

IT'S TOO RISKY

To undergo an operation for itching piles when Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is a surer, cheaper, easier way to cure.

Cruel, barbarous methods belong to the dark ages of the past. There was a time when a surgical operation was considered the only possible cure for piles. Not so now. Occasional there is still found a physician who adheres to this dangerous and expensive method, but to every one who still believes in using the knife, history and nine recommend the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. C. M. Hall, writing in The American Journal of Health, said:

"We know that 'Dr. Chase's Ointment' meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, that it will be held in high esteem wherever it is used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader."

By force of merit alone Dr. Chase's Ointment has won its way into this wide, wide world, until it has made the name of Dr. Chase familiar in almost every home, town, village, and hamlet. It is the only cure for the venerable disease of piles, and it is the only cure for the disease of itching piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never been known to fail as a cure for piles. It matters not whether blind, itching, bleeding or protruding, Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute and perfect cure.

In A. W. Chase's Ointment is the discovery of the author of Dr. Chase's Ointment, whose name and signature are on every box of the genuine. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations. Ask for Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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A DUEL IN THE DESERT.

Two Mexicans Fight in an Arizona Lava Bed.

BOTH SHOT OR CUT TO PIECES.

Strange Experience of Miss Sarah Burks While Carrying the Mail Over a Desolate Route on Horseback.

Miss Sarah Burks has grown brown and rugged in her service as Uncle Sam's mail carrier in one of his most unfavorable regions in Arizona, says the San Francisco Call.

"The most memorable experience I ever had," says she, "was last August—one day when the mercury must have been at about 115 in the shade. If, indeed, any shade could have been found in the region. I was jogging slowly over the spur of the Red mountains and was passing through a shallow gulch among boulders of lava and other forbidding things in this dreadful desert waste, when I heard a groan. Even my horse was startled at the sound, and he stood stark still. One goes for a whole day there time and again without seeing a living creature except an occasional bird or without hearing a sound of any kind except by himself. So the human groan was quite unexpected for a moment."

"I reached instinctively for my pistol at my side, when I heard another groan, evidently made to attract my attention. I raised my pistol for immediate use and at the same time swept my eyes over the locality from which the groan came. A great, swart, bleeding hand appeared above a boulder about 30 feet from the trail and then the form of a Mexican, who seemed to be trying to get on his feet. I saw that he had been lying or crouching behind the boulder and that he was trying to get up to see me, either to shoot at me or try to get me to come to him. His face was bloody, and one eye was all blood. Every bandit story I had ever read, every story of Apache Kid and his murderous gang, went through my mind as I sat there with my cocked pistol aimed straight at the bloody, repulsive wretch trying to get on his feet by holding on to the boulder. I neither spoke nor stirred. I kept my earnest gaze steadily on the Mexican. I saw a rifle lying close behind him, and I knew he was a good shot, as the Mexican, who seemed to be trying to get on his feet, spoke to me. I then saw that he had been shot in the cheek, so that his jaw was injured. He knew that I was frightened and he tried to tell me by his mumbled words and his feeble motions that he was unarmed and wanted my help in his distress."

"I dismounted, and, going over to the boulder with my pistol still in hand, I saw another Mexican stretched out there on his back, with his eyes staring straight at me."

"The Mexican who had called me there sank back upon the ground from sheer exhaustion when I came near to him. I gave him half of the water in the canteen on my horse and fixed up a contrivance with his gory blanket by which he

could see me. I then saw that he had been shot in the cheek, so that his jaw was injured. He knew that I was frightened and he tried to tell me by his mumbled words and his feeble motions that he was unarmed and wanted my help in his distress."

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TO TENDER SKINNED MEN

Shave with CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, and before cleansing the face gently rub a bit of CUTICURA (ointment) over the shaven part. Wash all off with CUTICURA TOILET SOAP and hot water.

This simple and inexpensive treatment will make shaving a pleasure and prove a great comfort to those with tender, easily irritated skins.

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ZONE.

Miss Grace Bentley, of Detroit, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McDowell, has left for a month's sojourn at Calistoga Springs.

John Corbett leaves for Manitoba next week.

A large number will attend the union picnic in Mrs. Gannell's grove, Florence, on Aug. 9th.

Grasshoppers are playing havoc with the oat fields in this section.

Fall plowing is the order of the day. Mrs. Scott, of Watford, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. McDonald, for the past two weeks, intends returning home on Wednesday. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Maguire.

Henry Buchanan leaves for England next week.

AN INGENIOUS PAIR

Brace of Beggars Hold up 'Gent' in Unique Style.

Of Course "The Chap What's Got the Price" Coughed up.

From The Brooklyn Eagle.

He was proceeding along one of the downtown Manhattan cross streets, Brooklynward, in that condition of divine affluence producible only by the joint action of those three graces, good dinner, bottle of good claret and good cigar.

The after glow of good cigar was under way and was already proclaiming the most pleasant companionship for that most inspiring of half-smiles, the passing of the Brooklyn bridge.

On the landing in one of the darkened stairways his eye caught the coat of two figures, and the second glance showed two men, poorly clad. Each held a half loaf of bread in one hand, while the other broke off bits and supplied the ever moving jaws.

It was a sight familiar enough to the city bred man, but for some reason the little scene lingered in the memory of him of the good dinner, good claret and good cigar.

For the next 20 steps he saw nothing but those poor devils standing there in the doorway in their ragged eating that loaf of bread. They were loafers, probably; they had been there for some time, and they were likely enough to have been there for some time.

He recalled that half an hour ago he had rather disdainfully brushed them aside as he passed. But there was the canvas bag, and that chicken patie that all but melted in his mouth, and the claret and the cigar, and the running sore, and their distressing poverty ought to be kept off the streets.

Just as he reached this conclusion he heard some approaching him rapidly from behind, and glanced over his shoulder. The "gent" showed him the figure of one of the two which had been haunting him. Before he had time to fully decide what he would do if he was requested to hand over his watch and his money, the figure came alongside and a voice said, pleasantly enough:

"Good evening," surveying the well-knit figure and wondering what his chances would be in a rough and tumble fight.

"I think you see me and my pard in the middle of that doorway back there where you were passin' along, didn't you?"

"Yes, I noticed somebody standing there."

"And yer took notice that we was havin' our little snack together, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw you were eating a loaf of bread between you. What of it?"

"That's just it. Well, I'll tell you, I says to my pard when I see you passin' by, I says: 'Now there goes a gent what's got the price of a drink in his gobs for you and me.'"

"And he says: 'I won't be no way mean about it if you're touched right.' I says: 'And pard says, I guess yer right about that, pard.' He says: 'You see, go and get him, and I'll be along presently, he says.'"

"GENT, PARD, PARD, GENT."

This was decidedly something new to the "gent," and he was not sure he could follow the "gent's" meaning.

"I want to have yer meet pard, pard, pard. To be the 'pards' feller in his pard, pard, pard. But he's a bit lame, is pard, and he's a bit along here. But he's a bit along here."

The "gent" of the two figures, somewhat bent to one side and leaning heavily on a cane, approached, and was duly presented: