THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

A TALE OF THE FORTIES.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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CHAPTER X.

THE beer being done, the Doctor shaded a bitterly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes.

"I burn to be gone," he said, thinking of his watch. "Good God! how slow you eat!"

And yet to eat slowly was his own particular prescription, the main secret of longevity!

His martyrdom, however, reached an end at last; the puff resigned their last delight, and Despree, leaning luxuriously back, announced his intention of proceeding to Fontainebleau.

"To Fontainebleau?" repeated Jean-Marie.

"My words are always measured," said the doctor. "Only."

The doctor's tone, driven through the glades of paradise; the air, the heat, the shining leaves, the very movement of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a series of sunny visions, ale and pleasure dancing in his veins. At last he spoke.

"I shall telegraph for Casimir," he said. "Good Casimir! a fellow of the lower order—of intelligence, Jean-Marie, distinctly not creative, not poetic, and yet he will repay your solicitude; his fortune is yet, and he is entirely due to his own exertions. He is the very fellow to help us to dispose of our trinkets, find us a suitable house in Paris, and manage the details of our installation. Admirable Casimir, one of my oldest comrades! It was on his advice, I may add, that I invested my little fortune in Turkish bonds; and when we have added these spoils of the mediæval church to be our stake in the Mohammedan empire, little boy, we shall positively roll among doubloons, positively roll! Beautiful forest," he cried, "farewell! Though called to other scenes, I will not forget thee. Thy names is graven in my heart, Under the influence of prosperity I become diffuse, Jean-Marie. Such is the impulse of the natural primeval man. And I—well, I will not soul; such was the condition, alas! before these credit. I have preserved my youth like a virginity; another, who should have led the same snoozing, countrified existence for these years, another had become prematurely, become stereotyped; but I, I praise my happy constitution, retain the spring unbroken. Fresh opulence and a new sphere of duties find me unbiased in spirit and only more mature by knowledge. For this prospective change, Jean-Marie—it may probably have shocked you. Tell me now, did it not strike you as an inconsistency? Confess—it is useless to dissemble—it pained you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Yoh see," returned the doctor, with sublime fatuity, "I read your thought! Nor am I surprised—your education is not yet complete; the higher duties of men have not been yet presented to you fully. A hint—till we have leisure—must suffice. Now that I am once more in possession of a modest competence, now that I have so long prepared myself in silent meditation, it becomes my superior duty to proceed to Paris. My scientific training, my undoubted command of faculties, mark me out for the service of my country. Modesty in such a case would be a snare. If sin were a philosophical expression, I should call it sinful. A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations. I must be up and doing; I must be no skulker in life's battle."

CHAPTER XI.

SO HE rattled on copiously greasing the join of his inconsistency with words; while the boy listened silently, his eyes fixed on the horse, his mind seething. It was all lost eloquence, no array of words could unsettle a belief in Jean-Marie's; and he drove into Fontainebleau filled with pity, horror, indignation, and despair.

In the town Jean-Marie was kept a fixture on the driving-seat, to guard the treasure; while the doctor, with a singular, slightly tipsy airiness of manner, fluttered in and out of cafés, where he shook hands with garrison officers, and mixed an absinthe with the nicety of old experience; in and out of shops, from which he returned laden with costly fruits, real truffles, a magnificent piece of silk for his wife, a preposterous cane for himself, and a kepi of the newest fashion for the boy; in and out of the telegraph office, whence he dispatched his telegram, and where three hours later he received an answer promising a visit on the morrow; and generally pervaded Fontainebleau with the first fine aroma of his divine good humor.

The sun was very low when they set forth again, the shadows of the forest trees extended across the broad white road that led them home; the penetrating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from the broad beds of tree-tops, and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and pulses, like distant music. Halfway home, the last gold disc of sun flashed from a great oak upon the left; and when they came forth beyond the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the dimy poplars.

The doctor sang, the doctor whistled, the doctor talked. He spoke of the woods, and the wars, and the deposition of the; he brightened and babbled of Paris; he soared into cloudy bombast on the glories of the political arena. All was to be changed; as the day departed, it took with it the vestiges of an outworn existence, and to-morrow's sun was to inaugurate the new. "Enough," he cried, "of this life of maceration!" His wife (still beautiful, or he was sadly partial) were to be no longer buried; she should now shine before society. Jean-Marie would find the world at his feet, the roads open to success, wealth, honor, and posthumous renown. "And oh, my boy," said he, "for God's sake keep your tongue quiet! You are, of course, a very silent fellow; it is a quality I gladly recognize in you—silence, golden silence! But this is a matter of gravity. No word must get abroad; none but the good Casimir is to be trusted; we shall probably dispose of the vessels in England."

"But are they got even ours?" the boy said, almost with a sob—it was the only time he had spoken.

"Ours in this sense, that they are nobody else's," replied the doctor. "But the state would have some claim. If they were stolen, for instance, we should be unable to demand their restitution; we should have no title; we should be unable even to communicate with the police. Such is the monstrous condition of the law." It is a mere inconvenience.

"Let it go, for my sake!

stance of what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active, and philosophic self-despot."

Jean-Marie put his hand to Madame Despree; and as they drove forward down the road from Bourron, between the rustling poplars, he prayed in his heart, and his prayer was like horse-play on an unusual speed. Surely, as soon as her character, and bring this waking they arrived, madame would assert nightmare to an end.

Their entrance into Gretz was heralded and accompanied by a most furious barking, all the dogs in the village joining in a tumultuous chorus; and Anastasie, who was in Algiers. "She has gone to Montereau to see her parents," said madame.

"Here, quick, come near to me, I don't wish to speak too loud!" the coachman replied, "we are being overheard."

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

"I have found the treasure of Franchard," replied her husband. "See here are a few first fruits; a pineapple, a dress for my ever-beautiful; it will suit her—trust a husband's trust a lover's taste! Embrace me darling! This spring-cradle is over, the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Paris—happy at last! You shall have diamonds, Jean-Marie; take it from me, you shall sparkle; and I shall bring it piece by piece into the dining-room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle. It will be a whet; it will be an addition to our meagre ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that little Beaujolais you like, and finish with the Hermitage; there are still three bottles left. Worthy vaine for a worthy occasion."

"The turtle!" my adored, the buttercried the doctor; and he pushed her toward the kitchen, lantern and all.

Jean-Marie stood dumbfounded. He had pictured to himself a different scene; a more immediate project; and his hope began to dwindle on the spot.

CHAPTER XII.

THE doctor was everywhere, a little doubtful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then talking to himself with his shoulder, for it was long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was reflecting that the absinthe had been a misconception. Not that he regretted excesses in the salubrious day, but he made a mental memorandum to be aware; he must not, a second time, become the victim of a deleterious habit. He had his share out of the cellar, in a twinkling, he arranged the comfestial vessels, some on the white tablecloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted with historic earth. He was in and out of the kitchen, giving Anastasie with vermouth, heating her with glimpses of the future, estimating their new wealth at ever larger figures, and before they sat down to supper, the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; she, too, had begun to speak in hyperbole, and in the life at Gretz, as she took her place and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the glitter of prospective diamonds.

All, through the meal, she and the doctor made and made fairy plans. They bobbed and bowed and pledged each other. Their faces ran over with smiles; their eyes scattered sparkles as they projected the plans for a political honors and the lady's drawing room ovations.

"But you will not be a Red!" cried Anastasie.

"I shall left Centre to the core," replied the doctor.

"Madame Gastein will present us—we shall find ourselves forgotten," said the lady.

"Never," protested the doctor. "Beauty and talent leave a mark."

"I have positively forgotten how to dress," she sighed.

"Darling, you make me blush," cried he. "Yours has been a tragic marriage!"

"But your success—to see you appreciated, honored, your name in all the papers, that will be more than pleasure—it will be heaven!" she cried.

"And once a week," said the doctor, archly scanning the syllable, "once a week—one good little game of baccarat?"

"Only once a week?" she questioned, threatening him with a finger.

"I swear it by my political honor," cried he.

"I spoil you," she said, and gave him her hand.

He covered it with kisses.

Jean-Marie escapes into the night. The moon swung high over Gretz. He went down to the garden end and sat on the ferry. The river ran by with reddies of oily silver, and a low, monotonous song. Faint veils of mist moved among the poplars on the farther side. The reeds were quietly nodding. A hundred things had happened; he had sat, on such a night, and watched the streaming river with untroubled fancy. And this perhaps was to be the last. He was to leave this tranquil hamlet, this green, rustling country, this bright and quiet stream; he was to pass into the great city; and his dear lady mistress was to move henceforward into salons, his good, garrulous, kind-hearted master to become a brawling deputy; and both be lost forever to Jean-Marie and their better selves. He knew his own defects; he knew he must sink into less and less consideration in the turmoil of a city life; sink more and more from the child into the adult, and finally dimly to believe the doctor's prophesies of evil. He could see a change in both. His gyneous incredulity failed him for this one; a child must have perceived that the fortunate had completed what the absinthe had begun. If this were the first day, what would be the last? If necessary, wreck the train," thought he, remembering the doctor's parable. He looked round on the delightful scene; he drank deep of the charmed night air, laden with the sweet of hay. If necessary, wreck the train," he repeated. And he rose and returned to the house.

TO MELT SNOW.

A Simple Scheme to Clear the Numerous Streets of Large Cities.

Among those who have given considerable thought to the problem of quickly and efficiently disposing of the snow which falls on the streets of the city, and which the bureau of street cleaning is frequently unable to force street cleaning contractors to remove as rapidly and thoroughly as it should be removed, is Robert G. Mueller, an engineer and architect, whose office is at 0110 C. Wolf, at Broad and Arch streets, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Mueller's plan involves the turning of the accumulated snow into water, which afterward can be run through gutters into sewers. "This can be done," said Mr. Mueller, "both cheaply and successfully. In melting the snow it would be unnecessary to clear away the streets as have trolley lines running upon them. On other thoroughfares steam would be used. After the sweepers and snow plows have thrown the snow into a long pile between the tracks and the curb laborers could throw it into carts, which would haul it to the nearest corner. Here I would have the melting machine. It would be in the form of a radiator, say 9 by 3 feet, on wheels. A wire connects it with the trolley wire. The heat generated by the electric current will melt the snow as rapidly as it can be hauled up and thrown on the melting machine. The water runs out through a pipe at one corner of the machine into the gutter or sewer opening.

"I have calculated that with six men and carts all of the snow on a square like any one found on Market street between Thirty-first and the river can be gathered up and melted in half an hour.

Mr. Mueller estimates the cost of each machine at not more than $100. The electricity, he thinks, the traction company would be willing to supply for nothing, as it would derive an equal advantage with the city in the rapid removal of the snow. Mr. Mueller has prepared working drawings of his plan and will submit them to the bureau of street cleaning.

MAN-EATING TIGER.

The Most Terrible and Ferocious Beast on Earth.

Of all the animals that walk the earth the man-eating tiger of the far East is the most terrible and ferocious, says an exchange. Mr. Clara Ericsson, who went to Sumatra to collect animals, tells some stories of the daring of tigers. "We had taken possession of a small hut," he writes, "standing a couple of feet from the ground, on the slope of a mountain. As it would not hold all my men, about half of them were obliged to sleep outside. Shortly before daybreak I was aroused by shouts and a loud knocking at the door.

"Tuan-Tuan! Riman! (Sir—Sir! Tigers! Let us come in!"

Springing up I seized my diambo (musquitty cuttass). I reached and unbarred the door before the Malays who shared the hut were on their feet. I was only just in time. As the last of the terrified Malays rushed past me, the tiger struck the door a violent blow. Had a Malay been holding it, the brute would certainly have been among us. But I pushed with all my might, shouting my Winchester. Half a dozen of the coolies came to my assistance, and between us we got the bamboo which served as a bar into position.

Finding that he could not break in there, the tiger walked around the hut, sniffing at every crevice and striking the bamboos until they shook again, setting half of my rifle. I did not fire a shot, but the hovel was packed with men. However, when they had recovered from their panic, I pursuaded them to follow, and I, shouting and yelling at the top of our voices. The tiger made off but a Malay caught sight of the brute in the tall Alang-Alang grass and drew my attention. I fired, but the light was too bad. Anyway, I missed."

Dust a Million Years Old.

A curious theory had recently been advanced by the astronomer somewhat eccentric scientist, Gustave Blattner of Vienna. He believes in the existence of a cosmical powder or dust which he claims is continually falling from space, and which is the dust or remains of worlds which have been destroyed. Some of these worlds, he says, may have been so far away that the dust or remains of them which is now raining down on the world in the shape of fine powder has been a million years in traversing the space between us and what was once that destroyed world's orbit.

A Broad Hint.

General McClellan, when in command of the army, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln once sent him this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter: "My Dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for a while. Yours respectfully, A. Lincoln."

The Sensitive Cheekbone.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls or any other substance that requires a very high degree of smoothness invariably use the cheekbone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness.

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come West to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and respectfully as possible.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE TWO PENINSULAS.

Barryton is to have a bank.

Caro Masons talk of erecting a temple.

John Schleer's foot was caught in a planer and cut off at Bad Axe.

Farmers have raised the necessary $8,000 stock for a butter factory at Stallac Center.

John Spade, aged 18, near Holland, accidentally shot himself in the left breast. Fatal.

The Lorenzo sisters are planning to erect a large Catholic seminary at Sault Ste. Marie.

Thomas, the only son of Wm. May, was drowned while fishing on Pleasant Lake, near Leslie.

The grocery store of John Rose, of Fisher avenue, Bay City, was destroyed by fire; loss $1,200.

The Kalamazoo gas company furnishes free gas to the fire all families who will use gas as a fuel.

J. Rhissell was found dead in his hut, east of Scio. He was an old hunter and is thought to have frozen to death.

Henry Golden, aged 68, was very severely injured by falling down stairs at Wales while carrying a jug of beans.

The Senate committee on the University of Michigan recommends an appropriation of $40,000 for a law library at that institution.

In the homeopathic hospital at the U. of M. a new cure for rupture has been discovered and is proving successful in a great many cases.

Peter Pleau was delivering goods on the west side of Grand Rapids when his little boy wandered away from the wagon, fell into the canal and was drowned.

The U. S. supreme courts have decided that states have the right to tax the franchises of corporations, such as express, telegraph and railroad companies.

Judge W. E. Grant of the Kent circuit court has sent his resignation to Gov. Pingree because the supervisors of his county have voted down Pingree's pet appoint his successor.

Fire destroyed the residence of Charles Dawson at Pontiac. The evil was discovered by children playing with a match. After losing the fifth bar I walked down to the office and told the boss I was tired of the use of the pick and shovel and wanted to be put at something else. He said he was sorry to lose me, but if I was tired of the use of the pick and shovel I could not expect it, as I had become disciplined. I left with contempt for the boss, and he never paid me a cent of wages. I am now receiving $1 per day at the rate of eight hours a day. I am at the point of death now, at times. Sometimes I have a strong impulse to commit them to some one else, and I am tired of life, and I have reason to believe that any person who has had as long a spell of the great curse of the Williams Pink Pills, and who has not been benefited by using the pills as claimed, I will be pleased to furnish any information I possess regarding the merits of Mrs. Williams' pills. Please send this to some one who may desire to write me.

Yours truly, Mrs. Maud Marinder,
East Lansing, Mich.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are not a purgative nor a loose form by the boxes or hundred at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

An Ability Race.

The chief object of promoters of a gymkhana, in order to interest spectators, is to invent two or three model contests, which shall be of such a nature that no competitors shall have an equality fair chance of winning them. Consequently, the events must be of such independent nature that success or failure depends entirely on skill, not on strength, luck, or speed. In fact, if possible, of such a nature that failure can be attributed to no one but themselves. The ability race is a very popular one. In this contest beer-jugs are placed on a dinner table. Each lady has to ride over the course holding the hand of a gentleman, who must be placed on a donkey. The race is won by the lady who manages to get her partner past the winning post first without leaving go his hand. On one occasion a lady arrived great form from the struggles of the donkeys to keep in their saddles and retain the hands of their partners.—The Graphic.

BUSINESS AND ADVERTISING.

A man can be a man without his clothes, but somehow he needs a man partly by his outside things.

Until those words of fire can be inscribed, no man has a right to practice or to preach an individual doctrine opposed to the rule of custom.

$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.

Jackson and Wailing Hanged.

The murder of Pearl Bevan 11 months ago, was avenged at Newport, Ky., by the double hanging of Jackson and Alonzo M. Wailing were executed upon the scaffold and at the same instant. The neck of neither one was broken and they struggled hard in the process of strangulation. Both men were nervy to the last and on the gallows protested their innocence and died with their courage up.

Both men had been making confessions for some weeks and contradicting them the next day. Both of them repudiated the confessions published before they died. When Govt Bradley and Sheriff Fuhmer finally pressed Jackson for details and definite information about the killing the former said he could not say on the eve of his death that the latter was innocent.

Farmer's Terrible Deed—Killed Five.

B. Rainwater, a farmer at Orrick, Mo., shot and killed his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. William Artman, and brother-in-law, Ethel Gentry, and his little step-daughter, Ethel Gentry. Then, after so nearly exterminating a whole family, the murderer set fire to the bodies of his own dead, dying instantly. The tragedy occurred at the house of William Artman, father-in-law of the murderer. Mrs. Rainwater had recently left her husband and with Ethel Gentry, a daughter by a former husband, had sought shelter at the home of her parents. Rainwater was insanely jealous.

Greek Ship Sunk by a Warship.

Canea: The Austrian gunboat Zebenico has sunk the Greek steamer Arcadia, a Greek vessel loaded with provisions and munitions of war, which were intended for the Greek forces in Crete. It appears that the Zebenico, while searching for the Greek ship, was fired on by a party of insurgents. To this the Austrian warship replied by sinking the Greek craft and driving off the insurgents.

David Pennington, of Odebolt, Iowa, loaded a shot gun and started out to kill somebody. He first hunted for A. P. Walter, but Walter saw him coming and fled. Pennington next went to the house of Hiram John and fired at Mrs. Johnson, seriously wounding her in the shoulder and back. He then emptied both barrels into Luther Traver, an aged man, killing him instantly. The next victim was Mrs. Frank Stolt, a neighbor, who ran and closed a storm door behind her. Pennington fired through it, fatally wounding her. He then blew his own head off.

A WOMAN'S PLIGHT.

SUFFERED WITH FITS AND ATTACKED WITH PARALYSIS.

Physicians Looked Upon Her Case as a Rare One—Medicine Baffled, but Science Triumphed in the End.

From the Gazette, East Tawas, Mich.

"I was born in the township of Walpole, Ontario, near Windsor. My parents were German and my maiden name was Mary J. Hoover. At five years of age we removed to Wayne county, Illinois. And in Illinois and later came to Niagara Falls, where I cooked at the Cataract Hotel.

"I was married at Buffalo, New York City, Erie, Penna., and Detroit. At the latter place I became acquainted with my husband. During these years I enjoyed the best of health and was free from the diseases to which most children and young girls are subject. From Detroit I moved to a large sailing vessel as cook, my husband being the mate of the boat. We went to Chicago, Ill., with a sailing vessel and were married. We sailed part of the season and then passed through many hardships, but my health was of the best.

"We left at Antrim two years ago, when my daughter was taken from us three years ago. From Ashland we moved to East Tawas, where we have lived for the past fourteen years and enjoyed better health. I myself had been with a sick spell for a day. To show how severely I suffered I would say that I have been in bed for two fits continued at different intervals during two years, and although I had the best physicians I failed to be prescribed for, gradually falling until about five years ago when I had a paralytic stroke on the left side and was unable even to lift my right arm. I had no use of it whatever. My husband had to help me from bed to chair, place, and I had to be fed like a young child, so helpless.

"One day Mr. C. T. Hunt, cashier of Tawas City, who was then in bad need of some wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he had seen in the Detroit papers and kindly sent for them. I may say that he also provided I would agree to use them as directed. At first I could not digest, as I had become discouraged. I felt death consumed, however, and the six boxes were delivered to me. I did not believe in them until I had used part of the first box, then I began to feel less pain through my body, and the blood began to circulate through my arm and a tingling sensation put life into my fingers. When the first two boxes I could use my arm and hand. Then I could move my head and I continued using the pills as directed.

"When the fourth box was used I was able to walk about the room with the aid of a chair. After using the fifth box I walked down town without any aid. I have continued the use of the pills until six boxes were used and could say I felt myself a new woman. I now feel quite well, have no pains of any kind. I can enjoy every night's rest, a thing I had not known for five years. Many grey hairs are in good shape and I can attend to my household affairs. I am now forty years of age and have not enjoyed failing in health at forty years of age. The complication of sickness given to women at this time of life was the direct cause of my illness. I think I owe my life at this important period of life was all that anyone could desire, and I believe that any lady who is afflicted in the least, as I was at the time of health so ruthless.

"I am pleased to make this statement to them to assure sufferers from the change of life, and I have reason to believe that any person who has had as long a spell of the great curse of the Williams Pink Pills, and who has not been benefited by using the pills as claimed, I will be pleased to furnish any information I possess regarding the merits of Mrs. Williams' pills. Please send this to some one who may desire to write me."

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A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight.

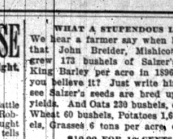
—At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 26 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts: Mr Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says, "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as $600.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on which is a pain in through the back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see the action of the attack be warded off, and we continued the use of them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years. The pain in the back and other ills in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day passes but words of mention for the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinion. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers at 50 cents per box. Mailed by Frank J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

Cupid, the Beggar.



How Love goes a begging for a little kindly treatment! How many women there are in the lanes of their hearts that Cupid, the beggar, would be glad of their time and attention to fashion or social pleasures, but seem to regard happy wifehood and motherhood as dry considerations. They take to end of their days a groan or the sigress of a dinner party, but think they have no time to bestow upon the health and physical soundness which are absolutely necessary to happy wifehood and motherhood.

Any weakness or disease of the delicate special organs of a woman unfits a woman to be a wife or mother. It is a woman's primary duty to be strong and healthy in a womanly way. Careful living and judicious treatment will certainly and completely eradicate these delicate complaints.

A complete and practical treatise on this subject with careful professional advice and suggestions for self-treatment is contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. This 1000-page standard work is sent, postpaid, on receipt of only 21 one-cent stamps, or 21 cents in stamps. Address in letter as above. The author, Dr. Pierce, has given a life time to the study of women's diseases, and has had a wide and practical experience. The book is not limited to mere generalities, but goes into minute particulars. Its plain, yet scientific treatment of the sexual organs, and the laws of life governing them, are of priceless value to every woman. Its 680 pages, 700 illustrations and full information apply to agents. Chicago & North Western Railway.

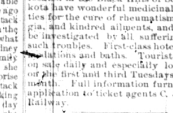
What do you suppose angels think of the man who won't say "Hallooed he" when he answers the 'phone, or who says "Number, please" when he puts the bells and begins the drum shop?

I got troubled with quinsy for five years. Ely's Cream Balm cured me. Mrs. Mc Adie and child had diphtheria. Dunkirk Collector. Cut cured them. I would not be without Ely's Cream Balm for any consideration. Rev. E. F. Hem, Dunkirk, N. Y.

In the working was practiced in Egypt at least two centuries. There are numerous proofs that specie was in use as a medium of barter

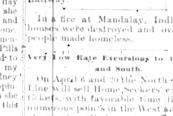
Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough. Price 25 cents per bottle. Large family size bottle, four times as much, 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.



YOUR RULING PLANET DISCOVERED

By Astrology



FREE TEST READINGS.

PROF. C. W. CUNNINGHAM,
Dept. 4, 1945 Clinton-st
Chicago, Ill.

Be quik, a mouse is at the cheese! Just so

NEURALGIA,

like a mouse, nibbles and gnaws at the nerves.

ST. JACOBS OIL, like a trap,

SEIZES, STAYS, AND FINISHES THE PAIN.

ALABASTINE.

IT WON'T RUB OFF.

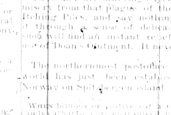
Wall Paint in White and Tints.

TEMPORARY, ROTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES.

ALABASTINE,

is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating. Brushes and Brush Holder free with first order.

For Sale by Paint Dealers everywhere.



THE DOCTOR—"The layer of paper I have put on your wall is a perfect non-conductor. Entirely non-poisonous."

FREE A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Decorative Book sent free to any one sending their name and address to ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

It is announced that Ilg, the Swiss engineer, to whose good offices the peace negotiations between Italy and Abyssinia was chiefly due, has been presented by Menelek with a concession of land necessary for the construction of a railroad line from the interior of the Negus' realm to the Red Sea.

"Him" of Vogue has been "fired." He wrote a book of etiquette called "The Complete Gentleman," and in the preface stated that he had been in charge of the query department of Vogue. That paper immediately denied this statement and found another "Him" in short meter.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 13—'97

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FARM SEEDS

Northrup's Seeds were Awarded 1st Premium at Columbian Exposition, 1893.

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10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 70c.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

SANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation, Cascarets are the ideal Laxative, Tonic and Liver Regulator. Sample free, write, enclosing stamp, mentioning this paper. Handsome and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 271

"When I Saw

—your advertisement

I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—"big blow and little shower, but I'm ready to surrender go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right. I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator Binder. The claims made for McCormick Machines are

McCORMICK

Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more than all—there's no other reason. And in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4-Foot Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper, for sale everywhere.