Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Man attains his maximum weight at 40.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Dramas in India are played in the open air.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The heart's jewels should be dewdrops—not tears.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Of course a man knows a mistake is all right when he makes it.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

You cannot blame some people for not wanting to hold their tempers.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

To believe a truth that comes from God always lifts us up. To believe the devil's lie pulls us toward the pit.

The cup that cheers is also the cup that leers.

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

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it indispensable in every home. Stomach troubles, colds and every form of distress yield to it.

A woman's tongue may be always busy, but a man's sometimes lies still.

Get Hindercorns and use it
if you want to realize the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c at druggists.

A creed is something that concerns a man's intellect; religion is a thing of the heart.

Have you earache, toothache, sore throat, pains or swellings of any sort? A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will bring relief almost instantly.

Ill fares it with that man who will not quaff
The wild, sweet rapture of a jolly laugh.

"Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me of a terrible breaking out all over my body. It is a wonderful medicine." Miss Julia Elbridge, Box 35, West Cornwell, Conn.

The title of rabbi means master or teacher.

Trying to hide beneath the fig leaves was Adam's way of telling God that he felt the need of Christ.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Dreadful.

"It ain't the mere matter of gettin' arrested I mind much," said the pugilist, "but suppose dey was to shut me up?" The heelers shuddered.—Indianapolis Journal.

TOO MUCH WORK

For a Healthy Existence.—That's Why the Kidneys so often Fail.

Nature has provided a certain amount of work for every organ of the human body; overtax them and disease eventually follows. There is not one portion of our organism that is so overworked as the kidneys; on them is placed the important function of filtering the blood of the impurities which naturally form in the regular action of life and digestion. The kidneys are consequently termed the sewerage of the system; clog up this sewer, and the blood becomes tainted with poisonous uric acid, which brings on disease in many forms. The back is the first to show this stoppage. From there comes the warning note; it should be heeded, and the kidneys receive prompt attention. Doan's Kidney Pills will right the action of the kidneys quickly, relieve the back of pains and aches, and cure all troubles of kidneys and bladder. Read the following:

Mr. Wm. Nelson is a well-known business man of Kalamazoo; he resides at 822 Portage Street, and his business is that of a grain buyer. He says:

"For five years I have suffered from an inability to urinate, which resulted from what was said to be a stoppage of the bladder. During these years I have taken mineral and electric baths and used other means in expectancy of getting better, but they all proved unavailing. Some months ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, which I had heard highly recommended, and I can now say that the flattering reports were not greater than they deserved. I got better right along, and I am free from any trouble now. I feel better than I have done for three years past. If Doan's Kidney Pills were well known all over they would do an immense amount of good."

Sold by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

AGENTS $3 to $10 a day to you. Steady work. Write Bell, 56 Fifth Av., Chicago.

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

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.

BLOOD POISON
A SPECIALTY

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 907 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut Out and send this Advertisement.

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

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XII.

"JOHNSTONE!" cried Dick, at last, "what does this mean? How do you come to be here?"

"From the Hamilton," replied the man; "I'm working out to the Cape."

"But they told me your name was Gildez."

"So it was on the barque yonder. You see my own's a bit too famous for general use. But here I'm among friends, and can fly what flag I please."

"Among friends?" said Dick: "what do you mean by that?"

"It seems I've an old acquaintance when you to begin with," said Johnstone, impudently; "and then I've come a good way with madame and the colonel."

"Answer me," said Dick, angrily, "and remember your place!"

"So I do," retorted the other; "I'm captain of this ship for the time being."

Estcourt was more astounded than ever, and indignant at the brazen face of the fellow. "Come, my man," he said, sternly, "your tongue's too loose; you'd best tell me the plain truth at once."

"You've got it already," replied Johnstone. "I'm to sail the brig for Captain Worsley until he's on his legs again."

"By whose authority?"

"His own; he's an old friend of mine. We've made many a lucky voyage in company before now, and he knows there's no crew afloat that I couldn't handle."

Dick looked at the herculean frame and fierce domineering face before him. He remembered how the boldness and force of the man had indelibly impressed him years ago at Copenhagen, and he felt that Worsley was amply justified in his opinion. And he reflected, too, that it mattered little to him who sailed the Speedwell, so long as she was safely carried into port; in fact, of the two men he preferred Johnstone, for, though he was less respectful than Worsley, he was at any rate beyond comparison more active and courageous.

"Well," he said, at last, in a mollified tone, "I dare say you'll make as good a captain as we need have; if you don't, you'll have me to reckon with, you know." And he was about to turn away, when he remembered that he had had no explanation yet of the locked cabin.

"If you'll be good enough to unlock that door," he said, "I'll go in and pay Captain Worsley a visit."

At this moment the colonel appeared in the passage.

"And how is Captain Worsley getting on now?" he asked, as he came toward the other two.

"That's just what I want to find out for myself," replied Dick, and he held out his hand for the key.

Johnstone drew back a step, but seemed uncertain whether to comply or not. The colonel, standing a little behind, frowned and shook his head over Dick's shoulder. Johnstone put the key back in his pocket.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to Estcourt, with more respect than he had yet shown, "but I have strict orders to the contrary, and I daren't go against them."

Before Dick could speak the colonel intervened.

"I think you told me," he said to Johnstone, "that Captain Worsley showed an unreasonable prejudice against Captain Estcourt in particular?"

"Yes, sir; he's very violent," replied the man; "and if he's thwarted while he's in this state, I won't be answerable for the consequences. And just now he's sleeping heavily after his dose."

Dick saw that it was of no use to press the matter further. There was something odd about the whole affair, but he was really very little interested in the patient or his case, and, having done enough for civility, was quite ready to turn away to the more attractive society of Camilla and her brother-in-law. But he had scarcely yet recovered from his surprise at meeting Johnstone again so unexpectedly after twenty years, and made a remark to that effect as he went up on deck with the colonel.

"Johnstone?" said M. de Montaut; "what Johnstone?"

"Do you remember of my talking to you of a man of that name—a famous smuggler—who volunteered to steer the ship on which I served at the battle of Copenhagen?"

"Ah, yes," replied the colonel; "I remember the incident perfectly, but I had forgotten the man's name. But what do you mean," he continued, "by saying you have met him again?"

"He is our new captain, the man we have just been speaking to."

"Impossible!" exclaimed M. de Montaut; "that was the Spanish sailor Gildez, who was in the Hamilton with us."

"That's the man, for all that," replied Dick. "I knew him at once, and he answered to his right name without question. The other was only assumed, for reasons best known to himself."

"Really," said the colonel, "you can not imagine how you interest me! I must have a good look at this romantic figure next time I see him."

"And, perhaps," said Dick, "Madame de Montaut may also be interested to know that she is sailing under the auspices of so celebrated a captain."

The colonel was here again in a difficulty which he had not foreseen.

"My dear Estcourt," he said, confidentially, to Dick, "if I were you, I shouldn't enlighten her as to the identity of this Johnstone with the hero of your story."

"Why?" asked Dick, in astonishment.

"Well, you may think me absurdly cautious. But it is only for your own sake I am. You know how anxious I am for your success with Camilla."

Dick grew hot with mingled embarrassment and gratitude.

"This man," the colonel continued, "once tried—as I think you yourself told us—to capture the Emperor by a desperate stratagem; my sister-in-law has had a particular horror of him ever since she heard this, for she thinks he must have been actuated by motives of personal malice—you know how her enthusiasm runs away with her. If she is not told, she probably will not think of connecting this man with that incident merely because of the name. In any case, if she is to learn of the identity, let it be through me, and not through you, from whom she might think the information in bad taste."

"I don't quite see it," said Dick; "but no doubt you're right. I'd rather bite my tongue out than hurt her feelings, and I'm very grateful to you for the hint."

Rain now began to fall heavily and they were obliged to go below. The wind rose in gusty starts, sail after sail was reefed, and by the middle of the afternoon the brig was scudding along before the gale with her masts almost bare. She was at all times unusually fast, but she was now flying along nearly half again her ordinary rate, and for six whole days she never relaxed her speed.

In spite of the rain and the spray which from time to time swept over her, Dick and Camilla spent a good part of every day on deck, keenly sympathizing with each other in delight at the swift, exhilarating motion of the vessel and the unchanging restlessness and grandeur of the waves over which she passed so lightly.

Of the rest of the company on board they took but little heed. The mate never came their way. The captain was reported still unable to stir outside his cabin, where Dick, after one or two more ineffectual requests for admittance, was quite content to leave him. The colonel had struck up a considerable intimacy with Johnstone, whom he pronounced to be not nearly such a ruffian as he looked. When the ship's motion was not too violent he went on tours of inspection with the new captain, and was even found one morning alone in the hold, examining the cargo with incomprehensible energy and interest.

"I can't think," said Estcourt, laughing, "what on earth you can find to amuse you in the sight of all these casks and cases."

"It is the thought of what they contain that fascinates me," replied the colonel, who was in a humorous mood.

"What!" cried Dick, "stores and fittings fascinate you? That's a dry taste!"

"Ah!" said M. de Montaut, "but I have the poet's vision; I look beyond the mere articles themselves to the results they may effect. These packing-cases, you say, are but necessaries for the refitting of your ship. I see more than that. From the parts I reconstruct the whole in imagination. I see, rising from these fragments, an entire vessel, with a fate of her own, and fraught with many destinies. Nay, who knows," he added, with mock sententiousness, "but the ship that lies hidden in this despised cargo of yours may change the course of history!"

Dick laughed again. "My dear colonel," he said, "you see a good deal more than I do; I find it uncomfortably dark down here."

"Ah, that's because I'm standing between you and the light," replied the colonel, taking up the lantern. "Come, let's go upstairs again." And he led the way back to the middle deck.

During the night of the 22d the wind fell to a steady breeze, and on the following morning they saw the sun again at last, standing over a headland that lay on the larboard quarter.

The colonel appeared at breakfast with a chart, and Dick, borrowing it from him, explained the position of the Speedwell to Camilla.

"Here," he said, putting his finger upon the map, "is the stretch of coast along which the wind and the Guinea current have been hurrying us so fast. Here is Cape Palmas, which we have just passed, and now we shall see no more of the shores of Africa. You see we have been carried a little too far to the east already, and Ascension lies right below us in mid-ocean there."

"And how far is it?" asked Camilla.

"Twelve or thirteen hundred miles," said the colonel, who was also looking on with interest.

"Hardly so much as that; I wish it were," said Dick. "But I am afraid eight or nine days from the outside will take us there."

"And from there," asked Camilla, still poring over the chart, "how far is it to St. Helena?"

"I can't say exactly. To the Cape it is about two thousand five hundred miles, but that is the straight course, by which you go some way outside of St. Helena, and don't even pass near enough to see the famous pigeons."

"What are they?"

"Oh, they're only a kind of pigeon peculiar to that island; but they're rather well known for their beauty and because they're found nowhere else. They often come circling around a ship at an immense distance from the land, and the sailors catch them to take home to their friends; but they mostly die before the voyage is over."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked the colonel. "What are they like?"

"They're small gray birds, very graceful and light on the wing, with bright pink legs and a curious band of white under the eye."

"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you hear Captain Estcourt say that they are peculiar to St. Helena?"

"But surely they must have made their way across at some time or other; the two islands are not so very far apart."

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I assure you that there are none to be found anywhere else. If I saw one of them, I should know for a certainty that I was off St. Helena, though a moment before I had been thinking myself in the Pacific or the North Sea."

He rolled up the chart and returned it to the colonel, who went off with it to his own cabin and did not appear for some time.

Dick and Camilla went on deck, and enjoyed the sun and blue sky after so many dark days.

"Do you know," she said, "that I did not always enjoy that perpetual rush of wind and rain? And if I hadn't seen that you were quite cheerful about it, I should have really been quite alarmed at times."

Dick smiled. "I was more timid than you, I expect. I was by no means as cheerful as I looked."

"Then there was danger?" she asked.

"There was a lee shore, and there were nights in which we could see nothing."

"Then how could the ship be steered?"

"She couldn't; she drove before the wind, which happily was in the right direction; all the steersman could do was to stand to his helm and be always ready for a sudden danger."

"What work!" she cried. "Then it was really one man who saved us all?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "that's too much to say; let's hope he would have saved us if he had had the chance."

"How can you speak so lightly of him!" she exclaimed, warmly. "He is a hero, and I shall thank him myself."

Dick was silent, and looked away.

Johnstone was passing near, and Camilla called to him.

"What is your steersman's name?" she asked, as he approached.

Dick had made some hasty excuse, and was gone in a moment.

"We've been taking the wheel in turns of late," said Johnstone; "but on the worst nights Captain Estcourt wouldn't let her out of his own hands."

She nodded and turned away. Johnstone passed on with an approving shake of the head.

"My word!" he muttered, "he would be a fool to stick at scruples now; he'll be better paid than me by a long sight."

As for Camilla, this episode brought to a decisive end the struggles which had been going on at intervals in her mind since she came on board the Speedwell. She was convinced, and glad to be convinced, that Dick was indeed the man she had thought him of old. Whatever had been his reasons for joining in this expedition, they were not, she felt certain, either weak fondness for herself or disloyalty to the colors under which he served.

With this conclusion, which was rather due to instinct than reasoning, and was but half-consciously present to her mind, her old feelings toward him resumed their place, and the restraint which she had hitherto endeavored to put upon them broke down completely.

Eight days passed in great content. The colonel troubled them with his society less than ever. When he was not alone in his own cabin, he was generally in that of Captain Worsley, of whom he gave reports to the others twice a day.

It appeared that the medicines on board were insufficient; the Speedwell carried no surgeon, in spite of the twelve weeks' regulation, which expressly includes the Cape, and the patient's condition was, therefore, unsatisfactory, and at times even critical.

Hearing this, Dick foresaw that the remainder of his voyage would probably be spent in the sole company of Johnstone, and he began to realize how quickly and how pleasantly the last two weeks had flown. Tomorrow Camilla would leave the Speedwell, and with her would go for the present all the sunshine of life. Happily he had discovered that she had no intention of hiding herself again from him; she was evidently anticipating a meeting in the near future, though under what circumstances he had no means of guessing. To his great surprise the next day passed without any sign of the Island of Ascension coming in sight. He supposed that the brig had not been kept straight to her course, and in his heart thanked Johnstone for the bad navigation which had given him another day's happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWEET MILK AS SUSTENANCE

Physician Proves a Theory by a Personal Experience.

A medical man expresses the belief that a person could live for any length of time and take heavy exercise all the while on no other food than sweet milk. His conviction is the result of personal experiment, says the Philadelphia Record. He wanted to establish the fact that persons convalescing from sickness may grow stronger with no other nutriment than sweet milk, and that they are not obliged to take "something solid" to eat, as so many people imagine. He holds that many a convalescent has gone into his grave as a result of overtaxing his weak stomach by putting "solid" food into it; and he maintains that the old belief as to bread being the first essential of human life is shown by his experiment to be erroneous. His test was to live for thirty days with only sweet milk as a nourishment. In the whole time he lost five and a half pounds in weight, but no strength. He even attributes the loss of weight to the warmth of the weather and to excessive exercise on the bicycle, and the daily manipulation of 16-pound dumbbells and other heavy weights. He took more exercise than usual in order to test the thing fairly. On the seventh day of the experiment he ran several foot races with a skillful runner and was beaten in each race. On the thirteenth day he again pitted himself against the same runner and did the best of the racing, which certainly would tend to confirm his statement that he lost no strength during the thirty days' test. He drank four pints of milk daily for the last week. He thinks a healthy person should take about five pints of milk daily when no other food is being taken. His practice was to drink milk at intervals of two hours during the day, commencing at 7 o'clock in the morning and continuing until 10 at night. After that he would take no more until next morning.

OUR COUNTRY HOSTS.

What They Think of Us, Our Work, Our Ways and Our Ambitions.

A young friend of mine overheard this conversation between the proprietress of a country farmhouse and her help the other morning:

"Manda, have you rung that second bell?"

"Yes, indeed; but I never see such people! Eight o'clock breakfast! Who ever heered o' such a thing! Why, I'm pretty near ready for dinner now."

"Oh, them folks dunno anything 'bout time. I can't see how they do it. Six o'clock breakfast is late enough for anyone."

"There's that Mr. Craig, goes in his room and writes three hours a day, an' calls that work."

"Why, Eben'd saw a cord o' wood in that time!"

Eben would probably get 50 cents for his labor, while Mr. Craig, who is a well-known magazine contributor, earns $25. But let that pass.

"Manda, if that Miss Clarke asks for any more stale bread, just tell her there ain't any. I want what I've got for the flap-jacks."

"My gracious, if nice hot biscuit ain't good enough for 'em, then I'd like to know!"

"An' that finiky Mrs. Hall askin' if I mixed up my biscuit with a spoon!"

"Well, if her conscience is as clean as my hands are, then it's a mighty good thing for her!"

"Here they come! Look out for that pork steak, Manda, an' see that it don't burn."

Charm of a Well-Modulated Voice.

Every woman, says the Illustrated American, will acknowledge the charm of a well-modulated voice—yet how few are willing to take the time or trouble to cultivate one, cultivation being, unhappily, necessary for the American woman, whose voice, through heredity and climate, is aggressively sharp and distressingly monotonous. There are methods for training the voice to speak just as there are to train the voice to sing. In this era of physical culture I cannot understand why some one has not started the fad of "voice cultivation." It is true we have broadened our "a's," but most of us have stopped there and have expanded nothing else.

The trouble is few American women know how to breathe—which is not remarkable, when one considers for how many generations American women have been satisfied to be absolutely inert. The "new woman," whatever may be said against her, should at least be given the credit of arousing the feminine part of this unwholesome lethargy and showing them the way to health and contentment through the mazes of various exercises. But defective breathing is not the only immediate cause for defective vocality. Whatever affects unfavorably the general tone of the system will surely, sooner or later, register itself in the voice—even if respiration is good—for the voice is not only an "index of the soul," but a remarkably accurate index of the body as well.

Eutopia for the Servant Girl.

Servants seem to have the upper hand in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. They refuse to cook dinner later than 4 o'clock and insist on going home before dark, so that not a house has a servant in it after 8, and mothers have to stay at home to look after their babies.

XMAS UNDERGROUND.

"THE most memorable Christmas in my recollection? Yes, sir. Well, there are many memorable occasions in the life of a mountain pioneer, but this one is worth recording."

The old prospector, declining the proffered Havana, proceeded to fill his pipe with considerable deliberation, as he settled down on a huge boulder. The crisp, bright air of a beautiful October morning lent additional vigor and energy to every faculty.

I took a survey of the old man before he proceeded with his story.

Grizzled hair and beard and a slight stoop of the shoulders bespoke years of toil and expectation—expectation unfulfilled, but ever fresh with each recurring spring.

Little does humanity estimate the debts it owes these hardy pioneers, who have led the way across steep and dangerous trails, delving constantly beneath the soil, to open to the world its treasure-vaults. Onward they go, as civilization follows, to still more unexplored regions, until the very heart of the Sierras is like an open book. And when the last pick is struck, when life's fuse has burned itself out, a stone pile perchance marks the last resting-place of a hero, whose kind is now almost extinct.

The old man continued: "You see, just before the Carbonate excitement broke out, I was clerk in a supply store at Denver. While wages were tolerably fair, even for the West, it was slow progress toward getting rich—too slow, in fact, when one could hear every day as how the boys were making rich strikes and selling out their claims at a big figure.

"That spring a young fellow had come out from the states and gone to work in the store. He was a very quiet sort of a fellow—had little to say to anyone and was a good worker. But there was something on his mind. A blind man could have noticed it, because he would sometimes in the middle of his work, and get to thinking and studying. He was a little more communicative toward me than the rest.

"One night after supper my strange friend—let us call him Jim—had taken a stroll up town. About nine o'clock he came rushing in with a copy of the local paper in his hand. His face was flushed and his manner excited.

"'That settles it, Bill. I'm off for the new district. Just read here what strikes have been made out there the past week. Better pack your traps and come along.'

"Well, I read the news, and the fever struck me, too. The rush was fairly on, and in two days' time we had fitted out and were among a large cavalcade that was striking out for the new Carbonate camp." (The old man referred to Leadville.) "We reached the camp, staked out a claim, and set to work with a will. We struck a fairly good lead and decided to follow it up.

"There are many pleasant features to a prospector's life, and there are also the shady sides. We lived in a tent on our claim, cooked our own meals and washed our own clothes. The camp itself was about as wild a place as it has been my fortune to see before or since. All the elements of a frontier mining-camp were thoroughly represented.

"We did not frequent the place much, but put in our spare time in building a board-and-log shanty, preparing for the coming winter. Jim worked away with a vengeance. He seemed to be almost in a state of fever. Our prospect was getting better as time advanced and we became reasonably sure of some returns, sooner or later. Winter set in early in the mountains, and as the days grew shorter, our hours of labor were cut down.

"It was just a few days before Christmas. An unusually heavy snow had fallen, and it was bitter cold. So we decided to let the mine take care of itself that day and remain near the warm fire.

"'I had long wanted to know something about my companion. But it was ever the rule among us Western men not to ask questions, but wait for exchanges of confidence, which invariably came in good time. I broke the silence by telling Jim the story of my haphazard life.

"He finally gave me a few items from his own, and I learned that the chief object of his stay in the West was to acquire a fortune, if possible, in order to marry a young lady in the East, who from a financial point of view was a little above his station. Unfortunately for him and his friends, I failed to learn his name and the place he called home.

"The day before Christmas the weather broke (moderated) and we went to the mine to put in a good day's work. We had now quite a shaft down, with a cross-cut about twenty feet long, which we had lately started for exploring purposes. We worked in the latter that day, and soon encountered a formation different from anything we had so far discovered. The earth was now soft, and great caution had to be exercised in working, to avoid a cave-in, which would have meant death to both of us.

"As if the same thought had moved us both, we took out of our pockets the extra candles we had brought along, and started to examine the material in which we were working.

"To be sure, we were not mistaken, we had opened an immense pocket of silver-gold carbonates. The end of our tribulations was at hand, and visions of comfort and wealth floated before our eyes.

"I turned around to offer my congratulations to my partner and held out my hand. A bright bit of steel was gleaming in my face, and Jim stood before me with the look of a maniac in his eyes, and a drawn six-shooter in his hands.

"He found his voice after an effort. 'At last,' he said, 'the wealth I've searched for is within my grasp. Bill, you don't need it. You shall not leave this place alive unless you agree and promise to let me have this mine and the proceeds. It is all mine; I brought you here, and now I want it.'

"What could I do? Argument was useless. I was unarmed, and cared little anyhow to take the poor fellow's life. The sudden good fortune had turned his brain. Jim was a raving maniac. But how could I circumvent his plan to murder me?

"I talked to him for a long time, trying to show him the injustice of the act, but the weapon was always leveled at my head, while he demanded a deed to the claim. The prospect was not flattering. I asked him to come to the cabin or to the camp and have the papers made out; but he uttered a diabolical laugh and declined to go. For several hours we argued back and forth, deep underground, with no light save that from our candles. The situation became desperate. The candles would soon give out, and then in the darkness a tragedy might take place. I did not care to be murdered in cold blood by this maniac. Whatever transpired must come quickly, and I decided to disarm the fellow. It was a risky thing, but absolutely the only way out of the dilemma.

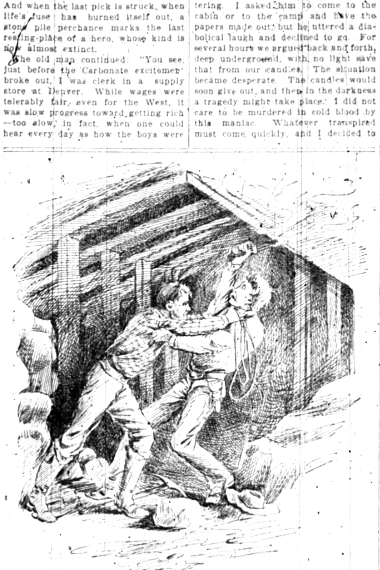
"I picked up the bucket rope that was lying at my feet and, toying with it carelessly, kept talking to the lunatic. Measuring the distance between us with a glance, I leaped suddenly upon him, carrying him down by my own weight. The revolver exploded, but only inflicted a flesh-wound in my left arm.

"Then ensued the most desperate struggle in which I was ever engaged. Jim fought with the desperation and superhuman strength usually developed by maniacs. For over an hour we struggled back and forth. I had no desire to injure the fellow, only to secure him. Finally his strength gave way, and I soon had him bound hand and foot. He cursed and begged, all to no purpose. I hurried to the camp for assistance to convey Jim from the bottom of the mine to a place of safety.

"The stars were commencing to peep through the clouds, and just as we entered the one long street of the camp the cold winter moon rose over the mountain, shedding a pale light over the slowly moving procession. What a home-coming for Christmas Eve!

"Would he ever recover enough to tell us of the names of his friends? I told the boys the story, and many a rough face was turned away, as its owner no doubt was thinking of the friends at home.

"Jim had to be taken to the asylum. I sold the claim at a good figure, and stayed around to give him all possible aid. But he never regained his sound senses, and died soon after with the secret of his life buried in his breast."



THEN ENSUED A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Mme. Patti's Knighthood.

Mme. Patti is the proud possessor of the knighthood, a distinction very rarely, if ever, bestowed upon ladies, given her by King Kalakaua. The patent reads as follows:

"Kalakaua, king of the Hawaii islands, to all who may see this brevet, greeting and health! Know ye that we have nominated and confirmed, and by these presents do nominate and confirm Mme. Adelina Patti a knight companion of our Royal Order of Kapiolani; do grant to her the exercise and enjoyment of all rights, advantages, and privileges thereunto appertaining; and do authorize her to wear the insignia of the said order. In witness whereof we have caused this brevet to be prepared and impressed with the great seal of the said order. Given under our hand in our palace at Honolulu, this 8th day of September, in the year of grace 1882, Kalakaua Rex. By order of the king, the chancellor of the Royal Kapiolani order, Charles Hastings Judd."

The Ruling Passion.

The sufferer slowly raised his eyelids. "Where am I?" he asked.

"You were run into by another bicyclist," answered the attendant.

Later, when he was about to breathe his last, he asked in a touching manner: "What was the name of his machine?"—Exchange.

Ready for Him.

"Our side is going to spring some unlooked-for disclosures on you," said a lawyer to one of the opposing attorneys.

"We've been expecting some unlooked-for disclosures," was the reply, "so you'll not take us unawares."—Oakland Times.

Gentle Hint.

He (at 11 p. m.)—"Well, misery loves company, you know."

She (repressing a yawn)—"Not at this hour, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

Scarlet Fever Settled in the Back.

AN OPERATION WAS UNSUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED.

The Patient Was Finally Restored, After Eighteen Years.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

About eighteen years ago, when Mrs. Annie Dale, of 88 Bruce Street, was a bright, merry school girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever. She recovered, but she was a very different girl from a physical standpoint. She was cured of the scarlet fever but it left her with an affection of the back. As she grew older the pain seemed to increase. Her sufferings were intensified by her household duties, but she never complained, and with one hand pressed tightly to her back she did her work about her cozy home.

"I was fourteen years old when I was attacked with scarlet fever, and have now suffered with my back for eighteen years.

"Night and day I suffered. It really seemed as if I must succumb to the pain, and then to make matters worse, my head ached so badly that I could scarcely see, at times. Finally I went to St. Michael's Hospital, at the corner of High Street and Central Avenue, and there the surgeons performed a difficult operation on my back but it did no good; it was like everything else. I was told at the hospital to return for another operation, but the first had left me so weak I could not go back. Then again I had become discouraged and my three children needed my attention and care at home. The pain became harder to stand and my back was almost broken, it seemed. I thought I would never know what it would be like to be well again when I was told to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. With many doubts, a faint heart and an aching back I went to get the pills, and little dreaming that they would prove the elixir of a new life to me, I began to take them. Only a short time elapsed before I began to improve. Could it be possible that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were doing what everything else had failed to accomplish? I asked myself the question many times and before long I was enabled by my improved condition to answer the query with an emphatic 'Yes.' Now the pain of almost twenty years is cured by these Pink Pills in a few months. I have no pain of any kind now, but I have got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I do not think it will ever be necessary to use them again, I shall certainly never be without them in the house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Lady and the Burglar.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: The lady, hearing some one in the dining room, thought it was her husband, and slipped down to pour a glass for him. She confronted a burglar who was making a vigorous search of the sideboard. She stepped to a closet and brought out a heavy basket, saying: "Here is the silver; now go away, my good man, because I hear my husband at the front door, and he carries a pistol." The burglar fled with the basket and the lady fainted. When her husband revived her she told the tale and explained that the basket contained an immense Maltese cat that slept in it. She fainted again for the possible fate of pussy. The next morning the cat scratched at the basement door. It looked no worse for the adventure, and it bore a note tied around its neck, which conveyed the compliments and admiration of her victim—the burglar.

WONDERFUL WHEAT YIELDS

The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, thirty millions of bushels of oats, six millions of bushels of barley, besides large quantities of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom settled on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital, and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farm work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer selling a part of his crop for $17,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy of belief, and that another farmer, a Mr. Pruyn, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40-acre field, and near Neepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels—an average of 66 2-3 bushels per acre. Another field of 16 acres on the same farm yielded 800 bushels, while the entire crop of 105 acres turned out 40,000 bushels. A Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels off 985 acres—an average of 36½ bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 166 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables, too, rivaled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised, there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the vast country to the west of it, and the shipments this year have aggregated 45,000 head, sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the recent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. But wheat raising is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 hard, unsurpassed by any other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not any part of the continent where the yield has been so uniformly large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours, Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibuled, Open and Compartment Sleepers, including Drawing Room and Buffet Sleepers, as well as comfortable day coaches, with Monon Celebrated High-back Seats.

This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning 7:30, Chattanooga 5:30 p. m., Atlanta 10:40 p. m., reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida.

FRANK J. REED,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
City Ticket Office, 232 Clark st., Chicago.

For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Liberal Tip: "Did ye get a tip from that bloke?" "I did thot." "What was it?" "He tould me Oi ought to be carryin' the hod inshtead of waitin' on the table."—Puck.

Muggins: "I paid $1.50 to see your wife's hat last night." Buggins: "What are you talking about?" Muggins: "Fact, I sat right behind her at the theater."—Philadelphia Record.

Spencer: "Didn't Blowitin run for sheriff last election?" Ferguson: "Yes. And he spent so much money trying to get elected that the sheriff is now running for him."—New York Herald.

Reliable Head Ache Cure!
Cures While You Wait!

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

is quickly relieved and cured by using Whitehead & Mitchell's "Reliable" Headache Cure. When suffering from Neuralgia, Congestion, Nervous or Malarial Headache, and Sick Headache of Delicate Ladies, of Exhaustion, etc., etc., this remedy

Gives Speedy Relief!

10c for Small Package.
25c for Large Boxes.
Free Sample at each Agency.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
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Mitchell's Castorena!

HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner: Wormseed, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potassium Bi-Carb, Anise, Wintergreen and Peppermint all mixed together in the most scientific manner according to therapeutics. This delightfully agreeable preparation we have designed for use in most cases of children where medicine is needed. Its composition renders it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for constipation, disordered stomach and the many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion, corrects sour stomach, regulates the bowels and allows rest for the child when other means fail. Full directions accompany each bottle. It is unquestionably the best thing for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it mothers have something which is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena destroys worms.
Castorena allays feverishness.
Castorena is pleasant to take.
Castorena prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castorena cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castorena relieves teething troubles.
Castorena cures Constipation, Flatulency.
Castorena neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castorena does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castorena assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castorena is put up in one size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow anyone to sell you something else on the plea that it is "just as good" and will answer every purpose.

25c per Bottle for a 50c Size.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Don't

fail to give the best Cough Syrup yet discovered a chance to cure that disagreeable cough, and that is

Mitchell's Compound Syrup of White Pine!

The remedy for curing Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains or Oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. If you

Read

this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sudorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous, changes the secretions and purifies the blood; heals the irritated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption. It is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the head or produce costiveness. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

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popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

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