Keep Coughing

We know of nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.

Stop coughing and you will get well.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured.

Ask your druggist for one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.

It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write us freely. You will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

...Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup...

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them, to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since

A Beautiful Present

FREE for a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH, (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of four

GAME PLAQUES

exact reproductions of the $10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are:

American Wild Ducks, English Quail, American Pheasant, English Snipe.

The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

ELASTIC STARCH

has been the standard for 25 years.

TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

How To Get Them:

All purchasers of three 10 cent or six 5 cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer.

Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch.

Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

"Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest Work, but Quick Witted People Use

SAPOLIO

OUR PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Some We Have Owned Since 1857, and Which Are Still Uninhabited.

How many persons know that the United States has possessions in the South Pacific that might be used as coaling stations? Did you ever hear of Baker Island or Howland Island? It's a thousand chances to one that you never did, but they have been United States possessions since 1857. They have never assumed the slightest degree of importance, and even now the officials of the War Department at Washington are not inclined to believe that they can be put to a practical use, except in the most dire necessity.

Still, that emergency might possibly arise, and these desolate spots upon a still more desolate sea may yet serve a purpose heretofore undreamed of. The exact location of Baker Island, to be accurate, is latitude 13 minutes 30 seconds north, longitude 176 degrees 9 minutes 30 seconds west. Howland Island lies two or three miles to the north.

Neither island is inhabited except by sea fowl and a multitude of half-starved, vicious rats. The latter do not hesitate to attack a human being. At certain times of the year the islands are visited by vessels, which load with guano, which abounds in great quantities. What little vegetation there is is coarse and scanty.

Baker Island has no fresh water, but on Howland Island are several pools of brackish water, supposed to be partially freshened by distillation from the sea. The anchorage is said to be very unsafe. The former island boasts a movable wharf. It is quite impossible for vessels to load between November and April.

Howland Island is two miles long and half a mile wide. Baker Island is one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide. Aside from the fact that they are out of the usual sailing course, it would seem that the islands would possess little value as a base of supplies. But still there is some satisfaction in knowing that they are there and that they belong to our government. The time may come when, insignificant as they now appear, we may be glad of their existence.—New York Herald.

TOLD BY THE SERGEANT.

From the Democrat, Grand Rapids, Mich.

At the Michigan Soldiers' Home, in Grand Rapids, lives Sergeant Richard Dunn, hale and hearty, although he carries the scars of several wounds sustained in some of the battles of the Civil War. In recounting his experience to a reporter, Mr. Dunn said:

"About a year and a half ago I began to have trouble with my stomach. My suffering was so intense that I tried different medicines and doctored with several physicians, but without permanent relief.

The Wounded Soldier.

"I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People having cured a case much like mine, and I decided to give them a trial, which I did.

"After taking five boxes I was cured. I never felt better than I do now, even in my younger days. I am naturally a robust man, but that stomach trouble, together with rheumatism, which afterward set in, were making fast inroads upon my health, and I am satisfied that it would have been but a short time before my comrades would have been conducting the regulation funeral ceremonies over my remains had I not chanced to read of and taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"There are several others in the home who are taking these pills and are receiving great benefit. RICHARD DUNN."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of November, 1897.

HENRY GIBSON, Notary Public.

Sergeant Dunn is perfectly willing that anyone should write him in reference to his case, provided stamp is enclosed for the reply.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

A Born Financier.

Jack—I made a remarkably successful speculation on Wall street the other day.

Harry—Why, I heard you lost every cent you had.

Jack—So I did, but I'm now engaged to the daughter of the man who broke me.—New York Journal.

The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.—Longfellow.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A TANGLED SKEIN

MRS. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER IV.

Egerton's words took Dorothy so completely by surprise that for some time she was unable to think clearly.

Even the next morning, when she opened her eyes, her first feeling was painful confusion.

She longed to hear what Mabel thought of the wonderful event—she must tell Mabel; Mr. Egerton would not mind that; but to every one else she would be mute—no one would know of his rejection.

But Egerton was by no means anxious to conceal the fact that he had offered himself—his old name, his fine estate, his large investments—to this young, insignificant girl—"a mere nobody"—as the Dowager, Mrs. Callander, was wont to remark.

He did not present himself as early as usual at "The Knoll" the next day, but meeting Standish, who had been strolling on the pier at an hour when it was chiefly in the possession of ancient mariners, he passed his arm through that of Standish with unusual familiarity, saying, "I was on my way to have a little talk with Callander. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, if you like; you'll be rather clever if you get him to talk."

They approached the Knoll, at the gate of which they met Colonel Callander. He greeted them with more animation than usual.

Egerton told them of his proposal to Dorothy and her rejection of him. He begged the two to assist him in inducing her to change her mind. This Colonel Callander readily consented to do, but Paul Standish did not show any great eagerness to exert any influence on the mind of his ward.

"The only person to whom I feel inclined to confide so important a piece of intelligence," said the Colonel finally, "is to my mother. It is right she should know, especially as it is probable we shall leave Dorothy under her care when we go away."

"Go away! Who is going away?" cried Egerton sharply, with a keen glance like a stab.

"Don't suppose I am going to do anything desperate," said Callander, with a grave smile. "Mrs. Callander and I talk of going abroad for a month or two. I want to have a look at the battlefields on the French frontier, and to go on into Switzerland. Of course Dorothy will stay here."

The trio dispersed, Standish proceeding along the beach to a long spit which stretched far into the waters.

Meanwhile Callander and Egerton walked slowly toward the hotel where the Dowager had established herself. Here Egerton left him.

When Colonel Callander was ushered into his mother's sitting room he found her as usual richly and elaborately dressed, and knitting a huge coverlet, while Miss Boothby, her companion, read aloud.

She gave a cold straight unresponsive hand to her son.

"I hope you are all right after your long day in the open air?" he said, as he drew a chair near her work table.

"Thank you, I am as usual. I get little sleep. My mind is too anxious to permit of repose!"

"That's bad," said Colonel Callander, vaguely.

"You need not stay, Miss Boothby," said the Dowager. "I wish to converse with my son." The meek companion rose with a smile and disappeared.

"I came to ask you if you have any commands, as I think of going up to town to-morrow. I want to arrange one or two matters before going north."

"North! Why, where are you going now?" querulously.

"Mabel and I think of taking a trip through the Highlands, or to Switzerland. I think she wants a change as much as I do."

"There I agree with you," observed Mrs. Callander, significantly. "She has had a worn, distressed look ever since—I mean, for a considerable time."

"You think so?" said her son, with a quick, fiery flash from his dark eyes—a warning which even his mother dared not disregard. "I trust she has no cause for distress or anxiety—at all events she seems to consider the panacea for her ills is a quiet journey with me."

"I am sincerely glad to hear it," with pointed emphasis—"pray, when do you start?"

"Early next week. May I ask what your plans are?"

"If you are going away there is no particular object in my remaining. I don't suppose even when you return I shall see much of you."

"There is no reason why we should not be as much together as you like," returned the Colonel dryly. "However, if you are comfortable here, and don't mind staying, I should be glad if you would, because," he stopped and seemed to have lost the thread of his discourse—his eyes wandering to the window, and evidently preoccupied with some distant object visible to the inner sense.

"Well!" said his mother at last, looking up from her knitting with some surprise, "why do you wish me to stay?"

Her son looked at her with a bewildered aspect, and then passing his hand over his brow, exclaimed: "I beg your pardon! I forgot what I was saying! I wished you to stay, because Mabel and I intend to be away about six weeks or so, and Dorothy will be here alone—that would be of no consequence, but Egerton has just proposed to me for her. It seems that Dorothy refused him, but he very wisely will not take a girl's first no. So he begs to be allowed opportunities of pressing his suit—and——"

"Refused him!" said Mrs. Callander, in a high key. "She must be out of her mind! He is a match for an earl's daughter. Why, it will be quite a distinguished connection. Of course she will accept him! she must. Dorothy has her tempers, and is altogether wanting in a knowledge of what she owes to us, but I always thought there was some moral worth in her."

"Ultimately she will do as she likes, but Egerton ought to have a fair chance. Now if you are here he can see her with you, under your chaperonage, and Henrietta will probably also stay—otherwise——" he paused.

"I never hesitate to sacrifice myself on the altar of duty," said Mrs. Callander, in a lofty tone, "or for the good of others, for I cannot say I owe any duty to your sister-in-law, but if it is an accommodate to you, my dear son, I will remain until you return."

"You see there are no relations or friends to whom we can send Dorothy."

"I am quite aware of that," put in his mother, sharply. Callander did not heed her.

"And," he continued, "even if Standish could stay on here, he could not be the sort of protection you can be."

"Nor do I suppose it likely he will remain while you are away," remarked Mrs. Callander, sweetly.

"Mother!" he cried, "do you know how cruel you are? Do you know that my life is bound up in Mabel's love and truth. Nothing you say touches my faith in her—yet—yet—you torment me. She is—she always will be spotless—in the eyes of all men."

He sprang up and paced to and fro rapidly, with occasional fierce gestures.

"Spotless! my dear Herbert! I should hope so!" returned Mrs. Callander, with the obtuseness of a hard, unsympathetic woman. "Do you think I meant anything beyond the necessity of attending to appearances? When a man like Mr. Standish—a man of the world in the worst sense—is seen morning, noon and night, with a young woman whom some people consider handsome, why——"

"Be silent!" he exclaimed, harshly, turning to face her, with such wrath in his eyes that even the unimaginative old woman cowered for a moment. "I understand me! unless you cease to insult me by harping on these hideous possibilities I will never see your face again! I should have broken with you before, but that I dreaded that Mabel should be outraged by knowledge of the reason why I dropped all intercourse with my mother. Could you think that sweet, simple soul could ever be drawn from her children—from me? Is such a possibility comprehensible to you?" There was keen pain as well as burning indignation in his tone.

"The wickedness of the unregenerate heart is unfathomable," said his mother, severely, "and I greatly fear Mabel does not know where to look for strength. It's impossible to say where unguarded beginnings may lead poor weak creatures, and your wife, though an amiable woman, is no doubt easily influenced, in short, not what you would call a person of strong character."

"No, she is not! How should I have got on with a woman of strong character?—I say, mother—enough of this. I feel my head dizzy! If we are to be friends——"

"I will never speak to you on the subject again," said his mother, with an injured and dignified air. "I have done my duty, my conscience is clear. I have not left you in ignorance! Now, as regards Dorothy——"

Callander was again pacing to and fro—his head bent down, lips moving slightly—as if forming unuttered words. Then, with an effort, he repeated as he paused opposite her—"Dorothy!—Ay! We must not forget Dorothy. Will you stay here and let Egerton come to and fro, and see her under your auspices?"

"I shall be happy to further an alliance calculated to reflect credit on you and yours, Herbert!"

CHAPTER V.

Colonel Callander had not looked so well since he returned from India as the morning he started for London. He undertook various commissions for his sister-in-law, but his wife said she wanted nothing.

"I have everything I want, and more than I deserve," she added, as she kissed her husband tenderly at parting.

Standish had gone to dine and sleep at a country house at some distance. So the sisters had a very tranquil day, its only disturbance being a visit from the Dowager, who came in unwonted good humor. In the evening, a little to Dorothy's dismay, Miss Oakeley walked in, just before dinner, to have a little talk, she said, accompanied by Egerton and Major St. John, who was, Miss Oakeley thought, immensely struck with her, whereas St. John was equally sure he had made a profound impression on Miss Oakeley, and was, in consideration of her endowments, disposed to encourage her attentions.

The sisters were sitting together in sympathetic silence at that most witching hour, "the gloaming."

Dorothy had of course told Mabel of the declaration with which Egerton had startled her, and was somewhat surprised at the manner in which Mabel had received her confidence. She was not amazed, she murmured something about his being nice and interesting, and a good match, then she added, "Are you quite sure that you could not like him, dear?"

"Yes, quite sure," was Dorothy's prompt reply. "I used to like him ever so much better before. I cannot think what put it into his head to imagine he wants to marry me."

"I don't think it is so extraordinary said Mabel, and dropped the subject.

While Miss Oakeley held forth with animation about a concert she was getting up and Major St. John put in a word at intervals, Egerton moved across the room to where Dorothy was sitting, and said in a low tone: "I ought not perhaps to trespass upon you, but I want to ask pardon for my precipitancy. Will you forget my ill-judged haste and let me come and go on the old terms? I will not offend again; not, at least, till I fancy I may do so with less chance of rebuke. I may never reach that happy conviction, but let me try."

"I have no right to interfere with your coming or going," said Dorothy softly, "but I do not like to give you any annoyance, and I do not think I shall change."

Here both were called to share the consultation, which was rather noisy, and ended in an appointment for Dorothy to practice with Miss Oakeley at noon the following day. Then she declared she would be late for dinner, a crime her aunt would never forgive.

"There is a very amusing article on the 'Aesthetics of Dress' in one of the magazines,' said Egerton. "I forgot it, but if you will let me bring it over this evening I'll read it to you"—he stood with his back to Dorothy, speaking to her sister.

"Oh! yes, certainly—thank you!" she returned, with a little nervous catch in her voice—raising her eyes to his and then dropping them quickly.

"Oh! Mabel dear! Why did you let him come?" cried Dorothy, as soon as the door was closed. "I should have enjoyed a nice, quiet evening, and above all I don't want him."

"How could I refuse?" asked Mabel, pressing her hands together. "He had asked Herbert and Paul to let him come and try his chance, and Herbert told me."

"What? did Paul agree to this?" cried Dorothy—a kind of sharp cry—"I thought he knew me better!"

"Well, dearest, you know you are not obliged to marry him."

"I am quite aware of that," said Dorothy with decision, "but I object to be teased."

Egerton did not fail to keep his promise. He was more than usually agreeable, keeping under the strain of cynicism that often tinged his talk. He read aloud well, and his comments on the paper when he had finished it were amusing, the reminiscences it evoked of the various fine ladies, mistresses of the art of dress, interesting; he addressed most of his conversation to Mabel, who said little, lying back among her sofa cushions as if weary, while Dorothy worked diligently at a highly ornamental pinafore for her little niece, which was a blessed occupation for her eyes. At length, after a short pause, Egerton exclaimed in an altered voice:

"I am afraid I am boring you, Mrs. Callander. You are looking awfully ill."

"It is that horrid neuralgia!" cried Dorothy, laying down her work and going to her sister. "She has been suffering all day—would you like to go to bed, Mabel?"

"Let me try mesmerism!" urged Egerton. "She'll have an awfully bad night, Miss Wynn. I'll make a few passes. You'll see how soon the look of pain will leave her."

"I don't half like it!" said Dorothy doubtfully.

Egerton came and stood beside the sofa, his eyes fixed on Mabel, w[illegible] the slightest resistance. [illegible] his hand over her face [illegible] usual with mesmerizers, gradually closed, the pained, contracted expression passed from her face, and she slept the peaceful sleep of an infant.

"It is wonderful," whispered Dorothy, who felt an indescribable impulse of pity and tenderness toward the gentle, loving sister who seemed so mysteriously oppressed—the tears were in her eyes, and her voice faltered as she added: "I wish you could give me this power, that I might enable her to rest! she seems so helpless."

"She is," returned Egerton in a deep tone full of feeling. "But unless you have the power I could not give it you. I did not know I possessed it till that strange mystic Bohemian Grafin I told you about, whom I knew some years ago at Prague, assured me I had it and made me experiment on some of her people. I am half ashamed of it. I would never use my power save to give physical relief. There is a prejudice against it, too. Perhaps it would be as well not to inform Mrs. Callander, for instance, that I was able to give your sister some repose."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Dorothy. "The less said the better, people are so ill-natured. I hope my dear sister will not want your aid any more. I shall sit and watch her till she wakes, and so I must say good-night now."

(To be continued.)

THREE GREAT SPEAKERS.

Clay, Blaine and Reed—The Famous Statesmen Contrasted.

Third in the succession of the great speakers of the National House is Thomas Brackett Reed, who is again at the head of the Representatives. Henry Clay, James G. Blaine and Mr. Reed—these three stand out like mountain peaks in the long line of the speakers of the House. Clay and Blaine were each men of famous personal magnetism. Tales of the peculiar power they exerted on men who came within their aurora are so multitudinous that they seem almost legendary. Certainly a very large part of their supremacy among men was due to this strange force. Both Clay and Blaine were dreamers. A certain Oriental imagination was a dominant note in each. Reed, on the other hand, while to many a very attractive personality, does not rule men by any subtlety of personal magnetism. He is notably careless of effect in manner. He is rugged as a cliff. While he is withal a man of big kindness of heart, he often is relentless as a serpent in his stinging sarcasm. He reigns by the sheer largeness of his uncompromising and unanswerable manhood. All three of these speakers have been too pronounced to be President. To Clay and Blaine the Presidecy was the most daring ambition. But both at critical moments lost it; Clay because of his high principle in writing the unpopular Texas letter about which he said, "I had rather be right than be President;" and Blaine because of a sudden concert of trifling atoms against him which all together made an obstacle he could not clear. To Reed, however, the Presidency is no such magnet. But, though the question of the Presidency seems to interest him but little, perhaps, for that reason, he is in some roaring convention the more likely to be singled out for it. Americans are a race who love a man, and at times this admiration for sheer manhood becomes an idolatry with them.—Illustrated American.

Free in Spite of Himself.

Under the first French Empire the administration of the prison of Sainte-Pelagie was so loose that it was not rare for accused persons to lie there six months without knowing the cause of their incarceration. The following adventure, narrated in "The Dungeons of Old Paris," discloses the fact that release under similar conditions of ignorance was not impossible.

The doctor had given to a prisoner who was slightly ill, an order for the baths. Not knowing in what part of the prison the infirmary was situated, he presented his order to a tipsy turnkey, who opened the outer door of the prison.

Monsieur Guillon, a free man without being aware of it, took the narrow street to a sentry's walk, and went a few paces without finding any one to direct him. Returning to the sentry at the door, he inquired where were the baths.

"The baths?" said the sentinel.

"The prison baths."

"The prison baths," said the sentinel, "are probably in the prison, but you can't get in there."

"What? I can't get into the prison! Am I outside it, then?"

"Why, yes, you're in the street. You ought to know that, I should think."

"I did not know it, I assure you," said Monsieur Guillon, "and this won't suit me at all."

He rang the prison bell and was readmitted, and his recital of his adventure restored to sobriety the turnkey who had given him his freedom.

Boy's Cure for Grief.

A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one black eye, his lips swollen, and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off with his shirtsleeves.

"Nicodemus!" cried the parent as he crawled in, "have you been fighting again?"

"No," he sullenly grunted.

"Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that to do with your disfigured face?"

"I saw Jim just now," answered the boy, "an' he looked awfully sad and lonely."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what to do to make him happy again, an', feeling sorry for him, I just went up to him an' let him hit me five times."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him?" echoed the boy, in a surprised tone. "Of course it did. Don't you think it'd make me feel better to whack a fellow who had licked me every week for a year?"

Characteristic Replies.

An Englishman often fails to adapt himself to the life and habits of the American people, whereas a Scotchman, while still retaining the scent of the heather about him, soon gets into the way of the country, and invariably achieves success. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, illustrates the difference between an Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman by the following anecdote: Each of the three was asked in turn what they would take to sit on top of St. Paul's. The Englishman replied, "Five pounds;" the Scotchman asked, "How much will ye gi'e?" while the Irishman answered: "I should take a bad cold."

An action against a hospital for an autopsy performed upon the dead body of a child, without the consent of the father, who was the natural guardian and intrusted the child to the hospital for treatment, is held, in Burney vs. Children's Hospital (Mass.), 38 L. R. R. 413, to be sustainable, notwithstanding the contention that there was no right of property in a dead body.

The largest telegraph office in the world is in the general postoffice building, London, over three thousand operators being employed.

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

The Coldest Spot.

The coldest region of the globe, that of Werkojank, in Siberia, where the lowest temperature of 0.90 degrees Fahrenheit has been observed, and the mean of January is 0.48 degrees, is inhabited by about ten thousand five hundred people of the native races. In a large part of this region the air is so dry and winds are so rare that the intensity of the cold is not realized. Further east there are sometimes terrible storms. In the summer time the temperature sometimes rises to 86 degrees in the shade, while it freezes at night. The latter part of this season is often marked by copious rains and extensive inundations. Vegetation is scanty. There are no trees. The people hunt fur-bearing animals, fish, and raise cattle and reindeer. It requires about eight cows to support a family, four being milked in the summer and two in the winter.

The cattle are fed on hay in the winter, and are allowed to go out occasionally when it is not too cold, their tents being carefully covered with felt. Milk is the principal food, occasionally supplemented with hares, which are quite abundant. The houses are of wood, covered with clay, and consist of one room, in which the people and their animals live together. The wealthier classes are better provided with lodging and food. The people are very hospitable, but excessively punctilious concerning points of honor, such as the place at table.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Cold Comfort for Hubby.

Mrs. De Sette (musingly)—Three of the girls I went to school with have eloped from their husbands.

Mr. De Sette (suspiciously)—Hum! Perhaps you would like to be the fourth?

Mrs. De Sette (assuringly)—Oh, no; I couldn't leave the children.—New York Weekly.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Located Appropriately.

"The gentleman with the cloven breath," observed the Foul Fiend, "may remain here. It seems particularly appropriate that he should be employed near my person."

He reflectively flicked a wisp of cinder from his off hoof.—New York Press.

Coughs Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Good Progress.

"How are you getting along with your housekeeping?" asked the young wife's mother.

"Oh, splendidly," she answered. "I have almost gotten so I can do things to suit the hired girl."—Washington Star.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (80 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clover, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. C N U

A novel sort of window glass has been invented. Persons on the inside of the house can see through it, but it is opaque to those on the outside.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

If some men were to accuse themselves of being liars, lots of their acquaintances would not believe them.

Fort Wayne to Chicago and All Points East and West.

Lowest rates via Nickel Plate Road. A Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains daily each direction. All Express Trains of the Nickel Plate Road arrive at and depart from Van Buren Street Union Passenger Station, Chicago. R. J. HAMILTON, Agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 'Phone 567.

Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet deep if the water should evaporate.

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NEVER IMITATED BUT QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

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Has Not Slept for Five Years.

It is reported that a man in Indiana has not had an hour's sleep for five years. Thousands of men and women are unable to sleep more than an hour or two a night because of dyspepsia, headache and constipation. A certain remedy for these disorders is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. All druggists sell it.

Punctuation.

Flo (reads)—"May Providence watch over you and keep you always from yours truly Madge."

"Well, that's a funny way to write to a man you hate!"

Madge, "Not at all. Notice I leave out the commas." Ally Sloper.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

He Is Out of the Woods.

"What a happy look Mr. Shadyside wears," remarked Mr. Murray Hill.

"His wife has finished her spring house cleaning," replied Mr. Beechwood.—Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

WANTED.—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

MRS. PINKHAM'S WARNING TO WOMEN.

Neglect is the Forerunner of Misery and Suffering—A Grateful Husband Writes of His Wife's Recovery.

Nearly all the ill health of women is traceable to some derangement of the feminine organs. These derangements do not cure themselves, and neglect of the sensations resulting from them is only putting off trouble.

Pathetic stories are constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham of women whose neglect has resulted in serious heart trouble and a whole train of woes. Here is the story of a woman who was helped by Mrs. Pinkham after other treatment failed:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me very great pleasure to be able to state that I believe my wife owes her health to your medicine and good advice. For three years her health failed rapidly; she had heart trouble, often falling down in dizzy and fainting spells, shortness of breath, choking and smothering spells, bloating of the stomach, a dry cough, dyspeptic symptoms, menses irregular, scanty, and of an unnatural color. She had been treated by physicians with but little benefit. She has taken your treatment according to your directions, and is better in every way. I am well pleased with the result of your treatment, and give you permission to use my letter for the benefit of others.—CHAS. H. and Mrs. MAY BUTCHER, Fort Meyer, Va.

The healing and strengthening power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all female ills is so well established that it needs no argument. For over twenty years it has been used by women with results that are truly wonderful.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

A Million Women Have Been Benefitted by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

Ignorance of the Law is no excuse, but ignorance of BATTLE AX is your misfortune—not a crime—and the only penalty is your loss in quantity as well as quality when you buy any other kind of Chewing Tobacco.

Remember the name when you buy again.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Burlington Route

SEPT. 6
SEPT. 20
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These are the days on which you can buy very low-rate round-trip Excursion Tickets to NEBRASKA and other points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, good for 21 days. Stop on your way and see the GREAT TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA. Ask your nearest railroad agent to make your ticket read over the Burlington Route. You can get a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, and another all about the Exposition (both free), by writing to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Go and look for a New Home in Nebraska, a prosperous country, where a farm can be bought for one years' rent of an eastern farm.

Glass bricks are gradually coming into use and it is said that glass will soon be used for making statues for public squares, as it resists the corroding effect of the weather much better than marble or granite.

Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. $1.00

F. W. N. U. - No. 36 '98.

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