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DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
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THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages and a great relief in advanced cases. Now you know what to do. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by all dealers in Medicine. 25 cents and $1.00. A Cure Guaranteed.

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Smith's Pills BEANS SMALL are guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache and CONSTIPATION. Purely vegetable. Mild and reliable. Small Sugar Coated. 25 cents. Of druggists or by mail. J. F. SMITH & CO., 295 Greenpoint Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR 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 the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25 cts.

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $500 TO ANY MAN Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH NOT A LIQUID or SNUFF

CATARRH THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50 CTS.

That All-Gone or Faint Feeling

This is an every-day experience; women are taken with that "all-gone" or faint feeling, while working, walking, talking or shopping. The cause of this feeling is some derangement, or irritability incident to her sex. It matters little from what cause it may arise, instant relief may always be found by using *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. It is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in pills, or lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. For the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Biliousness, Yellow Skin, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, etc., use Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, in pills, on receipt of price, 25 cents. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION 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, if you have CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, or LA GRIPPE, this will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you have CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate relief. 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 Plaster. Price, 25c.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in loins or back, brick dust in urine, frequent or difficult urination, diabetes, gravel, obstruction or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Constipation, gout, bilious headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion cured by Kidney Affection. Liver Complaint, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, eczema, pimples, boils, tetter, salt rheum, blotches, don't weaknesses or debility. Sexual weakness, pain in back, frequent or scanty urine, must or cloudy urine, must stand 24 hours to show sediment, if red brick dust or cloudy, kidneys need to be put right. At Druggists, Size 50 cts. and $1.00. Sent by mail if Druggist refuses to supply. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HUGH KENRICK'S WILL;

Or, The Story of a Poor King.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

CHAPTER IX. CONTINUED.

She went, and strolled through dull St. Servan, and wondered where Mr. Richmond had stayed, and thought she would like to see the outside of the house—and then she passed one of the most tumble-down and rickety wind-mills in the world, and presently found herself in the odd-an-railway which joins the two towns. Once in St. Malo, she went onwards, and walked about the walls, and finally arrived at a point where she was just leaving the causeway which led to the Grand Bey.

"And so that is the way he went that day we first met him," thought she. "Poor fellow, he had to toil painfully over the rough stones, and through those dull, dusty towns, while we glided smoothly over the water in a boat which could to have been. He is disgraceful that all these months I should be in the possession of such stupid, commonplace, self-indulgent people as we are, whilst he who would do some good with them! If had them has to work under such difficulties! We are a thoroughly ignorant set of people. We just eat, drink, and sleep, or feebly amuse ourselves. I perhaps might be a little better if I were alone—times with him. I am sure he could improve me. I feel better already since I have seen him." Then she almost blushed when she remembered that ever since she had first seen him he had never wholly been out of her thoughts. "It would not do for me to lose my heart to him," said she to herself. "But that would be absurd! How can I care for him when I have only seen him once! But," she added, mentally, "he is no stranger to me. His mind was revealed to me in his picture, and when I first saw them I felt I knew and liked him.—The circumstances which bind me to him are so peculiar, too; I cannot help thinking of him. But what if I do care, I?" thought she; "do they not rather separate us? It is very hard to be separated thus from a man I could have liked so much! She was during this musing, reaching the causeway to the Grand Bey. She was not doing it in absence of mind, for though her thoughts were wholly given up to Hugh Richmond she knew where she was going. She was taking pleasure, too, in the idea that her steps were being planted on the very stones where his had been such a short while before. She would run up to the summit of the island; she would stand where she stood with him then; she would try to recall his face while speaking, as accompanying the sound the word that he had said. Then she would look for the brooch she had lost, and thus please Aunt Esther, who could not cease to regret it and then she would return before the tide rose. She had not forgotten the importance of doing this; indeed, she knew all about tides now that she was the owner of a yacht, but she knew there could be no danger from the tide for nearly two hours. She thoroughly enjoyed her solitary walk. Her thoughts were happy. She could never see Hugh Richmond, never be a friend of his, for he no doubt would always avoid her; but in spite of himself, she would be his good angel, and would contrive that he should paint without any fear of having to work for money, or of being obliged to undergo any privation likely to stand in the way of his artistic development. She would in some way, entirely unsuspected by him, buy every picture he painted—she would hide them lest he learnt that she was the purchaser. He would rise to the head of his profession, and never know she had even this humble share in building up his fortune, and she would save a quantity of money out of her income, and remunerate some one to die and leave it to him.—There would be much comfort and joy in these benefactions—and if she could not see him she could at least think of him, wonder why I like him somuch," thought she. "He talked well when he got to know us better—but it is not that—and he is very handsome; but I am sure I should never care for him for his looks alone—no, I like him because he paints so divinely, and still more because I have injured him."

She stood on the very spot where he had stood to make his sketch. She stood where he had stood by Chateaubriand's tomb—She had a perfect feast of recollection. The sea was sparkling with blue and white brilliance—she had not time to think of it. The air was buoyant and light. Her heart was light, too, for she had made this plan for the future and it pleased her. Happy as she was she remembered that she ought not to stay here more than an hour and a half, and looked at her watch she saw it was time to go.—Her feet speed quickly over the grassy slopes—she did not mean to be imprisoned on this island. She was at the gate on the grass. It was a note-lock. She knew it was Mr. Richmond's, for she had seen it two days before; but he had taken it with him when he went, and he had never let it in his hand when he was in the boat.—She opened it to be sure, and saw a note of an object which he had shown her when he made it. Then he had been on the Grand Bey once more—had perhaps not gone to Quimperlé! She soon reassured herself by remembering that he might have returned here just before sunrise and on she went to the steps—but half-way down them, and walking rapidly, she saw Mr. Richmond himself on his way to the causeway, which the sea was each moment approaching more nearly. "I have no time to lose," said she to herself "but I'll let him get on a little, and then I'll follow as quickly as I can. He will have reached the causeway and then walked on, and Lucy, "when she saw that she could advance a little without any risk of being seen, if he turned round was towards too, and then hid behind some rocks until it was time for the next venture.—When he was nearly across she thought she might go, and hurried down the last rough path which he had so lately used.—But the tide was now coming in rapidly. Lucy had not gone more than fifty or sixty yards before the first wave came dashing over the edge of the stones which built up the causeway, then came a second and then a third, and then, alas! their gentle ripple deepened, and she saw them leap up in front of her with much of a threatening menace. She turned, they were leaping up behind her also, and with a slight scream she ran back to the summit of the island. Hugh Richmond could not have heard her scream, for he was all but across the causeway, and beyond the sound of his voice; but he, too, looked back—saw her—recognized her and the danger she was in, and without a moment's hesitation ran back to her. He had so far to come that, strongly as he ran, the water was up to his knees before he reached dry land. Lucy had seated herself on a rock and was wondering what to do.

"Have you no boat coming for you today?" he asked hurriedly. She shook her head. "Then you have staged too late! I can carry you if you will allow me, but we must not lose a single instant! Trust yourself to me—I am sure I can do it safely."

"Oh, no, Mr. Richmond, I will not endanger you!" cried she. "Why have you come back? Oh, how wet you are!"

"You surely would not have had me go and leave you to get away as best you could?"

"I don't know," she replied; "you have no reason to care so much about me."

He demurred a little, and said, "You see, however, what my impulse was—They say that people act most truly when they act on impulse. But allow me to carry you on shore. Please decide quickly—I am wet to the never."

"I could not think of it. I am quite as well able to wade through the water as you are; you will kindly give me your arm—I will venture."

They went with all speed to the causeway, but no sooner did Hugh Richmond feel it, than he said, "I do not think I could perhaps go three parts of the way safely enough, but I could not answer for the fourth. Don't be under any apprehension about this." He was in the odd-an-railway which joins the two towns. Once in St. Malo, she went onwards, and walked about the walls, and finally arrived at a point where the water leaving the causeway which led to the Grand Bey.

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"I don't know," she replied; "you have no reason to care so much about me."

He demurred a little, and said, "You

ROOT OF MANY EVILS,

DR. TALMAGE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THE LAGGARD.

No Room in this World for Lazy Men and Women—"The Slothful Man Roasteth Not that Which He Took in Hunting"—A Sermon From Proverbs.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 24.—A visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning would have no difficulty in understanding the secret of the attraction which fills the vast building Sunday after Sunday with throngs of eager listeners. Avoiding abstruse theological subjects, Dr. Talmage preached a sermon on a practical topic giving common-sense lessons of immediate value to his hearers, especially to the young people. His text was, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

David, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and Micah, and Solomon of the text above quoted, lived at the time that been out on a hunting expedition. Spears, lances, swords, and nets were employed in this service. A deep pitfall was to be dipped. In the center of it there was some raised ground with a pole on which a lamb would be fastened, and the wild beast not seeing the pitfall, but only seeing the lamb would plunge for its prey and dash down, itself captured. Birds were caught in gins, or pierced with arrows. The hunters in olden time had two missions, one to clear the land of ferocious beasts and the other to obtain meat for themselves, and their families. The occupation and habit of hunters are a favorite bible simile. David said he was hunted by his enemy like a partridge upon the mountain. My text is a hunting scene.

The first picture I ever thought was an engraving of Thorwaldsen's "Autumn." The clusters of grapes are ripe on the vine of the homestead, the sickle is hanging on the wall, the dog is on the chase, are lying on the door sill, and the hunter is unshouldering the game, while the housewife is about to take a portion of it and prepare it for the evening meal. Unlike the person of the text, she was enough industrious to roast that which had been taken in hunting. But the world has had many a specimen since Solomon's time of those whose lassitude and improvidence and absurdity were depicted in my text. Some of those who have made a dead failure of life can look back and see a time when a great opportunity opened but they did not know it. They were not as wise as George Stephenson, "the father of railways," who, when at 16 years of age he received an appointment to work at a pumping engine for twelve shillings a week, said to his wife, "Now I am a made man for life." God gives to most men at least one good opportunity. A great Grecian general was met by a peasant, who, when he said to them: "If you want beats to plow your land, I will lend you some. If you want land, I will give you some. If you want seed to sow your land, I will see that you get it. But I will encourage none in idleness." So, God gives to most people an opportunity of extrication from depressed circumstances. As if to create in us a habit of indolence, God has made those animals which are sluggish to appear loathsome in our eyes, while those who are active and active, he has clothed with attractiveness. The tortoise, the sloth, the snail, the crocodile repel us, while the lark and the gazelle are so pleasing as they cleave the air, and from the swift wings of innumerable birds God has spread no purple or gold or jet or crimson or snowy whiteness. Beside all this the Bible is constantly assaulting the vice of laziness. Solomon seems to order the idler out of his sight as being beyond all human instruction when he says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And Paul seems to drive him up from his dining table before he gets through with the first course of food with the assertion: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Now, what are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I know a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married, he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy, for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from natural temperament. I do not know but that there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may seem to be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or treading on their heels. You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and lounging within doors is behind the other race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and wire only when he cannot digest that which he has taken. Indolence is so much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a sedentary life, a heavy bulk and an insufficient curiosity. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be a sluggard. Indolence is so much law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His grandfather had been active in life. I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament, all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a war-ship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and would have destroyed the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a handspike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too slow, too nervous or too lymphatic. God help him, for God only can.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiest of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains and scooping out death damps from the caves and blasting the miasms of swamps and hurling back the fetid atmosphere of great cities, are the healthiest of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But, after a while, the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long, then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead. The fountain, born far up in the wild wood of the mountain, comes down brighter for every obstacle against which it is driven and singing a new song on every shelf of rock over which it bounds, till it rolls over the water wheel in the valley, not ashamed to grind corn, and runs through the long grass of the meadow, where the willows reach down to dip their branches and the unyoked oxen come at evening to drink. Healthy water! Bright water! Happy water! While some stream, too lazy any more to run, gathers itself into a stagnant pool, where the water wallow and filthy insects hop over the surface and reptiles crawl among the ooze, and frogs utter their hideous croak, and by day and night there arises from the foul mire and green scum fever and plague and death. There is an endless activity under foot and overhead. Not snow from rock in the flow of water, not one fly on the window pane, not one squirrel gathering food from the cones of the white pine, not one rabbit feeding on clover tops, not one bird pulling in a shower, not one minnow glancing in the sea, not one quail whistling from the grass, not one hawk cawing in the sky, but is busy now and is busy always, fulfilling its mission as certainly as any monarch on earth or any angel in heaven. You hear the shout of the plow-boys busy in the field and the rattle of the falling trees on the harrow, but you do not know that there is more industry in the earth upturned and in the dumb vegetation underfoot than in all the world. You see. If you put your ear to a lump of river sod you may hear nothing in the roots and spicule of grass, but there are at work spades and cleavers and pile drivers and battering rams and intersecting wars. I do not wonder that the lively fancy of the ancients saw in the inanimate creation nymphs and Dryads and Pomonas, and Graces, and Fauns, and Fairies, and Satyrs, and Nymphs. Everything is busy. Nothing is inanimate except the man who can not see the life and hear the music. At the creation the morning stars sang together, but they were only the choir which was to lead all the stars and all the mountains and all the seas in God's worship. All natural objects seem at one and the same time uniting in work and joy and worship. In God's creation there is no pause in either the worship or the work or the joy. Amid all natural objects at one and the same time it is Hallelu-Ele and Whit Sunday and Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. All the healthy beauty of that which we see and hear in the natural world is dependent upon activity and industry. Men are not healthy—intellectual, morally and physically—only upon the condition of an active industry. I know men die of laziness in the prime of life. They droop down in coal pits and among the spindles of Northern factories and on the cotton plantations of the South. In every city and town and village you find men groaning under burdens, as, in the East, the camels stagger under their loads between Aleppo and Damascus. Life is crushed out every day at counters and work-benches and anvils. But, there are other multitudes who die from mere inertia. Indulgences every day are contracting diseases beyond the catalogue of allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and eclecticism. Rather than work they rush upon lancets and scalpels. Idleness has provided for those who violate her laws by inactivity, what rheum for the eyes and what gout for the feet and what curvature for the spine and what stricture for the chest and what tubercles for the lungs and what rhumatisms for the muscles and what neuralgias for the nerves. Nature in time arraigns every such man at her bar, and presents against him an indictment of one hundred counts, and convicts him on each one of them.

There are many who estimate the respectability of an occupation by the little exertion it demands, and would not have their children enter any employment where their hands may be soiled, forgetting that a laborer's overalls are just as honorable as a prelate's robes and an anvil is just as respectable as a pulpit. Health flies from the bed of the idler and the idler says: "I cannot get up here;" and from the table spread with ptarmigan and epiaurian viands, saying: "I cannot eat here;" and from the pile of soft cushions and easy springs, saying: "I cannot ride here;" and from houses luxuriously warmed and upholstered, saying: "I cannot live here;" and some day you meet Health, who declined all these luxuries plain, walking in the plows furrow or swelting beside the hissing forge or spinning among the looms or driving a dray or running a roof or carrying hods of brick up the ladder of a wall.

Lectures on Railroads.

A special course of lectures on the theory and construction of railroads is to be given before the senior class of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, by Mr. T. M. Cleeman of Philadelphia. The course will include discussions on financial problems of railroad management, methods of making preliminary surveys, the excavations and grading of the line, and the maintenance of the finished road.

They Never Met.

"Is it true," asked a sympathetic friend, "that you met with another accident on the street yesterday?"

"No, sir," said the victim, surlily, "it isn't. I'm not meeting these accidents at all; they're following me up. d'ye hear—following me up."

Another View of It.

First Suicide (struggling in the water)—There's nothing in life worth living for.

Second Suicide—True; but I've just thought of the fact that there is nothing in death worth dying for. I'm going to get my clothes and go home.

Treatment of Sweating Hands.

Tinc. of belladonna, 1 drachm; cologne water, 1 ounce. Add a little glycerine at the moment of using; rub the hands strongly. The hands should first be washed in soft water and thoroughly dried.

Seats as Good as New.

To tighten cane seat chairs, turn up the chair-bottom and wash the cane work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the air, and it will be firm as when new, provided the cane has not been broken.

Rural Rivals.

Village Beauty—I see that there new fire-engine has been named after Jack Hansom.

Admirer (a rival of Jack Hansom)—Ya-as, that new engine is a good deal of a squirt.

A good farmer can discover more in a forty acre farm than Columbus got out of the whole continent.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. Adjustment here drink Under the rose—the thorn.

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

A roll of music—the drum solo.

Shorthand by mail. Fastest and best system. Write O. R. Palmer, 708 Chestnut St., Phila.

Birth's good, but breeding's better.

FITS—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness cured by new system of treatment. Two Trial Bottles FREE. Send for Circular. Address Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A gude word is as cocie an' as an ill.

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

Do not try to turn a crank backwards.

Bryant's Home College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives a full business college course by mail, at student's home. Low rates and free trial lessons.

The power behind the throne—money.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Life is too short for any postponements.

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

Take a pint and 'gree, the saw is costly.

SALT-RHEUM
Cured in a few days by using Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. 25 cents. At all druggists.

Fair words break never a bone, foul words many a one.

$300.00 Cash Prizes.
To introduce Stewart's Headache Powders is offered by F. G. Stewart & Co., 262 Dearborn St., Chicago. They have been 14 years in the drug business and we know they are reliable. See their advertisement in this paper and send them to-day. To-morrow you will forget it.

General maxims applied to everyday life are like routine applied to the arts, good only for mediocre intellects.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.
There is a Boston drug advertisement in this paper this week which has no two letters 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 every thing they make and publish. Look for it, send them the number of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow men.

There are many devices which do not deprive us of our liberties, but are many virtues which prevent our having any.

Lovers of the Beautiful
Will be pleased to learn that a collection of twenty of the finest scenic views in Wisconsin and Minnesota may be obtained, free of postage, by the sending of an address and 50 cents (in postage, or otherwise), to George H. Heford, General Passenger Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill. P.S.—As the supply is limited, early application should be made.

In love we grow acquainted because we are attracted; in friendship we find out we must know each other before we love.

$100 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 positive 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 mucous 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.

A colored woman in Orangeburg, S. C., is reported to have given birth, a few days ago, to four children, three of whom are still living.

The name of the postmaster general of Siam is Lomdetch Phra Chon Nong Ya Thorn Sin Ka Ba Ka Ka Ka Ka Sangrungra Koma Kraph Bhaunbhaddaroonga' see Vavadey.

The Hawkeye Grub and Stump Machine Manufactured by James Milne & Son, Scotch Grove, Iowa, exactly meets the want in place of old-fashioned, hand-power contrivances, for clearing timber lands. It is strong, durable and cheap in price, within reach of any owner of timber land farms. The following is a sample of hundreds of testimonials:

TOLEDO, Iowa, May 21, 1891.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—This is to certify that I am having operated on my farm one of James Milne & Son's Hawkeye Grub and Stump Machines. It is a great improvement over the old way of grubbing. It does the work more rapidly and better than can be done by hand. Will say that mine is a very hard piece of land to grub. It contains much heavy timber and stool grubs. I can heartily recommend it to parties that have timber land that they want to be improved. It is especially adapted to moving buildings. S. STIGER.

Hermann Zeitung, who makes his living by traveling in trunks and then exhibiting himself in Europe and on the continent, made his last trip from Antwerp to Christiania in a wooden box, which stood on the ship's deck for days and days and days without any body knowing that it contained a man. The voyage was stormy, but Zeitung kept his nose to a crack in the boards, ate his sandwiches and kept well.

$30000 CASH PRIZES
TO INTRODUCE STEWART'S HEADACHE POWDERS
URGENT
Unless you answer this Rebus you are out in it
FOR OUR CASH PRIZES. $100 to the super person guessing it correctly. $50 to the second. $25 to the third. $10 to the fourth. $5 to each of the next 10. $2 to each of the next 20. $1 to each of the next 50. Cut out this rebus and send it to us at once. The contest closes May 30, 1891. The winners will be sent prizes by return mail. Mention this paper. Address Stewart's Headache Powders. Contain no habit-forming or injurious drugs. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Stewart's Headache Powders are a specific for Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Dizziness, Hysteria, Fits, Convulsions, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Female Headache, Menstrual Headache, Sick Headache, Toothache, Backache, Pain in the Side, Hip, Joints and Muscles, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Chest, Pain in the Bowels, Pain in the Limbs, Pain in the Back, Pain in the Joints, Pain in the Muscles