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,
Mfg. Chemists.

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 bowel 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.

This

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.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham.
Southfield by Chas I. Johnson.
North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong.
Royal Oak by L. Storz.
Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton.
Troy P. O. by Sammie Jarvis.
Beddow by J. M. Beddow.
Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M.
F. Hagerman, Birmingham.

Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGripee Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

Read the Following From People Who Have Been Cured by It.

Used With Great Success.

BLACK GULCH, Idaho.

I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—JOHN S. BLACK, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grass Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. One bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at this place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—ANTHONY GREENSTOCK, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cured.

WHITE PINE, Wisconsin.

Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—WM. BONNER.

Used With Good Results.

Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I take pleasure in recommending it.—A. J. IVES, Thorndale, Ohio.

When troubled with a cough or cold, give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is the Best.

I know Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the best. I use no other in my family of six children.—FRANK STONE, Pratt, Kansas.

It Is Splendid.

WESTON, Ill., Dec. 22 1895.

We have been using Shiloh's Consumption Cure and think it is splendid. —WILSON & GREEN, Publishers of THE RECORD.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

RAVEN HEAD, Va., June 6, 1895.

We have a splendid sale on Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many say their children would have died of croup if they had not been given this remedy.—THORN & SANDERS.

Cheap at $10 00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10 00 per bottle.—S. M. HODGE, Bowie, Texas.

N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the advertisement of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim. Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputation they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger from the grip as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

He took off his hat, and moved mechanically toward the stand; and there he found a small change that was a great one to him. The pin that had been his from boyhood, where he had flung his balmoral when he loitered home from the academy, and his first hat when he came briskly back from college or the office—his pin was occupied. "They might have at least respected my pin!" he thought, and he was moved as by a slight, and began at once to recollect that he was here an interloper, in a strange house, which he had entered almost by a burglary, and where at any moment he might be scandalously challenged.

He moved at once, his hat still in hand, to the door of his father's room, opened it and entered. Mr. Nicholson sat in the same place and posture as on that last Sunday morning; only he was older, and grayer, and sterner; and as he now glanced up and caught the eye of his son, a strange commotion and a dark flush sprung into his face.

"Father," said John, steadily, and even cheerfully, for this was a moment against which he was long ago prepared, "father, here I am, and here is the money that I took from you. I have come back to ask your forgiveness, and to stay Christmas with you and the children."

"Keep your money," said the father, "and go!"

"Father!" cried John; "for God's sake don't receive me this way. I've come for—"

"Understand me," interrupted Mr. Nicholson; "you are no son of mine; and in the sight of God, I wash my hands of you. One last thing I will tell you; one warning I will give you; all is discovered, and you are being hunted for your crimes; if you are still at large it is thanks to me; but I have done all that I mean to do; and from this time forth I would not raise one finger—not one finger—to save you from the gallows! And now," with a low voice of absolute authority, and a single weighty gesture of the finger, "and now—go!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW John passed the evening, in what windy confusion of mind, in what squalls of anger and lulls of sick collapse, in what pacing of streets and plunging into public houses, it would profit little to relate. His misery, if it were not progressive, yet tended in no way to diminish; for in proportion as grief and indignation abated, fear began to take their place. At first, his father's menacing words lay by in some safe drawer of memory, biding their hour. At first John was all thwarted affection and blighted hope; next bludgeoned vanity raised its head again, with twenty mortal gashes; and the father was disowned even as he had disowned the son. What was this regular course of life, that John should have admired it? What were these clock-work virtues, from which love was absent? Kindness was the test, kindness the aim and soul; and judged by such a standard, the discarded prodigal—now rapidly drowning his sorrows and his reason in successive drams—was a creature of a lovelier morality than his self-righteous father. Yes, he was the better man; he felt it, glowed with the consciousness, and entering a public-house at the corner of Howard Place (whither he had somehow wandered) he pledged his own virtues in a glass—perhaps the fourth since his dismissal. Of that he knew nothing, keeping no account of what he did or where he went; and in the general crashing hurry of his nerves, unconscious of the approach of intoxication. Indeed, it is a question whether he were really growing intoxicated, or whether at first the spirits did not even sober him. For it was even as he drained this last glass that his father's ambiguous and menacing words—popping from their hiding-place in memory—startled him like a hand laid upon his shoulder. "Crimes, hunted, the gallows." They were ugly words; in the ears of an innocent man, perhaps all the uglier; for if some judicial error were in act against him, who should set a limit to its grossness or to how far might it be pushed? Not John, indeed; he was no believer in the powers of innocence, his cursed experience pointing in quite other ways; and his fears, once wakened, grew with every hour and hunted him about the city streets.

It was, perhaps, nearly nine at night; he had eaten nothing since lunch, he had drunk a good deal, and he was exhausted by emotion, when the thought of Houston came into his head. He turned, not merely to the man as a friend, but to his house a place of refuge. The danger that threatened him was still so vague that he knew neither what to fear nor where he might expect it; but this much at least seemed undeniable, that a private house was safer than a public inn. Moved by these counsels, he turned at once to the Caledonian Station, passed (not without alarm) into the bright lights of the approach, redeemed his portmanteau from the cloak-room, and was soon whirling in a cab along the Glasgow road. The change of movement and position, the sight of the lamps twinkling to the rear, and the smell of damp and mould and rotten straw which clung about the vehicle, wrought in him strange alternations of lucidity and mortal giddiness.

"I have been drinking," he discovered; "I must go straight to bed and sleep." And he thanked Heaven for the drowsiness that came upon his mind in waves.

From one of these spells he was wakened by the stoppage of the cab; and, getting down, found himself in quite a country road, the last lamp of the suburb shining some way below, and the high walls of a garden rising before him in the dark. The Lodge (as the place was named) stood, indeed, very solitary. To the south it adjoined another house, but standing in so large a garden as to be well out of cry; on all other sides open fields stretched upward to the woods of Corstorphine Hill, or backward to the dells of Ravelston, or downward toward the valley of the Leith. The effect of seclusion was aided by the great height of the garden walls, which were, indeed, conventional, and, as John had tested in former days, defied the climbing school-boy. The lamp of the cab threw a gleam upon the door and the not brilliant handle of the bell.

"Shall I ring for ye?" said the cabman, who had descended from his perch and was slapping his chest, for the night was bitter.

"I wish you would," said John, putting his hand to his brow in one of his accesses of giddiness.

The man pulled at the handle, and the clanking of the bell replied from further in the garden; twice and thrice he did it, with sufficient intervals; in the great, frosty silence of the night, the sounds fell sharp and small.

"Does he expect ye?" asked the driver, with that manner of familiar interest that well became his port-wine face; and when John had told him no, "Well, then," said the cabman, "if ye'll tak' my advice of it, we'll just gang back. And that's disinterested, mind ye, for my stables are in the Glesgie road."

"The servants must hear," said John.

"Hout!" said the driver. "He keeps no servants here, man. They're a' in the town house; I drive him often; it's just a kind of a hermitage, this."

"Give me the bell," said John; and he plucked at it like a man desperate.

The clamor had not yet subsided before they heard steps upon the gravel, and a voice of singular nervous irritability cried to them through the door, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Alan," said John, "it's me—it's Fatty—John, you know. I'm just come home, and I've come to stay with you."

There was no reply for a moment, and then the door was opened.

"Get the portmanteau down," said John to the driver.

"Do nothing of the kind," said Alan; and then to John, "Come in here a moment. I want to speak to you."

John entered the garden, and the door was closed behind him. A candle stood on the gravel walk, winking a little in the draughts; it threw inconstant sparkles on the clumped holly, struck the light and darkness to and fro like a veil on Alan's features, and sent his shadow hovering behind him. All beyond was inscrutable; and John's dizzy brain rocked with the shadow. Yet even so, it struck him that Alan was pale, and his voice, when he spoke, unnatural.

"What brings you here to-night," he began. "I don't want, God knows, to seem unfriendly; but I can not take you in, Nicholson; I can not do it."

"Alan," said John, "you've just got to! You don't know the mess I'm in; the governor's turned me out, and I daren't show my face in an inn, because they're down on me for murder or something!"

"For what?" cried Alan, starting.

"Murder, I believe," says John.

"Murder!" repeated Alan, and passed his hand over his eyes. "What was that you were saying?" he asked again.

"That they were down on me," said John. "I'm accused of murder, by what I can make out; and I've really had a dreadful day of it, Alan, and I can't sleep on the road-side on a night like this at least, not with a portmanteau," he pleaded.

"Hush!" said Alan, with his head on one side; and then, "Did you hear nothing?" he asked.

"No," said John, thrilling, he knew not why, with communicated terror. "No, I heard nothing; why?" And then, as there was no answer, he reverted to his pleading:

"But I say, Alan, you've got to take me in. I'll go right away to bed if you have anything to do. I seem to have been drinking; I was that knocked over. I wouldn't turn you away, Alan, if you were down on your luck."

"No?" returned Alan. "Neither will I you, then. Come and let's get your portmanteau."

The cabman was paid, and drove off down the long, lamp-lighted hill, and the two friends stood on the sidewalk beside the portmanteau till the last rumble of the wheels had died in silence. It seemed to John as though Alan attached importance to this departure of the cab; and John, who was in no state to criticise, shared profoundly in the feeling.

When the stillness was once more perfect, Alan shouldered the portmanteau, carried it in, and shut and locked the garden door; and then, once more, abstraction seemed to fall upon him, and he stood with his hand on the key until the cold began to nibble at John's fingers.

"Why are we standing here?" asked John.

"Eh?" said Alan, blankly.

"Why, man, you don't seem yourself," said the other.

"No, I'm not myself," said Alan; and he sat down on the portmanteau and put his face in his hands.

John stood beside him swaying a little, and looking about him at the swaying shadows, the flitting sparkles, and the steady stars overhead, until the windless cold began to touch him through his clothes on the bare skin. Even in his bemused intelligence, wonder began to awake.

"I say, let's come on to the house," he said at last.

"Yes, let's come on to the house," repeated Alan.

And he rose at once, reshouldered the portmanteau, and taking the candle in his other hand, moved forward to the Lodge. This was a long, low building, smothered in creepers; and now, except for some chinks of light between the dining-room shutters, it was plunged in darkness and silence.

In the hall Alan lighted another candle, gave it to John, and opened the door of a bedroom.

"Here," said he; "go to bed. Don't mind me, John. You'll be sorry for me when you know."

"Wait a bit," returned John; "I've got so cold with all that standing about. Let's go into the dining-room a minute. Just one glass to warm me, Alan."

On the table in the hall stood a glass, and a bottle with a whisky label on a tray. It was plain the bottle had been just opened, for the cork and corkscrew lay beside it.

"Take that," said Alan, passing John the whisky, and then with a certain roughness pushed his friend into the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

John stood amazed; then he shook the bottle, and, to his further wonder, found it partly empty. Three or four glasses were gone. Alan must have uncorked a bottle of whisky and drank three or four glasses one after the other without sitting down, for there was no chair, and that in his own cold lobby on this freezing night! It fully explained his eccentricities, John reflected savagely, as he mixed himself a grog. Poor Alan! He was drunk; and what a dreadful thing was drink, and what a slave to it poor Alan was, to drink in this unsociable, uncomfortable fashion! The man who would drink alone, except for health's sake—as John was now doing—was a man utterly lost. He took the grog out, and felt hazier, but warmer. It was hard work opening the portmanteau and finding his night things, and before he was undressed, the cold had struck home to him once more. "Well," said he; "just a drop more. There's no sense in getting ill with all this other trouble." And presently dreamless slumber buried him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

How Mrs. Pringle Tried to Spy on Her Husband.

Mrs. Pringle had been married just six months and would have been happy, but she was one of those women who never can let well enough alone, says the Detroit Free Press. She was inclined to be jealous of Mr. Pringle and was filled with surmises that had no actual foundation. But she decided to set a trap for him and it never occurred to her that she might possibly fall into it herself.

One day when Mr. Pringle went home to dinner his wife handed him a note, which she said had been left for him that morning. He opened it and, after scanning it hastily, thrust it indifferently into his pocket.

"Anything important?" asked his wife, in a tone trembling with excitement.

"No-o. A business matter, that is all."

"You seemed pleased over it," suggested Mrs. Pringle.

Mr. Pringle laughed. He also blushed. His wife detected evidences of conscious guilt in the fact that he did not offer to show her the letter. Yes, she thought she had him safely trapped and the knowledge made her utterly wretched.

Mr. Pringle read the note over again on his way to the office:

"Dear Sir: I have often seen and admired you from a distance and would be greatly pleased to make your acquaintance. Meet me this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the approach to Belle Isle bridge. I will wear a blue dress and carry a bunch of pink roses.

"ADMIRER."

At the hour specified the woman in the blue dress was there. A man—who was not Mr. Pringle—walked up to her.

"I have your note," he began, but she turned on him like a fury. "How dare you speak to me? I am here to meet my husband by appointment."

"I guess not. You are here to meet Mr. Pringle, who sent me to see what you—"

"Wretch! If you address another word to me I'll call for help."

"Excuse me, but if Mr. Pringle had expected to meet his wife I am sure he would have come."

Mrs. Pringle took a passing car and went home. She had changed her dress and butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth when Mr. Pringle came in. She thinks she has proved her husband to be a model of rectitude, but she doesn't know that he spotted "Admirer" at the first glimpse of her disguised handwriting.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

What Is to Be Gained from the Dangerous Expeditions.

To ascertain with greater precision, the shape, size and density of the earth, the astronomer's base of measures, and thus render the science of surveying more accurate, ten pendulum observations near the unknown extreme of the arc are worth a hundred elsewhere. Observations on magnetism, especially near the magnetic pole, will benefit the thousands of vessels which largely depend for their safety on the precision with which the compass can be interpreted. To the meteorologist the Arctic is of special importance, because it presents the extremes of a world-embracing system, each of whose parts affects every other. Tides and currents are similarly interdependent. The aurora can best be studied where it is most common and most fully developed.

Observations on the character and behavior of planets and animals under the unique conditions of the Arctic will give to the student of organic life a more thorough mastery of his problems. To that end the hydrography must be known (depth of sea, temperature, water movement, sea bottom, salinity, light). The Arctic affords the best facilities for studying one set of geologic forces (glaciers, icebergs, frost fissuring) in their extreme manifestation. The conditions of the earth in past geologic epochs will not be fully known until the strata of the Arctic lands have been mapped. To the paleontologist the Arctic has already yielded most valuable information in the fossil evidence of a mild climate. Lockwood and Brainerd found the slopes of Western Grinnell Land studded with large petrified tree stumps. These and similar fossils, precious to museums or geological cabinets, can probably be reached by way of Hayes Sound. To the ethnologist the Eskimo represent a phase of human life without a parallel.—Popular Science Monthly.

He Was Indeed Absent-Minded.

Judge Hawley of the United States circuit court related recently from the bench a good story at the expense of a distinguished lawyer and United States senator, whose name was not mentioned. This prominent member of the bar was very absent-minded at times. One morning he was on his way to court in a great hurry, and happening to overtake a friend, remarked: "I dressed in such haste this morning that I forgot my watch." A little further on he said: "I wonder if I have time to go back and get it," and as he spoke he pulled out his watch from his pocket. "No, I have not time," he concluded, after consulting the dial, and he walked on. Nearing the court house he hired a messenger to go for the watch, paying him a dollar for the service. The messenger returned with the information that the timepiece could not be found, whereupon the lawyer exclaimed, looking up from his books and papers: "That is very strange!" Then he took a swift glance at his watch and said: "It makes no difference, anyhow. I can do without it. The judge is late and there is plenty of time." And he paid the messenger another dollar.

Paris Policemen Clubs.

Policemen in Paris now carry clubs, beautifully decorated. They are pure white, with yellow handles. Around the middle is painted a double blue ribbon, with the city arms at the point where the ends of the ribbon cross. The white color will be more easily noticed than any other by coachmen, the sticks being held like conductor's batons by the policemen in the middle of the street, to direct travel to the right or left or to stop it when needful.

A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight. —At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 26 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts. Mr Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says, "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as $900.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some, and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and others in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinions. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale 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.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri river, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee which can now be bought reasonably cheap but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful western states.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

If money burns in your pocket, my son, you will never be able to lay up much cold cash.

"After suffering from dyspepsia for three years, I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles cured me entirely." Mrs. G. C. White, Taberg, Oneida county, New York.

When the devil's face is seen without a mask it generally turns some soul to Christ.

What seems but a case of simple diarrhœa frequently develops into the most dangerous of bowel troubles, if neglected. Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is a never-failing specific in all such cases.

There isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles, and say nothing about it through a sense of delicacy. Instant relief in Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

The heart is no philosopher.

Even in the most severe cases of sprain or bruise, cut or burn, Thomas' Eclectric Oil gives almost instant relief. It is the ideal family liniment.

Knowledge throttles faith.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble. Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895.

Moss on fruit trees is an evidence of unthriftiness.

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham by thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful

female complaints so little understood by physicians.

All womb and ovarian troubles, irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, displacements, tendency to cancer and tumor are cured permanently.

"I feel as if I owed my life to your Vegetable Compound. After the birth of my babe I was very miserable. I had a drawing pain in the lower part of my bowels, no strength, and a terrible backache. Every day I failed. My husband said if I would try a bottle of your Vegetable Compound, he would get it for me. The change was wonderful. After I had taken the first half bottle I began to have great faith in it. When I had taken three bottles, I was well and growing stout. It is a pleasure for me to write this to you. I only ask women in any way afflicted with female troubles to try it."—MRS. ANNA IVOR, Pittsford Mills, Rutland Co., Vt.

Tells Your Fortune With pen picture of your future husband or wife. Send 10c (silver) date of birth, to ASTROLOGER, Box 1773, Boston, Mass.

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