GIVES VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY.

"KOLA-BAC" CURES THE TOBACCO HABIT MAKES THE WEAK STRONG...

IT CURES THE CRAVINGS.

KOLA-BAC is both a wonder and a wonder worker. It is a preparation of the extract of the **Kola Nut**, specially for **tobacco users** and those addicted to the **alcohol habit**.

This wonderful Kola Nut the natives of Africa prize more than gold and in some regions worship it as a God, on account of the strength and courage it gives them. They have used it for ages, but it has only recently been introduced in civilized lands.

It has been adopted by the French and German governments for army use in forced marches, or under other conditions calling for especially hard and fatiguing service. The athletic clubs of Europe and America have found it invaluable as a stimulant to the greatest exertion with no after weariness. The champion bicyclists and oarsmen use it to enable them to put forth their highest efforts.

It is the latest and highest triumph of medical and chemical science. It is the greatest tonic the world has ever known. It is endorsed and prescribed by the most eminent physicians, and the medical journals are filled with the reports of the marvelous results of its use. It **increases the appetite and aids digestion.**

It also has many specific uses and benefits. It is of vital and helpful service to those desirous of giving up tobacco or drink, or both.

It is a powerful stimulant, with no reactionary effects.

It is an energizing nerve food and a speedy and unfailing antidote for the **tobacco, alcohol and morphine** habits.

It totally eradicates the harmful tastes and furnishes a potent and pleasant substitute until the cure is wrought.

It takes away all desire for tobacco, and positively and permanently cures.

KOLA-BAC is an absolute cure for all forms of nervous prostration, no matter what the cause. It cures weakness and irregularity of heart action and restores a steady and vigorous circulation of the blood.

It is the most powerful nerve tonic known, with no reactionary effects, a speedy and permanent cure for **nervous debility and sexual weakness.**

It gives restful and refreshing sleep at night; bright and fruitful activity throughout the day.

It invigorates the system exhausted by disease or dissipation, and restores the full power of all the bodily organs. It thrills enfeebled manhood with new life.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

Price, 50 Cents a Box, or Six Boxes for $2.50, and a Cure guaranteed. Ask your Druggist for it,

OR SENT PREPAID BY

Kongo Kola Supply Co., 126 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

How to Cure Yourself While Using it.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. "Baco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Cured By Baco-Curo and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented:

Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian To-bacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Curo" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feeling and condition.

Yours respectfully, P. H. MARBURY,
Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box; three boxes, (thirty days' treatment), $2.50 and iron-clad, guaranteed cure, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

THE GRAY FALCON

BY M. T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VII.

At the words their companion lighted the little lantern hanging at his belt, whose round reflector threw the ghostly circle upon the ground. He held it up so that the pale light revealed to him her eager, earnest face in all its girlish loveliness, and gave to her his pale, noble countenance, with those deep, luminous eyes, that broad, intellectual sweep of the forehead, and those sadly wistful eyes.

"Sweet image of the past! what can you know of Emile!" exclaimed he.

"My mother has told me; and, ah, I admire, I respect you so much; and I wish—"

"What do you wish, innocent one?"

"That I could comfort you!" was Felicie's fervent answer.

He seized her hand and kissed it passionately. She was almost sure that a shower of hot tears accompanied the caress.

"Be satisfied; you have comforted me! Countess, this is the sweetest moment I have known for years."

"Heaven will reward you, sometime, Emile. I can never for a moment doubt it. As for me, I am powerless to express my gratitude for your disinterested devotion."

He turned the light slowly upon her face, and was evidently shocked at the traces of care and time.

"So changed!" murmured he; "ah, my lady, heart-griefs wear deepest. You had scarcely have been more worn had you become a peasant's wife."

The countess made a deprecating gesture.

"Hush, Emile, do not allude to the past. I am a faded, careworn woman, and I am the Countess Languedoc. Both should prevent you from recalling any other knowledge of me. I am thankful to see you still in the very pride of manly strength; and I am deeply grateful for your kindness."

His eye had again turned upon Felicie.

"The past years seem but a day when I look upon her. It seems that I once more behold the Lady Violante of my youthful dreams," murmured he, in a dreamy tone.

The countess watched him uneasily.

"My daughter is betrothed to the young Marquis De Berri. The marriage is to take place at once."

"I know," answered Emile, with a grave smile; "he is a noble youth, and is worthy of her. Though these be scarcely the times for marrying or giving in marriage, may prosperity and peace attend them! It should be so, if my poor will were law. And now to return to the danger which surrounds you. It is imperative that I return to Paris immediately, but I shall make no tarrying there. I only go to perfect arrangements for your future safety. I do not believe there will be any disturbance during my absence. At all events, you have this retreat in case of imperative need. I shall work on the subterranean chamber the rest of the night, and leave it habitable, though not as comfortable as I intend to leave it. I think you will see the count in two days at the longest. Of course, you will not need my caution to keep all that you have witnessed to-night entirely to yourselves. By all means try to appear before this wretched overseer as if you had still faith in his honesty."

"We shall fortunately be spared the need of dissembling. He is aware how little respect we bear him."

"That is well. Now we must arrange some signal, whereby I may acquaint you with my presence here. What shall it be?"

"A bunch of wild flowers thrown on the rocky bridge of the meadow. I will look for them myself, every morning," cried Felicie, eagerly.

"Some one might pick them up," observed the countess.

"Oh, no; for I shall be before them all," answered Felicie.

"So be it then. And now I will accompany you through the woods into sight of the chateau."

"Pray extinguish your lantern," cried Felicie, archly. "I shall have no fancy for the uncanny company of a ghost."

"Where are your fears, Felicie? In view of all we have heard and seen, I expected you would need all my persuasion to keep calm."

"Ah! but I did not know in the beginning that Emile was to be our protector!"

"Sweet, ingenuous child!" cried Emile; "Heaven give me the power to deserve your charming confidence. I cannot resist the influence. Countess Violante, I must thank you for teaching your daughter to have such kindly sentiments for me."

"I told her the story, Emile, to explain why I had kept her in such strict retirement, and because of her girlish repugnance to her marriage with the marquis."

"You do not approve, then, of these unions which consult only fortune and title, Lady Felicie?" observed Emile, as they slowly left the wood.

"I abhor them!" returned she, with fervor.

"And what says the countess?"

"That it is cruel to excite repugnance to a destiny you know is inevitable. But the system is as detestable to me as to any one."

"It is to last but a frail moment longer!" ejaculated Emile. "O, France! at what a terrible carnival of frightful passions is your purification to come!"

They had now reached the open meadow from which the roof and chimneys of the chateau could be plainly seen.

"Do not accompany us farther; there is no occasion for it, and your time is valuable," said the countess.

He turned at once.

"Then I wish you good-night."

The ladies waited till the woods hid his figure from them, then went slowly toward the chateau, from whose boudoir windows, as they approached near, they saw the cheerful lights streaming forth like a beckoning star.

"Oh, mamma," said Lady Felicie, "I wonder so much at you! Title nor fortune, nor forty fathers should have separated me from Emile, so grand and heroic as he is!"

The countess paused suddenly, and leaning heavily against her daughter, burst into a perfect passion of tears. The stern pent emotion once finding vent, it seemed that she would never grow calm again. Felicie was deeply alarmed. She passed both arms around the reeling figure, kissed her frantically, called her by every endearing name, and besought her to recover composure. Nothing seemed to avail, until suddenly the idea occurred to the daughter to feign alarm.

"Hark!" exclaimed she. "Oh, mamma, is not that M. Pierre, yonder?"

One great shudder shook the countess, and seizing Felicie by the hand, she dragged her into the shelter of a cluster of mulberry trees. She listened anxiously for several moments, then cautiously resumed their approach to the chateau. The little ruse had been successful. They reached the balcony in safety; stealthily followed the unused corridor and gained the boudoir. Hastily removing their wraps, and putting them out of sight, the pair sat down, and assumed an attitude of careless indolence, as though they had remained there through the whole evening.

"We must show them that we are here. Open a book, Felicie, as though you were reading, and then ring the bell and order a flask of wine. I am deathly faint. Give the order yourself, for I fancy I could not steady my tones yet." She leaned back in the chair, her face as pale as marble. Lady Felicie hastily obeyed her wish. The maid hastily obeyed the command, then said, timidly:

"Oh, my lady, have you looked out on the lawn this evening? Jaques declared there were dark shapes flitting about; though, to be sure, they had no spades nor lights. We are all so frightened!"

"Foolish things—go say your prayers and you will be safe," answered Lady Felicie, to save her mother the occasion to speak.

The girl went off wondering at the courage of the noble ladies, and quite innocently told a very broad falsehood to her mates in the servants' hall.

"Only think, there's my lady and Lady Felicie as quiet and still as two mice; they've been reading all the evening as if no such things as ghosts ever walked."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mother and daughter sat in the luxurious boudoir in profound silence. The minds of both were teeming with earnest thought, but neither dared give language to them. The wine had evidently revived the countess; the color had returned to her lips, although her face was still pale. But she remained with her head supported by one arm, her eyes drooping to the floor. Felicie crept to her side, and nestled her hand into the chilly, listless fingers that hung over the arm of the easy chair. They closed fondly over hers. Still the girl dared not speak.

At length the countess turned and fixed her mournful eyes upon the wistful, girlish face.

"My child," said she, "circumstances so peculiar and delicate make it very embarrassing to speak plainly with you, yet I cannot endure that you should judge wrongfully of your mother's motives. I may have erred; I may have lacked the courage to brave everything for the truth and the right; but it is certain I have acted as I believed was my duty—then—now—always! Heaven knows I have struggled fiercely and suffered bitterly; that I have meant it should only be myself to be immolated. Circumstances have cruelly hemmed me in. I have only had the power given me to make the best of them. My conscience sustains me. Too well I know how little account I give to wealth or title. I count them both more empty and valueless than the froth of the sea. I am assured it is a prouder thing to be the beloved and loving wife of a peasant than the neglected, cold-hearted partner of a throne. And yet, there are some duties higher than those of love. So, at least, it seems to me. But, Felicie, I no longer urge upon you this marriage with the marquis. You shall judge for yourself; whatever your decision, you may rely upon my support and countenance, even against your father's anger."

"But his anger will be terrible," sighed Felicie.

"I fear so; but it will be no worse than I have endured, even before disobedience. It really seems to me that you could not help yourself if you tried; but this strange state of affairs in France is in your favor. Ah, my child, you have sat in judgment upon your mother; see if you can avail yourself of far more propitious circumstances."

"Dear, dear mamma," cried Felicie, through a flood of tears. "I spoke thoughtlessly; I never meant to hint that I believed you anything but the angel you are!"

She flung herself upon her mother's breast, and they mingled their tears together. After this they were both comforted. They shared the same couch that night, and long after Lady Felicie had fallen into the sweet slumbers of innocence and youth, the pale mother bent above her, whispering softly:

"Oh, my beloved one, may Heaven spare you the bitter trials of your hopeless mother. At least, though your warm, womanly devotion be not aroused, may you find a husband you can respect and honor, and not a narrow-minded, tyrannical master, who crushes your most strenuous efforts to fulfil your duties loyally."

In two days longer, as Emile had prophesied, the count arrived with his noble friend. If the servants marveled at his quiet entrance, his freedom from the accustomed retinue of attendants, they stood too much in awe of him to comment upon it. He greeted the countess with his usual stately courtesy, but he clasped his daughter to his heart ere he presented her to the marquis. It was true, that she was the dearest thing in the world to him, except his pride and his selfishness. He loved her as deeply as his narrow nature would allow.

"This, De Berri, is Lady Felicie. You see she has quite outgrown the little girl you remember," said the father, proudly.

The old marquis bowed gallantly over the trembling little hand extended to him.

"I greet the Lady Felicie with a great deal of pleasure, and no little admiration. But I shall allow a younger voice to describe the effect of such fresh loveliness upon our dull, Parisian eyes."

"Your son has not accompanied you?" observed the countess, to spare her agitated daughter the necessity of reply.

"Not yet, my dear madam. He took a more circuitous route. You are doubtless aware of the revolutionary state of the whole country. He was imprudent enough to express his indignation at the brutal insolence of the mob toward her gracious majesty, the queen, and very nearly paid the penalty of his boldness. I shall not feel quite easy till he reaches us."

"I have heard very little from Paris. You know our extreme isolation, and the count prohibited intercourse with Fejus. I hope you do not apprehend serious results?"

"One cannot say what will happen It had grown a little quieter, but the leaders are subtile now; they have but to touch a spring, and the mine is fired. Heaven help all who come in the way of the explosion."

The countess looked anxiously over to her husband.

"Have you any fears of this insubordinate spirit reaching Fejus?" asked she.

"Pshaw!" said the count, testily, "what do women know of such things. I must go and talk with M. Pierre, and see how affairs have gone on."

"Stay," interposed the countess, "had you not better listen to my account first? I assure you it will be wiser."

With his accustomed perversity, from the paltry desire to show that he was lord and master over this woman of twice his intellect and force of character, the count replied, contemptuously:

"Your account, indeed! I would as soon question one of the servant girls. I should have to allow one-half for your antipathy to my worthy Pierre, and the other half to your ignorance of all business matters, and then where would my result be?"

The countess colored deeply, while Felicie's eyes flashed indignantly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR SUNDRIES.

Why the Spendthrift Son Ruined His Rich Father.

His rich father had given him the bicycle—turned it over to him as a gift, pure and simple and it had consequently not cost him a cent. It was not that the young fellow was poor. His father was a millionaire and it delighted the old man to equip the boy with all the luxuries and costly accessories of modern life. And he had made his son an allowance of $25,000 a year. A princely income, truly. A good deal more than I make. At last he had given the young man a bicycle and told him to go ahead. And the young man did. But something happened. The father going to the office one morning was informed by his white-faced confidential clerk that he was ruined. The old man was astounded. Indeed, he was surprised. He was told that his son had drawn on him for the whole assets of his father's entire wealth.

Choked with emotion, he summoned his child to him and asked why thus, or words to that effect.

The boy replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie! You gave me a bicycle!"

"I did, my son, but why—why have you ruined me?"

"Father, it was for sundry reasons."

'Twas even so. The bell, lamp, tires, cement, inflator, tool-box and the million-odd sundries so absolutely indispensable to any decent kind of a bicycle had done the fatal deed.

And both cursed the days wherein they were born.

MINIATURES REVIVED.

A Protest Against the Photograph—An English Society.

A revival of miniature painting has been noted, and the miniature is a protest against the photograph, says the New York Times. If the features of the man, with its accentuations, "take well" by means of the camera, the more delicate and finer traits of the woman do not, and, as far as photography is concerned, a really handsome woman never can be well satisfied with her "exact" likeness. Then, again, how impossible it is to mount a mere bit of cardboard in gold, beset with gems! Perhaps, as far as miniature work goes, Petitot and Cosway were such masters of the art that after them there were no successors. If the chatter of to-day indulged in by those who actually practice art there is a tendency to enlarge on the theme of the present "grand and broad manner," just as if we had outstripped the ancients. The prattle is that a miniature is finicky, insignificant, because "it must be stippled," and to stipple is to be mechanical. The great artists in miniature did stipple, for you may not be broad or slashing within a minute space, say three or four inches long by two and a half to three inches in width, but the miniature painters of the last century knew by art alone how to get outside of their narrow limitations. In England there is a flourishing society of miniature painters and it is under the auspices of the Royal academy and at its present exhibition it shows over 100 pictures.

Burglar-Proof Grave.

A burglar proof grave vault has been created for the security of the dead. It is a recent invention and has been welcomed as a long sought precaution by the thousands who have a horror of the body snatcher, says the New York Journel. Steel casing, firmly riveted together, forms the top. The bottom is composed of heavy angle iron for framework and a steel plate for the bottom sheet, which are bound together in a burglar defying fashion. Additional iron conceals the rivets and bolts. This deft covering makes it impossible to locate their exact position. Even if the ghouls succeeded in excavating the earth and reaching this vault, they couldn't open it. Springs are arranged in so clever a style that when the vault is closed it cannot possibly be opened, excepting by cutting the top casing entirely open, which would take a skilled mechanic at least 24 hours to accomplish. The ends of the vault are of the best malleable iron, are paneled attractively, and have raised letters finished in gold bronze. Both its inside and outside are painted and finished in imitation of ebony and rosewood. There is no possibility of its being crushed when the grave is filled. Furthermore, it protects both the casket and body from dampness and decay.

A Horrible Example.

Judge: Johnnie (reading)—Three little children were out in a boat on Sunday, when it was struck by lightning and two were killed. His grandmother (solemnly)—Ah, Johnnie, I hope you see the moral to that. Johnnie—Yes'm. It says they were crossing the river on the way to Sunday school when struck.

Ingenious.

"How did you dare tell father that you have a prospect of $100,000 a year?" she asked.

"Why," he answered, in righteous indignation, "I have—if I marry you."
—Washington Star.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—Holmes.

SCROFULA OR ECZEMA?

PHYSICIANS FAILED TO AGREE ON THE CASE.

After Years of Suffering the Patient Takes Up His Own Case and a Cure Is Effected in a Few Weeks—This Is a Wonderful Story.

From the Times, Vassar, Mich.

Michigan has been the home of Arthur H. Thomas for twenty-six years, and he is known in Edmore, Bad Axe, Bay City and Vassar as an honest, pains-taking, conscientious workman. Observing a most radical change in the personal appearance of Mr. Thomas since his residence here, a representative of the Times called on that gentleman, who said in response to our inquiry:

"Your remark regarding my appearance calls to my mind vividly a very important circumstance in my life. It's not a long story, but it means considerable to me, for it marks the dawn of a new life. I am now in my twenty-seventh year, and since about fifteen years of age I have been afflicted with eczema—a skin disease, and a name which does not convey to the average person the true suffering it carries.

"My face first broke out in small sores, next my back, then my arms, until almost every part of my entire body was covered so thickly that you could scarcely place the point of a lead pencil upon my flesh without striking a sore spot. My sufferings gradually increased as the disease attained age. The tortures no tongue or pen could describe. I consulted physicians of repute at Edmore, and after following their instructions and taking their medicines as directed, I gave it up, because I obtained no relief.

"I was next recommended to a practitioner in Bad Axe, for whom a friend claimed great success in skin diseases, prescribed for me, but failed to give relief. I was now undergoing most excruciating tortures; dry and parched as my skin was, I could obtain no rest at night from the horrid plague. I tried blood medicines by the score, and as a last resort placed myself in charge of another physician at Bad Axe who disagreed with the others in pronouncing my case scrofula in its worst form.

"His treatment, however, did me no good, and after going to Bay City in charge of another physician who also failed to allay my sufferings, I took the advice of a Pinconning friend whose wife had been greatly distressed from the same causes, and began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box so thoroughly cleansed my system of its impurities that before I had taken all the pills I began to resume my natural sleep. Before completing the second box my face and body became free from blotches, the sores disappeared and I was as well as I ever was. No, sir, I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. They cured me when all other medicines and physicians failed."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) 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' Med. Co.

Every man thinks that modesty forbids his telling you what he considers the cleverest thing in the way of a story ever told.

$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 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 moderate drinker is like a man who sleeps on the brink of a precipice.

A copy of The Companion's Art Calendar for 1897, which rivals the famous "Yard of Roses" published by THE COMPANION a few years ago, is given free to every new subscriber to THE COMPANION for 1897. To new subscribers the paper is also sent free from the time the subscription is received till January, 1897. Thus new subscribers will receive, free, a handsome four-page folding calendar, lithographed in twelve colors. THE COMPANION free every week to January, 1897, and for a full year to January, 1898, by sending the publishers $1.75, one year's subscription. Illustrated prospectus for 1897 free. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

What the church needs is not better preaching, but better practice.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tabacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Civilization may justly claim to have perfected the boor.

For Itching Piles, irritation of the genitals, or itching in any part of the body, Doan's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. No matter how long-standing the trouble, Doan's Ointment will not fail to give instant relief.

Beauty in the heart is written in the face. It never helps sin any to wash its face.

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.

Prejudice is blind from birth.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

Truth is the strength of God.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowels regulator ever made.

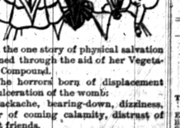
Two men and a boy who were stealing a ride on an Erie car loaded with iron piping were instantly killed at Wellsville, N. Y., by the jarring of the car by a switch engine and the shifting of the pipes.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small.
No city so large.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.

They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and



tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:

Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.

All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Many a woman who resolves when she is married to make over her husband, ends by being content to make over her bonnets.

Tourist Car to California.

An Upholstered Pullman Tourist car is run every Wednesday by the Northern Pacific. This car leaves St. Paul at 2:45 p. m., Minneapolis, 3:20 p. m., reaching San Francisco the following Monday morning. Double berth only $6.00. For tickets and reservations write to Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, N. P. Ry. Co., St. Paul, Minn., sending six cents for tourist literature.

Happiness is in the quality of one's possessions; pleasure is in their quantity.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.

On Dec. 1 and 15, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago, Ill.

A baby sin has no more right to live than one that is old enough to vote.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, on December 1st and 15th to the South. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent or address H. A. Cherrier, N. P. A., 316 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar.

Consumption is the natural result of a neglected cold. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and all lung troubles down to the very borderland of consumption.

Every vicious act weakens a right judgment, and defiles the life.

"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 house is on the sand where the religion is all in the head.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Some men are so sharp that they keep cutting themselves.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

As Thomas Maley, of near Lotus, was coming home from Liberty his vehicle was struck by a C., H. & D. express at Deadman's crossing, and he was seriously injured.

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