Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

Write to the Doctor.

Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Germany Leads in Electric Railroads.

Germany has more electric street railways than any other European country. Next in order come France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Belgium.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

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

Five men were killed in a freight wreck on the Rock Island road near Ft. Worth, Tex. Three others will die.

The consensus of the sciences in a central and superior whole is philosophy.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Tillers of the Soil Appreciate the Little Wonder-Worker.

Near the little town of Wood's Corners, about six miles from Ionia, resides R. L. Pierson. Mr. Pierson, a farmer by occupation, and like all hard-working tillers of the soil he has found the burdens the back must bear no light load to carry. Few people who never lived on a farm appreciate what it means to follow the plow from sunrise to sunset, but if the public in general don't know how hard such work is, the kidneys do. Long hours of work of any kind means long hours for the kidneys, and they can't stand it without rebelling. When the farmer comes home tired out at night, if he only realized that the tired feelings mostly always came from tired kidneys, and that the little wonder-workers, Doan's Kidney Pills, would right the wrong brought on by over-work, life would be easier for him. Read what Mr. Pierson says about his experience:

I noticed when I stooped, lifted or changed my position suddenly, early in the fall of 1897, that I was always rewarded with sharp pains across the small of my back, and in the morning I was so lame and sore that I could scarcely get out of bed. The too frequent action of the kidney secretions, especially arousing me at night, plainly indicated that my kidneys were the cause of the trouble. I had often heard Doan's Kidney Pills spoken about by my neighbors, and as it was the first time I required such a preparation, I procured a box. I noticed their beneficial effects in a day or two and I continued the treatment until my backache was cured and the other weakness was thoroughly relieved. I make no mistake when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache and kidney complaint.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name "Doan's" and take no substitute

The first paper ever made in the world was manufactured by wasps.

War destroys men, but luxury destroys mankind.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast

Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

...Costs Less Than One CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

After some further conversation the man Luke ceased to take any further notice of the young man, beyond an occasional glance, as if he were trying to remember where he had seen his face before. Baynes very shortly afterwards got up and went off home to his hut.

As one of the men had informed Luke, Mr. Hall happened to be short of hands just then, and upon applying to him the next morning he got taken on.

Things went on for some time very much as usual. There were cattle-brandings, breaking in of horses, and Sunday kangaroo-hunts, indulging in a drunken bout at Sullivan's, the "Bush Inn," a few miles off, the latter diversion being much to Mr. Hall's inconvenience and disgust.

Sullivan's "lightning" rum was not only guaranteed to make men drunk, but it had the peculiar effect, after a few days' steady drinking, of sending them raving mad. This was not to be wondered at, as Mr. Hall frequently told his men on the station, for the chief components were spirits of wine, brown sugar and tobacco.

A noticeable alteration had taken place in Tom Baynes' demeanor since the arrival of Robert Luke upon the station. He seemed to have relapsed into his old moody manner, which he had apparently got rid of as he had become used to the place.

He was now never in the men's hut longer than was absolutely necessary for the performance of his duties, and he shut himself up more than ever away from them all.

"How precious fond he is of that missus of his he must be!" said Luke one night. "It's queer no one's ever had a sight of her. Hasn't no one for certain ever seen her?"

"Not as I knows on," returned one of his mates. "What does it matter to you if you see her or not? She's an invalid, that's what she is. And he's a good mate, and provides good grub all round."

"I'll try and get a look at her, and 'chance the ducks,'" retorted Bob Luke. "What right has she to go and shut herself up? It puzzles my brains where I have seen that chap Baynes before."

After this Luke was constantly prying about in the endeavor to get a peep into Baynes' hut. One night he succeeded in creeping close up to it without disturbing the inmates. There was, however, no possible means of peeping in, so Luke lay down in the shadow behind the chimney and listened. He could not catch a single word. If the inmates of the hut were talking they must have been doing so in very low tones. By-and-by, however, the door opened, and in the stream of light that came from within, Luke beheld a woman walk out into the open air. A shawl partly concealed her features as she went down the little garden path to the gate.

Then she stopped for some ten minutes with her back towards the watcher, looking out into the night.

"I shall see her better when she is coming back," thought Luke.

But at that moment the lamp inside the hut was extinguished, and he could see nothing more than the shadowy form of the woman as she turned round and re-entered the dwelling.

Robert Luke felt baffled, and his curiosity became keener than ever. When he reached the hut in which he slept, he found it empty. The men were still haggling over their greasy cards at euchre in the kitchen.

Sitting down by the plank table, upon which stood the slush lamp—a tin pannikin full of sheep's fat with a rag for a wick—Luke pulled out an old pocketbook, and drew from it a worn and dirty paper. Unfolding it, he read the heading, "One Thousand Pounds Reward." The rest of the printed matter, which he read through carefully, contained the description of Edward Bartlett and Anne Dodson.

"Well, it ain't them at any rate," he grumbled, as he replaced the paper in its cover. "Man with fair complexion, gray eyes, shortish—' That won't do. Baynes has dark eyes—is quite middling height. Hair might dye; but eyes—no, it ain't him. Besides, I saw them both in court when Bill was tried. I have it!" he cried, springing to his feet and bringing his fist down with a crash upon the table. "That's where I saw the face like his. It was Anne Dodson's! Supposing he is a brother of Anne Dodson's, and has been here in hiding?"

CHAPTER VII.

"Baynes," said Mr. Hall one morning as he was starting out for the run, "I want you to go down to Sullivan's this afternoon—you know—the public-house where the coach stopped when you came up. The drays are up from town, and I am short of a number of things that I am sending some pack-horses to meet them, so you can load up with whatever you think we most require. The bullocks are so done up that I hear they will not be able to come any farther for the next three days. Very provoking it is, to be sure. I suppose all the men will get drunk there. However, it can't be helped."

"How am I to go, sir?" asked Baynes. "On foot?"

"Oh no!" replied Mr. Hall, laughing. "I hear you are rather afraid of mounting a horse, but I have left my mare Vinegar up in the yard. She is quite quiet, so you need not be alarmed. One of the men will saddle her for you, if you don't know how to set about it."

Tom Baynes set out shortly after the men's dinner was served, amidst roars of laughter and much chaff from the station hands.

"What, never been on a horse before, Tom?" cried one. "Get along with you! Hold tight on to her mane—that way. Now then, off you go! Stick to her, mate! Ho, ho, ho!"—and, spanking the old mare on the flank with his hand, he started her off in the proper direction.

Mr. Hall stopped at the kitchen upon his return in the evening, and called one of the men out to take his horse. "Has Baynes come back yet?" he asked.

"No, sir," the man replied. "I don't see how he could get back tonight. They will have to unload a good part of two drays to get at the things he wants."

"True. Ah, well, there's not much fear of his getting on the drink—that's one reason why I sent him! If you had gone, Charlie," he added to the man, "I don't suppose I should have seen you back for a month."

"Very likely, sir—that is, if once I tasted," replied Charlie. "Most curious way it is with me—if I don't taste I don't want it, once I've had a sup, there's no stopping of me. I must go right away to the end of my cheque."

"Well, take my advice, and never taste again, Charlie," said his master, as he walked off in the direction of the house.

While this conversation took place, Robert Luke was standing close by; and shortly afterwards he walked over to the store, where everything the men required could be purchased, from boots and shirts to patent pills.

"Good evening, Luke," said the storekeeper. "And how's the world using you? Want some tobacco, or what? We shall have a heap of new things up in a day or two, when the drays arrive."

"No, thank you," replied Luke; "I just came over to beg an envelope and a sheet of paper. The mail-bag is made up tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes, in half an hour. Writing to your girl, Luke?" asked the man as he threw over the required articles. "Put it short and sweet."

"No, I am not writing to my girl," replied Luke—"only to a brother."

Leaning on the counter in a quiet corner of the store, Robert Luke set to work, and wrote the following letter—

Care of Charles Hall, Esq., Redmount Station, Barrier Ranges, N. S. Wales, August 25th, 18—.

Dear Bill—Come out at once. Never mind the public. Leave your wife to look after it. I am on the right track. I didn't serve five years in the Metropolitan Police for nothing. When I landed I made my way up country. I didn't stay long in Sydney, as I thought it was the wrong place to look for them. You know I felt certain that they had made for Australia, because in Bartlett's evidence he swore you had talked of going there; and you assured me afterwards that it was him as was always talking of it.

Well, after working my way from station to station, I arrived here. The first night I entered the kitchen I was startled by the resemblance of the cook—a man called Baynes—to the girl Anne Dodson who gave evidence at your trial, and who is now wanted. He bears such a strong likeness to her that I am sure he must be a relation. What is more, he is lately out from home, and there is a mystery about his wife, who is constantly shut up in a hut here. My belief is that Baynes is Anne Dodson's brother and is keeping here there in hiding until he can clear her off elsewhere.

I mean to see her tonight; whether or no. Baynes is away fetching some stores, and won't be home until morning. So now's my chance!

I will let you know by next mail how I get on, but don't wait for letters. Come out here—we'll have that fifty pound sand pounds yet! You can swear to them; as you lived in the same service. I cannot be certain, as I only caught a glimpse of them in the court, but I fancy I should know the man Bartlett anywhere. I will remain here or in the neighborhood until your arrival. Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT LUKE.

Varysburg, N. Y.

The envelope was addressed to "Mr. William Luke, 'Hare and Hounds,' Islington, London," and, having read the letter carefully through, Luke sealed it up, and dropped it into the mail-bag.

He retired to rest that night at the same time as the other men who slept in his hut.

"The last man dowses the glim!" shouted one fellow as he rolled himself up in his blanket.

"That's me," replied Robert Luke, as he took off his boots. Then, having extinguished the light with his finger and thumb, he threw himself down upon his bunk.

Hour after hour passed, and the steady unstertorian breathing of his companions told him that all were slept. Presently he raised himself gently to a sitting posture, and in doing so he made the wooden bunk creak. He listened for some seconds. No—the men were undisturbed. Gradually he reached the floor, holding his breath lest the slightest noise on his part should awaken one of his companions. Then he felt his way in his stockinged feet softly to the door, which was secured by a common wooden latch. He managed to open the door without a sound, and, when outside, he let the latch fall slowly into its place with the string attached to it from without.

He paused and listened, but they all slept on.

The moon was nearly at the quarter, and the shadows from the Ranges lay broad and dark upon the lower ground beneath. Beyond the cry of a night-hawk or owl, or the whir of a bat, or the croaking of frogs in the stagnant pools near the creek there was not a sound to be heard.

Luke walked along in the direction of Baynes' hut, which, lying in the shadow of the hill, would have been difficult for one not knowing the locality to discover; but Robert Luke knew his way well.

In a few minutes he stood outside the door. There was no sign of life to be seen within. He tried the handle, and found that the door was locked. Then he crept round to the window, which was unglazed and had coarse calico nailed across in lieu of glass. After peering about for some minutes, he detected a speck of light shining dimly through an inner curtain. Probably there was a moth-hole in the blanket which had been hung inside to prevent the light from being seen from without. The keyhole and every chink seemed stopped securely.

How easily he might slit the calico across with his knife and effect an entrance! But then, suppose his surmises were to prove wrong, what excuse could he make for thus disturbing the woman in the middle of the night?

Luke's heart beat fast. It seemed to him as if he were on the very brink of making some discovery, and yet was to be balked.

He stood still and thought a while. Then it occurred to him that he might knock, pretend he was ill, and ask for brandy. The men on the station had none, he knew. Yes, there could be no harm in that.

He knocked on the panels of the door, but no answer came. He knocked again, and spoke.

"Mrs. Baynes, would you kindly give me a drop of brandy if you have such a thing. I am sorry to trouble you at this time of night, but I am not very well. I am Luke—Bob Luke."

Still not a word came in reply. He called out again more loudly—

"Mrs. Baynes—d'ye hear, Mrs. Baynes?"

Growing bolder, he determined to try the strength of the door.

Placing his shoulder against it, he turned the handle and leaned upon it with his whole weight.

Suddenly the door gave way, and he was precipitated into the room. Recovering himself, it was yet several seconds before he could distinguish any objects around him—the sudden transition from the darkness without to the glare of a lamp had dazzled his eyes. When he recovered from the first confusing effects of the light, he saw a sight that sent him staggering back against the wall, and for a moment deprived him of the power of speech. He was bewildered, and could not find breath to say the words which were upon his lips.

A sound of horse's hoofs approaching the hut must have suddenly aroused him from his stupefaction, and he knew no more. A fearful crash upon his skull deprived him of his senses, and he fell heavily to the floor.

(To be Continued.)

PEN PICTURE OF ELIZABETH.

Mr. Christmanos, the young Greek who served for several wears as tutor and traveling companion to the unfortunate Elizabeth of Austria, has been interviewed by the Athens "Asty." He says: "She had eyes that saw all the beauties of nature. She held Wordsworthian ideas concerning the influence of the hills, the streams, the trees and the flowers upon the life and thoughts of men. The ceaseless heaving of the ocean fascinated her. Her subjects either did not know her at all or did not understand her. She assumed none of the splendor which the multitude expects from crowned heads. On this account the Viennese, accustomed to the traditions of a magnificent court, did not understand her. To me, the empress stood on a mountain height, exalted, clad in black, lovely, like a cypress tree.

"The empress was possessed of many graces. She worshiped the beautiful wherever she found it, and she introduced it into her life. Her enthusiasm for poetry and music contributed not a little to the creation of a popular impression that she was eccentric.

"She loved Heine, and sometimes we made trips to Hamburg, to visit the aged sister of the poet. Germany is not willing to erect a monument to Heine, but the empress has set up his statute in the most conspicuous location in the park of her palace at Corfu. The empress had a sort of presentiment of her tragic end. She said to me one day:

"'When the desire of life fails man exists in a sort of living death. How and where I shall die is for me a secondary question. I expect death any minute, and you, as a philosopher, ought to do the same.'

"One day, in Madeira, when I was walking too near the edge of a precipice, she called out to me: 'Do not court a poetical death!' Unfortunately, no recent photograph or likeness of any kind of the empress exists, because, after she passed the age of 30 years, she did not permit any picture of herself to be made. She became, indeed, very sensitive over the idea that she was growing old, and whenever she appeared in public, which was not often, she kept her fan in front of her face."

Slates Barred Out of School.

The use of slates has been forbidden in the schools of Zurich, Switzerland, and paper and pencil have been substituted, even in the lowest forms. The reason given are that the light gray marks of the pencil on the slate cannot be followed without straining the eyes; that the pressure which it is necessary to exert upon the pencil lessens the facility of the hand and renders an easy, flowing handwriting more difficult to attain, and that the use of the slate is not conducive to cleanly work.

Paris to Have a Great Theater.

The Paris exhibition of 1900 will contain the largest theater in the world. According to the report of M. Raulin, the architect who has been intrusted with its construction, it will accommodate from 12,000 to 15,000 persons.

All states collect taxes from the liquor traffic, except California, where it all goes to the counties and municipalities.

CASUALTIES.

Savannah, Ga.—Private Sherman Cunningham of company M, Ninth Illinois, was accidentally shot and almost instantly killed by Private Reuben M. Benham of company L of the same regiment.

St. Louis, Mo.—William F. Mink, a machinist, was fatally injured by a brick which fell from a building he was passing.

Green Garden, Ill.—John Rosenbrocke, a young farmer, was caught in a cornstalk cutter and killed.

Waterloo, Iowa—C. O. Ellis is dead as the result of an accidental gunshot wound received while hunting.

Little River, Kas.—Fire destroyed every building on the west side of Main street, including eighteen houses and a hotel.

Oil City, Pa.—By the explosion of a new boiler at the Oil City boiler works two men were killed and two fatally injured.

Joplin, Mo.—Osa Woodward and John Martin, working at the Chicago Consolidated mine, were instantly killed by falling bowlders.

Washington, Iowa—Upon returning from a football game Paul, the 14-year-old son of Captain Blair, was run over by a street car and his body mangled. Death was instantaneous.

Minneapolis—Fire destroyed the plant of the Hennepin Co-operative Barrel company, causing a loss of about $35,000. The co-operative carried insurance on buildings, stock and machinery to the amount of $20,400.

Collingwood, Ont.—The passenger steamer Pacific, owned by the Great Northern Transit company, was burned at the Grand Trunk wharves here. The Pacific was valued at $65,000 and insured for $25,000.

Ottawa, Ill.—An early train on the Rock Island ran down and instantly killed Timothy Collens of Mendota. He has relatives in Chicago.

Middlesboro, Ky.—There was a disastrous fire on Shrewsbury avenue. Thirteen houses were burned and sixteen families are out.

Jamestown, Cal.—By an accidental dynamite explosion in a compartment shaft at the Trio mine David Stewart and Frank Catkings were killed and Edward Brophy and F. R. Beecher slightly injured.

Niles, Mich.—Charles Gleason, a Sodus township farmer, was fatally injured in a runaway.

Ottawa, Ill.—Timothy Callens, a farmer of Mendota, was killed by a Rock Island train here.

Jamestown, Cal.—By an accidental dynamite explosion in a compartment shaft at the Trio mine David Stewart and Frank Catkings were killed.

(To be Continued.)

FOREIGN.

Manila, Philippine Islands—It is reported here the priests are instigating a faction to support Artachio, a bitter opponent of Aguinaldo.

Paris—Gen. Renouard, chief of the general staff, has been removed and will be replaced by Gen. Brault.

Rome—It is understood that the cabinet has decided to reduce the duty on wheat 5 francs, owing to the high price of bread.

London—Rev. Dr. Thomas Nettleship Staley, bishop of Honolulu from 1861 to 1870, is dead. He visited the United States in 1855.

Henley, England—The coroner's jury in the case of Harold Frederic, the writer, reported that further evidence is necessary before they can reach a verdict.

London.—Dr. Nancy Guilford, wanted for murder, will sail for New York Nov. 12 in custody of Detective Croman of the Bridgeport, Conn., police.

St. Petersburg.—Polonski, the celebrated Russian poet, is dead.

London.—General Sir Edward Lugard, former under-secretary of state for war, is dead. He served in the Afghan and Sikh wars, the Punjab campaign in 1848 and the Persian war of 1856. He was in his 89th year.

Jerusalem—The emperor and empress of Germany have abandoned their trip to Jericho, owing to the European complications.

Gibraltar.—The British channel squadron has cast anchor off this port.

Mentone, France—This district was visited by a terrible hailstorm. The hailstones were of immense size. The olive and lemon crops have been completely destroyed.

CRIME.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—The officers' quarters at Fort Russell, near here, were destroyed by an incendiary fire. Lieut. R. C. Landon, Eighth infantry, lost all of his personal effects.

Muncie, Ind.—John Bailey, a farmer, was shot and killed at his home near here by Mrs. Black, who accused him of having assaulted her.

Elyria, Ohio.—An incendiary fire destroyed several livery barns and the Troy steam laundry and damaged the Reublin flouring mill.

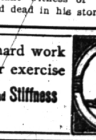
Cleveland, O.—A man apparently 60 or 65 years of age, who registered at the Jefferson hotel as John Jones, Boston, Mass., was found dead in his room, having swallowed poison.

Spokane, Wash.—The mayor has issued a proclamation enrolling all persons over 21 years of age special constables to assist in arresting the robbers who have been active lately.

Toledo, O.—William Beck, a Lake Shore employe, was arrested for systematic stealing from express cars. He confessed.

Livingston, Ky.—John and Clayton Matthews were killed by John Meadows, a school teacher. Thomas Pagan, the most important witness of the crime, was found dead in his store.

From hard work or outdoor exercise Soreness and Stiffness sets in,



St. Jacobs Oil will CURE it after a few applications, and make the muscles limber and strong.

"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK."
BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE
SAPOLIO

A PERFECT BAKING POWDER.

The constantly increasing demand for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard cream of tartar powder for forty years, is due to two causes.

FIRST:—The extreme care exercised by the manufacturers to make it pure, uniform in quality and of highest leavening power. Skilled chemists test every ingredient as to purity and strength.

SECOND:—Recent State investigations show that the majority of other baking powders contain alum, and consumers are giving such powders a wide berth.

Nothing is left to chance in the manufacture of

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

It is pronounced by all authorities as free from alum or other adulterant. It never disappoints. Each can is like the other. The BEST is ALWAYS the CHEAPEST.

Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair, (Chicago, 1893)
Special Gold Medal California Midwinter Fair (1894).

Playing Queen.

The National Magazine tells this story of Queen Wilhelmina: "Two of the court children were missing one day, and grave fears were entertained as to the probability of their having been kidnaped. A prolonged and careful search resulted in finding no traces of them, and two attendants were arrested as suspicious characters. On further inquiry it was learned that these two children were last seen playing with the little queen the previous day. On questioning her as to their whereabouts, she said they were locked up in an old cellar that could be reached from the court yard. It seemed they refused to do her bidding, and so, exercising her prerogative as chief executive of the kingdom, she had imprisoned them for rebellion."

Try Grain-o! 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. One-fourth of the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

When we are out of sympathy with the young our work in this world is about over.

Perhaps there is more kindness in every heart than we look for.

Lane's Family Medicine.

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

A rich, mellow, winning voice makes any conversation a success.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Doan's Ointment. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A face that cannot smile is like a lantern without a light.

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands of lives, sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds too, down to the very verge of consumption.

If you joke, laugh most heartily at the joke that hits you.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

We seldom remember predictions that do not come true.

5 DROPS

TOO GOOD TO BE FREE! But send 25c and we will mail you a trial treatment of "5 Drops."

CURED BY "5 DROPS" TWO YEARS AGO
FROM RHEUMATISM AND HEART WEAKNESS
After Suffering 49 Years—69 Years Old and Still Well.

[TRADE MARK.] IT PROVES TO BE A PERMANENT CURE.—READ LETTERS.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago: DEAR SIR—Your bottle of "5 DROPS" to hand. It was for an old friend, Mr. Wm. Edwards, of Martintown, Wis. his heart, and he could not sleep on account of a smothered feeling. He had been under the care of the most noted physicians, but obtained no relief until he used "5 DROPS." He rested well the very first night, and has ever since, and is gaining daily. I myself am 69 years old, and commenced taking "5 DROPS" for Rheumatism, which has troubled me terribly for 49 years; also for a weak heart, from which I have suffered. Yes, it was 18. Since taking "5 DROPS" the Rheumatism has all disappeared, the stiffness has gone from my joints and my heart never misses a beat. In all my long life so much as I owe my health to "5 DROPS." I only wish I could sound my bugle of praise loud enough for three large bottles of "5 DROPS" for $5.00, which will surely cure you. If not, then send for a $1.00 bottle, which contains enough medicine to more than prove its wonderful curative properties. Prepaid by mail or express. This wonderful curative gives almost instant relief and is a PERMANENT CURE for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Disease, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Heart Weakness, Dizziness, Earache, Croup, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, and kindred diseases.

"5 DROPS" is the name and done. LARGE BOTTLE (300 doses), $1.00, prepaid by us and our agents. Agents Appointed in New Territory. Write today.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago Ill.

Comfort for Women.

Some time ago Pullman's Palace Car company built three parlor cars for the B. & O.'s New York trains, and the radical departure from other cars of this character by in the toilet room for ladies, which was right here in length. Recently the same company has built eight new sleepers for the New York-St. Louis line of the B. & O., and the designer of the cars has evidently been impelled by the popularity of the ladies' retiring room in the parlor cars to give to the ladies a vast deal more space than they ever had before in sleeping cars. These new cars are said by the Pullman people to be the finest they ever turned out, and the ladies' retiring room is exceedingly commodious, and contains, besides other toilet necessities, a dresser with a long pier glass. The cars are finished in vermilion wood, decorated with inlaid marquetry work, and the upholstery on the backs and seats is entirely new and different from any heretofore used, being a sort of a moquette with a dark green border and a center pattern of bright color. A similar design of ornamentation has been applied to the ceiling, giving the car an artistic effect. They are also supplied with all the modern appliances, such as wide vestibules, anti-telescoping device, air pressure water system and are lighted with Pintsch gas. A very pleasing effect is obtained by the oval windows of opalescent glass, the first that has been used in the construction of the sleeping cars.

Odor of Sweet Peas Drives Away Flies.

Several scientific papers have recently announced the discovery that the odor of sweet peas is obnoxious to flies, and that when placed in a sick room it will keep it free from these tiresome pests.

Knock down a liar and you hit the devil square in the face.

Whiskers Dyed
A Natural Black by
Buckingham's Dye.

Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED
TO SELL
"Our Native Herbs"
The Great Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator
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