"August Flower"

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

"I diana want to gie you any false hopes, missy, but if I be na far wrang, Bob Ross will soon be put right."

"You have found out how it was done?"

"I jaloused it as soon as Bob let me ken what had happened. You see what comes o' reading the papers. I would like to have like the lave o' you, maybe, if I hadna read that."

He handed her the scrap of paper. It was the report of a common enough police case; a man entitled into a house, drugged, robbed, and turned out into the street in a state of apparent drunken stupefaction.

"This is what he has done?" she cried excitedly, as she read.

"Bide a minute, missy. You hae a heap to answer for; if it hadna been for you, the would never hae thought o' sic a daft like thing. Hows'ever, we want to clear Bob. You say anything about this, no even to your father, and I'll satisfies him that he was mista'en. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"And you hae told Jeems what his mother wants, I'll gang hame again by train the-day. But I would like you to tell me one or two things first."

The "one or two things" included the whole of her conversation with Cargill about Ross, and the information she had gathered as the men were separating. She took care to observed the slightest sign of anything being wrong with the pilot until they found him lying by the wheel.

"It's just wonderfu' how you thought about seeking out a' that," said Dick admiringly; "but you were are a clever lass, missy. I canna understand how the captain should be sae ready to think ill o' Bob."

"Cargill made him believe that he had been drinking before."

"A weel, that'll a'be set right afore langyan and me mann hae a strong enough force wee while. Just you keep on as you hae been doing—keep frien's wi' him and may-be we'll get mair out o' him."

When Cargill returned he was annoyed exceedingly to find his bugbear, Dick Baxter, waiting for him, and almost started in to a rage when he heard the well-known salutation, "Weel, Jeems, how's a' wi' you the-day?"

He would have turned away at once from this pest, but he was detained by the next words.

"Your mother sent to you anee errand. She wouldna believe in the post or the telegraph; the matter was sae particular that nothing would serve her but I maun come wi' her message."

"What is it she wants now?" was the surly and impatient query.

"She doesna want you to break your trip; but she *commands* you to gang straight to her the minute you land. She bade me say that you would hurt yourself sair if you didna can fancy, if you didna do her bidding."

"Very well."

"You'll come the minute you land?"

"Of course, since she iso particular about it."

"I'll tell her to expect you, for I'm gaun back by train the-day."

That evening in the gloaming, work over and all quiet on board, Captain Duncan was sitting on deck smoking. Annie was walking up and down, occasionally halting beside him. During one of these halts, he said abruptly—

"Annie, I want you to be kind to Jeems Cargill."

This was the first time he had referred to the subject of the proposed union since that evening in the cottage.

"What for in especial, father?"

He puffed slowly, and looked over the bulwark into the clear blue water which was plashing gently against the sides of the *Mermaid*. He was perplexed; what especial reason was there for asking her to be kind to Cargill? He himself had no especial regard for the man, and but for his fortune would have little to say to him.

"It's this way, Annie; you see he's a man that has a great notion o' you; he's weel-to-do in the world; there's nobody has any particular ill to say against him; and he asked me to put in a word for him wi' you. I said I would, and I'm doing't. You might do a hantle waur than agree to be Mistress Cargill."

She laid her hand on his shoulder; she could feel the awkwardness with which he spoke. At another time she would have relieved him by laughing at the whole affair. At present she had too many anxious thoughts weighing upon her for laughter to vent.

"I told you my mind about this, father, when you mentioned it before. I am of the same mind yet, and I will never change."

She felt a glow of pleasure in thus echoing her lover's words.

"A weel, weel, I'm na gaun to force your will. I was meaning you for another man a' the while; but I hae done what I promised and one night need be said. You would hae loupit bitherly enough at—but that's a' by and nae mair need be said."

He got up and leaned over the bulwark now puffing vigorously.

A vague suspicion of his meaning flashed across her mind, making the heart leap quick with surprise and joy.

"Who are you speaking about now, father?" she asked, her voice low and not quite so steady as usual.

"Never heed, never heed. It's a' by no —the big foe!"

Then there was silence. She was trembling and afraid to speak; first she should find that she misunderstood her father's thoughts.

But it faded he *him he referred to*; and this was the meaning of his incurious little remark and gruff way which had often puzzled her when he was speaking about her marriage. Could it be?

"I'm sair put about wi' Bob Ross," he said by-and-by, half angrily, half regretfully. "What a hyp crite he maun hae been! —I would so soon hae thought o' doing sin a thing myse' as him. Had it na been for that, he was the man for you and the *Mermaid* lan'."

"And will be, father," she cried gleefully.

"Na, that canna be noo—it's a' by. I'd sooner see you maerrit to Jeems Cargill."

"Oh, father, you will find that you are mistaken about poor Bob."

"That's impossible."

In the midst of her great gladness there came that cruel thought—everything had been lost by that one blunder. She knew what Cargill had done; Dick Baxter knew it; but how could they prove it?

* * * * *

As soon as the *Mermaid* arrived at Leith, Cargill took his leave of Annie. He was disappointed; all his powers of persuasion had failed to move her. She had been civil to him—kind even—but she would not permit him to get out his proposal. When he was saying good-bye he made one more effort to win her favor.

"I suppose I may come to Anchor Cottage to-morrow?"

Then her whole manner suddenly changed, she became cold, almost stern.

"You may come, of course, Mr. Cargill; but you will be good enough to be until Mr. Ross is put right with my father."

He was staggered, confused, muttered that he did not know what that meant. It was of his; and with clumsy haste made his way ashore.

Thinking over those parting words of Annie's he was a little disturbed and in very ill-humor when he arrived at his mother's dwelling, and had a few words with Dick Baxter. Entering the room he did not observe the absence of the salutation, querulous or otherwise, from his mother; but was struck by what was conscious of a change in her appearance. He started even him.

She had left upright in her chair, the white mutch as carefully "piped" as ever, surrounding a face like that of a corpse. Her right hand rested on a little table at her side, the left grasped the arm of the chair, supporting her in the erect position of one who is just about to rise to her feet.

He felt the singular calmness of her voice, and was most startled by its tenderness than by her appearance.

"I'm glad you've come, Jeems, for I hae muckle to say to you afore I get up."

"What is it, mother?"

His own voice was somehow subdued and less self-assertive than usual.

"You ken, Jeems that I hae many times had reason to complee o' your way o' doing; and mair than once in my passion I was actually meaning to take every bawbee awa' frae ye and gie it to some o' the hospitals."

"Oh, that was only when you were angry," he answered uneasily.

"Ay, but my anger lasted lang enough to me to make out what I will."

"What!"

"I'e needna be feared. There was a friend o' yours who, after long speakin' gart me put that paper in the fire."

"Who was that?" he asked, breathing freely again.

"It was nane ither than Bob Ross. Has ye na reason to be grateful ina him?"

The selfish nature of the man remained his indifferent as soon as he knew himself to be safe.

"Of course, and I'll thank him when we meet."

The woman's eyes set in that grand, set look of death, and there was a terrible gleam in them; and there was a weird solemnity in her voice.

"You'll not to dae a heap mair than that —Ye'll hae to put him richt wi' his folk. Ye'll hae to tell how it cam' about that he fell doon stupefied at the wheel."

There was none of Bell's customary passion in tone or manner. She pronounced the sentence calmly, and there was a tremulous sadness somewhere which rendered her words the more impressive.

"What do I know about it," he said sullkily after the first surprise, "except that I gave him a dram, and—"

"And you ken what was in the dram, Jeems. You ken that there was nearly the hale o' this stuff that was in this bottle in it."

She lifted the right hand from the table, and showed him a small phial.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed, starting up, and then suddenly checking himself, whilst inwardly cursing his own stup dity in having left the phial in his berth on board the *Mermaid* and forgotten it, instead of throwing it overboard at once. He was only for a moment puzzled as to how it came into his mother's possession, for he instantly remembered the visit to Peterhead of the creature he now began to look upon as his evil genius, Dick Baxter.

Bell Cargill went on.

"You bought this on pretence that you wanted a strong sleeping drink, and you gied it to Bob Ross . . . . Did you na dae that?"

"What is the use of asking such a foolish question?" he growled restlessly.

The old woman looked at him a long time, and that strange sadness which was lying somewhere in the background became more evident in the lines of the worn face and the darkening of the eyes. Without anger, scarcely with any change of tone, she spoke.

"I saw keened ye were a fule, Jeems, but I never thought you were a villian. Own the truth to me, or you'll hae to own it in a court o' justice. To hae wranged the man that was your best frien'—when I gat up I'll mak' amends tae him. But that's na the question. Ye hae attempted to murder his ence, or never a farthing o' my siller ye shall hae. Speak—you did it."

Cargill, who had never detested his mother as he was, and after a struggle with his vanity, which was overcome by his greed, he answered, with a dogged attempt to be peculiar

"Well, I did put a few drops into his dram, but it was only a joke, and meant no harm. I had no notion that he was going to wreck us."

"Heeh, sirs, and that's a' your repentance, Ye ken fine that you were gaun to wreck him. . . . Put your name to that paper."

Cargill looked at the paper, which she held under her hand, and read the writing on it. It was a plain, brief statement that he had purposely given Ross a sleeping draught. He made an attempt to snatch it away from her, but whilst she covered it with one hand she placed the other on his breast.

"Harken Jeems. If that paper is na put into the hands o' Dick Baxter this nicht wi' your name to it you will be ruined."

He hastily scrawled his name, thinking that he could easily tear the paper afterwards; but at that moment his evil genius stripped it at the door, and snatched the paper almost from under his hand.

"The paper doesna matter, mistress," says Dick Baxter, "though I've got it. I was standing on the stairhead and heard every word he said tae ye."

Cargill's impulse was to seize the man and take the prize from him by force; but the attention of both was attracted to the mother.

Her eyes had become suddenly dim, and she muttered, in a voice growing rapidly more and more faint—

"She bid Bob Ross I'll mak' amends tae him when I get up. I'm weary enow."

And Bell Cargill lay back in her chair, and fell asleep.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XII.

"WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW."

Captain Duncan rubbed his eyes and would have grown pale had his ruddy cheeks been capable of such a sign of emotion, when Annie and Dick Baxter explained to him and proved to him how Bob Ross had been betrayed.

"Preserve us," he gasped, "and me blaming him wrangly a' this time! . . . but what for did he na speak out himsel'—I would hae believed him."

"Oh, father, 'you would not be patient even with me, far less with him; and he was too much stupefied to be able to understand things himself until he got home."

"Gang for him, Dick—fetch him here this minute," cried the captain in passionate haste.

"That'll na be ill to dae," said Dick, with one of his wise grins, "for he's just outby."

Ross hailed in the doorway, pale still, but firm on his feet again. The captain opened his mouth as if to speak, but, for a little, was unable to do so. Then he took out his big red and white HANDkerchief, wiped his face with it, and next began to tug at it and the knots on it as if it were a rope. He found his tongue at last, and with much rough awkwardness—

"I did you wrang, Ross. . . . I beg your pardon, and there's my hand and there's Annie and the *Mermaid*."

The hands of the two men clasped in a grip that meant eternal friendship.

Then the old captain without another word passing between them, hurried out of the room. He sat down on the anchor in the middle of the green. There he had his pipe and a dram and a crack with old Dick Baxter, learning all the details of Cargill's treachery and how it was found out. At the end Dick was a richer man that day than he had ever been at one time in all his life.

As for Annie and Bob Ross, they were alone in the room. She was in his arms, and he could only say in a whisper—

"God bless you—my own lass,"

* * * * *

There were few folk in the town who did not miss Bell Cargill. When it became known that she was gone there was as much of that silent sorrow about the place as if news had come of the loss of a whole fleet of smacks.

"We hae lost a guid frien'," said one wife to another, and that was Bell's epitaph; but she was generous hand and the sharp tongue are still missed in the place.

Outside Anchor Cottage the truth about the narrow escape of the *Mermaid* is only known to Campbell, the sailor who drowned his faith in Ross in spite of appearances, and Dick Baxter. The incident is frequently spoken about amongst the men; but Ross himself when questioned only laughs and says, "Oh, I had a dram, that's all."

Cargill was glad to get away from selling his evil everything in the place, and has never been seen there since his mother went away.

The *Mermaid* still plies in the lawyers to sea, in the soft northern climate, Annie's new voice is heard crooning the old song, "Wed may the keel row."

THE END.

The best characters have a mixture of infirmities, and the worst have sometimes redeeming virtues.

FEMININITIES.

No woman is really beautiful until she is old.

Most women are ambitious; they want men.

Sweethearts and wives are entirely different women.

There would be no religion if there were no women.

A woman is seldom prosaic until she is some man's mother-in-law.

When women speak kindly of each other (behind) evil bides his hours.

If only women fought battles there would be only wars of extermination.

Satan never could have broken into the Garden of Eden with a man on watch.

Important Trade Name Decision.

Judge Thayer of the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, has recently handed down an opinion in a perpetual injunction suit brought against the defendants in the case of The Hostetter Co., known as the Stomach Bitters Company Co., ALIAS "Gold Spring Distilling Co.," specifying in the strongest possible terms the infringing of any article of stomach Bitters either in trade, in the manufacture, sale or any form of using the name "Hostetter," except in connection with the sale of the genuine Bitters which are always sold in bottles securely sealed and having yellow wrappers. Any one who is in doubt, though the name "Hostetter" be not used, that the wrapper used is in the imitation of it, he can put them in the empty Hostetter bottles and purchasers would not discover the difference. His decision supports the Hostetter company in the exclusive use of the name "Hostetter" in connection with either the manufacture or sale of stomach Bitters in any manner or form whatsoever, and firmly establishes its ownership in the same as a "Trade Name."

The Real Lady.

A real lady can always be known by her surroundings and a real lady is always considerate of the feelings of others, especially when they are her friends. A considerate woman will not have for personal adornments snakes, for curtain ties artificial spiders, lobsters, dragons and frogs. These objectionable features that have replaced the Japanese fans and bird and drawing-room decorations are abhorrent to the feelings of many women who are nervously constructed. To call and see those realistic objects dangling and creeping about causes positive torture to the people who have a fear of the real snake, frogs, spiders and lobsters. These are monstrosities of fashion, and the elegant woman should never lend herself to the adoption of any such fad. It is not only inconsiderate, but positively lacking in charity.—Post-Dispatch.

He Can Afford It.

In his time Lord Byron scorned the "lords and ladies" of England, and that country has really never forgiven him. An item from London says: Sixty years ago the world couldn't find money enough to do honor to the memory of Lord Byron; to-day scarcely fifty people visit his grave in the course of a year. But Byron can stand that sort of neglect better than the people. The man who wrote "Childe Harold" is secure against time's decay."

She Was Still Young.

The youthful feelings endure to a great old age with some people. Miss Rollins of Pittsburg, aged 52, recently broke a marriage engagement with a man named Nelson, aged 68. Explaining, she said: "My parents would never allow me to marry a man old enough to be my father. Any young girl has a right to break a love affair. I have many precedents for so doing."

Candle and soap makers are familiar with the Chinese vegetable tree (Stillingia sebifora), but probably they do not know all about it. Acting Consul Hosie at Wenchow says that it is not generally known that the fruit of this tree produces oil as well as tallow. Chinese tallow is a white, hard fat, formed on the surface of the seeds. It is separated by a process of steaming and pressing through sieves. It is from the hard, black kernels left behind that the Chinese obtain what Mr. Hosie describes as a good lighting oil of a brownish-yellow color.

For Neuralgia in the Temples.

Take a piece of brown paper, saturate it in a teaspoon of laudnum and sprinkle it thickly with black pepper and bind to the head. The effect of this is almost magical, but if a person is peculiarly susceptible to the influences of opium it must not be applied to the eyes, as the laudnum is absorbed by the pores of the skin, and in this way is diffused into the system. It is very rare, however, that any one is found with an organization too sensitive to stand this treatment.

Concluded to Wait.

Miss Pumper—How did it happen, Miss Grasper, that your nuptials were deterred? Your wedding was fixed for last month, wasn't it?

Miss Grasper—Yes, but you see I happened just the day before to read an article about "the coming billionaire," so I dismissed the other fellow and determined to wait.—Boston Courier.

For Spot Cash.

If you have $5,000 in gold cash you can manage to have your wife, your mother, father, uncle or aunt sent to a private insane asylum, whether sane or insane. The conveniences invented for the present generation are almost without number, and this is one of them.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists 75c.

How an angry man hates to see anything that would make him smile.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles 15c and 25c. Major's Best Liquid Glue 25c.

No woman hates the men, but they all ought to.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Whatever you do to others will some day be done to you.

The Best Way to Succeed in Business is to first take a thorough business course by mail at your own home. Bryant & College, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cherish a virtue, and some vice remains uncultivated.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Any man can acquire a habit, but few men can relinquish one.

Business for the Boys

The publishers of the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS, the People's great National Weekly, want an active, energetic boy in every town to act as local agent for the SATURDAY PRESS on the streets, and to act as local agent. Boys are making from $1.00 to $10.00 a week selling the SATURDAY PRESS. A perfect revolution is being brought about in the sale of newspapers daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, CHICAGO, ILL. Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agt.

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

It takes a fool to talk learnedly of things he knows nothing about.

A Tory returned from a foreign tour claims that her health was sustained by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The tongue is the instrument with which conversations are opened.

If a man wants to do a thing and can, and is not afraid to, he will do it.

Ask your storekeeper for our Fruit Jar Opener. Don't see how you get along without it. If he don't keep it send 10 cents postage and get one from—

KEWAN & TYLER, Baltimore, Md.

He who depreciates the worth of others is sure to exaggerate his own virtue.

We have to pass through many a storm before we learn to be calm in a tempest.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

So many who find fault with a woman for humoring a sick child, humor their own sick fancies.

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.

There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

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.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Good Wives
grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.
COPYRIGHT

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

P. SCHOENHOFEN BREWING CO. CHICAGO.
EDELWEISS BEER

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,
Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River, The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Rock Island, Peoria, La Salle, Mendota, Geneseo, Sterling, Dixon, Freeport, Ottawa, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Huron, in DAKOTA—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Concordia, Kansas City, Olathe, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Hannibal, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO.—Traversed over a vast area of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of interchange of business with all towns and cities east and west, northwest and south-west of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT—SUBURBAN EXPRESS TRAINS,
Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH—Reclining Chair Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE.
Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, CHICAGO, ILL. Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agt.

Boys Wanted!
The Publishers of the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS want a bright, energetic boy in every town and village to sell the
CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS
and to act as local agent. Boys ever where are making from $1.00 to $10.00 a week selling the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS on the streets. To our boys, 2 cents per copy
Address,
Saturday Press Co.,
417 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.
W. N. U., D.—9—26.
When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

Patents! Pensions
Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Pension and Land Laws. Address
PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
16 lbs. per month by Harris Remedy. Absolutely harmless. No starving diet. Cures Dyspepsia and Constipation. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Book free. Harris Remedy Co., 1416 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

HIRES ROOT BEER.
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A temperance drink that you can have at any soda fountain. Ask for Hires' Root Beer. Take no substitute. Sold everywhere. Prepared only by C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

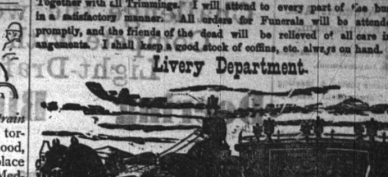
CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with A VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. DR. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM.
Weaves 10 yds. an hour Send for circulars.
C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Iowa

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURE: We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address P. Hood Sayre, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

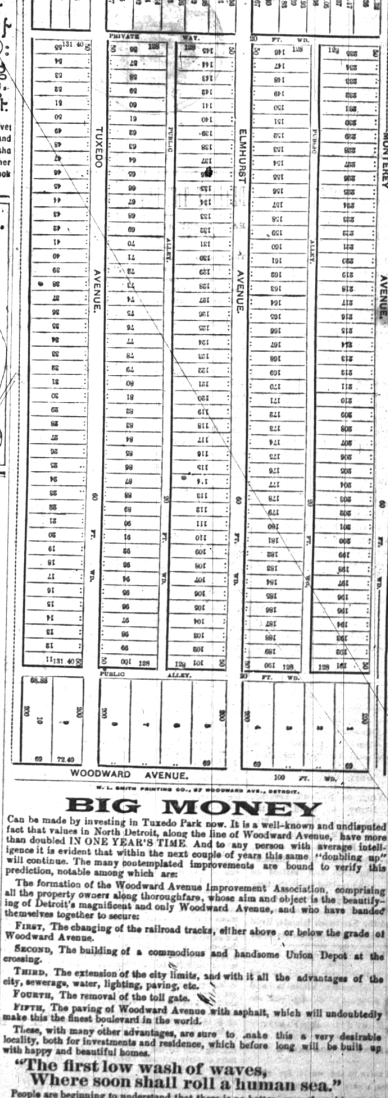
The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

I have the best facilities for furnishing
Caskets & Burial Cases
Together with all Trimmings. I will attend to every part of the business in a satisfactory manner. All orders for Funerals will be attended to promptly, and the friends of the dead will be relieved of all care in arrangements. I shall keep a good stock of coffins, etc. always on hand.
Livery Department.

First-class Single and Double Rig
I have recently purchased for my Undertaking Business at considerable expense one of Taylor's Improved Ice Caskets for preserving the dead. This method keeps the ice from direct contact with the remains and does away with the old way of embalming, poisoning and mutilating the body.
J. O. BEATTIE.

TUXEDO PARK.
A Rare Chance for Investment where Money can be made Safely, Surely and Reasonably.

To invest or not to invest is the question now that agitates the mind of every one having any money that they would like to put out with a fair chance of its returning ten fold and more if one is fortunate to hit the right spot. Tuxedo Park is in our mind just the place where one may invest and make a fortune with a very small capital to start in with. Mr. Luther Stanley is one of a syndicate who with a view to a sure, quick return and a big return for the investment have bought out Woodward Ave. Detroit, a beautiful tract of land, platted it and call it

TUXEDO PARK.



BIG MONEY
Can be made by investing in Tuxedo Park now. It is a well-known and undisputed fact that values in North Detroit, along the line of Woodward Avenue, have more than doubled IN ONE YEAR'S TIME. And to any person with average intelligence it is evident that within the next couple of years this same "doubling up" and Rapid Transit contemplated improvements are bound to verify this prediction, notable among which are:

First, The formation of the Woodward Avenue Improvement Association, comprising all the property owners along thoroughfare, whose aim and object is the beautifying of Detroit's magnificent and only Woodward Avenue, and who have banded themselves together to secure:

First, The changing of the railroad tracks, either above or below the grade of Woodward Avenue.

Second, The building of a commodious and handsome Union Depot at the crossing.

Third, The extension of the city limits, and with it all the advantages of the city, sewerage, water, lighting, paving, etc.

Fourth, The removal of the toll gate.

Fifth, The paving of Woodward Avenue with asphalt, which will undoubtedly make this the finest boulevard in the world.

These, with many other advantages, are sure to make this a very desirable locality, both for investments and residences, which before long will be built up with happy and beautiful homes.

"The first low wash of waves,
Where soon shall roll a human sea."

People are beginning to understand that there is no better way of making and saving money than by buying in a locality like this.

The office is fairly on, and the person of moderate income who does not secure one of these lots now, will never again see an equal opportunity.

For plats, diagrams and further particulars, call on or address,

Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich.

SHOOTING, FISHING, GET THE BEST BOOK ON SPORTS or GAMES! Mailed for 15 cents. Send 2-cent stamp for Catalogue. **V. Kinder,** Rand McNally & Co.'s Building, Chicago, General Agent.

BLOOD POISON of any form, from a common pimple to the worst case, permanently cured in 35 to 90 days. Our Remedy is purely vegetable, and contains no Mercury, Potash or other poisonous drugs. Cures guaranteed. Write for proofs, testimonials and terms. Address COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.