"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. I always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma, and Bronchitis where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Heretofore, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up in full size bottles only, at $1.00 per bottle. To meet a world-wide demand for a smaller package the remedy is now put up in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Write for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and learn more of the cures effected by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Noodles—Could you let me have $5 for a few days? Toodles—No; I have more days than I know what to do with now.

We should say that for longevity the best occupation would be that of a faster.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Banks—What makes you look so sour? Rivers—Old fellow, I'm in a pickle. Can you spare me a little sugar?

"Klondyke Bulletin"

Will be published by the Soo Line Mondays, containing all TELEGRAPHIC NEWS and up-to-date information as to BEST ROUTES, SERVICES, STEAMSHIP SAILINGS, and every facility as same develop. INVALUABLE to Alaskan prospectors and all their friends. To be placed on mailing list, send six cents (6c) in stamps to W. R. CALLAWAY, G. P. A. Minneapolis, Minn.

A man who is well heeled can be a trifle indifferent about walking on his uppers.

Hives are not dangerous to life, but they are a prolific breeder of misery and profanity. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, even in the worst cases of this and other exasperating diseases of the skin.

The greatest organ in the world with no stops—woman's voice.

Plant growth is accelerated by electricity.

Don't be a clam. If you must be anything of that kind, be a turtle. Then you'll have some snap about you.

"I contracted a severe cold from exposure. Coughed all winter. Could get no relief. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup broke up the cold, and drove away the cough. Never took anything that did me so much good." I. H. Brooks, North Haverhill, N. H.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. Form your opinion from the wearing apparel of his wife.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm

And is the only cure for Chilblains, Frostbites, Damp, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Don't take the bull by the horns. Take him by the tail and then you can let go without getting help.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.—Mark Twain.

A word to the wise is generally sufficient to get the advisor into trouble.

FOR 30 DAYS YOU CAN TRY IT FOR 25 CENTS.

RHEUMATISM 42 YEARS!

CURED BY 5 DROPS [Trade Mark.]

SPENT HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TRYING TO GET WELL, BUT ALL IN VAIN, USED "5 DROPS" FOR TWO MONTHS AND IS NOW COMPLETELY CURED.

THOUSANDS OF GRATEFUL LETTERS RECEIVED OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING ARE SAMPLES:

Grinnell, Iowa, Nov. 17, 1897.
To the SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., Chicago, Ill.: GENTLEMEN: I will state that I had the Rheumatism over 42 years. Spent over $600.00 in trying to get well, but all in vain, until my brother-in-law gave me one bottle of "5 DROPS" on trial last June. I used it for two months, and I am now a well man. I certainly believe it is all you claim for it, and fully worth the money to anyone. I hope the public will benefit by my statement of my own case, and anyone wishing to write me will receive an answer. S. WITTAMOTH.

CRUTCHES DESTROYED AFTER ONE BOTTLE.

Regent, Ill., Nov. 12, 1897.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.: SIRS: My wife has been suffering two years with Rheumatism. She could not get about at all. She has used about one bottle of "5 DROPS," and can now go about without crutches. I never have found anything that did her so much good, and I hope to be able to continue the treatment until she is entirely well. JAMES WILLIAMS.

As a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc. etc., "FIVE DROPS" has never been equalled.

"5 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 sample bottles, 25c each, prepaid by mail. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merit. Best and cheapest medicine on earth. Large bottles (300 doses) $1.00, for 30 days 3 bottles for $2.50. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us to-day.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
10c 25c 50c
ALL DRUGGISTS

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.
Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.
Walter Baker & Co. Limited, Dorchester, Mass.
Trade-Mark. (Established 1780.)

NEURALGIA
ANTI-NEVRALGIQUE
Sick and Nervous Headaches POSITIVELY Cured in 30 Minutes, by Anti-Nevralgique
At all druggists or sent postpaid upon receipt of $1.
FRENCH CHEMICAL CO., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide

Spare-Time Study

CURE YOURSELF!

FARMING IN THE WEST

DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

In a moment the kitten, a little the worse for wear and tear, was safely in her mistress' arms, and a great fuss did she make over it. In the midst of it, Dick Alymer, knowing that his fretful horse was dancing about on the other side of the house, said good-by again and escaped. "And, by Jove!" he said, as he turned out of the gates, "she does not know my name either. I seem bound to be mysterious today, somehow or other. Evidently she mistook me for Haines—or, rather, she mistook me for the other in the matter of names. Ah, well, she's going away tomorrow, and I don't suppose I shall see her again, or that it matters in the least whether she calls me Harris, or Haines, or Alymer," and then he added to the horse, "Get along, old man, will you?"

He slackened the pace, however, when he got to the turn of the road which skirted the sloping meadow in front of the Hall where "she" lived, and the horse crawled up the side of the hill as if it had been an Alpine hight instead of a mere bend of the road. But there was no sign of her. As he passed he caught a glimpse of the gay flower-beds and a big tabby cat walking leisurely across the terrace, but Dorothy Strode was not to be seen, and when Richard Aymer recognized that fact he gave a jerk to the reins and sent the horse flying along in the direction of Colchester as fast as his four good legs would carry him.

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHY STRODE said very little to her aunt about the gentleman who had brought her home from Lady Jane's tennis party. Not that she voluntarily kept anything back, but in truth there was very little for her to tell, very little that she could tell. The language of love is an eloquent one, but when you are one of the principal persons concerned you cannot give to another the history of a pressure of the hand or a look of the eyes, and still less of a tone of the voice which tells you all too eloquently of the state of feelings which you cause in that other one.

Yet when Miss Dimsdale came home from Colchester, having been fetched from Wrabness Station in an ancient victoria which had seen better days, drawn by a pair of cobs which, let use mercifully hope, would never see worse than they enjoyed in sleek comfort at present, she dutifully—ay, and with pleasure—gave her an animated description of the party. How Lady Jane had specially asked for her and had sent her dear love to her; how sorry she was, and everybody else, that Miss Dimsdale had had to go, and see that tiresome lawyer on that particular afternoon; how Lady Jane had told her that her new white frock was exquisite, and that she ought always to wear full sleeves because they became her so well, and finally how there had been one of the officers from Colchester at the party and she had been his partner in several games of tennis, and finally that Lady Jane had sent him to see her safely to the gate. "Our gate, I mean, Auntie," said Dorothy, not wishing to convey a false impression.

"And David Stevenson, he wasn't there, I suppose?" said Miss Dimsdale, as she sipped her claret.

"No, Auntie, he wasn't," Dorothy answered. "You see, Lady Jane does not like David Stevenson very much."

"I know that," said Miss Dimsdale shortly.

On the whole Miss Dimsdale would have liked Dorothy to marry David Stevenson, who was young and a good enough fellow to make a good husband. He had a well-kept valuable farm of four hundred acres a mile or two from Graveleigh, with a convenient and spacious house thereon, of which he was very anxious to make Dorothy mistress. But Dorothy had, with a strange perversity, said nay over and over again, and she seemed in no desire to change her mind now. Miss Dimsdale gave a sigh as she thought of it—for David Stevenson's mother had been her dearest friend—but all the same, she was not the woman to try to force the child's inclination.

"Mr. Harris asked me if he might call—if he might come and see me," said Dorothy presently, after a pause.

"Mr. Harris! and who is Mr. Harris?" asked Miss Dimsdale, startled out of a reverie about David Stevenson's mother, who, by-the-bye, unconsciously and dear friend as she was of Marion Dimsdale's, had stepped in and married the man of Marion's heart.

"Mr. Harris! He is the officer I told you about, Auntie, the one who brought me home," said Dorothy, in surprise that her aunt should not remember.

"Oh, yes—yes. And what did you say?"

"I told him that I thought he might."

"And when?"

"Oh, I told him to take his chance," Dorothy answered.

"Quite right," said Miss Dimsdale, who had no notion of making the way of a gallant too easy and pleasant to him. "Well, we shall see what he is like when he comes, if we happen to be at home."

She began then to tell Dorothy all about her day in Colchester. What the lawyer had said, how she had been to the bank, and looked in at the saddler's to say that the harness of the little cob which ran in the village cart must be overhauled and generally looked to. Then how she had found time to go in the fancy-work shop and had bought one or two new things in that line, and last of all how she had been in to the jeweler's to get a new watch-key and had there seen a wonderful belt of silver coins which some one had sold for melting down, and this had been offered to her at such a reasonable price that she had been tempted to buy it.

"Auntie!" cried Dorothy.

"Oh; I did not say it was for you, child," said Miss Dimsdale promptly.

Dorothy's face fell, and Miss Dimsdale laughed. "There, child, there, I won't tease you about it. There it is on the chimney-shelf."

And Dorothy naturally enough jumped up and ran to open the box in which the belt was packed, opening it eagerly, and uttering a cry of delight when she saw the beautiful ornament lying within. It was a lovely thing, and in her pleasure and pride at the possession of it Dorothy almost forgot her new admirer, Mr. Harris.

Not quite though, for when she slipped it on over her pretty white dress and ran to the pier-glass between the windows of the drawing-room to see the effect of it, she suddenly found herself wondering how he would think she looked in it, and instantly the swift color flashed into her cheeks, so that she hardly liked to turn back to face the gaze of her aunt's calm, far-seeing eyes.

Miss Dimsdale meanwhile had walked to the window, and was looking out into the soft evening dusk.

"Some one is coming along the drive," she said. "I think it is David Stevenson."

A gesture of impatience was Dorothy's answer, a gesture accompanied by an equally impatient sound, but she never thought of making good use of her time and escaping out of the room, as a girl brought up in a town might have done. No, she left the glass and went across the room to the table where her work-basket stood, and took up an elaborate table-cover which she had been working at in a more or less desultory fashion for six months past, and by the time David Stevenson was shown in she was stitching away as if for dear life. Miss Dimsdale, on the contrary, did not move from the window until she heard the door open, then she went a few steps to meet him.

"Good evening, David," she said very kindly. "How very nice of you to come in tonight! We have not seen you for a long time."

"No, I've been dreadfully busy," he answered, "and I am still, for the matter of that. But I hadn't seen you for a long time, and I thought I'd come over and see how you were getting on."

"That was very good of you," said Miss Dimsdale; then she moved to the bell and rang it. "We will have a light; the evenings are closing in very fast."

"Yes," he answered.

Then he went across where already his eyes had wandered, to Dorothy, who was bravely sewing away in the dusk.

"How are you, Dorothy?" he asked.

"I am quite well, thank you, David," she replied, just letting her hand rest for a moment in his.

"I saw you this afternoon," he went on, seating himself on a chair just in front of her.

"Why, yes," said Dorothy; "you took your hat off to me."

He was a fine-grown, good-looking

SOME ONE IS COMING.

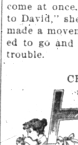
fellow, big and strong and young, with the unmistakable air of a man who is his own master; but in Dorothy's mind a vision rose up at that moment of another young man, who was also big and strong, and very unlike David Stevenson.

David frowned at the remembrance of the afternoon and of her companion, and just then a neat maid servant came in with a lamp, and the dusk vanished. She set the lamp down beside Dorothy, so that David Stevenson was enabled to see her face clearly.

"If you please, ma'am," said Barbara to her mistress, "Janet Benham has come up to speak to you. She's in great trouble about something."

"Janet Benham in trouble?" cried Miss Dimsdale, in dismay. "Oh, I will come at once. Dorothy, stay and talk to David," she added, for Dorothy had made a movement as if she, too, wanted to go and hear more about Janet's trouble.

CHAPTER IV.



HOWEVER, in the face of her aunt's distinct command, she had no choice but to remain where she was, and she took up the work again and began a-stitching vehemently as if she would fain sew her vexation into the pretty pattern.

David Stevenson, on the contrary, was more than well satisfied at the way in which matters had fallen; and inwardly blessed that trouble of Janet Benham's as much as Dorothy did the contrary. He jerked his chair an inch or so nearer to hers, and leaned forward with his elbows upon his knees. Dorothy sat up very straight indeed, and kept her attention strictly upon her work.

"Who was that fellow I saw you talking to this afternoon, Dorothy?" he asked.

"A man that Lady Jane asked to see me home," answered Dorothy, promptly.

"Oh, you have been to Lady Jane's?" in a distinctly modified tone.

"Yes, I had been to Lady Jane's," returned Dorothy, matching a bit of yellow silk with minute care. "Why didn't you go?"

"Because I wasn't asked," said he curtly. "Lady Jane never asks me now—she's taken a dislike to me."

"Well, I can't help that," said Dorothy, indifferently.

"I don't know so much about that," he said, rather gloomily. "I think you might if you liked. Not that I want you to trouble about it, or that I care a single brass farthing about Lady Jane or her parties. In any case, I should only go because I might meet you there."

"Oh, that's a poor enough reason," cried Dorothy, flippantly.

There was very little of the mute lover about David Stevenson, and whenever he found that Dorothy was, in spite of good opportunities, slipping further and further away from him, he always got impatient and angry.

"Well I don't know that you're far wrong there," he retorted, in a tone which he tried with the most indifferent success to make cool and slighting. "However, her ladyship has left off asking me to her entertainments of late, and I don't know that I feel any the worse man for that. So you met that fellow there, did you?"

"You don't suppose I picked him up on the road, do you?" demanded Dorothy, who was getting angry, too.

David drew in his horns a little. "No, no, of course not," he said soothingly. "I had no right to ask anything about him, only everything you do and everyone you speak to interests me. I wanted to know who he was, that was all."

"Then," said Dorothy, with a very dignified air, "you had better go and ask Lady Jane herself. She can tell you, and I am sure she will. I know very little about the gentleman—just his name and very little besides."

David Stevenson sat back in his chair with a groan; Dorothy Strode stitched away furiously, and so they sat until Miss Dimsdale came back again. "H'm," her thoughts ran, "quarreling again."

Dorothy looked up at her aunt and spoke in her softest voice. "What was the matter with Janet, auntie?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

HOW BISMARCK BECAME RICH

German Writer Says the Chancellor Speculated on State Secrets.

From London Truth: A pamphlet has recently appeared in Germany entitled "Bismarck and Bleichroeder." Its author is a member of the old Junker party of the name of Diebat Daher, and it professes to give some curious details in regard to the present fortune of the ex-chancellor and how it was acquired. After the German war of 1870 the prince received from the country two estates of no great value, which coupled with his own paternal estate, brought him in a fair revenue. He then left Bleichroeder to look after his private monetary affairs, with the result that he now has a fortune amounting to 150,000,000 marks. This, the author contends, can only have been made by stock exchange speculations, based on the knowledge that the prince derived from his position at the head of the German government, and which he confided to Bleichroeder. That, with the cares of empire on his shoulders, he left his monetary affairs in the hands of his banker is very possible, and equally possible is it that his banker did the best for his client. But I should require a good deal more evidence than is afforded in this pamphlet to believe that the prince speculated on state secrets in partnership with a Hebrew financier or that his fortune is now anything like 150,000,000 marks.

Court Knew What Was Poker.

Paul Millikin, who is one of the most popular men on 'change, was yesterday on the floor rehearsing the latest poker incident. It is unnecessary to say that he secured a great many auditors, as there are numerous admirers of the great American game there. A private game had been broken up in a small town, which was very religiously inclined, and the players arrested and taken before the county judge. The five prisoners were told by the judicial light to rehearse in strict honesty what was going on when the officer appeared.

"Well, ——— had just dealt. It was a jack pot. Said I, 'Open it, but it will cost you $2 to come in.' The next player put up the needed amount and said: 'Well, it will just cost $5 more to be in this play.' And when it came to me I looked at my hand and found a pair of threes. I had been lucky, and concluded to go in the jack pot, and did so."

"Prisoner is dismissed!" cried the judge, interrupting him in his story.

"Well, what's the trouble?" said the latter, looking alarmed and studying the judge in surprise.

"Why, simply this: You are charged for playing poker, and your own evidence shows that you were not," replied the court.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Thing to Do.

Would-Be Contributor—I have a poem here that I would like to read to you. (Reads it.) What would you advise me to do with it? Editor—Get Corbett to read it to Fitzsimmons. He claims that he wants to make the latter fight again.

Proof Positive.

Dasherly—"Too bad Mrs. Swift doesn't like her husband." Flasherly—"Why, I thought she did." Dasherly—"Oh, no—she gives him cigars for Christmas presents."—The Yellow Book.

After His Time.

Airtight—"In one way Adam had a snap." Dewtell—"What was that?" Airtight—"Christmas presents weren't in vogue then."—The Yellow Book.

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—MRS. THOS. LYNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

A Good Suggestion.

Editor (of country weekly)—I'm at a loss to know whether this article is intended to be humorous or otherwise. Assistant—Well, why not run it in the puzzle column and let the subscribers guess?

Try Grain-O.

Ask your grocer to-day 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.

Rural postal delivery is popular and is likely to come, but it will depend for efficiency and extension on better roads than now exist in most parts of the country.

We wish to call your especial attention to the advertisement in this issue of the National Correspondence Institute of Washington, D. C. This institution is thoroughly reliable and we cheerfully recommend them to our readers. A college education at home shows wonderful advancement in educational matters.

Road repairing is all right, but it should be preceded by road building. "Repairing" a mud hole will never make a road of it.

"I was run over by a lumber wagon. Did not expect to live. Was terribly bloated. My friends bathed me with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and I was cured. We have great faith in Thomas' Eclectric Oil." Mrs. Wm. F. Babcock, Norvell, Mich.

Leo Hitsch, supervisor of public printing, reports that the state's printing the past year cost $27,140.

Does your head feel as though someone was hammering it; as though a million sparks were flying out of the eyes? Have you horrible sickness of the stomach? Burdock Blood Bitters will cure you.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Sell him for what you can get and let the other fellow look.

DROPSY treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialist in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Don't steal another man's good name even if your own is worn out.

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

She Advertised Woman's Rights.

Mrs. Sarah Whitney, of Waterloo, Iowa, was fined $10 on a plea of guilty of placing on telephone poles bills advertising woman's rights lectures.

A Good Thing.

The Royal Publishing Company, of Richmond, Virginia, are offering exceptionally favorable contracts to live workers. They want men and women of good character, and allow liberal weekly salaries and expenses. A line addressed to them may lay before you a proposition that will be as surprising as it is gratifying.

Strangely Shot.

When S. P. Carr, an Alexandria, Va., business man opened a drawer in his desk a revolver was discharged, killing him almost instantly.

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chilblains and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

"Plumpton says he is very jealous of his reputation." "Well, he has reason to be. I wouldn't trust it for a moment if I had it."

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

He who fights and runs away may live to run another day.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail druggists refund money.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs off.

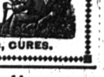
For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Good roads are highway morality.

Star Tobacco is the leading brand of the world, because it is the best.

Prosperity travels on good roads.

He said his back was broken by LAMEBACK, but all his strength came back by use of St. Jacobs Oil. It strengthens, builds up, restores, CURES.



If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

AGENTS WANTED by a 20 year established factory (rated $100,000). Free samples. Several earn $1,000 y'rly. P. O. 1371, New York.

OPIUM MORPHINE and WHISKY HABITS. HOME CURE. Book FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Isabella Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

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

ASTHMA TRIAL BOTTLE SENT FREE. DR. TAFT BROS., 4 ELM ST., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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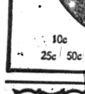
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