"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

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

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

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

To Young Mothers

Makes Child Birth Easy. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain,

Endorsed by the Leading Physicians. Book to "Mothers" mailed FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

1 CENT A DOSE. THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. COUGH CURE

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.

$3.00 ELECTRIC BELL $3.00

Complete with Bell, Battery, Push Button, 100 ft. insulated wire and diagram and full directions for setting up.

This Bell outfit is not a toy but is full size and first class in every respect the same as we are using in fitting out Hotels, Offices and Dwelling Houses in our city. Send three dollars by Postal order or registered letter to us for sample outfit. Agents Wanted

The Decker Electrical and Novelty M'f'g. Co. DETROIT, MICH.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Common Soap Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands. IVORY SOAP DOES NOT.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XXIII. CONTINUED.

"Perhaps you are a stranger in these parts," he said. "Yon's our Grange—Squire's house. It's empty now, barring the servants. Old Squire he died, and there's all kind of stories, whispers like, going about. Some say he left it to a young lady as was there, and was to have been married to his nephew, and then jilted him; some that they are going to be married after a bit, and there's nothing to talk about at all. I am new to Marlands myself. I used to live at Bratton, ten miles away. You know Bratton?"

"No."

"Don't you now? That's queer! Well, such is what some folks say. There's others, again, will tell you Mr. Gascoigne—that's Squire—left his money to Mr. Gilbert—that's his nephew—on condition he did not marry this young lady. Any way, none knows the rights of it; but Mr. Gilbert's away, and the young lady left the Grange, looking, the women say, as if her heart would break. It's a pity they don't make up their minds for one at any rate to live there. It's a nice place—first-class land some of it!"

He looked with a certain pride at the looming pile of gray stone, the broken skyline of tower and gables, and the windows sparkling through the haze in the sunbeams that shone on them; and I gazed at it with throbbing, aching heart, drinking in all its beauty—my fair palace, my joy and my sorrow—mine, though I should not set foot in it again—mine, though I stole near it in secrecy, and looked on it as an exile and a wanderer.

I walked up the little lane, St. Gabriel's Walk, and by the shore of the calm quiet lake. Everything was very still; no one was about, and the twitter of a linnet from its perch on the twig of an ash-tree was the only sound near me. The trees, which ought to have been full of bud and promises of summer, were frost-bound, and a great stretch of snow-covered park-land, with dark belts and plantations of shrubs and evergreens, lay between me and the Grange. Then I came to the low stone wall and the gate where Gilbert and I used to meet and part. The lichens were lightly hidden in snow, but here and there an ivy-leaf peeped out green and unfading from the gray and white.

I stood there in silence, and prayed Heaven that Gilbert at least might be happy, whatever was to be my lot; and I plucked gently one green ivy-leaf as a memento.

And on the still air there seemed to come from the pine-trees the fragment of a song—

"Whate'er may be, where'er thou art,
Dear love, I love thee evermore.'
Only a whisper, a whisper
Tender and soft, loving and sweet,
Only a whisper, a whisper
From hearts that may never more meet!"

For months after that nothing altered the quiet current of my life, and I thought nothing ever would do so again. I had given up expectation, and I imagined hope was dead. My duties required all my attention; I had no time to repine or moan. It was better so.

I heard of Hilda's marriage with Lord Ormsby, one of the fashionable matches of the season; and I had many letters from Annis. I suppose she guessed gradually what had happened; but she betrayed it only by an extra loving tenderness in her letters.

She knew the separation between Gilbert and me was final, and I knew she was longing to reunite us. When she was Ulric's wife, she begged me to go and stay with her at Marlands, and she told me how everything looked, and what was changed. In one note she at length spoke of Gilbert's absence and its cause.

"Gilbert will never come to the Grange, but he would be happier if you were there, Viola. He says he would return at once to England then. It is yours, you know."

At the bottom of that same letter was scribbled a careless postscript—

"You remember Mr. Carden, who used to be Gilbert's partner? Have you heard about him? He has appropriated a lot of money given him by a client to invest, and made off to America or somewhere, no one knows where, three months ago. Some people say that that Frenchwoman who was Gwendoline's maid, and whom Gwen dismissed so hastily, went with him; but that is too ridiculous, isn't it? You never know what village-folk will say."

I heard too from Gwendoline. Her letters were full of her husband. I saw that she was learning more day by day of the worth of the love she had so nearly flung away for ever. I liked to think of her, changed as she was from the bitter passionate woman of two years before to a happy loving wife. I dwelt on her happiness as the best panacea for my own wounds. If I had been able so to alter her life, I ought not to fret at my own lot. The separation of Gilbert and me was nothing compared with the case of Martin Pomeroy and his wife. So I lingered over Gwendoline's letters and over each word in them that breathed of happiness, and perhaps exaggerated that happiness to myself, seeing that it was what I wished; but even then I was conscious they were not all I had hoped. Still there was a restless murmur, still a shadow seemed to lie between her and Martin; she appeared to be aware of it, and to be trying to argue it away by telling me she was at peace. She harped on what had happened more than was natural; it was as if the ghost of the past haunted her path and would not let her rest.

I tried to think myself mistaken, to think my own morbid fancy imparted this meaning to her words; but the more I pondered them the clearer was this undercurrent revealed, and then the seal seemed affixed to my own sorrow, and the world around me was dark indeed.

Was this to be the end? Had I done no good? Had I not at least made Gwendoline happy? For all that Gilbert and I were suffering, was there to be no recompense in the life of Martin and his wife?

Could Crawford Carden have sought her out even in far India? Surely that could not be!

CHAPTER XXIV

"Miss Thorne, Miss Thorne, here is a letter for you from India!"

I was hoping for it, and my thoughts were back at the old Grange as I stood by the window of the schoolroom, waiting for my pupils to come to breakfast. There was a tree in the garden just outside the window which reminded me just a little of one near the lake at Marlands, and the boys marveled why I cared for that old gnarled ash.

Ernie, the eldest, came rushing into the apartment impetuously from the dining-room, where the post-bag had been opened.

"Here, Miss Thorne—you like to get letters from your friend in India; don't you? I think I'll go to India when I'm a man. It's a jolly big place, and you've only to sit and be punkahed, and let the blackies do everything, and go out tiger-shooting when you like. I think I would do that every day, and kill frightfully big ones; and mamma would put the skins on the drawing-room floor, and say, 'My son in India shot that fellow!'"

I took the envelope from him, but I only looked at the slender hand-writing I knew so well, and waited until the meal was over, the children sent out for half an hour's play, and I was alone before opening the cover. I could not read Gwendoline's letters in the midst of their merry chatter and distracted by their demands.

The letter began in a sudden impetuous way, as if she were speaking, but it held me spell-bound from first to last.

"Viola, how you must hate me! How can you bear to think of me, to write to me? Why don't you poison the dear kind letters you send me, and tell me how you detest my name? Viola, Viola, I never guessed what I had done—I never dreamed!"

Of what was she dreaming now?

"I thought only of myself and what you had done for me, never of what return your kindness might have brought to you. Oh, how could you still be silent and let me escape? How you must hate me—but not more than I hate myself and condemn the weak fool I once was! My dear friend and sister, I don't know how to write to you or what to say."

The writing was all unsteady and shaken, and the marks of tears were on the page. Dear, noble, impulsive Gwendoline? What would I not do to help her?

"I have learned all the story," she went on. "What story?

"Gilbert is here."

My heart beat fiercely. What did she mean? He knew nothing to tell her.

"He has been wandering about the earth, and he came here at last to us and asked if Martin could get him an appointment. So I heard the truth; you and he are parted for ever! He would not tell me why, though I urged him to give me an explanation. I think there must have been a dark shadow of suspicion, a great terrible fear looming in my brain. Still he held out, and would say nothing—nothing—till he fell ill of fever a few days afterwards; and he was weak, and thought he should not live. Then he told me—me alone—as I knelt by his side.

"'I want you to tell her,' he said, 'if anything should happen to me, that I forgave her, and that I did not believe what they said to me, but only what I myself knew. I believe she cared for me before Crawford Carden made use of the time my uncle afforded him to entrap her heart. I believe she would have confessed she did not love me at first; but that will silenced her. She thought to marry me for pity, and she returned his letters to Carden—I saw it done—and she would have tried to keep me deceived and been true to me—in a way. I was angry, madly angry; but, when I came to think of her, her sweetness and her frank bright eyes, I saw this must be the answer. I left her; it was all I could do. I hated the Grange and the money, and I hated Carden; but I could not hate her. There was no truth in what Hilda said—that Viola was marrying me to stop legal action and secure the Grange, while she loved and always had loved Carden. Tell Hilda from me that she was wrong!'

"Viola, what do you think I could say or do? I was turned to ice. I could not move. He spoke so earnestly, pleading and explaining, and I was dumb. I saw it all in a lightning-flash that scorched and burnt me. I thought my sin buried and forgotten, and it shot out in flame before my eyes. I fancied no harm had been done. I had been stopped in time, and was safe; and I forgot you. Viola, you do not know what it is to have spent such a day as that was to me. You will never know. If you had, perhaps you would think I have atoned for the misery I have caused you.

"And at last, after struggling a day and a night with every kind of nightmare, fantasy, and perplexed delusion, I made up my mind to tell it all—the whole truth—to my husband. I shrank from it like a coward from the lash. I had only just learned how noble, how good and true he is; I had only just learned to love him, to value what I had nearly lost. Lately, too, I knew there had been a cloud between us. I thought he was finding out how unworthy I was. It was only a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand; but it had made me strive doubly to win him. To tell of this that had been so carefully hidden, not a breath of which had reached his ear, would decide all.

"I had not the slightest hope of his forgiveness, and it was harder, out here in this strange country, without you near, than it would have been at first. But you had done more for me. I took him all my letters to Crawford Carden, the ones you got back for me, and I confessed to him the whole story, the beginning to the end. Beatrice might well, Viola, thank Heaven for a good man's love! I had done nothing to deserve it, yet it was still mine. He told me then what caused the little cloud. He had letters from Mathilde, the woman I trusted as messenger, my maid, warning him, speaking of Carden, hinting things ten times greater than had ever been, and of letters I had bought back for a thousand pounds. He had not credited her lies, but yet the poison had rankled, and he had quickly seen the reluctance and the shrinking with which I answered questions as to Gilbert's partner. But now he believed me, since I had told him everything unasked. I said you could bear witness that the letters I gave him were all; but he answered that he would not doubt my word. There is a weight off my heart, the full heaviness of which I did not know till it was gone. I fancied I was quite happy when I came here with Martin; but there was a phantom of fear dogging my path, and I have learned that nothing but honest truth will silence lying whispers.

"But you—you can never forgive me! That year in which I and Martin learned to know and trust each other saved me; but you have had to bear the burden. When Gilbert is conscious again, Martin will tell him how true you are; you shall be cleared fully and perfectly, Viola; and I pray Heaven Gilbert may come back to tell you so. If he does not, my heart will break, my grief will be greater than yours. It is worse to bear the effect of one's folly than one's goodness. He must recover; he must! Heaven cannot be so cruel now! I would not have written to you until the fever had left him, but it was impossible to wait. I am sure he will not die, Viola—dear true little Viola! Try to forgive me.

"GWENDOLINE."

Winter had come; the leaves had long since fallen from the ash-tree, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. I had been asked to stay over the holidays with my pupils, and I had consented, because I did not want to interfere with the gaiety at home, and it seemed that, if I returned, I must. Grace had written to tell me of her engagement to a young clergyman in Cloisterham, and I noticed how carefully she wrote, for fear of hurting my feelings or opening up my wounds. Dear little Grace, it was very good of her, and I know that at home they would all feel the same; I and my willow would be out of place. Where I was none knew anything about it, or took any heed of my feelings or spirits, so long as I looked after my duties and kept the little boys out of mischief.

It was the first Christmas I had spent away from home, and the season made it by no means an idle time for me, this excited, present-giving, merry-making period, in the midst of a large family of eager boys and girls home for the holidays. I had no lessons to superintend; but I had games to devise, pursuits to advise, gifts to invent, invitations to address, and endless secrets to share—half a dozen children, instead of two, to look after. My hands were full.

"You must not let the children make a slave of you, Miss Thorne," said their mother amiably.

But I did not care; I liked to have plenty to do.

Gwendoline's letter had filled my heart with wild hopes and fears; I thought of her and of Gilbert all day long. I wondered at first if he knew yet that I was innocent, that all his suspicions were based on air. Had he forgiven me? And then followed the terrible shuddering thought, Would he be taken from me by the cold hands that could part us for ever on earth, by the decree no human will could alter or revoke? No tongue could tell of the fever in which I lived after that letter from Gwendoline reached me, of the joy and the agony, the triumph and the terror, the sweetness and the bitterness that flooded my soul with turbulent emotion. I knew what Gwendoline must have suffered before she could bring her proud sensitive nature to confess how she had stooped to folly; and I cannot say how thankful I was that what she had done for me should have brought a blessing on herself.

Henceforth all was clear between her and Martin Pomeroy; there could be no more concealment, for he knew and had forgiven all; there could be no fear, for perfect love had cast it out.

But what of Gilbert?

There came one sentence written in the big bold hand I knew and loved, now feeble and uncertain—only one sentence, and that from the song he used to sing, the song which had been wafted to my ears by the low gray wall—

"Dear love, I love thee evermore."

"He is not well enough to write more," said Gwendoline. "But the worst of the danger has passed, Viola. He says he will get well now, and the doctor hopes it."

Only hoped! It seemed very hard that he was so far from me then, that I could not hear of him every hour and watch his recovery. I thought I could have cured him so much more quickly than any doctor; and now it was days and days before I could even learn whether he were out of danger. And then one mail came in, and brought no letter for me.

No letter, no word of him at this Christmas season, when every one was happy; and I cried out against this darkness of doubt and loneliness, while already the golden dawn was at hand.

* * * * * * *

On Christmas Day I walked down alone to an early service at the church, to soothe and comfort me a little by taking my thoughts higher, above this earthly life; but, as I came back down the white road, I let my thoughts wander once more to Marlands. In snow and sunshine I had seen it last; snow and sunshine were around me now, and the trees glistened and the fields dazzled my eyes with their whiteness. There was no Manor House looming through the morning mist and the bare branches, there were no glittering windows or outlines of turrets and gables, there was no lake sparkling in the sun.

I could hear some distant bells clanging joyously, and I stood by the garden gate listening to their peaceful gladness. The chimes came but now and again, borne upon the breeze in soft and sweet cadence, and their whisper was gentle and calming. In the frosty haze through which the sun was struggling I saw pictures of the past and transient gleams of the future.

As I stood dreaming there, I saw a man coming up the road, a tall dark figure standing out strongly from the white snow and the sunlit background. I watched him—I did not first know why—intently; and my feet were chained to the spot where I stood, and my heart began to throb and my pulses to beat until I could no longer hear the bells.

He came nearer, and still I stood trembling and shaking like a leaf, unable to move my eyes from his advancing figure, unable to think clearly why I was gazing out and staring thus intensely, whether my dreaming had been succeeded by hallucination, and a crazed phantasm was filling my brain and making my eyes the fools of the other senses.

And then I saw a handsome fair face, thinner than I had seen and known it of yore, and a pair of bright eager eyes. And when I saw them I saw nothing more, and knew nothing more but that I was in Gilbert's arms and listening to his voice, and that suddenly I heard again the joy-bells, not whispering now, but bursting into a wild triumphant peal of happiness and peace.

THE END.

CHEVREUL THE CHEMIST.

The Distinguished French Scientist Who Lived to the Age of 103 Years.

The centenarian chemist, Chevreul, is dead in Paris, having furnished to the world as the crown of a most useful life the spectacle of an extraordinary old age, full of health and activity to almost its last moment. His life nearly spanned the existence of the science to which it was given, for alchemy was not out of vogue little more than 100 years ago, the various theories of phlogiston were yet in dispute, Scheele was getting the advantage of Stahl, and Lavoisier, the great originator of modern chemistry, was making his deep impression on the scientific world. Chevreul was 8 years old when Lavoisier was guillotined, for he was born Aug. 31, 1786, before the American constitution had been made or the French revolution begun. He remembered Louis XVI. as well as Napoleon the Great. He was a patriot, but in a very unobtrusive fashion, and never was attached to any political party; the most energetic act of his life as a citizen was a protest against the German bombardment of Paris, inspired by the descent of a bomb into the midst of the matchless Jardin des Plantes. In fact, Chevreul was a man of science to the diminishing of his interest in other matters; he took good care of himself, never tasted an alcoholic liquor, never used tobacco, was abstemious in all things, regular in his habits, married early, had one son, and saw him die at a venerable age a few weeks ago.

Michel Eugene Chevreul began his studies at Angers, his native place, and when he was 17 entered the laboratory of Vauquelin at Paris and was soon put in charge of it. Ten years later he was professor at the Lycee Charlemagne and became chemical director of the Gobelin tapestry works, retaining the place the rest of his life, or for seventy-six years. His skill largely kept this great establishment at the front, for he was one of the most skillful discoverers and combiners of colors known. His researches were all practical in the most thorough sense. He was not a leader in determining great principles, like Faraday or Liebig. His most important contribution to chemics, probably, consists in his studies of the nature of fats, which are embodied in a succession of papers from 1813 onward. He it was who proved that fats were composed of several acids united with glycerine by a process of analysis for which there were practically no precedents. He had to invent the names by which these component parts of fat are known, such as sterine, margarine, paraffine, oleic acid, butyric acid, etc. For these studies, published with the title "Recherches Chimiques sur Plusieurs Corps Gras," the Society for the Encouragement of Nasional Industry awarded him a prize of $2,400. Chevreul also did a good service in his youth to the cause of geology in his chemical studies of the fossils of the departments of Eure and Loire.

For all these labors he received wide and generous recognition and honor. He was not a member of the French academy, in the sense in which that is understood—that is, he was not one of the forty immortals; but he was a member of the institute, and he succeeded Proust in the chemistry section of the Academy of Sciences, and Vauquelin in the chair of applied chemistry in the museum of natural history, and afterward became director of the museum. The Royal society of London made him a member, and he was president of the Paris Society of Agriculture. He had reached the highest rank in the Legion of Honor, having been decorated with the grand cross in 1875. On the 100th anniversary of his birth, three years ago, there were celebrations throughout France, and notice was taken of the event in all the scientific world. A statue of him was unveiled in Paris with public ceremonies, and his pupil Ricord, at the age of 86, unveiled it. Chevreul made a speech thereat, declaring that he attributed his long life and perfect preservation of faculties to his moderation in all things, with some credit to his ancesters, for they were a long-lived race; his father died at 92 and his mother at 93. Glasgow university gave him an LL. D. on this occasion. The list of his publications is very great, and testifies to the industry and the usefulness of a life no moment of which was allowed to go to waste.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Children's Sayings.

Little Freddy was often sent across the street on erands to a grocery store kept by a Hollander. One day his mamma wished to send him to another store around the corner, kept by an American. Freddie demurred: he feared they could not understand his crooked baby talk, and he had a morbid dread of ridicule.

"Oh," said mamma, "they can surely understand you, Freddie. You know when you go across the street, they understand you easily enough."

"Yes," said Freddie, quickly; "but they're Dutch!"

One day a half-grown chicken got its foot caught some way, and made a dreadful fuss about it. Mamma was away, but Ava remembered to tell her the story when she came home.

"It holleted and hollered," said she, "and pretty soon gramma pulled its foot out. It sounded just like Aunt Ella's canaries, mamma."

"Oh, no," laughed mamma, "I guess not!"

"Well, anyhow," protested Ava, "it made the same shaped noise, only lots bigger, of course!"

Little Helen, three years old, restless and chattering, heard her aunt one day singing the old Sunday-school hymn, "Let us walk in the Light," etc., and said, "If you walk in the light, auntie, you'll burn your feet!—Youth's Companion.

Beggar—"Please give me a dime. Don't judge me by present appearances, but remember that I once did business for Jay Gould." Citizen—"I believe you, my man. I believe you. Here's a dollar."—Epoch.

THEY DO BUT JEST.

"Did you tell Miss Breakmup that you loved her?" "I did." "What did she say?" "She said it was a free country."—Dramatic Mirror.

"Will you be ready to die for me?" she asked with romantic intensity. "I will," he answered, "the very first time a gray hair puts out an appearance."—Washington Star.

"How are you, Fenwick? Still out of employment?" "No; I'm getting $10 a week for reciting 'Old Mother Hubbard' into phonographs for talking dolls."—Harper's Bazar.

"I am told that you and Miss Glibly don't speak as you pass by." "That's an error. Miss Glibly speaks, but I do not. That's how the story started, probably."—Boston Post.

Murderer (to Judge)—"Is this my lawyer?" His Honor—"Yes." "Is he going to defend me?" "Yes." "If he should die could I have another?" "Yes." "Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"—Comic.

"Are your eggs fresh?" asked the lady, and the conscientious market-man told her: "They're a leetle off for bilin', mum, but they make as fine an omelet as ever you sunk a tooth in.—Philadelphia Record.

Little Mabel, three years old, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Mabel," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh," whined Mabel, "my teeth trod on my tongue."—Pick Me Up.

Briggs—"I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Bramble missed the steamer to Florida because her gown wasn't done." Griggs—"What did they do, take the next steamer?" Briggs—"No. They had to pay the dressmaker."—Cloak Review.

Struggling Minister—"There was a stranger in church to-day." Wife—"What did he look like?" "I did not see him." "Then how did you know there was a stranger among the congregation?" "I found a half-crown among the collection." —Tid-Bits.

Excited Neighbor—"What do you let that boy of yours build a bonfire in my brick yard for?" Placid Neighbor—"Isn't your house insured?" E. N.—"No, it isn't." P. N.—"That's all right; I'm an insurance agent. Here's my card."—Detroit Free Press.

Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?" Officer—"Impersonatin' a fruit inspector, y'r honor." "What did he do?" "He came along th' street, y'r honor, an' kicked a fruit stand into the gutter widout lookin' at it."—Street & Smith's Good News.

GENERALITIES.

The Atlanta Constitution describes a young woman as "a long and stately blonde."

Philadelphia has 235,000 houses as against 128,000 in Chicago 119,238 in New York and 52,599 in Boston.

In San Bernardino county, Cal., 3,172 jack rabbits were killed in seventeen days, on which bounties aggregating $793 were paid.

A man got in a box car at Norfolk to steal a ride. He was locked up, and when the car was opened in Sanford, N. C. he had been there three days, eating raw fish and raisins into which he had broken. He had no water all the time.

So strict was Stonewall Jackson in his religious observances that he never traveled on Sunday and never posted a letter or took one from the mail on that day. He believed, indeed, that it was wrong for the government to carry mail on that day.

A skye terrier is so called because the breed was once chiefly raised on the island of Skye, one of the Hebrides. The celebrated Dandy Dinmont terrier obtained its distinctive title from the fact of its being depicted as the favorite of a character bearing that name in Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering."

A large bald eagle swooped down upon a dog in the yard of John Ware at Mingo, Randolph county, W. Va., lately and carried him up several feet. The dog bit the eagle and caused it to let him fall to the ground. Again the eagle swooped down and a battle began between the two, in which the dog bit the eagle so severely that it was unable to fly. It then escaped by running into the underbrush.

One of the biggest rocks ever moved in the course of railroad construction in this country was excavated on the line of the Mexican Southern railway. The giant bowlder was 120 feet in height and measured 1,000 cubic meters. Six dynamite cartridges were placed under the rock after the men had excavated as much earth as possible, and were fired one after another. At the sixth explosion the big fellow rolled over out of the way.

"How I dread to see night come on," said a lady to a friend, "my children cough from sunset to dawn." "And you can't stop that?" "Indeed, no, I've tried so many things." "Well, throw those things all away and try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and if they cough *then* I'll engage to nurse them."

Electricity stops runaway horses.

German silver was invented in China.

Salvation Oil is rapidly superceding all high-priced liniments. It has been tested for some time past in all localities and its results have been rapid and satisfactory. It is generally conceded to be the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

Commercial fertilizers are clean and free from weed seeds.

Dr. H. H. Green & Sons, Atlanta, Georgia, Dropsy Specialists, offer 10 days' treatment free. Readers with suffering friends should address this firm. Their success is evidence of their skill. See advertisement another column.

On the back seat in prayer meeting is a poor place to grow in grace.

WHAT WE OFFER YOU.

Is this: If you are troubled with piles (no matter what kind) go to your druggist and get a package of Hill's Pile Pomade, and tell him if it does you no good you will expect your money back and he will let you have it every time. Try it to-night! At all druggists.

You can't tell who belongs to God by looking over the church register.

Five of the rioters at Linwood, Ark., have been sentenced to the penitentiary.

How's This?

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

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

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

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

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

New York drug clerks have a union.

Texas leads in cigarette consumption.

The smallest church in the world is at St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, Isle of Wight. It has a seating capacity for 12 persons.

WINTER EXCURSIONS.

The Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line offers the very best facilities to persons desirous of visiting the resorts of California, Portland, Ore., or Puget Sound points. Excursion tickets, good six months from time of purchase, are now on sale at very low rates and patrons of the line are assured a quick and comfortable journey. Solid vestibuled trains of coaches, free reclining chair cars and palace sleeping cars are run through from Chicago to Portland, Ore., with Pullman drawing room sleeping cars from Chicago to San Francisco without change, and excellent meals are served in dining cars. Tickets should read via the Chicago & Northwestern. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railways. Full information and reservation of space in sleeping cars can be obtained upon application to any ticket agent or by addressing W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & Northwestern railway, Chicago, Ill.

LA GRIPPE.

On Dec. 19 I was confined to my room with the grippe. The treasurer of the "Commercial Advertiser" recommended that I should try a bottle of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," as it had cured him of the same complaint. I sent for a bottle, and in two days I was able to resume my business, and am now entirely cured.

As I took no other remedy, I can but give all the credit to the "Cherry Pectoral," which I gratefully recommend as a speedy specific for this disease.

Yours very truly,
F. T. HARRISON.
The *Commercial Advertiser*,
19 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

Organic fertilizers operate both mechanically and chemically.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink

Coal is mined in 31 states.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

England has 12,893 Irish soldiers.

Shorthand, Shorthand, Shorthand, Short-hand by mail. Write to Palmer's College, 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sacramento has 1,000 union men.

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

Bitter almonds are counterfeited.

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

Jay Gould is an amateur gardener.

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

Indiana coopers will be organized.

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

California raises the cork oak tree.

Sick Headache Can Be Cured. Coaline Headache Powders will do it. Price 25c. per box containing six powders. Sold by druggists or mailed by Coaline Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Indianapolis agitates a labor temple.

Is YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

Lime is generally abundant, but some some soils are deficient in it.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

Only good ewes can be expected to bring forth good lambs.

IN LUCK.

The person who is troubled with Salt-Rheum will find themselves in luck when they try one box of Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. Largest box and best remedy for Salt-Rheum on the market. 25 cts. At all druggists.

Don't crowd your fruit trees. Give room for air and sunshine.

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Men who would fail in any other business succeed on the farm.

ARCADIA, MANISTEE CO., Mich., Oct. 31, 1891.
MINARD'S LINIMENT M'F'G CO.,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:—
Will you send one dollar's worth of your Minard's Liniment. I have had a lame back for years and that is the only Liniment that ever did me any good. I also jammed my hand seven weeks ago and I used it for that, and in three hours there was no pain; it was jammed so bad they thought it was broke. Send by express via Frankfort.
Yours truly,
ROBERT S. LAWRENCE.

A larger proportion of farmers than of any other class succeed.

Why is it that physicians are opposed to proprietary remedies? Is it because such meritorious remedies as Pond's Extract or Garfield Tea become household necessities and enable the people, by their use, to cure themselves and so get on without paying doctor's bills? Garfield Tea cures constipation and sick headache, restores the complexion and saves doctor's bills.

A lie is one degree worse than the sin which it tries to conceal.

Welcome Friends.

By a rare accident I was made acquainted with Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills, and have used them for 2 years. They act gently and like a charm, correcting the secretion and preventing Constipation. I subscribe myself your friend, as your pills are welcome friends to me.

THE REV. J. M. STEVENSON,
Hawthorne, N. J.

Write D. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

There are no promises in the Bible for people who are not in earnest.

The disagreeable operation of forcing liquids into the head, and the use of exciting snuffs are being superseded by Ely's Cream Balm, a cure for Catarrh and colds in the head.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for ten years; could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. **Gives Relief at once.** Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

James Russell Lowell, C. A. Dana, Dr. Holland, Walt Whitman, Julia Ward Howe and Queen Victoria were all born in 1819.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

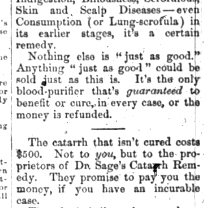
There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

No man can have peace with God who is not at war with the devil.

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.

The devil never gets the man who is willing to be saved in God's way.

Of the 170,000 children of school age in Louisiana, only 85,000 attend the public schools, and many of those go for but one month.



Ward off disease by removing the cause of it. It's with the liver or the blood, nine times out of ten. A sluggish liver makes bad blood—and bad blood makes trouble. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes *pure* blood. It invigorates the liver and kidneys, rouses every organ into healthful action, and cleanses and renews the whole system. Through the blood it *cures*. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, it's a certain remedy.

Nothing else is "just as good." Anything "just as good" could be sold just as this is. It's the only blood-purifier that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

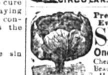
The catarrh that isn't cured costs $500. Not to *you*, but to the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you the money, if you have an incurable case.

They don't believe that you have one.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER 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.

LADIES! Use Only Brown's French Dressing on your Boots and Shoes.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.



Prettiest BOOK Ever Printed. FREE SEED cheap as dirt by oz. & lb. One cent a pkg. Up if rare. Cheap, pure, best. 1,000,000 extras. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free. R. H. Shumway, Rockford, Ill.

"OSGOOD" SCALES U. S. STANDARD Fully Warranted. Best and Cheapest on the Market. Live AGENTS Wanted in this County. OSGOOD & THOMPSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged puss. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. J. A. WIEGNER, *Slatington, Pa.*

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, *Marthaville, La.*

S. S. S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

$500 Will be paid for a COUGH REMEDY that will cure Coughs, Colds, Consumption, LA GRIPPE, etc., as quickly as Forestine Blood Bitters. This remedy will always keep off "the Grip" if used in time. Price 25c. and 50c per bottle. Dealers supplied by any Wholesale Druggist in the United States. $500

COMING INTO A KINGDOM!

Superior, Wisconsin,

I am owner of the polar lights, Of the constant star in the Northern heights, Owner of husbandry, shipping and trade, Forestry, mining and all things made. Minister, I, to the wide world's weal; My messengers, engines and vessels of steel.

The Great and Growing METROPOLIS at the Head of Lake Superior.

For Investments in Real Estate,
For Manufacturing, For Loaning Money, For Merchandising,
FOR EVERYTHING—The Best Place in America.

Superior Real Estate will advance 500 per cent. in the next 10 years.

Call on or Write to LAND AND RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO., West Superior, Wisconsin.

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

A book on it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

YOU WANT IT! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back, Neuralgia, Headache, Etc. WE REFUND MONEY if 5 Bottles does not cure you or 1 bottle does not give you benefit. TRY IT; Per Bottle, 25 cts. 5 Bottles, $1. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT! MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

RELIEVES all Stomach Distress. REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, CONGESTION, PAIN. REVIVES FAILING ENERGY. RESTORES Normal Circulation, and WARMS TO TOE TIPS. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

TELEGRAPHY We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

Laws and Advice Free. PENSIONS Experience 26 years. Write us. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Cincinnati, O. & Washington, D. C.

SHORTHAND and BOOKKEEPING thoroughly taught by mail and personally. NATIONAL INSTITUTE, Detroit.

CANCER & Tumor cured with out knife. Book free. Drs. A. M. & C. H. MASON, Chatham, N. Y.

INCUBATORS ONLY $12.00 A. Williams, Bristol, Conn.

$65 A MONTH for Bright young men or ladies in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Lehmann, Pattison & Nesbit, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. Send for circular.

WRITE to Chas. M. Steele & Sons, Muskegon, Mich., and get copy of Hon. Ben. F. Butler's letter entitled "How to get rich." Mailed you free.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for Asthma. Price 35c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

WE Sell FARMS Write for Free Catalogue of Land & M.ap. B. H. LYNCH & CO., Richmond, Virginia.

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

PILES Remedy Free. Instant Relief. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c., Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

"ORANGE BLOSSOM" Cures all Female Diseases. Sample and Book Free. Send 2c stamp to Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 and 4 Panorama Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN, the place to secure cheaply and enjoy comfortably a home of your very own. For pamphlet containing very full and valuable information address, C. M. C. COOK, Mt. Pleasant, Isabella County, Michigan.

Patents! Pensions Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PENSION and BOUNTY LAWS. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The addresses of all soldiers who HOMESTEADED a less number of acres than 160 and did not final proof on the same before June 22, 1874. W. E. MOSES, P. O. Box 1765, Denver, Colorado.

TUMORS Internal or External, successfully Treated by New Method. No knife; no pain or shock. For pamphlet write The Sanitarium, Union Springs, N. Y.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., EASTON, PA.

FREE FARMS If you want a FREE FARM along the line of railway in MANITOBA, ALBERTA or the SASKATCHEWAN, apply for particulars to L. A. HAMILTON, Land Commissioner, WINNIPEG.

BORE WELLS with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and fast-dropping tools in use! LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO. THE "OHIO" WELL DRILL Catalogue FREE.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every Asthmatic. P. Harold Hayes, M.D., BUFFALO, N.Y.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.