George Caulfield's Journey

By Miss H. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Parminter was a rustic village seven miles from Grandchester. It did not lie in the direction affected by Grandchester merchants or Grandchester tradespeople. Here were no Gothic mansions, no fair Italian villas, springing like mushrooms from the soil—one year a confusion of lime and mortar tubs, stacked flooring boards, and rough hewn stone, and the next all smiling among geranium beds and ribbon bordering, velvet lawns and newly-planted shrubberies. None of the commercial wealth of Grandchester had found its way to Parminter. The village was still a village—a mere cluster of laborers' cottages, two or three old homesteads, and half a dozen small dwellings of a shabby-genteel type.

Among these last was Rose Cottage, a small square house, with plaster walls, bright with greenery and scarlet berries, even in this winter season. A bow window below, rustic lattice above. Just such a house as a man with considerable taste and inconsiderable income would choose for himself. The small garden in front of the bow window was in admirable order, yet the place had a deserted look somehow, Mr. Leworthy thought, as he rang the bell.

He rang once, twice, three times, with no more effect than if Rose Cottage had been a toy house inhabited by Dutch dolls. This was aggravating. There was a meadow on one side of the cottage, where half a dozen sheep were browsing contentedly. The vicar climbed the hurdle which divided this pasture from Lawson Lane, and went around to the back of the cottage. Here there was a small garden, neatfully and tastely laid out, but there was no more appearance of human life at the back of the house than in the front.

"I suppose my gentleman comes home at night and lets himself in with a latch key," the vicar said to himself. He was climbing the hurdle on his return to the lane, when a small girl, in a very short skirt—a girl of timid aspect, carrying a beer jug—dropped him a courtesy, and said:

"Please, sir, was it you a-ringing at that bell just now?"

"Was it me?" ejaculated the vicar, impatiently. "Yes, it was."

And, then, smiling on the small girl, for he had a heart large enough for ever so many parishes of children, he said:

"I am not vexed with you, my dear; I am angry with Fate. Tell me all you know about that cottage, and I'll give you half a crown."

The girl gasped. She had never possessed a half crown, but she had an idea it meant abundance. Her father counted his wages by half crowns, and there were not many in a week's wage.

"Please, sir, Mr. Foy lived there with his sister, but they've left."

"Oh, they've left, have they? When did they leave?"

"Last Monday, sir, and the lady was very ill, sir, and he took her away in a cab."

"And Mr. Foy has not been back since?"

"No, sir. He left for good, and he gave the key of the cottage to my mother, and the agent is to put up a board next week, and the house is to be let. It was took furnished, and is to be let furnished again."

"Did they live quite alone?—Had they no servant?"

"No, sir, no regular servant. Mother used to do the cleaning—twice a week. Mother's very sorry they begone. They was good to mother."

"How long had they lived there?"

"Nigh upon a year."

"And the lady was Mr. Foy's sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he take me to your mother."

The girl looked wistfully at the jug.

"If you please, I was to fetch father's beer, sir."

"I see. And if you don't, father will be angry."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall go; but first tell me where your mother lives."

The child pointed down Lawson Lane. "It's the last cottage, sir."

"All right."

Just where the lane straggled off into plowed fields and open country there was a row of laborers' cottages, and in the last of these Mr. Leworthy found a plaintive woman with a child in her arms, who owned to being the mother of the small girl with the jug.

The vicar wasted no time in preliminaries. He seated himself on almost bottomless chair, and with his stout umbrella planted between his knees, interrogated the matron thus:

"You used to work for Mr. Foy and his sister. What do you know about them?"

"Only that they paid me honorable for what work I did, sir. I'm bound to up and say that, whoever asks me."

"Good. Did they live happily together as—brother and sister?"

Here the matron began to hesitate. She shifted her baby from one arm to the other. She gave a deprecating cough.

"I see—they quarreled sometimes."

"I never seen 'em, sir, for I scarce ever see Mr. Foy. He was off to Grandchester before I went of a morning, and he didn't come back till after I left. I used to go for the half day, you see, sir—not the whole day. But I don't think the young lady was quite happy in her mind. I've seen her fretting; and people will talk, you see, sir—neighbors next door to Rose Cottage have heard them at high words, in summer time, when the winders was all open, or when they was in the garden."

"I see. Had the sister been long ill?"

"No, sir, not above a month."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Well, sir, I can't say exactly. It was a sort of wasting sickness, like. She couldn't keep nothing on her stomach, of late, poor dear; and she had pains that racked her, and used to complain of a burning feel in her throat; out of sorts altogether, as you may say. I believe it all came from fretting."

"Why did she fret so much? Was her brother every unkind to her?"

"No, sir. I don't think it was his unkindness that worried her. But he used to keep very late hours—hardly ever coming home till the last train, and that worried her. Not that he was ever the worse for drink. He was the soberest young man as ever was, but she was of a jealous disposition, and she thought that he was out enjoying himself with other people used to prey on her mind."

"That was hardly fair, if he treated her kindly when he was at home. A sister has no right to be jealous of a brother."

"Perhaps, not, sir, but jealous she was, and fret she did. 'I've nobody but him in the world, Mrs. Moff,' she said—my name being Moff—'and I can't bear him to be always away.' There was a time when he spent all his evenings at home.' And then—tears would roll down the poor holler cheeks, and it went to my 'eart to see her so miserable. I had a feller-feelin', you see, sir, for I know how it worrits me when my master stops late at the 'Coach and Horses' on a Saturday night."

"Ah, but, I'm different with a husband. A wife has a right to be exacting, not a sister. Now, tell me how they left the place, and all about it. I'm interested in this poor girl, and perhaps I may be able to befriend her. Where did they go?"

"He was going to take her to some place near the sea, on the other side of Grandchester, and a good way off. The name has gone clean out of my head. He was very kind to her from the time she fell ill. She told me so with her own lips. 'Gaston was never so kind to me in all his life,' she says. He fancied it was the air here that didn't agree with her, she told me, and it is rather a relaxing air, here, sir. I feel it so sometimes, myself, and if it wasn't for my drop of beer I should go off in a dead faint."

"What kind of a young woman was Miss Foy? Was she like her brother?"

"No, sir, she were not. I never laid eyes on a brother and sister more unlike. She had been very pretty, there's no denying that, but her nervous, worriting ways had that worn and preyed upon her that she was old and 'aggard before her time. She had light brown hair, and a fair skin and blue eyes, and I dessay she had been a pretty figure before she wasted away like, but her 'eath 'ave never good from the time I knew her."

"Did you see her the day she went away?" asked the vicar.

"It wasn't a day, sir. She went late at night, by the last train to Grandchester. She was to sleep in Grandchester, and go on to the seaside next morning; and I do say that it wasn't the right thing for a young person in her state of 'eath to travel late on a winter's night. But there, poor feller, he wasn't his 'eart, for he had to be at the office all day."

"She was wrapped up warmly, I suppose?"

"Yes, she wore a thick Scotch plaid shawl that he bought her the winter before."

"Black and red?" said the vicar.

"Black and red," assented the woman, with some astonishment. 'One would think you'd seen it, sir."

"I told you I was interested in the young lady," answered the vicar, vaguely.

He took out his memorandum book and wrote down the date and hour of the young woman's removal from Rose Cottage. She had left in the one cab that plied between Parminter village and the Parminter Road Station. The cabman could be identified, Mrs. Moff suggested.

Mr. Leworthy rewarded this worthy woman with a crown piece, half of which he stipulated was to be given to the little girl when she came home from her errand, and then he walked briskly back to the station, which was a good half mile from Lawson Lane. He was lucky enough to get a train in less than half an hour, and he was back in Grandchester at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here he took a cab and drove straight to Mr. Brockbank's office, to whom he imparted all he had done.

"Upon my soul, you're a clever fellow, vicar!" cried the lawyer; "you ought to have been something better than a parson."

"You mean I ought to have been something that pays better. Now, look here, Brockbank, you must start off to Middlebury by the first train, and get the coroner to order a post-mortem. The post-mortem necessary, forsooth, said that fool of a local surgeon, because the immediate cause of death was obviously laudanum. Why, it's clear to my mind, from what I've head to-day, that this poor creature was slowly done to death by arsenic, and that the dose of laudanum was only given to the last to accelerate the end."

Mr. Brockbank saw the force of this argument, and looked at once to his railway timetable.

"There's a train at 4:20," he said; "I can go by that. And now what are you going to do?"

"I shall call on Mr. Umpleby and try and stop to-morrow's wedding."

"What motive can this Foy have had for getting rid of his sister?" speculated the lawyer.

"Very little, I should imagine, for getting rid of a sister. But what if the young woman was something more difficult to dispose of than a sister? What if she was his wife? These two young people lived quite alone in a country lane. It was easy for them to live as man and wife, yet pass for brother and sister. The char-woman's account shows that she was jealous and unhappy. She fretted on account of Foy's late hours. They were overheard quarreling. Take my word for it, Brockbank, that unfortunate woman was a wife—a wife to whom Mr. Foy grew mortally tired when he found that it was on the cards to marry Miss Umpleby, with a handsome dowry, and the prospect of rapid advancement in the house. Now I want you to set one of your clerks at work, without an hour's delay, to hunt up evidence of such a marriage, either in a church or at a registry office."

"It shall be done," said Brockbank. "Anything more?"

"Only this much: I have written an advertisement which will appear to-morrow in three local dailies."

He read the draft of his advertisement.

"This may bring us information as to the next stage in that poor young woman's journey after she left Parminter," he said.

"Possibly. You are really a genius at the art of hunting a criminal."

"Yes, sir, I am only thorough. I would do a good deal more than this to help anyone I love. Now I'm off. I dare say you've some business to get through before you start for Milldale."

"Only half a dozen letters to dictate," answered the lawyer, lightly, and then he put his lips to a speaking tube and gave an order.

"Send up the shorthand clerk, and have a cab at the door at quarter past four."

CHAPTER V.

MR. LEWORTHY went back to Kibble & Umpleby's and asked if Mr. Umpleby was on the premises. No, Mr. Umpleby had left half an hour ago, to return to the bosom of his family in Tolkington Park.

Happily for the eager vicar, Tolkington Park was an adjoining suburb, where those well-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did not like the labor of daily railroad journeys contented themselves with a semi-urban retirement in villas of their own building, amidst shrubberies of their own planting, overlooking the towniest and most formal of public parks. It had long been a grief to the female Umpleby's that, where other merchants' families of wealth and standing had Gothic mansions or Italian palaces set in richly wooded landscapes, remote from the smoke of the city, they had only the stereotyped surroundings of a thickly populated suburb, and were in nowise better off than their next-door neighbors.

Luck with a horse of his own choosing drove Mr. Leworthy to the utmost limit of Tolkington Park in less than half an hour. He found the Umpleby mansion, which was called Mount Lebanon, although the ground on which it stood was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a cedar within a mile. It was a substantial, square house, with bay windows, a broad flight of steps, grandiose iron railings, painted dark blue, and surmounted with gilded pineapples, and an all-pervading glare of plate glass windows.

(To be continued.)

HE WAS JUSTLY DEFEATED.

Came Within Four Inches of Being a Millionaire.

"I'm not going to give names, but you all know that I have no imagination that can invent fairy tales. I literally came within four inches of being a millionaire."

"Go on!" exclaimed the man at the club who is the recognized story promoter in the organization, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I'm telling you right. Some years ago I secured employment in a immense factory that turns out a certain chemical basic used the world over, and as staple as wheat. It was a rule of the establishment that a good man could stay as long as he wanted to in one department, but under no circumstances could he go from one department to another. Every possible precaution was taken against the discovery of the secret process. By a series of studied disguises I succeeded in finding employment in every department but one, and that being where the coloring was done I thought this omission of very little importance. By standing in with one of the office men I succeeded in tracing the parts entering into the principal machines. This was a small job, for there would be one piece made in Cleveland, Me., another in San Francisco, another in Dallas, and another would be imported. I went everywhere and mastered the machinery. Then upon a guarantee that I had secured the process I interested capital. When we anxiously analyzed results we found that the stuff was all right except in color. Then I grew desperate and determined to dig my way into the coloring department of the parent institution. Just as I began work on a four-inch partition I was discovered, and incontinently tossed from a second-story window. It became it impossible to master the trick of coloring, and all we had to show for half a million invested was a lot of empty buildings and smokeless stacks. I've concluded since that I got just what I deserved."

A HUNGARIAN DELICACY.

Very Expensive but Rather Disgusting to the Traveler.

The head waiter, to tempt me, as I came in, passed me with a live thing flopping on a plate—it was a fish this time, just out of the water—and stopped just long enough to allow me a rapid glance at its beauty, says Harper's Magazine. I at first supposed the same lucky line had but a moment before drawn it struggling from the lake, and that it was then being taken to die elsewhere. It was only when I overheard the minute instructions for its immediate and proper serving—it was passed on to an epicure at the next table to mine—that I was undeceived, and it was not long before I discovered that such fish formed one of the chief attractions of the place. I then began to watch, from where I sat, the small boy who, in the center of the cafe, presided over the fountain under the blazing gas jets, dipping his net into the marble-lined pool, chasing the dodging fish round and round, until some unlucky victim of the right size slipped into the mesh and was flopped wriggling on a plate. The sight had rather dulled my appetite. I would as soon have ordered its mate as I would have thought of driving in a spring lamb and carving out a brace of chops while the little fellow waited. I had the curiosity, however, to inquire the price of this gastronomical luxury. It equaled that of two bottles of extra dry—the price being the same to commoners and to kings.

Sales of land along the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways are reported larger than in many years.

GODS AT THE AUCTION

SPOILS OF BENIN DISPERSED TO THE WINDS.

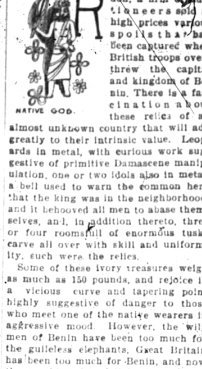
Sage Suggestions to Many Nations That Are Addicted to Eating Missionaries and Drinking Rum—A Queer Scene in London.

RECENTLY, in London, a firm of auctioneers sold at high prices various spoils that had been captured when British troops overthrew the capital and kingdom of Benin. There is a fascination about these relics of an almost unknown country that will add greatly to their intrinsic value. Leopards in metal, with curious work suggestive of primitive Damascene manipulation, one or two idols also in metal, a bell used to warn the common herd that the king was in the neighborhood, and it behooved all men to abase themselves, and, in addition thereto, three or four roomsfull of enormous tusks carve all over with skill and uniformity, such were the relics.

Some of these ivory treasures weigh as much as 150 pounds, and rejoice in a vicious curve and tapering point highly suggestive of danger to those who meet one of the native wearers in aggressive mood. However, the wily men of Benin have been too much for the guileless elephants. Great Britain has been too much for Benin, and now the trophies that delighted the untaught African mind have been parceled off and sold in a broker's office.

This sale has led a British philosopher to express himself as follows:

"Why do the foreign nations strive together in far-off lands, and risk life and limb in securing the spoils of war or chase? Sooner or later, on some pretext or other, comes the missionary with his Bible and the trader with his rum, and, though the merry natives reject the Bible, eat the trader and the missionary, and wash them down with rum, 'the thin, red line,' is never far away, and we read that the natives' strenghold was captured after a short, sharp fight, and that civilization is in full progress. Let the natives take heed even in the parts of the world remote, and let them desist from the acquisition of goodly things. For, as the Psalmist remarked, riches acquire wings, and, when all is said and done, the ultimate path of the trophy leads but to the—auctioneer. The king's own treasure, his bell, his idols, the ivory of his successful and richest adventure—some Barnato or Belt of Benin—all are fallen from their high estate, and must pass into private collections until Great Britain falls, like Rome, into the hands of Vandal, Goth and Hun, and the curiosities take a fresh lease of life in other quarters."



NATIVE GOD

CARVED TUSKS FROM BENIN.

DAWSON CITY'S SPINSTER.

There is only one unmarried woman in Dawson City, and it is said that a woman does not need to be possessed of remarkable attractions to win offers of marriage by the score.

The one spinster of the place has had to present a steely face and a flinty heart to the public. Cupid's arrows are reported to have fallen thick and fast around her. She has refused every single man in the place. They—the woomers—have come with hands uplifted and with knees bent in the true, old-fashioned adorer style. In the uplifted hands they have held gold bags as heavy as could be borne. They have wept and prayed and bribed. But the only single woman in Dawson City has spurned all of them.

It may be added that she wears short skirts, carries an umbrella and believes in woman's suffrage.

THE SPINSTER.
(Sketched from Life.)

A Woman Section Boss.

The novel sight of a woman bossing a gang of railroad men may be seen on the Duluth & Winnipeg line. Since her husband died over a year ago Mrs. Mary Shannon, has had charge of a section gang she taking the place of her husband. The road master asserts that she is the best section boss he has on the line. She dresses in a pair of bloomer overalls, with the bottoms laced around the tops of cowhide boots, and her head adorned by a broad-brimmed slouch hat.

HOW TO KEEP EMBROIDERED LINENS BRIGHT AND FRESH.

That hand work on wash materials is far more desirable than on silk and velvet, so popular a few years ago, cannot be doubted, yet many women complain that the colors fade and dingy so soon that the work is labor thrown away. This is not an error, for if properly laundried, wash silks may be kept fresh and bright until the articles they adorn are past useful wear. The doing of the embroidery is no daintier work than that of keeping it in good order, and only by doing it herself can the lady woman have her fancy linens kept bright and pretty.

When ready to do the work, select a bright day, fill a small tub nearly full of warm water and add a little ivory soap to make suds, put each piece in and wash carefully. After each article is clean, rinse in slightly blue water, for which a little thin starch is added, wring and hang in the shade. When dry, sprinkle, fold, and let stand half an hour, then on the wrong side, pressing down heavily to throw out the stitches of the embroidery, thus restoring their original beauty.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

He who is anxious to live his life over again is either a fool or a knave—probably an extract of both.

A GOOD THING

For Women to Remember.

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham they are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating women's ills is greater than that of any living physician—and she feels sure.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man. Besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance; but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing their sickness to the gaze and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, who knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician living.

The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only, thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last four months. Out of the great volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take full advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

In 14 states and territories of the Union marriage between first cousins is forbidden by law.

Every Saturday Tourist Sleeping Car Route to California.

Commencing next Saturday night, and continuing every Saturday night thereafter, Missouri Route tourist cars en route to Colorado, Utah and California, will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway at 10:30 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Beatrice, Oxford, Cambridge and Lewellyn, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento to arriving at San Francisco at 8:45 p. m. Wednesday.

As will be noticed, this route is Midland through Northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, through the heart of the Rocky Mts., Utah, Nevada and California, affording a perfect panoramic view of prairie, mountain and coast scenery.

This popular every Saturday California excursion for both first and second-class passengers (not foreign emigrants) are "personally conducted" by intelligent, competent and courteous "couriers," who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route Tourist Cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the conveniences necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant and the sleeping berth rate is but $6 for two persons, regardless of the number in a berth.

Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car ticket via the Midland Route or address Geo. A. Adams street, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

P. S.—Berth reservations are made in the order received up to each Saturday morning. First come, first served.

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.

At 10 p. m. every night, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train leaves the Union Passenger Station, Canal and Adams streets, Chicago, with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco, and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, and is first-class in every respect. For further details, time tables, etc., address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A P. & W. train struck and killed Anna Jones, aged 30, near Ravenna.

Try Grain-O.

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

Grant Rheinhart, a farmer near Manchester, was killed by lightning.

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil brought relief in five minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Sandersville, O.

America has made nearly 1,000,000 bicycles.

Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry has been used for forty years and has never yet failed to cure a case of diarrhœa, dysentery, or summer complaint in any of its various forms.

Missouri boasts of one-pound apples.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Chase's Ointment gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a wonderful healer of Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles in 3 to 6 nights. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain, quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 50 cents.

Kansas has a 1,637-acre orchard.

MERIT MEANS MONEY MADE.

You cannot advertise money out of people's pocketsat the time you may do it now and then, but if you don't give them something of absolute merit in return, advertising will never prove successful. The fact of adverti-ing that pays is advertising a good thing. As it has the merit people will use it again and again. Never has it been better illustrated than in the great success of Cascarets, candy cathartic, that we have been lately advertising in this paper. All Druggists sell Cascarets regardless, that the people buy them, like them, and buy them again and recommend them to their friends. Cascarets are guaranteed to cure constipation or money refunded, and are a delightful laxative and liver stimulant; the best medicine ever made. We recommend all our readers to try them.

The Red Sea is said to be so called because it is literally covered with minute sea animalcule; the water itself is of a clear, bright blue.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Opals are so sensitive that exposure to moisture or heat or even atmospheric change, sometimes ruin them.

FREE, IMPORTANT INFORMATION

To men (plain envelope). How, after ten years Peabodies Celebrated Pills fully restored to full vigor and robust manhood. No C. O. D. fraud. No money accepted. No connection with medical trust. Sent absolutely free. Address, Lock Box 288, Chicago, Ill. Send 2-cent stamp if convenient.

A map of America, by Columbus, has been discovered. It represents this continent as a part of Asia.

Awfu! Experience with Heart Disease

—That Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart works like magic, relieving one in ten minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Toronto, Ont.—I was so nervous I could stay in bed no day. I was badly afraid I would die in bed in the night. After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure I rested well all night. I used one bottle and the trouble has not returned.

The French system of weights is universal in nearly all countries other than English speaking.

Rugs Made From Your Old Carpets.

Latest improvement, new method of making reversible rugs from your old Brussels or Ingrain Carpets, with border all around. Send for circular and prices to S. Kruss, 621 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds in the Head.

—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gives instant relief in three minutes. This is the only remedy that does. The simplest cool in the box. Any one thinks of this. Offensive discharges, fetid breath, deafness and all kindred troubles, a delightful use—cleanses the nasal passages in a few minutes.

Switzerland has more postal offices in proportion to population than any other country.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

China's national hymn is so long that the people have to take half a day to hear it.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. 25 cents. Druggists.

Gas pipes of manilla paper coated with asphalt have been used successfully.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Address Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sun-exposed trees have their larger limbs on the south side.

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

An average size coconut produces a pint of milk.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A celluloid mirror is the latest.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

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