settlers we found were pervaded with a most abject dread and horror of the Apache. In earlier years and in some instances at the present time, children from their earliest infancy were brought up to regard the Apache as some terrible ogre, against whom, even with odds in their favor, it would folly be to combat.

A well-known Major of a certain California volunteer cavalry, operating in Arizona some years ago, relates an instance in point which goes to show the



APACHE YOUTH.

terror with which these people are stricken upon a knowledge of the near approach of the dreaded Apache.

The Major was dispatched, with two others, to discover a frontier town and ascertain whether it could be reached with wagons. After a ride of some length they reached the town, but could perceive no inhabitants about the houses on the plain. Raising their eyes to the hill, however, they perceived the entire population, of some nine hundred souls, huddled together in evident alarm. They had taken them for Apaches, and fled in dismay to the protection of the presidio, which was held by four hundred soldiers.

Another and still more striking incident may be cited here to show how completely the Apaches have control over the Mexicans on the frontier. At one time five Apache Indians—two warriors and three women—were brought into town under a strong guard of soldiers and lodged in jail to await their ultimate destination. Night came on exceedingly dark and stormy and the rain descended in torrents. Peal after peal of thunder shook the adobean walls of the ancient village and vivid flashes of lightning struck terror to the hearts of its inhabitants. The Mexican guards over the prison left their posts of duty and retired within, where they could smoke their cigarettes and escape the fury of the tempest. The doors were firmly secured and preparations made to pass the watch as comfortably as circumstances would permit.

"About midnight," said the narrator, "certain peculiar noises were heard about the prison and were repeated with an emphasis which compelled attention. Instinctively the guard knew that these noises proceeded from Apaches who were in quest of their incarcerated friends, and the fact was quickly made apparent by the prisoners, who commenced a chant in their native tongue loud enough to be heard outside. Here was a dilemma. The Indians were undoubtedly watching the door with intense interest, and none dared go forth in that impenetrable gloom to face the savage foe. The force of the enemy was unknown. The citizens could not be relied upon for aid. No one would come to their assistance if attacked. They only numbered eight men and a Sargeant, and were panic-stricken. Perceiving this state of affairs the Apache prisoners boldly advanced and demanded



YUMA BRAVE—WINTER DRESS.

to be let out, at the same time giving fearful yells to apprise their friends of their designs, which were seconded by repeated strokes with heavy stones upon the door. In its overpowering terror the guard mustered its whole strength, opened the door slightly and permitted their savage charge to go scot free. Of course, they were never seen more.

Nor is the Mexican's dread of the Indian in any measure without cause. The onslaught upon their people is simply appalling. The Apache is brought up to regard the Mexican as his natural enemy, and to rob and kill such enemy is an honorable achievement. His feelings are early embittered against all the civilized race. He is taught that the chief excellence of man is to outwit his fellows. That the highest honors are due the greatest rascal.

Again, the Apache of to day is not the Apache of three-quarters of a century ago. That he has learned nothing from experience—is a biped brute, without judgment, skill, strategy or reflection—is where many err in their conception of Apache character. On the contrary, he possesses all of these in an eminent degree. He has also adopted our improved weapons, besides retaining that silent, death dealing engine of his ancestor, the bow and arrow. Though seldom given credit for it, they know what is right and proper as well as their pale-face brother. In all their "talks" with our military officers they urge justice and propriety, and profess to be guided by those virtues. Nevertheless, to rob and not be robbed, to kill and not be killed, to take captive and not be captured, form the sum and substance of their education and life ambition. The Apache who can perform these acts with the greatest success is the greatest man in the tribe. In fine to be a prominent Apache is to be a prominent scoundrel.

Lost in a Trance.

Young Mr. Hocking (at a Cincinnati soiree musicale)—"Professor Beirstadt seems to be at his best to-night, Miss Overtherine."

Miss Overtherine—"He is divine, adorable?"

Mr. Hocking—"You are fond of music."

Miss Overtherine—"Passionately, Mr. Hocking! I have sat here in a perfect trance of dreamy enjoyment until my sausage is quite cold."

Just What He Wanted.

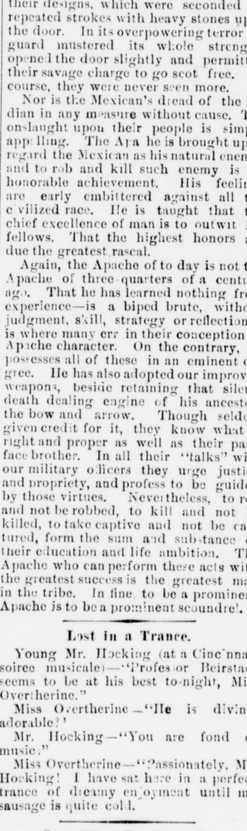
Beautiful Girl (at dog fancier's)—"Why, papa, there are no nice English pugs here."

Father—"I see; guess we have got into the wrong place. But what magnificent watch dogs they have here! What breed is that handsome animal, Mr. De Brute?"

Experienced Dealer—"He is a cross between a bulldog and a tiger. That dog, sir, if given the word would swallow a dude at one gulp."

Father (quickly)—"I'll take him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Bull and the Boarder.



—*Life.*

TORTURES IN JAPAN.

METHODS OF EXTORTING CONFESSIONS FROM CRIMINALS.

A Dark Page in the History of the Mikado's Kingdom—Cunning Devices of the Japanese Inquisitors.

Since the fall of the dual government and restoration of the Mikado as responsible ruler, in 1868, Japan has so completely entertained the idea of progress, seeking the broad sunlight of civilization, that one must turn to any dark or cruel page of her history with a feeling of reluctance. Until recently one of the lingering relics of barbarism was the torture of persons arraigned in the courts of justice. In 1878 it was freely reported that torture was applied to some of the soldiers of the Takebashi barracks, but it may fairly be understood that the mutineers of Takebashi were the last to suffer the repulsive punishments; and the very decided expression of opinion on the part of foreign officials in Japan hastened the abolition of the hateful practice at once and forever. But the purpose now in view is to glance at the old criminal law of Japan, and to briefly describe some of the forms of torture employed during examination of prisoners to provoke them into a confession of their crimes.

The most extreme of revolting cruelties were the various applications of the fire torture, but for the victims some of them had the one advantage of more speedily terminating his terrible sufferings. The accused, with hands and feet secured, was suspended, head downward, in a cage made of green bamboo. The cage was contrived to slowly revolve, the culprit being exposed to the fierce heat of a charcoal fire, which was frequently replenished by the executioners.

Oftentimes, happily for the wretched sufferer, the fumes of the charcoal produced suffocation. Another fire torture was to compel the prisoner to stand upon a heated grating or grid, beneath which a fire was constantly kept burning. He was unable to leave the small enclosure, being quite surrounded by a strong railing. Lighted charcoal placed in the interior of a metal funnel was another description of fire torture. The tube, containing the lighted charcoal, was securely bound in the grasp of the prisoner, and he was forced by the attendants to walk quickly about, exposing the broad end of the tube to the wind, thereby accelerating the heat and increasing his own sufferings. Another agonizing torture was produced by the application of boiling oil to the body of the victim, and it was a torture applied in so many ways that only sickening details of devices to intensify human suffering could picture, if that were possible, its extent and variety.

The stone torture was usually the first cruelty practiced upon a prisoner. He was forced to prostrate himself, face downward, upon the apexes of five triangular-shaped blocks of hard wood, the front of his legs being exposed to the sharp edges. While securely held in this position heavy stones were placed on the victim's thighs and others were slowly added—to increase the terrible weight—until he became unconscious or signified his intention to confess.

The box torture was a still more atrocious contrivance. Bound hand and foot, the culprit was forced into a strong box, about two feet square, having a covering made to fit the inside, and capable of being lowered or raised at will. Heavy weights were placed upon it, and as these were increased in number, depressing the lid, the poor wretch within the box was slowly crushed to death.

In using the water torture it was believed that the torment of thirst would induce a prisoner to confess his guilt. After several days' subsistence on a salt diet, without rice and water, the accused was shut in a room where he could see and hear the drop drop of water on all sides, but out of his reach. The cravings and sufferings became fearful under the agony, often approaching the bounds of insanity.

Deprivation of sleep was effected by placing the criminal upon a bed or mat, over which a small stream of water was continually flowing. Attendants were in readiness, and at the slightest indication of slumber they would rouse their victim by ringing bells, beating drums, or the application of fire to his body. The treatment rendered sleep impossible, the poor wretch's mind became disordered under the torture and oftentimes left him a raving maniac.

The old style of trial in Japan included only about four persons—the judge, the secretary, the torturer and the accused. The latter was taken into the examination room securely bound, and was forced to kneel during the investigation of his case. If he persisted in remaining mute, or appeared to equivocate in his reply to the questions addressed to him, the "investigation whip" was used smartly—an instrument capable of inflicting great punishment, made of three long strips of bamboo cane. Should he continue stubborn a much heavier whip was applied, the torturer repeating the blows until the prisoner either yielded or fainted under the terrible infliction. But no fatal injuries were permitted to be inflicted during these preliminary investigations, and a judge causing the application of torture to innocent persons, or to those of very advanced or tender years, was himself liable to severe punishment.

Such were some of the inhuman methods of torturing prisons in Japan practiced certainly within a score of years—and less—and not a few of the death sentences described, excepting the most atrocious tortures, the present writer has actually witnessed.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A Persian Fable.

A rat, says a Persian Æsop, seeing a cat approaching, and finding no avenue of escape, went boldly up to her and said: "Madam, I have just swallowed a large dose of bane, and in accordance with the instructions upon the label have come out of my hole to die. Will you kindly direct me to a spot where my corpse will prove peculiarly offensive." "Since you are so ill," replied the cat, "I will myself transport you to a spot which I think will suit." So saying she stuck her teeth through the nape of his neck and trotted away with him. This was more than he had bargained for, and he squeaked shrilly with the pain. "Ah," said the cat, "a rat who knows he has but a few minutes to live never makes a fuss about a little agony. I don't think, my fine fellow, you have taken poison enough to hurt either you or me." So she made a meal of him. If this fable does not teach that rats get no profit by lying I should be pleased to know what in the name of common sense or uncommon sense it does teach.

When Lawyer Henkle, of Washington, had first to reply to Lawyer Belva Lockwood in the district court, he referred to her as "my learned sister-in-law."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Newspapers in the Kitchen.

Any properly conducted household has an abundance of old newspapers. Many uses can be found for them, but none more important than in the kitchen. Nothing is better for cleaning lamp chimneys. Instead of blacking the stove every day, take a newspaper and rub off the covers and top of the stove while still warm. If grease is spilled on a cover, turn it over and let it burn off before attempting to clean. Brighten up the tea kettle and coffee pot by the same means. If you have a greasy skillet or pan, wipe out with a piece of newspaper before washing. The paper will absorb most of the grease, and hot water with a little sal soda or washing soda will complete the cleaning with less detriment to the hands than usually experienced.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Gloss for Collars.

To starch and iron collars so as to have a good gloss requires the skill that comes from practice. Add a little cold water to two tablespoonfuls of good starch and rub to a smooth paste with a spoon; pour boiling water slowly upon the starch, stirring briskly to prevent lumping. When mixed smooth add a little salt and a piece of mutton tallow or white wax the size of a hazel nut. Many good laundresses add also, tablespoonful gum arabic solution (made by pouring water upon white gum arabic and letting it stand till clear). Boil the starch twenty minutes and strain through three minutes. Use starch scalding hot and rub it thoroughly through the linen so that no lumps are left on the surface. After drying the collars, dip them, an hour or so before ironing, into cold starch made by dissolving a tablespoonful of starch in a pint of water, warm, but not hot enough to scald the starch. Roll them up in a clean towel and before ironing rub over with a fine damp cloth. Iron quickly and polish with a polishing iron on a bosom board.—*New York World.*

Why Uncooked Meat Spoils.

For some hours after an animal is killed the muscular fibers are soft, and consequently tender; it is only after all vital heat has passed away that the flesh becomes hard from the gradual stiffening of its muscular portions. Once that tense condition of the tissue is established it remains until the relaxation sets in which precedes decomposition; with this relaxation the flesh softens; and it becomes tenderer as it progresses until the meat is upon the verge of putrefaction. Until the meat taints it is suitable for food. When meat is upon the verge of putrefaction the color becomes very dark, the odor gradually offensive, and the fibers moist and soft; as putrefaction advances a peculiar greenish, damp mould forms upon the exposed surfaces, and the odor grows intolerable. Heat and moisture favor this destruction of animal tissue, which is commonly called tainting. In damp summer weather meat which has been preserved by the agency of ice spoils quickly after it is exposed to normal summer temperature, probably because this generally combines heat and moisture. When freshly killed meat is subjected to a dry summer heat it is rapidly converted into the well-known "jerked beef" of the plains; this method of preservation is as widely known as it is primitive. Meat dried by the action of sun and air, after being cut in strips, is subsequently powdered and mixed with fat in the form of pemmican. Hunters and explorers prefer this preservation of meat to any other because it yields the greatest amount of nourishment in relation to bulk. The preparation of pemmican is quite within possibilities for housholders who are removed from trade centers, when they do not wish to salt meat.—*Housewife.*

Recipes.

Fried Tripe.—Boil till tender; dip in beaten egg, sprinkle with bread or cracker crumbs, season and fry a light brown.

Stewed Carrots.—Wash or scrape ten or twelve carrots and put in cold water, with salt, to boil till tender. Drain and put in a pan with pepper and chopped parsley, or with the juice of one lemon and sprinkle with sugar.

Lemon Pudding.—Half pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of flour, two ounces and a half of sugar, one ounce of butter, half pint of milk, a lemon. Shred the peel fine, mix with the crumbs and juice, add the flour and the butter rubbed together, and sugar. Mix with the milk to a soft paste. Boil two hours and a half.

Lady Fingers.—Take the weight of nine eggs in powdered sugar and the weight of eight eggs in flour. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add the sugar melted in a half pint of water. Stir in the beaten whites and then the flour, sifted; flavor with lemon. Drop onto buttered tins, sift sugar over them, and, when baked, stick together while warm.

Canned Vegetables.—Peas, string beans and corn can be put up in this way: Put the raw vegetable in clean cans and cover well with water; close the cans air tight, cover with boiling water and let boil, about an hour; then prick a hole in the top of the can to let the gas escape, after which solder up, let boil again and set aside to cool and use.

Brown Betty.—Cut several large apples into thin slices; have ready a buttered dish; into this put a layer of grated bread crumbs, then a layer of sliced apples, and over this sprinkle sugar, and so on alternately, bread, apples, and sugar, until the dish is full, letting the top layer be of bread crumbs; place three large lumps of butter on top, put in oven and bake brown. Serve hot with butter and sugar sauce.

Removal of Large Palm Trees.

The huge palm trees on the Saunders place on San Pedro street have long been a source of admiration to thousands of people. They were there long before the present occupant took possession, and are estimated to be from sixty-five to seventy-five years old. The diameter of the largest is fully four feet and the height over sixty feet, while the bodies fall rise like well-rounded pillars symmetrically formed for forty feet or more to the well-proportioned but not wide-spreading tops. Recently Mr. Saunders disposed of three of them to the Southern Pacific Company for ornamentation of their spacious grounds surrounding the Wolfskill station. The work of removing the first of these stately trees has been successfully accomplished, requiring the carrying along of a body of earth ten feet square and six feet deep, attached to and surrounding the roots. The apparatus for removal is similar to that used in transferring buildings, and when the tree was properly placed upon it in an upright position it was moved along without the use of guy ropes to steady it, until its place of deposit was reached. A well is situated between one of these trees and two others known as the twins, and the roots of the trees penetrated the well at a depth of twenty feet or more.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.*

Appearances will go a good ways but reality will keep going right along.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Women Wood-Workers.

"Talking about employing women in factories," said a Manistee, Mich., lumberman to the *Timberman*, "brings about the fact that the hoop factory at Manistee employs women feeding the planers and other light work of that nature, and finds that they do the work well; and at the dairy salt factories all the sacking and such work is done by girls, who work on piece work and earn about $1 to $1.25 a day, and seem to like the employment. The only size sacks they seem to object to is the ten pound size, which they say are a little heavy to handle at arms length. As they work in pairs, though, they can change off and rest themselves in that way.

A Dressy Queen.

An occasional Rome correspondent informs me that Queen Margherita of Italy has recently appeared in public in some really remarkable pretty dresses. At a court ceremony which took place a short time back she wore black velvet, with beautiful old lace, while round her neck were her famous "ropes of pearls." At a ball given at the Spanish Embassy her majesty wore a dress made by Worth, which was universally admired. It was a combination of lilac and blush silk, and was profusely embroidered with silver, as well as with many bunches of lilac. In her hair she wore a blush-pink feather, fastened by a diamond butterfly. A magnificent diamond spray also decorated her hair. At some races the Queen appeared in yellow, covered with Oriental embroidery, a gorgeous dolman also made of Eastern work, and a plain straw bonnet of a light bronze color.—*St. Stephen's Review.*

Silk in the Roman Era

Heliogabalus is said to have been the first to wear a robe of pure silk. This Emperor, one of the most unworthy of rulers, who made his horse a consul, had a senate of women, over whom his mother presided, which prescribed all the modes and fashions. The Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his wife a robe of pure silk, on account of its excessive cost. Indeed it was not until more than five centuries after the Christian era that silkworms were brought from the East, and introduced into Constantinople by some monks, in the time of Justinian.

Purple was always much admired by the ancients, the dye coming from the murex, as is well known. The color was thought finer the darker it was. Under Augustus violet and bright red became fashionable colors, as well as scarlet, and were soon worn by all who could afford to do so—but Nero and Cæsar afterward reserved amethyst and purple for imperial use exclusively.

Bright colors were disused in mourning—when the Romans wore black, or a dark gray, and matrons, especially, appeared in public in dark clothes, disheveled hair and without ornaments. In the autumn respectable ladies who were at all religious dressed themselves upon a certain day in robes of "murrey," or dead-leaf color, in which they made expiatory sacrifices, the clothing being afterward scrupulously destroyed, the idea being that any evil which impended upon the wearer might pass into her tunic and thus be carried off in flame. This expiation, if fully carried out, was most comfortably supposed to be sufficient for a whole year of peccadilloes.—*Godey's.*

An Obituary Poetess.

One of the very queerest ways of earning a living among the endless eccentricities of ingenious necessities in this city, says the New York *World*, is that of a woman who lives in a little flat on Nineteenth street, and who writes obituary poetry, thereby avoiding the necessity of an obituary for her own tombstone. She is a genial person on ordinary occasions and possesses a notable facility for rhymes. When she is interviewing customers this geniality subsides into a delicate and dramatic sympathy which is very soothing to the bereaved. She says of herself: "You see I am not a poet. The newspapers and magazines won't buy my poetry, and I don't wonder at it; but at the same time I have a genius for rhymes. I have found rhymes for window and silver even—the two unrhymable words—and quick as a flash I can find a word in assonance with any name, Christian or surname. I am a lightning rhymer, in short. I can make verses, too, of a certain sort with the same facility, and happily the people who come to see me don't demand poetry up to the level of 'In Memoriam,' and 'Lycidas.' There's my 'Hood's Rhymster,' Roget's 'Thesaurus' and Crabbe's 'Synonyms.' They are my tools, and by their aid I make a living. The most curious people come to me all the way from an afflicted washerwoman lamenting the late ribbidous Patrick, to old gentlemen who have lost their grandchildren. Bereavement, like love, seems to loosen the intellectual fibre, and when people are in the first throes of grief they find comfort in the strangest things. They like my verses more than you would believe possible, and make me read them over again and again, the feeble lyrics and halting lines evidently soothing them more than volumes of the most eloquent prose. My prices? Oh! they are in a sliding scale. For celebrating the martial virtues of the late Mr. O'Donovan in six four-line stanzas I charge $5, but as I rise in the social scale, and the measure used is more complex, why I ask all the way from $8 to $25. On one occasion I asked and was paid $50 for a memorial ode to the dead bride of a sorrowing widower. It was something like two hundred lines, and if I do say it myself, it was very nice poetry and fully worth the money. The widower is married again, but he didn't seem to think any epithalamium was required, or at least I wasn't asked to write it. Poetry about dead children is the sort oftenest asked for, and yet I don't like to write it because I really throw more feeling into it than any other. Over some of my best ones I've wept myself. But mothers will take anything. They don't seem to know whether it's good or bad.

Fashion Notes.

Ribbon four to eight inches wide appears on the newest hats.

Cherries and similar small fruits, in wax, figure in fashionable millinery trimmings for the season.

A Parisian costume is made of a soft amethyst lampas, the front draped, and the sides open to show a petticoat of silver embroidery.

Canary cream blond combined with moire or brocade and lightly trimmed with gold or silver is much worn by youthful matrons.

Honey suckle, lilac in white, and corn flowers are appropriate for a bridesmaid and are somewhat newer than daisies, forget-me-nots and roses.

Scarlet and yellow poppies are the favorite flowers on black lace hats and large bonnets, but the small black lace bonnet demands the use of small flowers.

The usual mourning periods for near relatives observed in Philadelphia, and they are very rigidly observed there, are: For a mother, father, grandparents, wife or husband, twelve months, six months black with crape, four months black without crape, and two months half-mourning; for a sister, brother, aunt or uncle, six months, black with crape three months, black without crape two months, and half-mourning one month.

Fine Weather.

He came in the door with a 42-calibre Colt at full-cock, a bludgeon the size of a cart-stake under his arm, and exclaimed, in that quick, nervous way that has become proverbial in callers of his class:

"Which do you prefer for the first course, shootin' or hammerin'?"

The editor made no reply, but reached under his desk, produced a 44-calibre Derringer, with a double hair-trigger, and balanced it cleverly over the hollow of his left elbow.

"Is your'n loaded?" asked the visitor.

"Cor keeps," was the laconic answer.

"Mine ain't! Fine weather we're havin'. Good-day." And he went down the steps in a manner which kept the stair-treads between himself and the danger he had run up against.—*Tid-Bits.*

Expected Too Much.

Indignant Customer—"I sent my little girl to your store an hour ago, sir, for twenty-five cents' worth of carbolic acid, diluted four-fifths with water, and here is what you have sent me. There isn't five cents' worth of acid in this mixture."

Druggist—"Did you want twenty five cents' worth of carbolic acid itself, sir, with four times its bulk in water added?"

Customer—"That is exactly what I wanted, sir."

Druggist—"Then you should have sent $1.25. Do you suppose I get my water for nothing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

How to Overcome the Dangers of Exposure.

Francis O'Reilly, the well known livery man of No. 18 Prince street, New York, says of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

"For the last forty-two years I have been engaged in the livery and hacking business. I am greatly aided by my four boys. We are much exposed to the weather, and we have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS of very great service. We use them as chest protectors, placing one on the chest and one on the pit of the stomach. They not only ward off the cold, but act as a tonic.

We are frequently affected with rheumatism, kinks in the back, and pains in the side; but one or two of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS quickly cure us. My wife and daughter have been using ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for weak back and think the world of them. I have now been using them for twenty years, and always have a box in the house."

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,
Old-fashioned kind—full grown;
Jack's went down—but with a frown—
Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they bid fair to do, the larger and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when most ills abound!

Unless you wish to be ridden by poverty never dodge air, for an old proverb says: "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated, by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The English nobility began the use of surnames about 1080.

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement or the peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect. To such persons Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject, while it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a personal consultation with a physician. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The dying-bullrush was invented in 1538.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.



YOUNG TIP

Log Cabins are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.



YOU will SAVE MONEY Time, Pain, Trouble and will CURE

CATARRH

BY USING

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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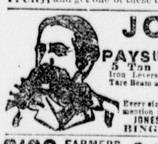


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