A Pointer.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones.

Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a startling story of, say—wolves, we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like this:

Patter! Patter! Patter!

There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter. "Wolves," whipers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is fickle, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous.

Had the traveler not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out.

Helps to Patience.

A woman whose life had been long, and chequered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child, by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day; and what good does it do? To morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily tasks, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger, or the sweet patience, or zeal, or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they believe is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half hearted and lagging as a private soldier, will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant is often given the control of many cities. "They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men spent thirty years of His earthly life, waiting the appointed time to fulfill His mission.—Youth's Companion.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M.D., New York. Sold by Druggists.

Rheumatism

"I have been a victim of rheumatism for the past six years, and I have tried various remedies, but none gave relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. The effect was wonderful; in two days I was relieved of all pain, and when I had used one bottle I felt better than I had for a long time."

D. H. Gill, Belton, Mo.

Paine's Celery Compound

has undoubtedly cured more cases of rheumatism, which had resisted other treatment, than all other rheumatic remedies combined. If troubled with rheumatism or neuralgia, use Paine's Celery Compound at once—a few doses will prove its unequaled value.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At druggists.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES give any fashionable color. Beware of Imitations.

LACTATED FOOD a scientific food for invalids, convalescents relish it.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

20 PRIZE STALLIONS

Percherons and French Coachers,

RESERVED FOR SPRING TRADE,
TO BE PLACED

On Sale March 25, 1889.

These Stallions were Prize Winners at the three great Horse Shows of France, 1888. I have found each year that a number of my customers could not conveniently buy until late in the season, and it was to accommodate these that I last Fall made a reserve of Twenty of my Best Stallions, Old enough for Service, which will be placed on sale March 25, it being my determination to so control my importations that I can offer purchasers a first-class Horse any day in the year.

A Satisfactory Breeding Guarantee given with Each Animal Sold.

M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, Illinois.

Thirty-five Miles West of Chicago on the Chicago & North-Western Railroad.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, Philadelphia.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

MOTHERS' FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

$100 Dollars Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only possible cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

IT MAY NOT BE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful story whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than wakeful dreams and slothful ease.

But life though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again!
And early called how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VI (Continued).

"I think," his sister continued; "that a man's nature is essentially different from a woman's, grander in some things, infinitely smaller in others. His own love seems to fill his life, satisfying him by the measure it gives more than by that it receives, and so, by a paradox, it is selfish. True love is not entirely in itself, it is dual; a woman's heart would wither if love did not come in as freely as it went out. Andrew, as well marry an abstraction. It seems to me you would cage a wild bird for its plumage, and turn a careless ear to its song. What is it you love in Nell? Is it her beauty, her gracious womanhood, or what?"

"Janet, it is just herself."

"No, Andrew, you have missed that. Nell's 'self' is far beyond your ken."

"Then how could it have stooped to Lyon Leslie? He loved many things far better than Nell Thanet. Then will you tell me why she loved him?"

"Why did she love him!—curious fool, be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?"

And, feeling that she could not bring her argument to a logical conclusion, and so convince her brother, for logic had no place in the subject, Janet, with that unanswerable quotation, abandoned the topic.

* * * * *

A glance assured Nell that her old acquaintance Stubbs was beyond human aid. He did not seem to have many hours to live. With much tenderness, she told him she could do nothing for him—that no one could.

He replied that he had an inner conviction that his case was hopeless; but that he had had an idea a woman doctor, being "out of the common like," might know something out of the common—it was a chance, he said; and then he smiled a wan smile, adding—

"And I'm one of a chancy lot, you know well." After a pause, he added—"But I always minded how you got 'Dick' the Squire's red terrier, through that bad turn he took of a suddint, and which we thought was poison; but as you said as was nothing but a spell of indigestion along of eating the pig's liver he stole. I said at the time to my missus that you'd make a rare vet. An' I was right, only you practices on two-legged animals."

He was silent for a few moments, as if in thought, and his eyes were shut. Nell spoke some earnest words of counsel and hope; but he did not respond. Then she took his hand to bid him farewell.

"Miss," he said, looking up at her with a deprecating look in his dim eyes, "I never laid a hand on Nettle. I was faithful to every hoss as was trusted to me, and, if a man's done his duty to his master here, mayhap his Master up there"—pointing upwards—"won't be so hard on him on account of other little matters."

"Never mind the good you have done, Stubbs," said Nell, gently. "Only be sorry for the ill; that is all that is wanted."

"But I was main true to the Squire, I was," he persisted. "I knowed he hadn't a fardin' on Nettle, that he never laid nothink on races, and that if the hoss didn't win the Derby, he was safe for the rest: and as it was the matter of a couple of thousand, and I was heavy on something myself I took it. It was all Swelly Jock, it was—'im as called 'isself the Baron—and I put a chunk of summat in the jock's glass afore he started; it was summat that had to do with the eyes, and he didn't ride straight; that was how it was. The jock—it was Tibbles—was queer like for some days after, an' the doctors called it 'cipient hapoplexy—— Ah, miss, you were not practising then, or we'd maybe not got off so free!"—and he chuckled with a lingering spice of the old Adam.

"Oh, Stubbs, how dreadful!" That was all Nell said.

"I sees it now, miss; at least it looks queer loike now; only, you see, I didn't do any hurt to the hoss, and it didn't matter in a money way to master whether he won or not. But I'm real sorry, miss, I am now. Seems to me as right and wrong's got clearer to me since I've been laid by. You'll tell the Squire, won't you, when I'm gone? He's a grand gentleman, an' mayhap he'll look at the bit of sod as'll cover me soon and say—'Stubbs, I forgive you,'"

When she got back to the Hall, Nell told the Squire the groom's story, drawing his penitence with a tender touch; and the same afternoon, the great-hearted gentleman rode Nettle over to the Duke's stables, and took his old servant by the hand.

It was nearly four, and getting dusk; but the groom's cot was drawn to the little lattice-paned window over the stables, and Nettle was led to a point from which he could be clearly seen.

At Stubb's request, the window was opened; he was raised on his pillow. With a great effort, he uttered a long peculiar whistle, by which he had been used to attract the attention of the horse when he wished to put him on his mettle.

In a moment the noble animal pricked up its ears, pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.

"He's forgiv' me too," said the groom. "He knows I wouldn't 'ave 'armed a hair of his body. Just listen to him!"—as the horse whinnied loud and long. "An' they call 'em dumb animals! Seems to me as they knows 'ow to speak their thoughts better nor most folks."

Then he made another effort, blew another whistle, and fell back exhausted.

That night Stubbs finished the race for which he had entered so many years gone, but whether to be scored first or last, who can tell?—"The race is not always to the swift."

CHAPTER VII.

Nell returned to her duties in London with eager spirits, for she was sure at heart. She had refused her cousin Andrew. His very faithfulness reproached her, and yet seemed to alienate her from him, for she had nothing, not even hope to give in return.

"Nell, I shall never despair until I see you another's," were his parting words.

"And then?" she asked, as if involuntarily, wondering at such steadfastness.

"And then I shall make the best of life, though life will have taken its best from me. I may fill some other woman's needs; but none but you, Nell, could ever fill mine."

The conviction that Randall was not suited to his profession became each day stronger in his sister. She felt that he had undertaken a grave responsibility for which he was constitutionally unfitted. The same conviction had lately forced itself upon Randall, and he chafed at the chains that bound him to his post. Hitherto he had had no very intricate case, none to which his knowledge had not been equal, supplemented by his sister's advice, and actual assistance in some instances.

It was New Year's Eve. The twins had had a busy day, for the snow was deep on the ground, the town was full and there was much sickness abroad. They had dined, and were sitting over a blazing fire comparing notes of their separate day's work.

"Thank goodness," said Randall, "my cases are all plain sailing. Now, if another hitch comes"—meaning a case beyond his skill—"I'll throw up the sponge. I give you my word, Nell, I never take on a new patient but I feel like a murderer; and, I tell you what in all seriousness—if I don't kill my patients, they'll kill me! I'd never get through a consultation, only I do the Burleigh nod, and always side with the biggest fellow. There are very few that like to say 'ba' when Sir Billy Genera, as the wags call him, says 'bo'! Regularly established diseases, common fevers and epidemics, gout and all that sort of thing I'm not afraid of. One can't cure these things—they run themselves out; all you have to do is to help them over the difficult passes. I don't believe in physicking, that has had its day; but its the intricate cases I do fear, and those you seem born for. I often think mother's right when she says you're 'no canny.'"

"It is because they interest me," she said simply, "and because I love my calling first and foremost. If I had any woman's future to hope for, any great object outside my work, I should not be what I am. The enthusiasm of humanity brooks no rival; to that and absolute concentration I owe my power and success."

"I think," said Randall, hesitatingly, "I might do something in literature; but that demands concentration. Nell, I should like to shelve it all. But for the disappointment of my father, I would: he thinks me far cleverer than you."

"Dear father!" returned Nell. "He's not so far wrong; only he's made the mistake of putting a round stick in a square hole. I believe you could make a mark in literature, you have a creative brain; science deals only with facts. Let us see, when our accounts are made up for the year, how we stand; and, if my score is enough, why take your name off the door—a few days' wonder—that is all."

At that moment the door bell rang sharply: it was sudden call for Randall. A Colonel Gordon, who had just arrived from India, had been taken ill at an hotel near at hand, and required immediate aid. With a heavy sigh, Randall obeyed the call.

"Some intricate liver case, you may be sure, or chronic Indian fever, about which I know as much as of dentistry," he said, as Nell helped him on with his comfortable ulster.

It was neither; it was even more serious, because imminent. A wound, caused by a bullet which had defied extraction, had suddenly broken out, and erysipelas threatened.

Nell awaited her brother's return in much anxiety: she always was anxious when a fresh patient came on his books. In an hour he returned, looking jaded and worn.

"What have you done?" she asked, after he had named the symptoms and described the state of the patient.

He told her.

"Have you sent for a nurse?" she asked.

"He said his sister, who is in the country, would be in town in a day or two, and his own servant, a soldier, would be up in the morning with his traps: so I gave him a sedative, and told him I'd look in again before twelve. There's a good deal of fever: so there really was nothing more that could be done. A housemaid is to sit up with him."

"Did Colonel Gordon speak much to you, Randall?"

"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."

"Randall, I will go at twelve o'clock, instead of you. There will be no one up except the porter, and it would take very keen sight to tell us apart in a dim light. I'll put on my ulster and a muffler."

Nell spoke as one who would not be gainsaid; but, if the truth were told, Randall had no will to gainsay her; he was, in fact, relieved of a weight.

When the hour came, the brother and sister set off together. Randall saw his sister safe into the hotel, remaining in the neighborhood on a watch for her re-appearance.

The patient lay on a half-tester bed, in a large comfortable room, where was a cheerful fire, near which, in an arm chair, sat the attendant, half-asleep. A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, on which was arranged various cooling drinks.

Before approaching the bed, Nell questioned the maid, who told her that her charge had slept for two hours, but since then had been restless, and calling for water or lemonade every few minutes.

"I don't think he knows very well where he is," said the girl; "he talks like a man in his sleep, and fancies he's in a ship."

Nell desired the girl to fetch a candle, for which she had to leave the room. As the door closed a little noisily, the sick man moved and moaned. Nell approached the bed, gently drawing the curtain aside.

The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn. One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bedclothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in petulance of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.

He gave a shiver, as if an electric thrill had passed through his body, and turned on his pillow, opening his eyes bright with fever light. Nell staggered back, clutching at a chair for support.

"My love, my love!" she cried to her heart; but her lips were dumb.

"Water, water!" the sick man moaned.

With an almost superhuman effort, she retained her consciousness; the very shock roused her to action and to repression.

She went to the table and mixed a cooling draught. As she did so her eyes fell on an envelope addressed, "Colonel Leslie Gordon, V. C."—a hero's name to the world.

Well Nell Thanet knew it! She had read of its owner's gallant deeds, and her heart had felt pride in her mother's countryman. Little had she guessed that the Lyon Leslie, who had to her played such a craven part, was the brave soldier of the world's and her admiration. Then she remembered that he had spoken to her of a bachelor uncle named Gordon, from whom he had expectations. Everything was plain to her now; and very strange it seemed to her that she had not guessed her lover's identity before.

It was a steady hand that held the frothing draugth to the sick man's lips, and a firm strong hand that lifted the hot head; but her eyes felt burning in her head; they looked unnaturally large.

"Oh, so soothing!" he whispered, looking gratefully into her face.

She met his eyes daringly; again he shivered, then, unrecognizing, closed them in fitful slumber.

When the girl returned, Nell examined the wound. It presented an ugly exterior; but she knew that the real mischief lay in the location of the bullet; the exact spot of which had, Randall had said, not been discovered. It would be a case of the utmost difficulty and far beyond her brother's skill; but strange to say she felt no apprehension of her own. Standing over the prostrate form of the man who had so heartlessly blasted her young life, she vowed that to her hand, and hers alone, he should owe his.

No bitterness, no reproach entered her heart, only a great pitifulness, and a sorrow for him apart from herself. She was standing by a grave—though she knew it not, from which their could be no resurrection, the grave of her love; but the ashes were there—and, ah, how tenderly the foot treads over the sepulchre of the dead; how holy seems their memory!

Then she told the girl that a change had taken place in the condition of the patient, and that she must remain beside him for the night. She then left the hotel to make some arrangements, she said, and, after a few explanatory words to her brother—explanatory merely of the patient's state—she returned, and, dismissing the servant, took up her place beside the sick man.

The hours slipped by—she scarcely knew they passed—she took no note of time. The reality of the stricken man, the strangely still room, her presence there, seemed all a dim dream, and what had for these dividing years been but as a dim dream a vivid reality—the little stream, with its fragile freight of the blue forget-me-nots—the quiet lake bearing on its bosom the one brave spray—the rapturous kiss, the spoken words, and the deep passionate gaze of eyes too well remembered. Swiftly, as in a panorama, that summer's day passed before her—it did not pain her now. Somehow her heart was at rest, the dull aching of the deep wound was over.

At every movement she bent over him, now easing his pillow, now laving his brow, then gently touching his lips with moisture, or answering his craving cry of "water" with cooling draughts. Now and again he would open his eyes and look round, as if expecting some known face; but then she would stand in the shadow, or drop her head beside the shrouding curtain, and he would sigh and turn wearily away. And so the night passed. As the faint light of morning appeared, the fever had ceased, and the sick man had sunk into a refreshing slumber. Then Nell laid for one brief moment her lips on his brow; but it was only a kiss of peace—she felt she could pray then. By previous arrangement, Mrs. McIan, the old nurse who had been the twins' constant attendant, and indeed friend, since they had left their home together, took Nell's place in the sick-room, leaving her free to return to her brother.

It was needful for her purpose that she should tell her brother that his new patient was Lyon Leslie, of her girlish love. She did so in as few words as she could command. He said very little, but he threw his arms around her as if he would shield her from a coming sorrow, and held her to his breast in a sympathising silence that tried her fortitude to the utmost.

"Randall," she whispered, "do not fear for me. There are no birds in last year's nest;" but her voice belied her words.

In the course of the day Colonel Gordon's servant arrived from Southampton with his master's luggage, and, under Randall's superintendence, the former was moved into quiet rooms within a few doors of his own house, and Mrs. McIan was installed in chief charge.

A letter was written to the Colonel's sister stating his conditon and the means adopted for his care. The attendance in the day-hours was taken by Randall, in the evening by Nell. In her shrouding ulster and wrapper and low felt hat, she attracted no observation; if she had, there would have been little fear of being discovered, so perfect was the likeness between the pair, a likeness intensified by similarity of dress.

Fortunately for the part Nell was playing, Colonel Gordon's sister was in delicate health, and seldom visited her brother in the evening. A note was sent to her the last thing at night to keep her apprised of his condition. In this way Nell felt pretty secure from detection. Her directions, too, were always given to Mrs. McIan, who generally managed to find something for the soldier-servant to do—a message, or clothes to air—at the hour of Nell's visit.

And the sick man lay unheeding, slowly mending towards a partial recovery. There had been a consultation, at which Randall was present, and it was agreed that, unless the bullet was discovered and extracted, the patient must eventually succumb to the wasting weakness induced by the open wound; and it was settled that, when he had rallied sufficiently, he should be put under an anaesthetic and the probe applied.

During these anxious days Nell sat late into the night, deep in earnest study. Her face grew thinner and her eyes unnaturally bright. Each evening, before her visit to the sick room, she made Randall sit down and go with careful minuteness into every symptom he had noted. These she wrote down.

Scarcely any words were exchanged between her and her old lover. He was generally inclined to sleep if not actually asleep, at the late hour of her visit; but, if awake, he would ask her to arrange his pillows, as, somehow, he found she had a knack "nurse" had not. He liked too the doctor's mixing of the effervescing drink at night, and always insisted on her giving it to him herself.

"You manage me better at night somehow, doctor," he said one day; "you always soothe me, and your voice is softer than in the day. It puts me in mind of someone; but I can't tell who."

Nell was very guarded after that speech, and spoke little; and then in as deep a voice as she could command. And day by day the girl grew more fragile, and her sweet earnest face more spiritual.

In these night visits she was in the habit of wearing a false mustache, closely resembling her brother's, which was long and silky and covered the mouth. This precaution against detection was needful, but none the less distasteful to her feeling; there was at stake her brother's reputation on one hand, and on, the other the very life perhaps of the one man she had loved above all the world.

At last the day came when she said to Randall that she thought their patient was sufficiently strong to undergo the probing for the bullet.

"Nell," he said, "can you take my place?"

"Yes," she answered; "I wish it. I shall use the probe myself. Lady Masters"—Colonel Gordon's sister—"wishes her own doctor to be present—he is an old man, I believe."

"Yes," said Randall, "seventy at least; I have only seen him once, and then in the dusk."

"Then it will only be necessary to call in Sir William Cheque; he knows the case."

"Perfectly. Lady Masters told me he spoke to her about her brother, and mentioned how skillful he thought my treatment had been; but all the same he didn't know me when I met him at his own door yesterday. I took off my hat to him, and he stared as if I had taken a liberty. You'll be quite safe, I'm sure. He's a great big man, and men of less stature always look smaller than they really are to tall men."

"Nurse," said Colonel Gordon, on the morning arranged for the consultation, "what is the doctor's name? I never heard it. He has only been 'the doctor,' to me."

"Randall, sir," replied Mrs. McIan, after a moment's hesitation.

"I like his night-visits best," he said. "Somehow the very sound of his foot soothes me."

Colonel Gordon was stronger and altogether in a more favorable state—so said Sir William Cheque, than on the occasion of his—Sir William's—previous visit. The fever had disappeared, and he was able to take a considerable quantity of nourishment; there were points in his favor he had hardly expected; but he expressed his decided opinion that the amendment would be only temporary, unless the bullet was traced and extracted, and of that he supposed there was little hope.

"None that I can see," said Doctor Parr, Lady Master's doctor, who had seen the patient more than once; "and I doubt, if it were found, if he would stand the necessary operation."

These words had passed out of range of their subject's hearing.

Then Nell, standing well in the shade, made a short concise statement, which riveted Sir William's attention. He was a liberal-minded man, and free from all professional jealousy. He saw the young man before him had thoroughly mastered the case, and his interest was roused to see how he would follow it out to the end he indicated. He was a man, though, of few words; so he contented himself with an approving nod, and then approached the bed.

"You have been in very skillful hands, Colonel Gordon," he said. "You may owe your life to my young friend here. I am happy to tell you he has every reason to suppose that he has traced the enemy. A little courage and we'll get him out. We will give you an anaesthetic and you'll know nothing about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Fat and the Lean.

To increase in weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of fat meats, butter, cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beet, farinaceous foods, as Indian corn, rice, tapioca, sago, corn starch, pastry, custards, oatmeal, sugar. Avoid acids. Exercise as little as possible, sleep all you can and don't worry or fret.

To reduce the weight: Eat, to the extext of satisfying a natural appetite, of lean meat, poultry, game, eggs, milk, moderately, green vegetables, turnips, succulent fruits, tea or coffee. Drink lime-juice, lemonade and acid drinks. Avoid fat, butter, cream, sugar, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, corn starch, potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips and sweet wines. Exercise freely.

Wetting Feed is Wasteful.

A writer on this subject says he changed from dry feed of grain for his cow to putting it into a pail of warm water night and morning. At the end of three months she had lost fifty pounds in weight of flesh, and her milk had fallen off nearly one-half. She seemed to be getting little benefit from her rations and there was a general running down in condition. He then changed the food back to dry, and in three months the cow regained all she had lost in flesh and milk during the preceding three months. While feeding this he could never detect any waste of food in the faeces, but in the wetted food he could. Feeding horses wet food sometimes produces dangerous attacks of colic, but in cows there is no danger of it.

Knapsacks for Books.

The German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen with knapsacks for carrying their school-books, as the tendency of carrying them under the arm or in portfolios or bags hung from the arm is to distort their figures. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march. The next funniest thing to be seen among school children on the continent is the long pipe or the bilious cigarette of the diminutive Dutch boy.

Looking for Greater Miracles.

"Well, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as they took their first ride on the elevated; "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the air?"

"Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companies of New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

The largest farm in America is the Grandin wheat field in Dakota. It contains 40,000 acres.

Singular Verification of a Dream.

Do dreams come true? There is one man in St. Paul who believes they do, sometimes. He had one, one night in 1856, which came true to a dot. His brother was an intimate friend of "Yellowstone" Kelly, the noted Indian scout, who was with Gen. Miles in his Indian fighting in the far west. The St. Paul man was in Bismarck for a time that year, and there his brother introduced him to Kelly and the two became the warmest kind of friends, for there was something in the makeup of each that attracted the other. The St. Paul man came home after a few weeks and Kelly went west on another Indian expedition. On the night of the 9th of September the St. Paul man had a dream of Kelly. He arose from his bed while still asleep, and threw himself on the floor, excitedly crying out: "Kelly is in danger. The Indians are in ambush for him in the canon. There is but one way of escape."

A gentleman who occupied the same room—it was in a building in Jackson street—was awakened. He got out of bed and rushed to where his chum lay on the floor talking in his sleep, and he awakened him.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I have had a dream," was the reply. "Yellowstone Kelly has been in danger from Indians. They laid an ambush for him. I can draw a map showing the only way of escape," and he took a piece of paper and drew a diagram showing where the Indians were and the only path by which escape could be made, as it had appeared in his dream. It made so vivid an impression that he was anxious for days for the fate of his friend the scout.

A few days later Kelly came to St. Paul and the two friends met.

"Where were you on the night of September 9?" asked the St. Paul man.

"I had a close call on that night," was the reply, "and the saddle I sat in that night has a bullet in it from a redskin's gun. I was caught in a canon and almost surrounded," and then he described the lay of the land and how he had escaped. The situation was exactly as the St. Paul man had dreamed it was.

The St. Paul man who had the dream and who believes that dreams sometimes come true was W. W. Erwin, the criminal lawyer, "The Tall Pine Tree of the North."—Ex.

Who climbs too high goes to fall. The great danger of letting that hacking cough run into that dread malady consumption, should be met at once by using

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY

It is a reliable and harmless remedy.

"Do you expect to keep Lent, Mr. Gayboy?" "Oh, yes, sorter half keep it; that is, my better half keeps it."

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to the ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

Sydney, N. S. W., receives more shoes from abroad than any other port in the world. More than one fourth of the British export of shoes for 1888 was sent thither.

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entirely. I want some shtuff to straiten me out. Some o' them 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for thim?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

A new French profession is that of "vender of paternity." It consists of an elderly man personating the father of a love sick youth who wishes to get married.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and great arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex would vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought as to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

"What a pity it is," says a city clergyman, "that there are so many sweet sinners and sour saints."

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c. and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Two wealthy Philadelphians have provided a gymnasium for use of the grammar schools of that city.

Time Rolls Its Ceaseless Course.

Invention has been succeeded by invention, tending to the benefit of mankind; till the very elements have become subservient to his will. Witness the winged lightning trained to become a fleet and trusty messenger, the placid water converted into a power, the like of which surpasses the understanding.

The cunning, craft and ingenuity of man have achieved wonders for his amelioration, comfort and requirements.

Under this connection it may not be out of place to note of what service Dr. Radway has been to his fellow men in discovering and compounding, safe and reliable Medicines for the Relief of pain, and for the cure of disease.

Dr. Radway's Medicines so long and favorably known to the public, have never been more popular than at the present time. Their excellence extends all over the world. They are alike welcomed by the rich as by the poor. In all properly stored homes Radway's Ready Relief, Sarsaparillian Resolvent or Radway's Pills are sure to be found. Dr. Radway's Medicines can at all times be relied upon, each to perform its proper function.

Radway's Ready Relief is a sure antidote for pain, is quicker in its operation, and more powerful than any other preparation; while it is entirely free from the dangerous effects of many which numb the senses and clog the circulation.

Radway's Ready Relief is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one, and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action, the cause of the Pain is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the Ready Relief is so admirably adapted for the cure of pain and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is the great Medical Discovery of the age for the cure of chronic disease, such as Scrofula in all its forms, Syphilis with its tremendous train of evils, and Cutaneous diseases of all kinds, often so difficult to cure and yet so formidable an antagonistic to good health and to good looks.

Radway's Pills the only reliable substitute for Calomel or Mercury, are still the people's favorite purgatives; and a sure cure for costiveness, indigestion, palpitation and the kindred diseases of the bowels, liver and stomach that result from over eating or use of improper food or improper use of stimulants, or overflow of bile in the blood, and all cases where a purgative cathartic, aperient or laxative Medicine is required.

Dr. Radway's Medicines can be had of any Druggist or at most of the country stores.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 171 Pearl St., N. Y.

Dakota's Boom.

Dakota is now engaging public attention through her efforts to achieve statehood, as well as by her phenomenal growth and the rapid developement of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet containing recent letters citing the actual experiences of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. Wilson, No. 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Not for Sport.

Grocer (to clerk)—"What are you doing there, Henry?"

Henry—"I am picking the dead flies out of these dried currents."

Grocer—"You just let them alone. Do you suppose that I am running this business for fun?" Do you think that I come down here early every morning and toil all day just for the sport of the thing? You let those flies alone."

Something Later than Hubby.

Polite clerk (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, lady. It's the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.

A Father's Hint.

Old man (at the head of the stairs at 2:30 a. m.)—Susie, what time is it?"

Susie (with second look at Reginald, who loses his grip)—"A few minutes past ten, papa."

Old man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, and Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Deep sleep, nervous or rapidly falling eye-sight, dropsy of the lungs, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

Italy has 300,000 cases of typhoid fever annually, of which 27,000 prove fatal.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely know as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs and throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Three new words are trying to be forced on the public: "Standstillism," "interurban," and "frivol."

"G. Whizz!"

On and after March 17th, 1889, Fast Limited Solid Vestibule Express Trains will run daily over the Great Rock Island Route, leaving Chicago as follows, form Van Buren Street Depot: 4.00 p. m.—For Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha. 3.15 p. m.—For Kansas City, Topeka, Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. 4.00 p. m.—For St. Joseph, Atchison, Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Palace Day Coaches, Pullman Sleepers and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars with Free Reclining Chair Cars between Chicago and St. Joseph, and Kansas City—through to Denver and Pueblo, via Colorado Springs. Splendid Dining Hotels west of St. Joseph and Kansas City. These trains are Vestibuled, heated by steam from the locomotive, and have all the modern improvements that conduce to safety and comfort. Terminal Connections in Union Depots with Fast Trains of continuous lines for Ogden, Salt Lake City, Helena, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego—affording choice of Routes to and from all points on the Pacific Coast, and in the intervening States and Territories. Save time and money, and see that your tickets going West read via Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.

419 Huron St., Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 12, 1888.

I have used St. Jacobs Oil for chicken cholera with great success. Every fowl affected with the disease was cured by it and I recommend it as a sure cure. It has saved me many dollars. H. A. KUENNE, Breeder of Fine Fowls.

Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and its disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

I CURE FITS!

I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return. I mean a radical cure. I have made FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

It is amusing to see people with their faces drawn as if they had swallowed a feather and it was tickling their lungs and they would be happy if they could only sneeze. Now there is no need of "making faces." A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will draw your face back into a smile.

"Kings are like stars, they rise and set." They have headache, cuts, and hurts like meaner men, and are just as sure to call for Salvation Oil.

An Arkansas man who bears the name of Jerusalem John Johnson wants it changed to John the Baptist Smith in order that he may inherit ten acres of land.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A minister preached a trial sermon in an eastern city Sunday from the text, "One thing thou lackest." Did he refer to himself or the congregation?

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

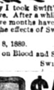
REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 162 to 86 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

Jan. 8, 1889. JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.



$5 TO $10 A DAY! AGENTS WANTED!

CIRCULARS FREE. 100 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders GIVEN AWAY to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horse's feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickle Plated Sample that sells for 65 cents. Address,

Brewster Mf'g Co., Holly, Mich.

CATARRH IS SLAYING MILLIONS because its treatment is so little understood. We have the method of a successful retired French Physician, used in his special treatment of diseases of Nose, Throat and Lungs for nearly fifty years. This method does not only relieve, but we guarantee a Positive and Permanent Cure. A full statement of method of treatment and cost sent FREE. Write, stating your present condition how long you have suffered, etc. DO NOT DELAY, YOU CAN BE CURED. Persons while using our method of treatment may consult our Medical Director, by letter or direct, FREE OF CHARGE. Address S. C. BROWNING & CO., Newark, N. J.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

SECRETS Free Masonry, Signs, Grips and Morgan's Fate sent on receipt $1. Peoples Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent free to any one afflicted. Dr. Taft Bro., Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS W. X. Stevens, Solicitor. ESTABLISHED IN 1867. WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. N. U., D.—VII—13.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

A WET HEN

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. Tower, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

PERCHERON HORSES!

SAVAGE & FARNUM,

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Michigan.

About 200 pure-bred animals on hand. Prices reasonable; terms easy. Horses guaranteed breeders. Large catalogue with history of the breed free by mail address SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

FRENCH COACH HORSES.

Beautifully formed high-stepping Stallions and Mares, superb action, bred under the patronage of the French Government. For catalogue and history of the breed address

Savage & Farnum, Detroit, Mich.

MIRACULOUS RESTORATION.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!

And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day.
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Weaker she grew, and thin and pale.

At last, while in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help; I can but try."

And so, according to direction,
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
And every baleful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed, invigorating tonic and nervine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It is the only medicine for the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules, are Laxative or Cathartic, according to size of dose.