For Coughs

or Colds, for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Throat Troubles or Lung Diseases, you can't beat and you can't better

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Half size bottle, 50c.

August Marshall, a Lorain saloonkeeper, after making his will, shot himself, the bullet penetrating his lung and he died in two hours.

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PLAYING A FUNNY GAME.

Why the Lambs Are Always Fleeced on the Stock Exchange.

The use of chips and counters is a great convenience in such games as poker, faro and the like, says the Arena. The business, so called, of the stock exchange in Wall street and elsewhere is carried on by the use of tokens, or bits of paper designated as bonds and stock certificates, which are supposed to entitle the holders of them to certain dividends to be declared by managers of railway and other corporations, or to certain interest installments payable at stated times. The scrambles at such times are simply a payment in cash to the chip holders at the end of the game. The seller of stocks and bonds in the game in "the street" guarantees nothing except the title and the genuineness of the chips. The purchaser looks under the rule of caveat emptor for price and value. The value of his purchase depends upon the volume of railway traffic, transportation rates, the state of the money market, the ability, the honesty or dishonesty of corporation managers, the manner in which corporation reports and accounts are made and kept, whether these reports and accounts are fair or "cooked," whether the officers wear "smoked glasses," and the like. Now, it is plain that the so-called "lambs" are at a disadvantage in this business, or game. In fact, the "splits" give the dealer a small percentage of advantage, but this the player understands and may calculate on; the cattlemen's and rascalities in the stock-dealing game, however, are incalculable.

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WHERE IDOLS ARE MADE.

Birmingham, England, Has a Factory for Manufacturing Heathen Gods.

It has recently been discovered that there is in Birmingham, in the very center of Christian England, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations, says the Pottery Gazette, London. Many attempts have been made to obtain admission to the factory, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the big images are made, and journalists especially are prevented from entering the hallowed spot.

A few days ago, however, by the pleasant cooperation thus exhibited in many ways, blocks of all kinds are turned out, ready for the finishing touches of the artist in the hands of the heathen. It is a fact that the Birmingham idol is being sent to the land of Cairo, Hamburg, Colombo, etc., for sale to intending travelers anxious to take home some memorials of their stay there. It is reported that generally displayed some slight irregularity or change of design due to the native working by hand, while the Birmingham goo was superlatively correct in form as the most immaculate article in its line. The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, for in the book of trade returns the gods would doubtless be classed under the humiliating title of "works of art or curiosities." But there is no doubt the trade is a fairly large one, and that some Birmingham minds do very well in the business.

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Remember this sign whereby it Conquers Pain.

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, AND BURNS.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Our whole acquaintance is likely to continue as it began. So strange, and unlike anything else I have ever known. You seemed to spring from the ground, in the hour of my utmost need; I am almost afraid to see you vanish like a genii into the earth again."

"Not yet," said he mournfully, and touching his crutch significantly—"though the bird pines for flight, you see his wings are nicely clipped—and also I am fascinated by the very spells that lure me on to misery. I long to stay where I know I ought to fly."

"Still talking in enigmas, cannot even your every day talk be clear to my comprehension?"

"What I have to say now is plain and brief enough. Will you once more carry to the crag a message for me? This time you may go in the daylight, so that you may be sure there is no living creature near to observe your movements."

"Is it to save the anxiety of Valerie, to whom I wrote at first?" questioned she.

"Exactly. I will write my note in a moment's time if you consent."

"Certainly, there can be no reason for me to refuse, after having performed the same feat at midnight," replied she, watching curiously to see his attention turned from flying swiftly over the paper.

He folded, sealed and handed to her.

"I hope you will not be vexed if I give more than one message to you hereafter, or even if the next should be sent by another hand. You have been, and will be, my guardian angel, I know, when I tell you my every state of mind and every hope and fear, I trust my self entirely to your honor. I trust you will not betray me to the agents of the usurper, for, aside from the sense from all human ties which I am saving yours. Moreover, even with what you know, it would be difficult for you to obtain any further clue than you could ever get to-day—unless it be that I am a fool, and will betray myself. Only this much is prudent now. Hear my words, I beseech you! If ever the time comes to you, truly and from the likely enough now but of course chances that you desire to communicate with me, you must not come to the cliff and give four blasts on that same little whistle which found this time I hand ever to you.

He laid the ivory tube upon the paper, turned around, and limped slowly from the room.

The entrance of Count Bernard is presented further conversation.

After a few formal words to his guest the Count turned to his daughter.

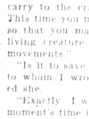
"My love, I have an important communication for you, if you will please follow to the library. M. Bernard will doubtless excuse you, and you can join for Francois to fill your place."

Lady Violante smiled her consent, arose, bowed meekly as she took up the light and followed her father into the library.

What her father's stately form. M. Bernard left alone, flung his crutch from him with a force cry of rage, and buried his face in his hands, while he groaned—

"An important communication in the library; it does not need much penetration to guess what it is, since so lately the Count Germain has fixed on it. Oh, cruel, pitiless fate, that takes all from me to give to him!"

CHAPTER III.



LADY Violante did not come, as usual, to spend the two hours before night with her father in conference here. Instead, she sent a message to Celeste, Lady Violante's maid, "of all the melancholy gentlemen he ever served, M. Bernard was the strangest and most unhappy,"—which being duly reported by Celeste to her mistress, accordingly Lady Violante put her arm around me to lift me from a swing. Emile struck him in the face, with some taunt I did not comprehend. But I saw the fire flash from Hugo's eyes, and fearing a struggle would ensue, I sprang between the two, and Count Eduard, who had come hurrying to the garden where we were at play. He was just in time to see Emile leap like a tiger upon the peasant and plunge his pocket-knife to the hilt in his breast. I was terrified, and the Count seemed as alarmed. "Wretched boys!" said he, 'this must not continue"; I still recall my indignation that his reproaches were directed more to Hugo than to Emile. However, Hugo vanished from that time until I have always associated Count Emile with his disappearance—that I believe is the original cause of my coldness to the Count."

Bernard's face was turned away from her, and it was a husky voice that said—

"Truly then it is not an undeserved retaliation that Hugo's wrongs should be the means of debarring Count Emile from his dearest hopes. Did you say you liked this Hugo?"

"Liked him!" repeated Violante indifferently—"yes, well enough; he was a peasant, you know!"

"Ah!" said he, answering her questioning look, "perchance you have thrust your spear into a sore place. I, too, may be a peasant!"

"You—no indeed, I will stake anything upon it!" was her earnest reply.

"Take care," said he dejectedly, "but truly I will own your words pained me. Why, if Hugo was good, and nobly bred by nature's largeness of heart and intellect, should you speak so slightingly of him as a peasant? Nay, farther yet, why should he not be more worthy of your heart, your hand even, than the miserable, treacherous Count Emile? Oh, Lady Violante, Lady Violante, heaven sends out its nobility untitled, and free from estate or rent roll. Aye, and this seething, boiling, troubled land, is tending toward a worthier recognition of its peasant Hugos, wherever they may be. The coarse blouse hides hearts as true and warm, nay, a thousand fold more worthy, than beat beneath the broidered vestments that glisten in the court levees of that heartless Austrian Queen, who has no thought of the wrongs and appressions of groaning France!"

Lady Violante heard him as if in a dream. "Perhaps you are right," said she, sorrowfully. "I have often grieved over the hopeless fate that seemed thrust upon one-half of the land, while the other half received and enjoyed all its honors and pleasures. But today my own griefs press too heavily to allow much thought for others. My father is very angry with me. I can only appease him by wronging my own conscience—and then again his insinuations, so cruel and sarcastic, they hurt my ears even yet."

"What insinuations?" demanded Bernard with vehemence.

She repressed her tears, and the color on her cheeks mounted even to her forehead. He watched her silently a moment's and then, bent forth somewhat mently—

"I see, I see. My lord, the Count, is tired of his guest. He would withhold from me the light of your presence. Ah, ha, do you doubt whence comes the suggestion? It is like the dastard jealousy of Count Emile. Take my word for it, Lady Violante, it was he who first whispered such words."

Violante was weeping bitterly.

He approached her, and stood looking down upon her bowed head and tearful face, with stern self-control. When suddenly reaching down to lay his trembling hand upon hers, he pushed it—

"Did she say you were learning to love me?"

Her small left hand was bowed upon the fair white arms the no reply. Soft ear and rose thrilling were the tremblings—

"Speak, I say, to me!"

She did not answer. He took her hand in his, and softly drew away the clinging hands.

Lady Violante, the error given a drop of wine or tea might wreck a row of home to brighten a life of struggle. If I were worthy, in name and estate, and that, dear, to ask the priceless blessing would you love me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGIN OF THE "COCKTAIL."

Mexican Legend Says It Was Discovered by a Toltec Princess.

The origin of the American "cocktail" is admittedly obscure, and many attempts have been made to trace it, says American Epicure. An incendious but unconvincing explanation that has gone the rounds of the press gives it a Mexican origin. The old doctors, they say, had a practice of treating certain diseases of the throat with a pleasant liquor applied with the tip end of a long feather plucked from a cock's tail. They presently began to use this preparation as a cargle, and the name cocktail stuck to it. Still another gave way to an appetizer—to a mixture of bitters, vermouth and liquor that is still in occasional demand. For my own part I infinitely prefer the story of the Mexican beauty. According to this legend the original cocktail was made by a princess of Mexico. A beverage distilled from the juice of the maguey, or agave. The liquor, so 'tis said, was discovered by a Toltec noble, who sent some of it to the king by the hand of his daughter. The monarch drank, found the potion pleased and the maiden. Whether the lady's looks gave a pleasanter flavor to the liquor or whether the taste of the liquor made the lady seem fairer is not certain, but the king, at any rate, fell in love with both, started a pulque plantation and married the girl. Whose name, by the way, has become associated with the national impotent. The rest is easy. When Cortes' scouts came to Mexico they drank the liquor, liked it, and, with the easy adaptability of the Greek, simplified it. After name to "cocktail," which they carried back with them to the states.

FOOLING AN APE.

His Curiosity Always Led to His Being Caught.

The big ape in the zoo needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey house, instead of remaining in a side room, as the visitors came, says the Spectator. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own room at this hour the ape used to climb up on to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down. As he could not be tempted by food, Mr. Bartlett appealed to his mind by working on the fact that he was to be his weak points, curiosity and cowardice. This is Mr. Frank Buckland's account of the daily proceedings at this hour: "Mr. Bartlett went to the keeper and, touching him gently on the shoulder, directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the cage by which strangers in the house, pretending to point out to Sir Joe some horrible unknown creature, using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: 'Look out there he is there he is!' At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas pipe. The monkey would presently to come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, when Mr. Partlett and Sutton used to shout: "He's coming out! He's coming out!" and rush away in the direction of Joe's cage. The monkey would rush for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them. Buckland notes it as curious that the monkey never learned the deception, but would be taken in by it whenever the time came to finish his morning's airing.

Where Girl Musicians Thrive.

The Bohemian town of Pressnitz is the headquarters of the girl orchestras. Its conservatory trains young girls for these numerous Austrian organizations and secures engagements for them. A concert tour in different countries usually lasts three years. The students are chiefly the daughters of professional men and are well taken care of.

Whenever a man throws a bouquet at another he expects a whole flower garden in return.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was sealicky. I had leucorrhœal trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times, choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Thompson's Eye Water.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

CURES AIR INHALER

Cleans Carpets and Clothes

"Cyclone Carpet, Cloth and Clothes Cleaner" removes all spots and stains instantly; purely vegetable; safe in every and sure. Send five 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of it.

J. Horsman & Co., 91 Cedar St., New York.

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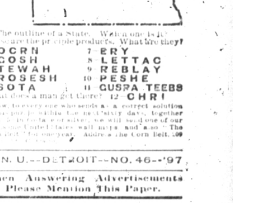
WM. REID, 124 W. Larned St., DETROIT, MICH.

PRIZE JUMBLE PUZZLE.

Everybody who can afford it wants in his house a Rat-Proof Cat. That is why there is such a demand to keep our fully, before Long and constantly referred to. We make it up to date, and every house to become the owner of one, our premium map, 14x18 in., for 15c. in stamps, or we will send it and a trial copy to hang on the wall, all at the same time sending you a catchy conundrum to set frustrated in other paper. THE COMMERCIAL, full of interesting scenes and of the utmost value to the wide awake.

This is what you must do. In the following the letters of each of the 16 squares are to be used from most direction to one and find out what the word is. For instance, what is first word to start? Why, where you see the letters straightened out it spells how it should be. Does what it is.



1 The outline of a State. Write one in it.
2 Are they or are they not? 3 What do they?

4	OCRN	7	ERY
5	COSH	8	LETTAC
6	THLAH	9	ONEY
7	ROSESH	10	PESHE
8	SOTA	11	CUSPA TEEBS
9	DAMA	12	CHEY

Now to every one who sends a correct solution of the puzzle within the necessary days, together with a list of words formed from the letters in the word "Commercial," with name and address, we will send a handsome Solid Gold Ring. Address as above.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 46—'97

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Cough, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc. "5 DROPS" has never been equaled, and is a pleasant, prompt and permanent cure. Though free from opiates and perfectly harmless, "5 DROPS" is the most concentrated and powerful specific for disease ever discovered. No case is too deeply rooted or painful to yield to this wonderful medicine and relief is usually felt the first night. Within 3 days a perfect and lasting cure is effected. The following letter is only one of the many equally praiseworthy and truthful praise from thousands of hearts once sickened and heavy with pain, now painless and happy.

Gentlemen: I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what your "5 DROPS" has done for me. I have suffered with Rheumatism for years, and I feel like a new person. I would gladly give $100 if I could get another bottle, but I cannot get it for as much as a dollar. I have taken one-half dozen bottles of your "5 DROPS." I recommended your medicine to one of my neighbors and he began using it and he is entirely cured. He had been using medicines and doctoring for nothing seemed to do him any good. I believe the Lord has sent your medicine, and if they will only give it a fair trial they will be cured. Please send me your illustrated pamphlet. I can't say too much in favor of your medicine. I am now 56 years of age. Very respectfully yours, C. H. B. Dickson, Roberts Mills, Ga.

"FIVE DROPS" taken but once a day is a dose of this great remedy, and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties we will send out during the next thirty days 100,000 25 cent sample bottles for 25 cents each prepaid by mail; send to-day. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merits. Regular size bottles, containing 300 doses, $1.00. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us today.

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Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

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Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

Dorchester, Mass.

(Established 1780.)

Trade-Mark.

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