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which only costs about one-half as much as other clothing. Come and see me, north side of square, in Waldron's Block.

THE FINEST ON EARTH.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ills., and Combination Chair and Sleeping Car Cincinnati to Peoria, Ills.,

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The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis, or Toledo.

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DR. MILES' Nervine!

CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, St. VITUS DANCE, Fits, Spasms, Etc. FREE Samples at Druggists, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co. Elkhart, Ind.

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No Wreck Ashore

Was ever more hopelessly stranded than a wrecked constitution, whether the disaster be the product of some formidable malady or that slow, premature decay that seems to fasten upon some constitutions without apparent adequate cause. An excellent means of checking this gradual drain of the sources of vitality is the beneficent tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives substance as well as stamina to an enfeebled frame. Constipation, feebleness of the kidneys and bladder, fever and ague, and rheumatism, are among the bodily ailments which it remedies promptly and thoroughly. Persistence in its use is well merited by it.

It Still Pursued Him.

For two months before election he had been seeing nothing in the papers but appeals to citizens to register. Every page seemed to hold it in all sorts of places and all sorts of type.

It was too much for him and he felt his head beginning to swim. At last he grabbed his grip and went for Canada.

Entering the hotel he said: "Give me a room for the rest of my natural life."

"But won't you please register?" asked the clerk.

"What! Here, too!" gasped the unfortunate man, and from that moment he became a raving maniac.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THOSE of you who are weary and heavy laden with sickness and care, weighed down with the infirmities that beset the human system, can find the one thing necessary to restore you to bright, buoyant health in Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. It invigorates and strengthens the debilitated organs, aids digestion, and dispels the clouds arising from a diseased liver.

A NEW YORK policeman just died from the small-pox. The small-pox can be caught during sleep.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

"NO MORE reflections, please," said the looking-glass after it had tumbled down stairs.

A *peculiar* fact with reference to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is, that, unlike sarsaparillas and other blood medicines, which are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May, the "Discovery" works equally well *all the year round*, and in all cases of blood-taints or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold through druggists.

Why? Because it's sold on a *peculiar plan*, and you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated vegetable extract, put up in large bottles; contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; is pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

The "Discovery" cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective in the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Cold, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or Consumption, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

PATENTS Inventors' Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent, sent free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Attorney at Law, Washington, D.C.

A CHURCHYARD REVERIE.

BY L. D. MURPHY.

Who has not spent a Sabbath eve
In some lonely churchyard still,
With the warm sun shining gently down
O'er woodland, vale and hill;

And felt that nameless something—
That weird, mysterious spell—
Which round the cities of the dead
Forever seems to dwell.

No sound breaks the throbbing silence
Save the note of a turtle dove,
Floating down from its lofty perch hard by
Like a wail for a long-lost love.

Here sleep the mighty ones of earth
'Neath many a costly stone,
Here many lie in unmarked graves,
Uncared for and unknown.

As I stand beside an old man's grave,
With grass and weeds o'ergrown,
I note the changes time has wrought
In the long years that have flown.

The little shrub placed by loving hands
Beside his lonely bed,
Now widely spreads its sheltering arms
Above his mouldering head.

Where now are they who stood around
His cold and lifeless clay?
Some are sleeping near by, perhaps,
And some are far away.

Faded and gone like the flowers and the grass,
But if any yet remain,
Time has bound up their wounded hearts
And soothed the careless pain.

Near by is another, a new-made mound,
The grave of a little child;
Its spirit gone back from whence it came,
By this sinful world undefiled.

Who can tell what hopes lie buried here
'Neath this tiny heap of earth?
How desolate now some father's heart,
And the mother's who gave it birth!

The little rose-tree planted here
Has not yet cast the leaf;
Time's healing balm has yet no power
To soothe their bitter grief.

When we think how many stricken ones
Have dropped the scalding tear,
What depths of grief and sorrow
Lie monumented here.

We are wont to ask, Is there any good
In such misery and woe?
Why comes so much of sorrow
To poor mortals here below?

But in the light that comes from heaven
The gloom from the church-yard flies;
And we see that it's only a gateway
To a home beyond the skies.

Our Father well knows that each human heart
Has within it a pure fount concealed;
But, like the rude quarts, must oft be crushed and broken
Ere their deep-hidden treasures they'll yield.

These terrible trials which our lives seem to blight
Are only in mercy given;
They prepare us more bravely life's battle to fight,
And to dwell 'mid the glories of heaven.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

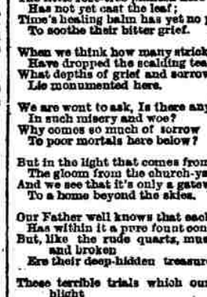
BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XX.

DUPED.



PASSING behind the bed, Hyland began pushing it away from the wall.

He soon desisted, and looked helplessly at his companion. His wound and subsequent illness had weakened his once powerful muscles, and much of his boasted strength had vanished.

In an instant our hero was by his side. He, too, had of late been sadly shorn of his strength, but between them the task was easily accomplished.

This done, the detective stooped over began tearing up the carpet.

A moment later he had removed a small section of the flooring and disclosed an opening beneath, into which he began groping with his hand.

A moment later he uttered a cry of pleasure, and held up a bundle of folded papers, hell together by a rubber band.

These Cole eagerly examined.

"They're the bonds — fifty-nine of them!" cried he.

"That's good!" said Hyland.

"Where did you procure them?"

"That's what bothers me. I'm trying to think, but somehow I can't."

A shade of disappointment crossed our hero's face. He had fondly hoped that the finding of the bonds would quite restore the officer's shattered mind and provide the means for his own vindication from the awful charge resting upon him like a hideous funeral pall, and bring to justice the real murderers.

"Nobody thinks I stole them, I guess?" queried the detective.

"Certainly not."

Cole Winters had no sooner said this than he realized that he had made a serious mistake. The anxious look disappeared from the face of his companion, and, as he sank heavily to a seat upon the bed, something of the vacant expression which had marked his appearance at the hospital took its place.

The explanation was not hard to find. The suggestion of the bonds had revived a spark of memory, which had been quickened by the thought that his honor might be involved.

The finding of the bonds had removed the cause of anxiety, and at the same time the stimulant which had half roused the clouded mind from the lethargy that had possessed it.

"But you know me, don't you, Hyland?" asked Cole, triumphantly.

"I do; but won't tell. You must find that out for yourself. Don't bother me!"

With a groan of despair, the unhappy young man threw the bonds upon the table and began pacing nervously up and down the limited confines of the apartment.

"I'm undone, baffled!" moaned he, as he paused and looked, half pityingly, half reproachfully, at the unfortunate man from whose brain—that which renders reasoning possible—memory had well-nigh departed.

Suddenly he paused in his walk and looked at the bundle of bonds, for the possession of which a dastardly murder had been committed.

"Of what use are they now?" he mused, bitterly. "Their rightful owner is gone, and his daughter has been sent to join him! Of my vindication and the consequent exposure and downfall of Almon Sears there seems no possibility. The enemy has triumphed! He will, under the will extorted from Berenice, hold the entire visible estate of Paul St. Cyr, but these bonds shall not be his!"

He clutched them more firmly in his hand, raised them above his head, and rushed towards the flaming gas-jet as he spoke.

The face at the transom had ceased smiling now, and a look of vexatious rage had settled upon it.

As, in desperation and dispair, Cole Winters sprang forward to carry his impulsive resolution into instant execution, Almon Sears leaped lightly to the floor.

Ting-a-ling-ling.

With the bonds of such enormous value almost within the reach of the seemingly expectant flame, our hero started and looked about.

Upon the bed sat Hyland; stolid and immovable.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

A glance in another direction revealed the cause of the noise that had so startled him.

Upon the wall near the window was a telephone, the little metallic hammer of which was still vibrating above the sonorous bell.

Throwing the package again upon the table, the young man sprang toward the wonderful instrument which is capable of making the human voice annihilate distance.

"Hello!" cried he, as he seized and applied to his ear the trumpet whose office is to multiply, until audible to the human ear, the faint, vibratory sounds of the telephone proper.

"Hello!" came in almost instant response. "Is that the Lake Street Station?"

"They've made a mistake," thought Cole, "and connected with Hyland's private instrument."

He understood that the police department had a telephone system of its own, connecting the police stations, street telephone boxes, and quarters of detectives, with the central station in the City Hall.

"Is that the Lake Street Station?" repeated the voice through the telephone.

"Yes," responded Cole, who felt that if a little prevarication was ever admissible it was upon an occasion like this. He did not expect to learn anything of importance, but feared that that fact that some one had been speaking through the private telephone of the demant detective, might become known if he corrected the mistake, and a raid be ordered.

"Write down an order."

"All right."

"Instruct the men as fast as they report at the different boxes to look for Almon Sears, whose description has been published in connection with the St. Cyr murder. He's wanted as one of the principals in that job. Got that?"

"Yes."

"All right!"

"Hello! Hello!"

"What is it?"

"Is there a good case against Sears?"

"Clear as daylight; straight as a gunbarrel!"

"Any one squealed?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Martin Bloom. He's given the whole thing away; and besides, Max Morris has just been pinched."

"Has he confessed?"

"No, but we've got him dead to rights. The whole three will swing!"

"And the one we've been after—Cole Winters?"

"He's innocent as a babe. Oh! One thing more. Take it down."

"All right."

"Tell the men to look for Detective Mat Hyland. He's at large and in an insane condition."

"I know where he is."

"Where?"

"At his room in the South Division. Send officers there from the Cottage Grove Avenue Station."

"How do you know that?"

"A friend of his saw him go up there not long ago."

"All right."

With a look of triumph on his face Cole Winters stepped back from the instrument through which he had just received such welcome intelligence.

"Thank heaven!" he cried.

Then he thought of Berenice, lost to him forever, and, covering his face with his hands, sank down upon the bed beside Hyland.

For some time the two men, both beclouded, the one in the mind, the other in the heart, sat silent, listless.

Suddenly our hero was aroused from his mournful soliloquy by a rapping upon the door.

In an instant he had unlocked and thrown it open.

As he expected, he was confronted by a man in the uniform of a police officer, behind whom stood another in the garb of a citizen.

"Where's Hyland?" asked the blue-coated individual.

"There."

As Cole turned and pointed toward the detective the hindmost man sprang forward and seized him by the arm.

Before the young man could exert his feeble strength in the way of resistance he heard a snap and saw and felt a pair of handcuffs close upon his wrists.

"Duped! Fool that I am!" cried Cole Winters, in accents of despair.

The man who had placed the gyves upon his wrists was Martin Bloom, while he now recognized the seeming police officer as Almon Sears, his mortal enemy!

CHAPTER XXI.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Right on both points," sneered the burly burglar, as he pushed our hero rudely back. "You're a fool, and you've been duped."

"Cole Winters is as innocent as a babe," laughed Sears.

"And Martin Bloom's given the whole snap away," added that individual, joining in the laughter.

As for Cole, he said nothing. His consternation and disgust were too great to admit of his making any reply to the taunts and jeers hurled at him by the heartless twain.

"I thought you were talking with police headquarters, did you?" asked Sears, when he had endeavored in vain to obtain a word from Hyland, who sat unconcerned and unobserving. "Open the door, Mart, and let the guy see how it was done."

Bloom produced a key with which he unlocked the door which communicated with the adjoining apartment.

Then he returned, seized Cole rudely by the arm, and followed his comrade in crime through the open doorway.

"There's the little joker. We've got a private circuit of our own."

Sears pointed to the opposite side of the room where a telephone was fastened against the wall.

Like a flash, Cole realized how he had been deceived.

His instrument had been connected with the one before him, and he had been carrying on a conversation with his enemy.

"You are hardly up to the standard of a reporter for one of the leading morning papers of metropolitan Chicago," remarked the younger of the villians, with a mocking laugh.

"Did you count the bonds?" asked Bloom, suddenly.

"Count them! I didn't as much as take them!"

"You're a chump! Business before pleasure, money before revenge!"

But Almon Sears did not hear his fellow criminal. He had passed into the room where the detective sat.

"Furies!" he shouted, a moment later.

"What's wrong?" demanded Bloom, who had followed his partner, drawing his manacled prisoner after him.

"What's wrong? Everything's wrong! The bonds——"

"You don't mean——"

"That they're gone? That's what I do."

"How could that be?"

"He has them."

In an instant Sears had dartad forward and was rummaging the pockets of the unresisting detective.

With a curse the baffled murderer started back.

"The powers of darkness are against us!" he shouted. "They were on that table less than a minute ago, now they are gone."

"He may have thrown them out of the window," suggested Bloom, pointing to the one window which was open a little ways.

Without the loss of a second Sears was leaning out and gazing far down an open court beneath.

It was unlighted, save that numerous lamps and gas-jets shown through the windows of tenements below.

"Do you see them?" asked Bloom impatiently.

"I see something white. I believe it's them."

"I'll go for them!"

"No! Wait here! I'll be back soon!"

Sears rushed frantically forward, unlocked the outer door, and rushed forth into the hall.

"You propose to stay and be duped as I have been?"

"Do I? Not much! I can't trust Al with that fortune!"

A moment later and he had rushed down after his companion, taking the precaution, however, to lock the door.

"Hyland, Hyland!" cried Cole. "Rouse yourself!"

The detective, thus appealed to, sprang to his feet, and, with something of his old-time intelligence, looked wonderingly around.

"Unlock these handcuffs! Quick, or we're lost!"

Hyland looked at the steel bracelets and began groping in his pocket.

In a moment he had produced a small key, with which he was trying to unlock the manacles.

In vain his efforts, however. His hands were clumsy, his sight seemed defective, and he was unable to insert the key.

Our hero uttered a groan of anguish as he realized the utter impotency of his unfortunate companion.

"Let me try!"

At these words, Cole turned, expecting to see the mocking face of one of his enemies.

Instead, however, he was confronted by the man who had so strenuously insisted that he was a near relative—Jerry Moore.

Without another word the dwarf, who had appeared from behind the bed where he had been in hiding, snatched the diminutive key from the nerveless hand of the detective, and in a moment had removed and thrown the fetters to the floor.

"How come you here?" asked Cole, as soon as he had recovered somewhat from his profound astonishment.

"I followed them in. I've been watching 'em all day. I'm slick, I am."

"What's to be done?"

"This way!"

Jerry rushed into the adjoining room, followed by Cole, who was half guiding, half dragging Hyland after him.

Producing a number of false keys, the guide thrust one of them into the lock of a door connecting with still another room.

He turned the piece of steel around and paused, with his hand on the knob.

"I wouldn't do this," said he, "not for anyone livin' 'cept my own flesh and blood—little Milly Moore."

With this he threw open the door, and pushed his two companions forward.

The two uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment.

Then our hero sprung forward and caught in his arms the pale, fluttering form of the girl he loved above all on earth—the beautiful Berenice St. Cyr.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

Cole Winters fairly staggered under the weight of the fair girl, whose cruel and untimely death he had so despairingly mourned.

This was not due to physical weakness alone. Ecstatic joy had contributed its part. He had tried to resign himself to the greatest of earthly losses—a pure and loving heart—and in the midst of his struggles the bitter cup of woe and despair had been unexpectedly dashed from his hand.

Suddenly the raptures of the two united lovers was broken by a low and peculiar cry.

Our hero turned in alarm, and saw that it had proceeded from Mat Hyland.

The touch of the magic wand of an Arabian enchanter could not have worked a greater change than was visible in the bearing, but more particularly in the face of the detective.

A glance was sufficient to inform our enraptured hero that he was insane and demented no longer. Intelligence flashed in his eye, and indignation and decision compressed his mouth.

The numerous recent exciting events, culminating in a sight of the beautiful girl whose murdered father he had undertaken to avenge, had so shocked his nervous system as to enable him to throw off the lethargy that had so long paralyzed his brain.

"Winters!" cried he, as he sprang forward and seized our hero's hand.

"You are recovered?"

"Quite. Your case will be a clear one, now."

At that moment footsteps were heard on the stairs without.

"They are returning," whispered Moore, hoarsely. "Wait here."

With this he passed into the next room, taking care to close the door after him.

An instant later and the two villains, accompanied by the third member of the triangle of crime, Max Morris, rushed in.

"Furies!" shouted Sears, as his eye swept the two apartments and saw no sign of the manacled prisoner and half-demented detective he had left there not many minutes before.

"You here?" shouted Morris, as he saw and recognized Moore.

"At your service."

"What does this mean?"

"That you committed a sad mistake when you procured me to murder Milton Moore, the son of my dead brother."

"You're a fool!"

"I have been, you mean."

With this he drew a revolver.

But he did not shoot. Before he could bring it into position there was a report, and a shot, fired by Sears or Bloom, it was never decided which, pierced his heart.

Another moment the rooms were thronged with police officers, who secured the three plotting murderers, though not without a desperate struggle.

Their presence there was easily explained. Jerry Moore had located the new headquarters of the triangle, who had chosen that place knowing that the next room had long been used by Hyland, and hoping that he would soon return there, and perhaps give them a clew to the missing bonds, which they had decided had somehow come into his hands. Jerry had also discovered that Berenice St. Cyr was a captive there, and had notified the police, whom he had preceded, that the raid might be as effective as possible.

At first the prisoners affected innocence, but when they were confronted by Hyland, in the full possession of his mind and memory, they weakened, and Morris endeavored to swallow the contents of a phial containing a deadly poison. He was defeated in his suicidal attempt, and the three were hurried away to cells in the nearest police station.

They were given an immediate trial and convicted of the murder of Paul St. Cyr. Soon afterward, they were executed in the county jail. Thus ended the trio of desperate murderers, who will be long remembered as the famous Triangle of Crime.

Upon the body of Jerry were found the fifty-nine bonds, for the possession of which the murder had been committed.

Mat Hyland is a detective no longer. His services in the St. Cyr case secured his promotion to a police captaincy, a position which he will fill with credit, both to himself and the great municipality that employs him.

The body found and buried as that of our heroine had been procured by the villains, and so dressed and adorned with the jewelry of Berenice as to be identified with great certainty.

In the meantime, Sears had kept her a prisoner with the intention of forcing her into a marriage when he had been able to convert the estate into money, and leave the country.

When the truth about the St. Cyr murder mystery came out, Cole Winters became the lion of the hour. He retained the reportorial star, and entered at once upon the active life of a journalist, in which he is bound to rise.

Our fair Berenice mourns her fond old father most sincerely, and will ever cherish and keep green his memory. This would be a sad and gloomy place were grief never assuaged and tears never dried. Time will, no doubt, accomplish both for her, and the day is not far distant when Cole Winters will lead her to the altar.

Let us wish them all the happiness deserved by two truthful, sincere, and loving hearts.

She Was Too Thin.

A blow has been delivered to the tailor-made girl, writes a New York paper, and this through the action of a disappointed bridegroom, who discovered that "things are not what they seem," and who arose from his nuptial couch and boarded a train for San Francisco. It appears that Otto Kelich, a young German musician, married Annie Watson, of First avenue, believing her to be a whole-souled and solid girl of fine dimensions. His somewhat materialistic views underwent a painful modification when the fair but emaciated young lady disrobed and left her generous proportions attached to her apparel. The young husband at dead of night stole away quietly, leaving only a few lines pinned to the pillow of the sleeping bride, who had paid for the wedding banquet and for their night's lodging at the Grand Union Hotel. The explanatory note informed her that she was too thin, and that he doted on fat women. For three years the deserted wife has waited for him in vain, and now she has received word from him that he is happily wedded to a heavy-weight in Germany. This should be a warning to young women similarly constituted, and goes to show that misrepresentation of this sort rarely pays in the long run.

The Plug Hat and the White Shirt.

"No, sir," said the drummer, "there is not a place in the country now where a man who behaves himself, can't wear a plug hat. I don't mean to say that there are no lively towns, but there is practically no frontier such as there used to be.

"The cowboy still occasionally drops into the saloon and shoots the lights out; he likes, now and then, to shoot the insulators off the telegraph poles, and there are other eccentric and somewhat boisterous forms of amusement that still find favor with him; but it is no longer considered good form anywhere, to evince disapprobation of the wearing of a plug hat by shooting it off the head of the wearer.

"In some places this pleasing condition of affairs has been brought about by the active work of a single man, aided, in a measure, doubtless, by the natural fairness of men when their feelings are properly appealed to. For example, in one camp, after it had been discovered by the man who conveyed the remonstrance of the older inhabitants that the quiet, unassuming stranger, who had persisted in wearing a white shirt, had an arm as big around as an oyster keg, muscles of steel, the heart of a lion, and the tiger's suddenness of movement, there arose a feeling that possibly the shirt question was debatable, and some men went so far as to say openly that a man ought to be permitted to wear a white shirt if he wanted to; and when the quiet man had, in quick succession, knocked out seven supporters of the negative side, the change of sentiment was so great, that it amounted, practically, to a reversal of public opinion, and by common consent he was permitted to wear his shirt."—*Northwest Trade.*

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

He Knew Them.

Magazine Editor—I'm going to run the last chapters of your story next month.

Author—The last chapters! Why, the story has only been running a couple of months and isn't fairly begun.

Magazine Editor—I know it, but the women don't seem to get interested in it, because they don't know how it's going to turn out, so I shall run the last chapters and just suit them.—*Boston Traveler.*

Still Rolling.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round, and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles, have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep Beecham's Pills they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

A Valuable Tree.

On the side of the Big Black Mountain in Harlan County, Ky., here stood until last week a tree that is thought to be the most valuable tree in the South Appalachian Mountains. It is curled grain black walnut, and the owner had it grubbed up by the roots so as not to lose even a chip. A New York lumber dealer bought the tree from an ignorant mountaineer for $50, paid a man $300 to move it to the nearest railroad, and thinks he will make a profit of $5,000 from the tree.

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Sioux City.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman sleeping cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For further particulars apply at any ticket office of the road, or write to Assistant General Passenger Agent, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

A Flannel Christian.

Two Episcopal clergymen were one day talking of a prominent divine who was noted for his filthy appearance and evident fear of water.

"What does he remind you of any way?" asked one.

"Of flannel," was the reply.

"How so?" asked the first.

"Oh," answered the second, "because he shrinks so from washing."—*New York Tribune.*

You wear out clothes on a washboard *ten times* as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1854. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

A Timely Suggestion.

Ingratiating Visitor.—That's a very bright boy of yours, Mr. Stryker. I just met him as I came in and I thought he had a very bright look.

Mr. Stryker (fresh from a little family jar)—Well, he ought to look so. I've just given him as fine a polishing off as a boy ever had.

MANY modest women suffer rather than apply to a physician; Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of such from lives of misery and early graves.

A YOUNG lady call's her beau "honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all *really good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

"GOOD-BY" in the telephone reminds one of autumn; it's the yell o' leave.

A CHEERFUL home is where cheerful children play. They cannot be cheerful or have good health unless they are occasionally given Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

JOHN MILTON, by writing "Paradise Lost," proved himself the original "fall" poet.

"THE world generally gives honor to whom honor is due." Public approval has given SAPOLIO the first place in its line. Try a cake.

"IT is a mere matter of form," said the lady as she adjusted her corset.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

MARRY in haste and repent at—your father-in-law's.

Cause of Rheumatism

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. We can honestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for these purposes. It has cured others of rheumatism and it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Tourists,

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Innocent Womankind.

Mrs. Magnus Scott—Are you going into the optical business, Mr. Snively?

Snively — Such an idea has never crossed my mind.

Mrs. M. Scott—My husband was saying this morning that you were buying out a store at the rate of 10 cents a glass. As he didn't specify the class of business, I inferred it was an optical store.—*Jewelers' Circular.*

THE WABASH LINE.

H-andsome equipment,
E-legant day coaches, and
W-agner palace sleeping cars
A-re in daily service
B-etween the city of St. Louis
A-nd New York and Boston.
S-pacious reclining chair cars
H-ave no equal

L-ike those run by the
I-ncomparable and only Wabash.
N-ew trains and fast time
E-very day in the year.

From East to West the sun's bright ray,
Smiles on the line that leads the way.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, running free reclining chair cars and palace sleepers to St. Louis, Kansas City, and Council Bluffs. The direct route to all points in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Texas, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, and California. For rates, routes, maps, etc., apply to any ticket agent or address

F. CHANDLER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,
St. Louis, Mo.

A BAR-TENDER can malt-treat a man as often as he pleases, without objections being raised.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Billious and Nervous Ills.

WHEN a hen retires for the night, it is quite proper to speak of her as a rooster.

THE POINT.

"A 1" From a Catholic Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

The Great Remedy For Pain,

but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lasses who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR

that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

Tutt's Hair Dye

No one can detect it. It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Easily applied. Price, $1. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

FAT FOLKS Reduced 15 to 25 pounds per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience. Confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address, DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, 249 State St., Chicago, Ill. Name this paper when you write.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

"Augus... Flowe..

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore, Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what is called Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

-VASELINE-

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bott'e of Pure Vaseline.....
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade.....
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented.....
One cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented.....
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline.....

Or, for postage stamps, any single arti le at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept your druggist any Vaseline or preparation thereof unless labeled with our name, because you will not receive an imitation which has little or no merit.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

DROPSY TREATED F