

FAMILY CARES.

This Information May Be of Value to Many a Mother in Oswego.

When there is added to the many cares inseparable from the rearing of children that affliction of weakness of the kidneys and auxiliary organs, the mother's lot is far from a happy one. This condition can be quickly changed and absolutely cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. When this is known the mother's burden will be lighter and her home happier.

Mrs. William Allen, of 22 Moulton street, Watertown, says: "My little girl, Irene, showed a weakness in the kidneys. She seemed to have no ambition to play like others of her age and she was languid and pale. I knew it was her kidneys for at night the secretions were not under proper control. Reducing the dose of Doan's Kidney Pills gave them to her regularly, and they simply worked like a charm. In a week's time, she was all over it and she seemed much better. I can say that Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a good thing for children and through their use they saved me lots of trouble."

Just such emphatic endorsement can be had in Oswego. Dr. J. P. Vowinkel's drug store and ask what his customers report.

Price 50 cents per box. For sale by all dealers Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—DOAN'S—and take no substitute.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. A safe and certain cure for all cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc.

REAL ESTATE. On Sale - At auction, on premises, at 1 p. m. on Saturday, March 1st, 1902. The Good farm, South Albion, Oswego county, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE. On Sale - 82,000 ft. of 50 acre tract, an Otman mill on site, near Fifth street road. Good buildings and orchard.

FOR SALE - The Abe Hartin Ferry, consisting of five barges, two horses, etc. Everything sold at a sacrifice, as owner is to leave town.

FOR SALE - The Mott farm on Fifth street road. Price low. Terms reasonable. Inquire for particulars.

FOR SALE - Residence No. 55 East Ulster street, the place in the city. Enquire on premises for price.

FOR SALE - House No. 10 West Fourth street. Has all modern improvements. For terms apply to Tim Deane.

FOR SALE - On monthly payments, several nicely fitted up houses. All on the corner, D. E. L. HINMAN.

J. C. HANLON, DEALER IN COAL. 75 East Second Street.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Hon. E. Wood, Surrogate of the county of Oswego, New York, notice is hereby given according to law, to all persons having claims against Thomas Dawson, late of the city of Oswego in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same with vouchers therefor, to the subscribers at the office of the Wetters Union Telephone Company in the city of Oswego, in the county of Oswego, New York on or before the 15th day of March, 1902.

JURY DRAWING. STATE OF NEW YORK. In the County of Oswego. Notice is hereby given that a panel of 12 jurors to serve as a trial jury in the County Court, appointed to be held in and for the County of Oswego, at the County House in the city of Oswego, commencing on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1902, will be drawn at the County Office on Friday, the fourth day of February, 1902, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

CURES. Fig is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, etc. It is a natural product of the plant, and is entirely free from any injurious or irritating elements. It is a safe and certain cure for all cases of these diseases.

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Champ Clark's Letter.

(Special Washington Letter.)

TO clear-sighted men it has been apparent for twelve years that the senate is absorbing or usurping all legislative functions and power, while the house of representatives is being curtailed of its usefulness and influence. More properly speaking, the house of representatives has been for the period named engaged in the arduous and self-imposed task of curbing its own power and minimizing its own influence.

The Democrats have from the beginning been restive under this despotism, which has reduced the influence of the house to zero, and they will never be satisfied until it is overthrown and the house is restored to its ancient high estate.

Richardson's Resolution. Jan. 31 Hon. J. D. Richardson of Tennessee, Democratic leader, introduced the following resolution as a matter of privilege and as the beginning of a systematic fight to rehabilitate the house:

Whereas, There are now pending before the senate numerous treaties proposing commercial reciprocity with other nations by which customs revenue duties will be changed from those established by acts of congress duly approved by the senate of the United States; and

Whereas, There are bills originating in the senate now pending before that body which regulate the duties imposed on articles imported from Cuba and the Philippines into the United States; and

Whereas, Resolutions have been introduced in the senate and are now pending in that body declaring that the doctrine of reciprocity as stated in the act of July 2, 1891, known as the McKinley bill, and the act of July 2, 1891, known as the Dingley bill, is the true doctrine, and that the various treaties pending in the senate should receive consideration and action at the present session of congress; therefore

Resolved, That it is the sense of this house that the negotiation by the executive department of the government of a commercial treaty whereby the rates of duty to be imposed on foreign commodities entering the United States for consumption should be fixed, in view of the provision of section 7, article 1, of the constitution of the United States, by an infraction of the constitution and an invasion of one of the highest prerogatives of the house of representatives.

Hon. Serrin E. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee and ex-officio floor leader of the majority, raised the point of order that Mr. Richardson was premature in rising to a question of privilege and that the senate had not infringed the rights of the house until it had actually ratified the treaty or treaties. Mr. Speaker Henderson, taking Mr. Payne's view, sustained his point of order and ruled against Mr. Richardson. Clearly Mr. Speaker Henderson and Mr. Chairman Payne are statesmen who believe in the efficacy of "locking the barn after the horse is gone."

But the fight for the restoration of the prerogatives of the house is begun, and begun by Democrats, and will be waged to a successful issue. It is passing strange that all members, Republicans as well as Democrats, are not jealous of the rights, prerogatives and immunities of the house to which they belong. But while Democrats are the Republicans are not.

Too Bad. Certain benighted denizens of Chicago are incubating a plan to get up a petition with 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 signatures asking Gen. Paul Kruger to visit this country at the time King Edward VII. is coronated. It goes without saying that these traitorous Chicago goons ought to be yanked up and summarily punished for having such gall and bad manners as to invite the grand old Boer to be among us at the very instant when the universe is supposed to have its eye fastened on Whitelaw Reid and company as they are knotting before the great grandson of George III. It is really too bad that that immortal scene should be marred by these simple minded Chicagoese.

The Most Unkindest Cut. Precisely how sincere is the new-born love of John Bull for Uncle Sam may be inferred from this question propounded to all creation by Mr. Cunningham-Graham in The Saturday Evening Review: "I wonder how many men our dear cousins have shot in the Philippines without the formality of a trial?" To borrow a saying from Will Barn Shakespeare: "That is the most unkindest cut of all." He continues: "If we therefore are assassins, what epithet belongs to our dear cousins?" All of this arises out of Senator Teddy's remarks in the senate on the Schepers murder wherein he denuded the perpetrators of that foul crime as assassins. Our ambassador in London will be greatly worried by Mr. Cunningham-Graham's unkind remarks.

The Right Sort of Charity.

Mrs. Van Styles sighed wearily as she handed to her secretary a long list of names. "My annual charity list," she commented dryly. "Please inclose to each the amount marked."

The young woman took the list and went on quietly with her work. Mrs. Van Styles, however, happened to be in a talkative mood. She suddenly changed her mind about going out, and, sinking into an easy chair, she watched her poor relation performing the heavy task of answering her morning mail.

"Anna," she suddenly exclaimed, "tell me honestly, do you think of charity? Isn't it all a fraud?"

"The secretary raised her serious gray eyes. 'Yes, as you do it,' she answered. 'Then, feeling she had offended her employer, she added hastily, 'But you know you wanted the house rebuilt.'"

"I do," retorted Mrs. Van Styles. "These people prey on me so, as if I were a miser and so lazy that sometimes I feel as if I were doing wrong instead of right in encouraging them."

"Of course they're lazy," answered the girl calmly, "and better lazy of course they're ignorant. And that's both these things because they have neither pride nor ambition. Now, if you gave them pride and ambition in stead of money—"

"But how can I?"

"It's possible. You know there are two kinds of charity: the charity that gives money to the poor and the charity that teaches the poor how to get money for themselves. And the last is certainly the greater. The poor, with few exceptions, are not lazy. We make them so. It is easier for the rich to dole out charity than to go down among the poor and help them make the most of what abilities they have—harder still, discover the abilities they don't know they have."

The world owes a living to every person in it. Every person can do one thing well. The question is to find out what that one thing is. Nine-tenths of the poverty stricken failures owe their condition to unshipped energy and ignorance of their one strong point, (talent or whatever you choose to call it. Teach people to 'find themselves,' as Kipling puts it, and you give them the key to all the rest."

"I need to know a woman," the girl went on softly, "who did this sort of thing continually. She made more lives happy than I can count. She was a rich woman and gave freely of her money, but she always gave it in such a manner that the recipient was fitted by its means for the battle of life, not weakened by it. And her charity did not extend alone to the very poor. Indeed, do you know I think there is a class which needs help more than the poor—those who are neither well off nor in actual need. Nobody pays any attention to them, and they go on fighting, sometimes against tremendous odds. If this woman saw a girl, for instance, alone and struggling, discontented with her present condition and trying in a blind and ineffectual way, she knew not how to reach something better, she invited her to her home. There, over a sociable cup of tea or under the softening influence of a cherry wine, she gained her confidence, and with her superior insight she set the girl on the road to success instead of letting her go on to failure and perhaps (who knows?) to the dangers which arise from the despair of failure. She made lives out of words."

As the secretary continued she noticed that Mrs. Van Styles had reached for her charity list and was repeating it.

Battle With Pirates. Thrilling Encounter With Chinese Thieves on The Canton River.

Forty years ago it was no uncommon experience for ships trading in the China sea to have a battle with the pirates who infested those waters. In those times, however, one would think that the Canton river would be reasonably safe for the traveler.

Mr. C. A. Burckhardt of San Francisco, the representative in Canton, China, of a European silkhouse, tells a thrilling story of an adventure with pirates on the river and has two wounds in verification of his tale.

In July last Burckhardt and three companions—M. Spullinger, a Swiss; G. E. Haggren, a Hollander, and V. Bogg, an Englishman—were bound up the Canton river to Shuntark in a houseboat owned by Burckhardt. The Canton river household is of peculiar construction. It is much like one of the stern wheel river steamers so familiar to the west.

"My own (darkest)," she cried passionately. "Why, I would marry you if you were worth no more than a mill lion!" Smart set.

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MY COMPANIONS DID GOOD WORK.

but the wheel, instead of being turned by a steam engine, is operated by a crew of coolies, who stand watching turning a series of cranks arranged after the manner of a treadmill. For this work on Burckhardt's boat a crew of eighteen Chinese were carried. They were in charge of a boatman who acted as captain of the craft. Besides there were several servants. All went well until the second night of the journey, when the boat was about thirty miles above Canton and almost opposite Sanyoungkee. Burckhardt and his guests had retired soon after midnight, when they were awakened by a shot being fired. A bullet passed through the side of the house on the boat and struck Burckhardt in the foot as he lay in his bunk. An artery was cut, and he bled profusely. All four men at once seized their rifles, but by that time bullets were flying about the boat.

"I was fast losing strength from the wound, and I tore a strip from a blanket and bound it up as best I could," said Burckhardt in telling of the attack. "Before I had my foot bound a stinkpot had been thrown on the roof of the house, and it threatened to set fire to our craft. I climbed up to where it was, but as I reached the place I met the boatman. The fumes from the thing were awful, but we succeeded in extinguishing it. While we were at that work a bullet struck the boatman, and he died a few minutes later. I was struck in the right leg. The pirates had boarded our boat, and the bullets were coming from all directions. One of the pirates got upon the bow of the boat and threw a bomb that came rolling along the deck, the fuse burning steadily. I picked it up from the floor and hurled it through a window, carrying the glass and the sash with it. Just outside the window it exploded, and the side of the cabin was shattered with the force of the concussion. My two wounds were too much for me, and I fell."

"As I lay on the floor one of my companions handed me a revolver, and I had the satisfaction of shooting two of the pirates as I lay there, though I was hit by another bullet in the left shoulder. Luckily, the last bullet did only a slight flesh wound. Another bullet clipped a piece out of my seat."

"My companions did good work with their rifles, and after about an hour they succeeded in driving the pirates' boats off. Spullinger was shot through the left arm soon after the last boat. The bullet barely missed the heart, but the loss of the arm jumped it into the water, and a nest of flying things tore his hands of the wheel."

After the pirates had retreated, all the crew complained of a weakness, and I picked up the boat and crew and made about a night's run to a safe harbor. I have a number of scars on my body, but no effort to punish the pirates, the bodies of eight of the pirates were found in the river within a few days of their flight from our ship."



The Married One Can You Imagine anything worse than marriage without love?

The Unmarried One—Yes, I think I can love without marriage.

Awakened Hope. "Dear me," said Mrs. Peck, who was reading the paper while Henry waited patiently for a look at it. "Here is the case of a woman who packed up all the furniture and left home while her husband was away at work, and now he can find no trace of her?"

And Henry's face lost its expression of patient resignation, taking on the light of a great and buoyant hope. He had read that woman were sometimes awakened by what they saw in the papers. Baltimore American.

His Hesitancy. "There is another application for you to give something to a very worthy enterprise," said the congressman's wife.

"Well, it's a hard matter to decide," he answered. "If I don't give, my constituents will consider me ungracious, and if I do they will think I am luxuriating here in Washington, with nothing to do but waste money." Washington Star.

He Stood Corrected. "But you have nothing old—nothing of historic interest in this country," protested the eastern visitor to the western landing town.

"That's where you are mightily mistaken, stranger," replied a resident. "Down at the Red Eye saloon they have some seven year old rye." Indianapolis News.

An Accident. "Oh, John," exclaimed the bride as the engine pulled ahead and whirled them away from their friends. "I've torn my dress."

"I thought something would happen when you stepped on the train," he replied. Baltimore News.

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