The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured," 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

George Caulfield's Journey

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER I.

THERE were but five minutes left before the time for starting of the night mail from the great central terminus in the busy commercial city of Grandchester, and the Rev. George Caulfield, with a traveling bag in his hand, and a comfortable railway rug over his arm, was walking slowly along the platform, peering into the first-class carriages as he went by, in quest of ease and solitude. He was a man of reserved temper, bookish beyond his years, and he had a horror of finding himself imprisoned among five noisy spirits, cottony, horsey, and of that boisterous and coarsely-spoken temperament, which the refined and gentle parson would have characterized as rowdy. The Reverend George was a Christian gentleman, but so far at it was possible for his mild nature to hate any one, he hated fast young men. He was not fond of strangers in a general way. He endured them, but he did not love them. He had lingered on the platform till the train was within three minutes of starting, in the hope of securing for himself the luxury of privacy, but as the long hand of the station clock marked the third minute before 11, he espied an empty carriage, and was in the act of entering it, when a hand was laid very gently on his sleeve.

"Pardon me, sir," said a somewhat agitated voice, "are you a medical man?"

Mr. Caulfield turned, and confronted a man of slight figure and middle height, some years younger than himself—a man with a pale face, delicate features, and soft black eyes; a very interesting countenance, thought the curate. The stranger looked anxious and hurried.

"No," answered Mr. Caulfield, "I am a clergyman."

"That is almost as good. My dear sir, will you do me a great favor? My sister, an invalid, is traveling by this train, alone, but she will be met by friends at Millsdale Junction. She is very ill—nothing infectious; chest complaint, poor girl. If you will afford her the privilege of your protection, only as far as Millsdale, you will oblige me enormously."

There was no time for hesitation, the bell was ringing clamorously, people were hurrying to their seats.

"With pleasure," said the good-natured curate, sorry to lose the delight of loneliness, embarrassed at the idea of an unknown invalid, but far too kind to shrink from doing an act of mercy.

The young man ran to the nearest first-class waiting room, the door of which was just opposite, and returned almost immediately carrying a muffled figure in his arms—a small, fragile form, which he carried as easily as if it had been a child, and not a full-grown lady. This slender figure, half buried in a large fur cloak and shawl, he placed with infinite care in one of the seats farthest from the door; then he ran back to the waiting-room for more wraps, a pillow, and a footwarmer. He administered with womanly tenderness to the comfort of the invalid, who reclined motionless and silent in her corner, and then, hurried and agitated in the imminent departure of the mail, he stood at the door of the carriage talking to Mr. Caulfield, who had taken his seat in the opposite corner to that occupied by the invalid.

"You are more than good," said the stranger. "Don't talk to her; she is low and nervous, and you will agitate her painfully if you force her to talk. I dare say she will doze all the way. It is only an hour from here to Millsdale, and no stoppage till you get there. Oh, by the way, kindly take this bottle, and if she should turn faint or giddy on the way, give her a few drops of the contents. There goes the flag. Will you allow me to offer you my card? I am deeply indebted. Good night."

All this had been said hurriedly. George Caulfield had hardly time to take the proffered card when the engine puffed itself laboriously out of the great, ghastly terminus, a wilderness of iron work, a labyrinth of tunnels and sidings and incomprehensible platforms, very gloomy on this cold winter night.

For the first few minutes Mr. Caulfield felt so confused and disturbed by the suddenness of the charge that had been forced upon him that he hardly knew what he was doing. Then he glanced at the lady, and saw with a feeling of relief that her head was reposing comfortably against the padded division of the carriage, and that her face was hidden by a blue gauze veil, which she wore over a small brown straw hat. She was breathing somewhat heavily, he thought, but that was to be expected in a sufferer from chest complaint.

"I hope her heart is all right," thought George, with a sudden sense of the awfulness of his position were his invalid charge to expire while in his care.

He looked at the stranger's card:

MR. ELSDEN,
Briargate.

The address looked well. Briargate was one of the most respectable business streets in Grandchester. Doubtless it had once been a rustic lane, where briars and roses grew abundantly, and the bees and butterflies, and village lads and lassies, made merry amidst odors of new-mown hay. Nowadays Briargate was a narrow street of lofty warehouses, tall enough to shut out the sun, a street that smelled of machine oil.

The express had cleared Grandchester by this time, tearing along a viaduct above a forest of tall chimneys, and then, with a sweeping curve, away to the windy open country, a land as wild and fresh and free as if there were no such things as factories and smoky chimneys in the world. Mr. Caulfield had, for the first ten minutes or so, felt revived by his inability to see his companion's face. It had been a comfort to him to behold her placidly asleep yonder, requiring no attention, leaving him free to dip in Tennyson's latest idyl, which he carried uncut in his traveling bag. But so variable is the human mind, so fanciful and altogether irrational at times, that now Mr. Caulfield began to feel vaguely curious about the face hidden under the blue gauze veil. He began to wonder about it. Was it so very pale, so deadly white, as it seemed to him under that gauze veil, in the dim light of the oil lamp? No, it was the blue gauze, no doubt, which gave that ghastly pallor to the sharply-cut features, the sunken cheeks.

The young lady's eyes were altogether hidden by the shadow of her hat, but Mr. Caulfield felt sure that she was asleep. She was breathing so quietly that he could scarcely see any indication of the faint breath that must be stirring her breast in gentle undulations. Sometimes he fancied he saw the flutter of the Rob Roy shawl rise and fall in regular pulsations. Sometimes it seemed to him that nothing stirred save the shadows moved by the flickering flame of the wind-blown flame.

He sat and watched that quiet figure in the corner, only taking his eyes away now and then to look out at the dark land through which they were speeding, to see a cosy village, lit by half a dozen farthing rush-lights flit by like a phantom, or a town that made a patch of angry glare on the edge of the horizon. Useless to think of enjoying Tennyson by the sickly gleam of that wretched lamp! He stretched himself up in his warm rug, he closed his eyes, and tried to sleep. In vain. He was thinking of the face under the blue veil. He was broad awake—hopelessly awake. He could do nothing but sit and contemplate the figure reposing so quietly in the opposite corner. How he longed for Milldale Junction! He looked at his watch. The inexorable dial told him that it was only half an hour since he left Grandchester. His own sensations told him that it was a long night of agony.

Naturally a nervous man, to-night his nerves were getting the mastery over him.

"I never took such a miserable journey," he said to himself. "If she would only throw back that veil—if she would only speak to me—if she would only stir, or make some little sign of life! She is like traveling with Death personified. Why were she to lift that veil this instant, I should expect to see a grinning skull underneath."

He had been told not to speak to her, but the inclination to disobey that inling Junction was every moment intensifying. Yet, if she were sleeping as placidly as she seemed to sleep, it would be cruel to disturb her; and he was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

He took out his Tennyson, cut the leaves, puzzling out a few lines here and there by the uncertain lamp-light. This helped him to while away a quarter of an hour. He looked at his watch. God be praised! fifteen minutes more and the train was due at Milldale. What bliss to deliver that poor creature into the keeping of her friends—to have done with that muffled figure and that unseen face forever!

The train was fast approaching the junction; seven minutes more alone remained of the hour, and this night mail was famed for its punctuality.

Just at the last that feeling of morbid curiosity, which had been tormenting the curate for the greater part of the journey became an irresistible impulse. He changed his seat to that directly opposite his silent companion. Here he could see the form of the delicate features under the blue veil. How cruelly illness had sharpened the outline. The girl's unraised hand hung listlessly over the mother-o'-pearl arm, which divided her from the seat next. Such a pallid hand, so nerveless in its attitude! Something he knew not what, prompted Mr. Caulfield to touch those pale fingers. He bent over and laid his hand lightly upon them.

Great God, what was this hand! He had felt the touch of death on many a sad occasion in the path of duty, but this was colder than death itself. A cry of horror burst from his lips. He snatched aside the gauze veil, and saw a face purpled by the awful shadow of death.

"Milldale Junction! Change here for Broughborough, Mudford, Middlebridge, Sloughcombe—" and a string of names that dwindled into silence far away along the platform.

George Caulfield sprang out of the railway carriage like a man distraught. He seized upon the nearest guard.

"For God's sake, tell me what to do!" he cried. "There is a lady in that carriage dead or dying. Indeed, I fear she is actually dead. She was placed in my charge by a stranger at Grandchester. She is to be met by friends here. It will be an awful shock to them—near relatives, perhaps. How am I to find them? How am I to break the sad news to them?"

He was pale to the lips, cold drops of sweat were on his brow. All the pent-up excitement of the last hour burst from him now with uncontrollable force. The guard was as calm as a man of iron.

"Fetch the station-master here, will you?" he said to a passing porter. "Sad thing, sir," he said, to the agitated curate; "but you'd better keep yourself quiet. Such misfortunes will happen. We'll get a medical man here presently. I dare say there's one in the train. Perhaps the lady has only fainted. Hadn't you better step inside and sit with her?"

They were standing at the door of the carriage. George Caulfield glanced with a shudder at that muffled figure in that farthest corner.

"No," he answered, profoundly agitated, "I could do no good. I fear there is no hope. I fear she is dead."

"No relation of yours, sir, the lady?" asked the guard, scrutinizing the curate rather curiously.

"I never saw her till to-night," and then, in flurried accents, Mr. Caulfield related the circumstances of his departure from Grandchester.

"Here comes the station-master," said the guard, without vouchsafing any comment on the curate's story.

The station-master was a business-like man, of commanding presence, and Mr. Caulfield turned to him as for protection.

"What am I to do?" he asked, when the guard had briefly stated the case.

"Nothing, I should think," answered the station-master, shortly; "but you'd better stay to see the upshot of the business. Where are the lady's friends, I wonder? They ought to have turned up by this time. Johnson, just you go along the platform to inquire for anybody waiting to meet a lady from Grandchester, and send some one else along the line to inquire for a doctor."

The guard departed on his errand; the station-master staid. In three minutes the porter came, followed by an elderly man, bearded and spectacled. "Medical gentleman, sir," said the porter.

The doctor got into the carriage and looked at the lady.

"Bring me a better light," he asked, and a lamp was brought.

A crowd was collecting by this time, travelers who scented some excitement, and thought they could not make a better use of their remaining five minutes than in finding out all about it.

"You'd better send for the police," exclaimed the doctor, reappearing at the door of the carriage. "This is a bad case."

"How do you mean?" inquired the station-master.

"I mean that this poor creature has died from the effects of narcotic poison."

"Great Heaven!" cried the curate; "I had a presentiment that there was something wrong."

The doctor and a porter lifted the muffled figure out of the carriage, and conveyed it to the nearest waiting-room. Three minutes more and the train would be moving.

A police-constable appeared as if by magic, and planted himself at the curate's elbow.

"The guard came back.

"Nobody here to meet the lady," he said. "There must be a mistake somewhere."

"What am I to do?" demanded George Caulfield, looking helplessly from the station-master to the doctor.

"Keep yourself as quiet as you can, I should say," answered the station-master.

"But, good heavens! I may be suspected of being concerned in this poor creature's death, unless her friends appear to verify my statement. Ah, by-the-bye, her brother gave me his card. I can tell you her name at any rate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stopping and Starting Electric Cars.

It takes just as much electric power to start a car as to propel animal power, and it requires less current to keep the car moving than to start it, so that a great number of starts and stops means a large consumption of energy. In the American Electrician there appears an article in which the actual figures for these two cases are given. It is shown that the cost of one stop on each trip of a car during a year on a fifteen-car line may amount to $70, or to $467 for a 100-car road; so that if these figures are multiplied by two stops at each crossing on a road operating long cars the large cost is evident. Careful handling of the controller will save over $1,000 a year on a 15-car road and $7,000 per year on a 100-car road. The difference between a careful motorman who has been well instructed and a careless one may amount to from 5 to 8 per cent of the total energy consumed. It is perfectly safe, according to this authority, to say that 10 per cent of the energy can be saved by more careful handling of the controller, while on most roads at least 15 per cent could be saved without doubt. The maxim of every motorman should be "Use the brake as little as possible and drift as much as possible." The employment of skilled motormen capable of understanding the mechanism thoroughly would result in a saving to the trolley companies, though a higher salary were paid the men, and at the same time add much comfort to the passengers.

In the Chinese Quarter.

It is an experience for one who has never been in the Chinese quarter to go into one of those dark hallways, say in Pell street, and take either the stairway at hand, or cross the back area and take the stairway of the rear tenement, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. The air is suffocatingly sweet with the odor of opium. On the stairs you meet Chinamen, smoking cigarettes that give out a curious Oriental smell. At each laundry are four doors, each with what looks like a Chinese laundry slip pasted between the upper panels. And if your step is unfamiliar, many of these doors will open. Then you get a glimpse of an Oriental interior, luxurious with couches, rugs, soft burning lamps, delicate china, all manner of costly wares from the east. And blocking the doorway stands the hostess. She will be Cantonese. She will be comely. She will be clad in a loose gown of some gaily flowered material. She will have high heeled shoes and a slight showing of a gaudy silk stocking. In her fingers will be a lighted cigarette. In her eyes will be that shifting, dreamy expression that tells the opium smoker as plainly as the stained fingers tell the cigarette slave.

Missed the Nightingale's Song.

An amusing story is told of the late Jean Ingelow. Once when she was staying with some friends in the country it transpired that, although she often wrote delightfully of nightingales, she had never heard one sing. So one night the whole household went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and after, by an effort, holding their tongues for five minutes while the nightingales sang divinely, they were startled by Miss Ingelow asking, "Are they singing? I don't hear anything!" With a slandering chorus of draughts, the poetess, before going out into the night air, had filled her ears with cotton wool!—Philadelphia Record.

Remarkable Clock.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by phonograph through its mouth.

A young Greek widow recently opened a small circulating library under the patronage of the queen. She is said to be the first Greek gentlewoman who has attempted to earn her own living.

Lord Penrhyn, by way of a jubilee gift, is granting his North Wales agricultural tenantry an abatement of 15 per cent upon the current half year's rentals. Lord Penrhyn, it will be remembered was the man who stirred up Great Britain by shutting out 3,000 miners rather than recognize the Miners' union.

Lady Henry Somerset has been so long at the head and front of temperance work in England that it is difficult to imagine the British Women's Temperance association without her. Her resignation, which is attributed to the refusal of the association to be governed by her wishes in regard to the removal of the contagious diseases act in India, was most unexpected.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

When a man is beside himself he should not place much dependence on his companion. Wash ink stains in strong brine and then sponge with lemon juice.

A Question Answered.

The State Board of Nebraska recently sent out circulars to the farmers of the state, asking the question: "Does farming pay?" The following letter reproduced from the September number of "The Corn Belt" would seem to answer the question pretty effectively:

Seward Neb., Aug. 25, 1897.

To the Editor of the Corn Belt:

I landed in Seward County Nov. 22, 1868, from Pennsylvania, overland with a team and wagon and about $800 in money. I now have 400 acres of well improved land within sight of the county seat unencumbered, worth $20,000. I also have 30 head of horses, 35 head of thoroughbred Hereford cattle and 100 head of thoroughbred Poland-China hogs, some 8 or 10 of them costing me $110 each. I also have city property to the amount of over $3,000, and some $3,000 or more of personal property, besides several thousand bushels of corn and grain. I have made it a point to feed all I raise. I do not believe I have sold over a thousand bushels of corn since I have lived in the state. While we have had a few short crops, we have never had a total failure. I am well pleased with farming in Nebraska and would advise all my friends to cast their lot with us.

Yours very truly,

Levi Hofer.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 38—'97

Scrofula Cured

"When three months old my boy was troubled with scrofula. There were sore places on his hands and body as large as a man's hand, and sometimes the blood would run. We began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon took effect. When he had taken three bottles he was cured."
W.-H. GARNER, West Earl, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

Princess dresses in organdie or batiste tucked into the waist or made with bodices entirely covered with tiny frills.

Effective gray gowns of English satin, wonderfully draped, with a fichu of gray chiffon caught up with a bunch of pink roses.

Light material in tartans of every kind crossbars and checks. Care must be exercised, however; one stout lady at Newport had on a striped gown which made her resemble the famed porpoise.

Every preacher ought to remember that the only thing that can be used to hit sin square in the head is truth.

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.

There is no lifting power in the religion of a man who won't pay his debts.

The father lights the devil who makes his boy do a man's work with a dull hoe.

A dose of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry brings immediate relief in all cases of cramping pains of the stomach or bowels. It is nature's specific for summer complaint in all its forms.

Evidences of sun worship are found in the mythology of every land.

Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has cured hundreds of cases of deafness that were supposed to be incurable. It never fails to cure earache.

A hint to the wise is sufficient, provided the wise are disposed to take it.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy cathartic. Cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

In Damascus drunken men are called victims of the English disease.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1895.

The United States has 365,000 coal miners.

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

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for Book, "Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 25 & 27 Broadway, N. Y.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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.

FREE TO ANY ADDRESS, MY BOOK, GIVING full information about a never failing, harmless and permanent home cure for the TOBACCO HABITS. DR. J. E. BRADFIELD, 161 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

NO EGGS, BOILING, FLAVORING,

To Make Elegant Cake Frosting. Send 2c cents in stamps to the PLAINS' ICING COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio, if your grocer has not got it, and get a can of his compound, and one of their fine premium lists. AGENTS WANTED.

The Peerless Fence Co. Agents Wanted

The Peerless makes its own tension on both horizontal and cross wires, and is the only absolute dead lock wire stay wearing device on the market.

PATENTED 1896. HOLLY, MICH.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS
—VIA—
"Big Four Route"
SEPTEMBER 20-21
—AT—
At One Fare Plus $2.00 for the Round Trip to Specified Points in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North and South Dakota, North and South Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Wyoming, Wisconsin and Wyoming

For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager,
WARREN J. LYNCH, Asst. Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent,
CINCINNATI, O.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO
NEBRASKA
September 21. October 5, 19
On these dates round trip tickets, good for 20 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at
HALF FARE
Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.
A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

$100 To Any Man.
WILL PAY $100 FOR ANY CASE
Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a Medical TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT Identical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STRICKLER MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment. They never fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have $200,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.
Big G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Roman Catholic Priests Organize a Grand Army Post.

A Grand Army post has just been formed in Indiana whose membership, with one exception, is made up of Roman Catholic priests and brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross. This unique addition to the Grand Army is located at Notre Dame, the seat of Notre Dame university. The formation of the post was suggested by the presence in the university of so many instructors who fought in the war or were chaplains. A brother who fought all through the war in the Irish brigade was recently transferred to Notre Dame from another member of the Grand Army and wanted to remain one. The Very Rev. Father Corby, who was chaplain of the Irish brigade, is now superior of the Order of the Holy Cross. He approved the suggestion of a post at the university, and a list of eligibles was made. Enough were found to make a reporting and six over. Accordingly the post was organized under permission regularly granted by State Commander Dudge. Notre Dame has a fine war record. In all, eight priests left there to serve as chaplains, most of whom are now dead. In addition, there were sixty sisters of the Order of the Holy Cross who went out as nurses, under Mother Mary Angela, a cousin of James G. Blaine. Most of the veterans among the brothers joined the organization after the close of the war. Gen. Olmstead, who now belongs to the order, is also a member. The only layman who has been admitted to this branch of the church militant is Col. William Haynes, who is the dean of the law school. Brother Leander, who was a private in the Fifteenth Regiment of the regular army all through the war, was chiefly instrumental in the post's organization.

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Time-Herald of August 22, says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be a joint Rock Island-Burlington train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the joint car route over these two lines to Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will to run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., Grand Central Depot, Chicago, Ill.

Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, is the best and most convenient mucilage to keep in the house.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic full of life, nerve and vigor take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. 50c, $1. All druggists. Booklet and sample free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Jonathan Hulls in 1736 made a small steamboat. It failed to work, but had all the germs of Fulton's later invention.

Swords equally as fine as the famous blades of Damascus are manufactured in Bhutan, a state in the Himalayas.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The first paper ever made in the world was made by wasps. They used it for building nests.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is found in counting the money one is about to make.

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

Usually when a woman's ear begins to burn she is talking about somebody.

GROSSMAN BAY LINE—America's finest outing 1 week $17. For folder Stevenson's dock, foot Randolph St., or 159 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill. Detroit, or say G. T. Ry. agent.

It is a mighty good boy who likes to have his school teacher meet his parents.

A Japanese match mill has 13,000 employes.

Try Grain-O!
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

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

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,
(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Trade-Mark.

Safe Coasting

is not a certainty on any bicycle, but the nearest to it is coasting on a Columbia. The 5% Nickel Steel Tubing, used only in Columbias, is the strongest material known in bicycle construction.

1897 Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD at $75 to all alike

There should be no question in your mind what wheel to buy.

1897 Hartfords,	$50
Hartfords, Pattern 2,	45
Hartfords, Pattern 1,	40

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

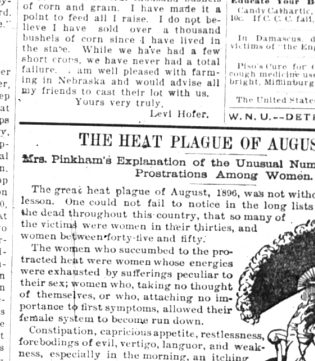
THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896,

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose vital energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:



"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhœa and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. It did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.