THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

A nameless terror seized Lady Violante as she read these few lines. She had heard her father say that morning to the Count Germain:

"Truly, I like not the problem. How France is to escape bankruptcy I see not. The king is improvident, the treasury empty, and this assembly he has convened seems inclined to take all authority into their own hands. These frequent mobs have an ugly look; once excited the canaille are like wild beasts. Something prompt and decisive should be done, and that Louis XVI. is not the one to enforce."

Any warning to her father from such a source she knew would be unheeded. Fortunately, he himself saw the unpleasantness of further stay at the capital, and hurried back to Grenoble.

The premonitory riot of the 20th had left an unpleasant impression. But even that humiliating flight was nothing to the bitter dregs that were yet to pass to the king's lips. Blow followed blow; the insurrection spread, not alone Paris and Versailles were excited, but the excited fever heat crept onward to the very borders of the land.

At Grenoble the frantic zeal of the revolutionists seemed intensified.

"Violante," said Count Beauvais, coming into his daughter's boudoir one morning with a perturbed brow, "did Celeste arrange some sort of bridal finery out of the family laces and jewelry. We have decided that an immediate union must take place. Count Germain proposes a private wedding this very night, and tomorrow we will go down to Marseilles and take passage for England, and remain till the delirium has blown away from France. Horrible rumors have arrived from Paris. The king is deposed, the whole population in arms, and no one can guess what horrible atrocities may come next. We must get away as soon as possible. I like not the dark looks the crowd flung at me as I rode through Grenoble."

Lady Violante shivered, and said tearfully:

"I know not, my father, which fills me with more dread, the frightful tidings you bring from our country, or the eventual sacrifice you demand from me."

"Nonsense, child, will you never have done with that mawkish sentiment? The Count will make you a good husband, and in these sorry times, I trow, you may consider yourself fortunate to obtain a protector stronger than a father, whose strength is well nigh spent."

"If there is no help, I suppose I must submit, yet far rather would I be laid in a peaceful grave."

The Count appeared not to understand her last observation, and went himself to give his directions to Celeste.

That evening a small group was gathered in the little chapel belonging to the chateau. The abbe had donned his sacred vestments, wax candles gleamed above the silver stands.

Beside Count Beauvais stood his friend, the father of the bridegroom, and leaning on his arm was the Countess Germain, a pale, cold-eyed woman, whose icy stateliness gave no evidence of any natural motherly emotion, at this important transaction in the life of her only son.

Count Emile had led forward the pallid bride even to the altar steps, and the abbe had given the signal for them to kneel, when suddenly the door of the chapel was flung open, and a tall figure strode hurriedly up the aisle, and looked around him in astonishment.

"What mummery is this, at such a time!" exclaimed he, unmindful of the flashing glances of anger bent upon him, "do you have bridals at the Judgment day? Away, away, I have come to warn you. An hour longer and no power can save you."

Count Germain stood glaring wildly at the intruder. His son sprang forward, even from the side of the fainting bride, and snatching his father's sword from its sheath, sprang furiously toward Bernard.

"Wretch! are you here again? lowborn varlet, you shall not intrude again upon my presence!"

"Hold!" thundered Bernard, drawing a pistol in either hand, "forbear your absurd distinctions at this terrible hour. Wait until the visitors arrive who are on their way, and you will cease prating of your noble birth. Perchance you will be glad to change with the obscure Hugo you have persecuted with such relentless enmity. Count Beauvais, I address myself to you, I trow there is but one who has any claim to such service as I freely give now, but my errand is to you all. An infuriated, countless mob, armed with pikes, muskets, pistols, everything they could seize at Grenoble, having murdered with fiendish glee, man, woman and child of the noble families you have called your friends, are marching now to Beauvais, having already pillaged and burned Germain Chateau, and they are crying loudly for your blood. There is but a moment to be lost. Throw some coarse serges over these unseemly dresses, and follow me; I alone can save you."

Count Beauvais had grown deadly pale, while Germain reeled against the altar like a drunken man, but Count Emile and his mother laughed scornfully.

"It is a well laid plan to interrupt this ceremony. Fool! If there is such danger, what can you do to help us?" cried Emile. "I say let the rites proceed. Father, Count de Beauvais, do you know who it is this fine braggadocio, who would save us all—it is the peasant Hugo we drove away from Germain."

"You choose the wrong time to talk of peasants and nobles," cried Bernard bitterly, "every moment you spend in mistalk is a chance loss of your life. Hark!"

He raised his arm to enforce attention, and for the moment commanded silence. A loud, wild cry, tossed about and varied as from a thousand throats, came on with the evening breeze. Ghastly horror frozen upon every face betrayed their conviction of the truth.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Count Beauvais, "the man was right. Fly, Emile, to have the coachman to bring out the horses."

"The coachman!" repeated Bernard bitterly, "I could not find a living soul in the chateau; doubtless they fled the moment you entered the chapel. Once more, will you follow me? If you had come at first I might have insured safety, now it will be a race for life."

Count Beauvais looked irresolute, but Emile exclaimed haughtily, though his voice shook with terror:

"It is folly to think of help from you; quick, quick, we can saddle the horses ourselves;" and he plunged desperately toward the stables.

Bernard turned frantically to Violante, who stood frozen beside the altar. "Must we thus sacrificed to their stubbornness? Say, quick, Violante, will you come with me?"

"Yes, yes, Bernard, but, oh, my father—"

"He will not come. If I can help him he shall be. It shall be done. If he is lost, his blood be on his own head," answered Bernard, tearing away the delicate lace flounces from the grasp the Countess Germain had laid upon them to restrain her son's bride, adding between his set teeth, while he gave the effort that cold, proud face: "stand back, madame, and let her pass, and if you choose, follow yourself; much as I loathe, detest, abhor you, in this dire extremity I will not refuse to preserve your life."

The countess flung him a withering look of hate and scorn, and hurried to seek the gentlemen at the stables, while Bernard lifting Violante in his arms, ran swiftly into the entrance hall, at the same time, with his own hands, tearing off the almond bracelets and ornaments from her hair and arms.

"Quick, quick, Violante, it is no time for false modesty, put on this peasant blouse and trousers, and knot this tricolored scarf around your head, while I fling powder to hide your white skin. It is too late to reach the cliff now, I will try and manage it for you if you will command your fears and keep closely by my side. Where is Celeste? I saw her here a moment before. Another thing, she must have fled with all the rest."

While he dashed back, instead of the glittering jewels and white robes of a bride, Violante stood there in the guise of an humble peasant boy. The counts, all three, rushed to the door.

"Violante, Violante, where are you? We are waiting," and seeing no one but the despised Hugo and a peasant boy, they sped away again, while fierce and nearer swept on the rabble, and the wild cry:

"Down with the aristocrats! death to our oppressors!"

Violante clung desperately to Bernard's arm, and looked up with wild, imploring eyes into his face.

"Courage, dearest, beloved one, act bravely a little while, and you shall gain the safety of the cliff. You know the way, and only one in the rabble suspects you, and I am prevented from helping you, fly toward the cliff; reach the great rock beyond the larch tree and give four blasts. Have you the whistle? If not, here is another, and you will be instantly admitted. My mother is warned, and stands ready for the signal."

By this time a great clamor, and mingled yells, shrieks and imprecations, told the arrival of the crowd, and their rage at finding the chateau deserted. Watching his chance, Bernard dragged his companion from the chapel and quietly slipped out into the crowd pouring into the chateau.

CHAPTER VII.

A, citizen Hugo, you are late at the revel," called out a stout, red faced man; "where were you when we warmed up the old Germain chateau? I trow you'll not be sorry tonight you are not in your rightful place, which I've heard whispered, should be over the head of that doomed wretch, Count Emile, he called himself. Parbleau! but we'll soon let out of his delicate veins the aristocratic blood of which he boasted!" and with a loud laugh the man turned his leering eyes around the crowd, demanding applause for his jest.

Men, boys and creatures in the likeness of womanhood, but changed to demons by the maddening taste of blood, greeted the speech with loud laughter, and a hundred voices rose shrilly, demanding if the aristocrats had yet been tracked to their hiding place.

"Ah, Hugo," said another, "I wondered where you were. Your uncle, citizen Jean, is our orator tonight. What pale face stripling have you there? Tut, boy, get thee to bed, if such brave sights as these fright the blood from your cheeks."

Bernard replied with a light jest, and drew on with his trembling companion nearer to the avenue. Suddenly, however, at the entrance gates, went up a shrill cry of rejoicing.

"They are taken! they are brought back, Germain and Beauvais—all are here. Now for our turn. Let us show them who are lords now!"

Violante tightened her hold of her companion's arm, but only the dilated, horror frozen eyes betrayed her emotion, and every eye in the crowd was directed to the avenue, along which, pushed forward by the bayonets of a jeering body of new made soldiers, were the frightened, discomfited group, who had so lately fled from the chapel. The Countess Germain, with wonderful courage, held up her head proudly—neither looked to the right or left.

One bold ruffian reached forward, and tearing off her mantle, seized the jeweled bandeau that encircled the countess' head, and flung it into a crowd of brazen faced women, who clapped their hands in applause.

The resolute woman never flinched, and not a tremor betrayed agitation or fear. Her husband's head was bowed upon his breast in utter prostration of energy and manhood. It was easy to see the contempt she felt for him, by the cold sneer upon her face, when, at the insolent demand of a stout yeoman, he handed over his watch with its massive chain of gemmed gold. For herself, she never replied to or obeyed a single command, and they were many, addressed to her; so it was by brute force that left her throat and fair arms bruised and wounded, her remaining jewels were torn from her, trampled contemptuously under the feet of their own peasantry, as they shouted.

"Their sparkle was bought by our hard earnings! the recursed things robbed our children of bread! away with them!"

A pair of begrimed hands had seized the gold collar upon Count Emile's coat, when with an oath the coupe yielded a pistol he had hitherto concealed and fired. The man fell mortally wounded. It was a rash, suicidal act, but it was like the young count's ungovernable temper. In an instant arose a yell of demoniac rage. Count Emile was seized, his rich clothing shred into a thousand pieces, and the silk sash he wore was knotted around his throat, while in a moment longer his lifeless body dangled from the bough of the nearest tree. Then for the first time the fortitude of the countess gave way, and with one wild cry of mother's intense agony she fell forward senseless. At the same moment the crowd, maddened into frenzy, shouted:

"Let the others follow, short shrift for those who have had no pity for us."

Bernard knew from the way Violante leaned against him, her nerves could bear no more, yet help her he could not. The dense mass of human beings swedged them in like a vice, and the slightest movement might arouse suspicion, whereupon, he felt, while an icy shudder ran through his heart, in the present excited tide of rage, there was not the slightest doubt her slender, graceful form would swing beside the lifeless body of him who so brief a time before had stood with her before the altar. In the bloom of health and strength. All he could do was to shield her so that she could not see the fierce hands that were grasping her father's throat. Suddenly a voice rang out clear and commanding like bugle notes in the tumult of battle. A small, slight man, with high bronze face, dark black hair, broad arch from the forehead so high and broad it seemed half of his face, with eagle eyes that shone luminous with quenchless fire as the glare of a hundred torches flared over them, leaped upon a rostrum, improvised from a high flower stand, and waving his hand, cried:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Five Thousand Books Written by Women.

Miss Louise Baxter, daughter of the late Judge Nathaniel Baxter of the supreme bench of Tennessee, according to the St. Louis Republic, is responsible for a most unique collection of books at the Tennessee Centennial.

Having traveled abroad, and being familiar with the literature of many countries, Miss Baxter was inspired with the idea of making a collection of the writings of women from all countries, to be sent south for the centennial of her native state. To do this Miss Baxter wrote seven hundred letters to foreign governments, many of them in the language of the countries to which they were sent.

There are four books written by a Chinese woman, A. D. 25. They were sent by the empress of China. The Chinese woman wrote about the manners and customs of women and recommended obedience to husbands. The emperor of Japan sent 126 books written by the women of his realm. There are twenty beside modern Greek books sent by Queen Olga.

There are books from Armenia, Persia, Hungary, Roumania, Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Portugal, Spain, England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway and Sweden. All of the South American countries are represented.

Many of these books were the only ones by women ever published in the country from which they were sent. This was the case with the volumes from Honduras and Guatemala.

Many of them have been presented to Miss Baxter by the different governments which responded to her request. She will have one of the most valuable and unique libraries in the United States.

Little Attentions.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as by want of heart."

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie. Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These pooh-pooh the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the most costly offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.

A Selfish Woman.

Grimm—"Women are such selfish creatures! There was an odd chop at breakfast and my wife insisted upon my eating it. It was all because she wanted to revel in the satisfaction of self-denial. A case of pure selfishness." Flimm—"And what did you do?" Grimm—"Oh, I let her have her way and I ate the chop. There are few husbands so indulgent as I am."—Boston Transcript.

CASUALTIES.

Louisville, Ill.—Robert Mikeworth, aged 12, was killed while horseback riding.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Markle Haymaker accidentally shot himself through the heart.

New London, Iowa—Daniel Tague was killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun.

Elkhart, Ind.—S. E. Hart of Kent, Ohio, was run over and killed by a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern train here.

Cincinnati, Ohio—A passenger train on the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern road was derailed at Pierceville. No one was hurt.

Stanley, Wis.—A westbound freight train on the Wisconsin Central was wrecked at this place and fourteen cars were ditched; several being consumed by fire.

Oakland, Cal.—A fire which broke out at Temerkat, a suburb of this city, destroyed the church and school of the Sacred Heart, the clergy house, and all the adjoining outbuildings.

Saginaw, Mich.—The lumber yard of Col. Aaron T. Bliss at Carrollton was burned last night. Loss, $50,000; fully insured.

New Kensaha, Wis.—John Riley of Pleasant Prairie was thrown from his wagon. Friends fear he may die as the result of his injuries.

Menominee, Mich.—The Northern Supply Company's sawmill at Fisher burned to the ground. Loss about $25,000.

Oakland, Cal.—A fire at Temerkat, a suburb of this city, completely destroyed the church and school of the Sacred Heart and the clergy house. Father Serda had a narrow escape from death.

Elkhart, Ind.—Mrs. Nettie Myers was struck by a train and so badly injured that she died in a few minutes.

Florence, Wis.—W. F. Campbell, principal of the Florence high school, was drowned while skating on Fisher lake.

Lexington, Ky.—J. A. Coons, the well known trotting horse man, was stricken with paralysis here and his recovery is doubtful. He is 56 years old.

Fire in the city hall at Stratford, Ont., was completely gutted by fire. The loss is estimated at $150,000; insurance small.

Auburn, Ind.—Rilla, the 6-year-old daughter of Albert Rohin, was burned to death while playing with fire.

A passenger train on the Bennett branch of the Erie railroad struck a tree. It fell and was discharged, the entire charge striking Bennett in the upper part of the body. He may die.

Quincy, Ill.—A grocery store at Palmyra, Mo., and James Ritchie committed to carry out a keg of gunpowder. It exploded in his arms, blowing him across the street. He cannot live.

FOREIGN.

Madrid.—A royal decree orders the quarantine of all vessels arriving at Spanish ports from Pensacola, Fla.

London.—Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K. C. B., retired, is dead. He was born in 1806, was made a rear admiral in 1874, vice admiral in 1879, and admiral in 1884. He retired from the service in 1887.

Washington.—Owners of the British Columbia schooners Willie McGowan and Ariel, seized by a Russian cruiser off Copper Island in 1891, have been offered $10,000 by the Russian government as compensation.

Berlin.—Duke Ernest Gunther of Schleswig Holstein, brother of the Empress of Germany, is seriously ill.

Constantinople—In consequence of the revolt of the Albanians of the districts of Ipek and Diakova, northeast of Scutari, large bodies of Bulgarian and Servian troops have been ordered to proceed to the disaffected district.

CRIME.

Topeka, Kas.—Al Chastan, deputy-sheriff of Panhandle, Tex., has wired the Topeka officers to help him find the Rev. A. E. Morrison, charged with poisoning his wife. Morrison was released after the police here had held him for three days, awaiting some action on the part of the Texas authorities.

Menominee, Mich.—Leonard Lubomski, alias James Green, was arrested here with two companions, who registered at the City hotel as J. Brooks and C. Dean, and the three are now in jail. Lubomski is said to be wanted in Kewaunee, Wis., for jail-breaking.

Kansas City, Mo. — Edwin W. Friend, formerly city salesman for the Blanke Tea and Coffee company of St. Louis, has been arrested in Kansas City, Kas., charged with embezzling $2,200 from his firm.

Knoxville, Tenn.—The jury at Sevierville, in the case against Pleas Wynn and Tom Tipton, charged with the murder of William Whaley and wife, brought in a verdict convicting Wynn and acquitting Tipton. Ione, Cal.—Louis Cassels, a bartender at R. C. May's saloon, shot and killed Fred Groves, whom he mistook for a robber.

Indianapolis, Ind.—H. J. Brown and Theodore J. Hansen, who had just made preparations to supply the city of Chicago with counterfeit $5 bills when they were arrested, were convicted in the United States court here.

Kansas City, Mo.—George A. Taylor, the convicted cashier of the defunct Argentine (Kas.) bank, was taken to the state penitentiary to serve his two years' sentence for wrecking the bank.

Topeka, Kas.—The Rev. G. E. Morrison, who has been held for several days on suspicion of murdering his wife in Panhandle, Texas, was released from jail on advice of Attorney-General Boyle.

St. Louis, Mo.—The grand jury, returned an indictment against John E. Reldy, ex-policeman and treasurer of the Police Relief association, who is charged with embezzling $8,000.

Lamar, Mo.—David Monkstar, wanted on a charge of having been a member of the party which brutally assaulted Mrs. Jacob Resh recently, has been arrested.

Michigan City, Ind.—Samuel Parker, a convict cook at the penitentiary, made his escape and guards are now looking for him.

Reindeer in Alaska.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, for 20 years a traveler in Alaska, says the government's experiment of importing reindeer from Siberia is a success, and that the problem of winter traveling in the interior is practically solved. Three hundred miles per day can be made over the snow with ease. For reasonable intervals and best of all, the reindeer will rustle for his own food.

The best map of the Yukon-Klondike mining country has been printed in folder form by the Northern Pacific railway. Send a 2-cent postage stamp to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. The folder is full of up-to-date information regarding rates and routes to Alaska.

Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.

A Perfect Talking Machine.

The talking machine in its perfected form is becoming a familiar object in homes. It is no longer merely a scientific toy. This results from great improvements. The records are flawless and the reproduction of sound absolutely faithful to the original. Moreover, the talking machine has been so reduced in cost as to make it easy for every one to buy. One can learn all about the Talking Machine in a few minutes, and then is master of an instrument capable of affording him endless pleasure. Fascinating in itself because of the mysteries of natural science which it suggests, it will afford more delight to lovers of music than any one or any dozen musical instruments. No skilled performer is required to awaken the spirit of melody that dwells within it.

Favorite songs as sung by famous singers, popular selections played by renowned bands, or instrumental soloists, recitations by skilled elocutionists, stories or imitations by clever comedians, are always available at the will of the light. It also affords other delights than that of reproducing records. You can collect through the Talking Machine sentences spoken by your friends, songs sung by your companions, the life sayings of your children, echoes of dear voices that have a melody to your ears all their own, and preserve them indefinitely, to be listened to over and over again in years to come, when they will be to you priceless souvenirs. Write for catalogue W, to Spear & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

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. Tasteless coffee. Looks like coffee.

Catarrh is nothing but a mucous membrane disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a constitutional remedy, and is taken internally. Price, 75c. Sold by druggists. Testimonials free.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men.—Langford.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. It gives pure blood, banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Sarsaparilla—nearly for ten years. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Temptation is an acid which reveals the quality of the metal we are made of.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c, $1. All druggists.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.—Pope.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, not to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago a woman had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this interested boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from infinite pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY PRATT, Kansas.

Trains to the South Resumed.

Information comes from the passenger department of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company that all their trains have been resumed and schedules restored. These include a double daily solid train service from Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis to Nashville, Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, Pensacola and New Orleans. Also a double daily service of Pullman buffet sleeping cars from the Northern cities to Jacksonville, Fla.

Good blood means health, and good health means a clear skin, free from pimples, boils, blotches and all other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and is the best remedy for all skin troubles. Get it today. In usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 doses $1.

FITS Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.—La Rochefoucauld.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

If a man is worth knowing at all he is worth knowing well.—Alexander Smith.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5 cts.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.

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 means of knowing what is going on and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

"I was completely covered with sores. Every limb in my body ached. Had been sick for years. Nothing could do me no good. Most of my time was spent in bed; was a complete wreck. Burdock Blood Bitters quickly relieved me. Used one to three months." Mrs. Annie Zoepen, Crookstown, Minn.

"If taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week, Thomas's Eclectric Oil will speedily relieve the most offensive case of catarrh." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

For that matter, all first boy babies are princes, and princes of walls as a general thing, too.

Anyone who suffers from that terrible plague, Itching Piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that comes through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

It's in the nature of things that when a man is very short he should be more or less crusty.

Devotion is to a woman what dew is to a rose—almost life itself.

To Cure Constipation Forever,

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists will refund money.

Never wear your best clothes when inquiring the price of board.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner of going.

There is no education like adversity.

The misery of it is awful. USE ST. JACOBS OIL TO CURE SCIATICA

You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS

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.

CUTLER'S MEDICATED AIR INHALER Has no equal for the cure of CATARRH and LUNG DISEASES. By mail, $1.00. W. H. SMITH & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

SCALES Self-adding, pat. combination beam! No loose weights. U. S. standard. Strong and cheapest. Send for catalogue. WEEKS SCALE WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

PENSIONS Get your Pension DOUBLE QUICK Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1425 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Plate Glass The only jobber in this territory handling stock of this size. Catalogue free. Plate is cheap. ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING IN THE GLASS LINE. Send your orders or write for estimates. WM. REID, 184 W. Larned St., DETROIT, MICH.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide Every homeseeker should address either J. T. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Iowa; W. H. KELLOGG, A. G. P. A., Huntsville, Ala.; or S. G. HATCH, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a copy of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 49—'97

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.