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Every cough makes your throat more sore 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

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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.

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A system which has become run down by the trying weather of the past summer is not in a condition to meet the severe winter of this climate and will easily fall a prey to disease unless a proper tonic is used.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best medicine in the world for building up and strengthening an enervated system.

Do not confuse these pills with ordinary purgative pills. They do NOT act on the bowels, thereby further weakening the body. They build up the blood and strengthen the nerves.

Major A. C. Bishop, of 78 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich., is a well-known civil engineer. He says: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not regain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks. I noticed some articles which convinced me that they were worth trying and I bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."—*Detroit Free Press.*

At all druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

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CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, & BOSTON
THE BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
Cincinnati and Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo and Detroit
ELEGANT DINING CARS
M. E. INGALLS, President. E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager. WARREN J. LYNCH, Asst Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.

When Strong Men Weep.

Bobs rudely shook her fairy formers formed pools in her eyes—only by sheer will power did the young girl keep from crying. "Let me share your trouble, Harold dear!" she pleaded. The party addressed—yes, party, for in his torn raiment and wild eyes there was no semblance to gentility—staggered to his feet clutching wildly at his breast. "No, no!" he cried. "I insist!" she bawled. "Last night—only last night, and yet it seems years ago—we promised to be all in all to each other and forever pool our heartbeats! If I am to share joys I wish also to share troubles." "Never!" he moaned. "I wouldn't want my bitterest enemy—nay, even a dog—to have a collar button drop down inside his shirt." And once again he stood on his head and wriggled.—New York World.

Go South This Winter.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connection will be made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau and West Indian ports. Tourist and Home-Seekers excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

A Tramp Buoy.

A stray whistling buoy is cruising along the Atlantic coast, which has drifted a distance nearly equal to the width of the Atlantic ocean, during the past two years. A record of its wayward course, based upon the reports of various vessels which have sighted it from time to time, has been kept by the government. This curious little derelict is watched with interest by the hydrographic officials, who have gained in this way much information regarding tides, winds and currents of this section of the Atlantic. The buoy began its voyage from Martha's Vineyard in June, 1896. It was loosened from its moorings during a storm and drifted across the course of the ocean liners without being seen. It was not sighted until February, 1897.

Information.

Attention is called to the excellent service of the North-Western Line to California and the favorable rates which have been made for single and round trips tickets for this season's travel. Best accommodations in first-class or tourist sleeping cars, which run through every day in the year. Personally conducted tourist car parties every week. For California and Oregon Choice of a large number of different routes without extra charge. Particulars cheerfully given upon application to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y, or connecting lines.

A Trying Duty.

"It was the grave digging," says a soldier quoted by the Worcester Gazette, "that broke down many of the boys. Nothing could be more disheartening than to take the body of a dead comrade out and fight off the buzzards while digging the grave. It is bad enough to hear the earth rattle down on the top of a coffin containing the form of a comrade, but is shocking to put an unconfined form into the ground and pile the dirt on top of it. The men detailed for burials were easily disheartened, and the soldier who lost heart was a candidate for an early burial."

Some men go abroad to complete their education and others marry for the same purpose.

A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What horse was that I heard galloping about in the night?" inquired Mr. Hall on the following morning. "Did any break out of the paddock?"

"No, sir; it was Baynes," replied one of the hands. "He rode up in the night."

"Baynes? What did he come back for?"

"He said they were all drunk and fighting down at Sullivan's, and he could find no place to sleep in, so he rode home."

"He must go back at once then; I can't have those pack-horses hanging about down there for days together."

"He has gone, sir. He started off at daylight."

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Hall.

When the men who slept in Bob Luke's hut got up that morning, they noticed that he had already gone out.

"I wonder what made Luke turn out so early?" one of them remarked; but no further notice was taken of his absence until breakfast time.

"What's become of Luke?" asked a stockman, as there was no sign of him when that meal was nearly finished. You had better put that stew on the fire to keep hot for him. Maybe he is out after some of the horses."

Dinner-time came, but no Luke; and shortly afterwards Mr. Hall happened to want him.

"No one has seen him this morning, sir," was the answer he received. "We can't think what's become of him."

"No one has seen him?" repeated Mr. Hall. "What do you mean? He slept on the station last night, I suppose?"

"He slept in my hut," replied the man, "and turned in as usual last night. I noticed that in particular, because he was the last in bed, and had to put out the light. When we awoke this morning, he was already up and out, but we didn't take much notice of that."

"Had his bed been slept in?"

"I suppose so, sir. I never looked. He went to bed, I am sure, as I lay awake for a good ten minutes after I turned in, and I never heard him go out."

"Come with me to the hut and show me his bunk," continued Mr. Hall.

The bunk that Luke was in the habit of sleeping in had evidently been used, but the blankets had not been turned down.

"There is his hat," cried a man, "and there are his boots on the ground! That's odd anyhow!"

"Perhaps he put on another pair," suggested the squatter.

"No, sir. Bob Luke had only this one pair, and as you see, are pretty well worn through. He was saying only the other day that he wished the drays would hurry up, as he wanted a new pair."

"It certainly is very singular," mused Mr. Hall. "He hadn't been drinking, had he?"

"No, sir. He's never had a drop of anything since he's been on the station that I know of."

"Did he ever seem queer in his head or strange in any way?"

"Never a bit, sir. Rather the other way on. There's nothing wrong with Bob. He's no more chanky than I am."

"Well, some of the men had better go out at once and have a look for him. If we do not find him by sundown, I will send over to Mount Gipps and inform the police-sergeant. There are black trackers there who will soon trace him."

Men were accordingly sent out in every direction, and the country was scoured for several miles around; but no sign of Bob Luke could be discovered.

Mr. Hall began to feel uneasy, wondering what could have become of the man, and, when evening approached, Jack Hall started off to inform the police at Mount Gipps, some forty miles away.

Towards nightfall the pack-horses arrived with Tom Baynes from Sullivan's public-house. Mr. Hall met them as they pulled up at the store.

"This is a very strange affair about Bob Luke, isn't it, Tom?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir," replied Baynes, busying himself in taking off some of the packs. "I heard of it down at Sullivan's—from one of the chaps. I wonder where he can have got to?"

"You came back to the station in the night. I suppose you saw nothing of him?"

"No, sir; but I didn't look about me much, as it was all I could do to see the track."

"You galloped fast enough up past the huts. I heard you from the house, and thought it was a horse broken loose from the paddock."

"Yes, sir; the old mare started off with me when she got near home, and I couldn't hold her in."

"And you saw nothing of Luke?" his master again asked.

"No, sir—nothing!"

"What made you come back from Sullivan's?"

Mr. Hall had already been told the reason, and Baynes' reply was simply a confirmation of what he had heard.

The men at the public-house were all more or less drunk and fighting, and he could find no place to sleep in. The old mare was handy, as he had left her in the stock-yard with a good feed, and he thought he would be able to find his way back to the station, and return early to the drays the next morning.

Mr. Hall became more and more perplexed about Luke's disappearance.

"If he had been drinking heavily," he said to his wife, "no one would feel in the least surprised. But the man was sober enough, and showed no signs of eccentricity, so far as I can find out. It beats anything I ever experienced. Perhaps he will turn up in the morning, and we shall find a very simple solution to the puzzle after all."

The morning came and went, and day after day passed by, but no Robert Luke appeared.

The mounted police, with the black trackers, scoured the country for over thirty miles around, and left hardly a rock or a patch of scrub unsearched.

Every building on the station had been examined, and there only remained Tom Baynes' hut to visit. Baynes was the first to suggest that it should be searched.

"There's been a lot of talk, I know, sir," he said, "about my wife's shutting herself up so. Poor thing, she can't help that—I wish she could get about—so I should like the sergeant to satisfy himself that Luke isn't in hiding there!"

"Nobody would be foolish enough to suppose he was, Baynes," replied Mr. Hall, smiling at the young man's anxiety; "but we had better, as you say, look everywhere while we are about it."

Mr. Hall had really a secret desire to behold this hidden treasure in the way of a wife, who was so persistently sheltered from the vulgar gaze. Accordingly he made one of the party to examine the hut.

When the troopers knocked at the door, it was standing a little way open.

"Come in and look, if you choose."

Half-sitting, half-reclining upon the bed which occupied one corner of the one room the hut possessed, dressed in the ordinary printed calico gown of a working-woman, a shawl over her feet, and some needlework on which she was engaged upon her lap, was Mrs. Baynes. Her black hair was neatly smoothed in front and braided at the back, and her pale face and nervous manner denoted the invalid. She wore colored spectacles.

"Very sorry to intrude, Mrs. Baynes, I am sure," said Mr. Hall, "but we are compelled to search everywhere for this lost man. Your husband has no doubt told you about it?"

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Baynes. "It seems very strange that he should have gone on like that!"

"What a nice woman," thought Mr. Hall, "and a good-looking one, too! It's a thousand pities that she should be broken down. No wonder Baynes is careful of her." Then he said aloud, "If we were only certain that he had gone off somewhere, it would be satisfactory, but we can find no traces of him anywhere. Besides, a man does not run off in the middle of the night without his boots, leaving two or three months' wages behind him, unless he has a very important reason for doing so."

There was very little for the sergeant to inspect in the hut—a deal table, two rough benches, the fireplace which entirely occupies one end of it. Such a one had this, and upon the hearth there blazed a log-fire, beneath a kettle which hung from an iron bar.

Altogether the visit to the hut did not occupy above five minutes.

Mr. Hall was perfectly satisfied, and Mrs. Baynes, rising from the bed, begged Mr. Hall to stay and accept of some tea.

"The kettle is already on the boil, sir," she said.

"Pray do not disturb yourself, Mrs. Baynes," the squatter answered, as she stood up. "We are too sorry for having had to come at all!"

When the search-party had withdrawn, the sergeant remarked to Mr. Hall—

"That's the woman, I suppose, I've heard so much talk about—the one people said was mad and shut up here!"

"I dare say," replied Mr. Hall. "People say all sorts of things. She's the cook's wife, and is a hopeless invalid, but she is very good at her needle, and my wife is uncommonly glad to have her here. Poor thing, she looks very white and ill!"

The disappearance of Bob Luke remained a complete enigma.

The colonial papers, under the heading of "The Mysterious Disappearance on the Barrier Ranges," suggested all sorts of solutions to the riddle, and many theories found in it a large scope for their imaginations.

All the remarkable disappearances that had ever been recorded were brought to light again, and, as a last loophole out of the difficulty, it was suggested that the man had for some urgent reason determined to lose his identity, and so had gone off, leaving his boots behind him in order to throw people off the scent.

Like most other mysteries, this soon became a thing of the past. The subject at last grew monotonous, and in a very few months people had ceased to think any more about it. What, after all, was a bushman more or less of whom no one knew anything and for whom nobody cared?

CHAPTER IX.

Sullivan's public-house, the thorn in every squatter's side for thirty miles around, was a small wooden shanty consisting of four or five rooms. At the back was a building containing ten or twelve sleeping bunks. This was called the dead-house, as it was used chiefly for putting customers into when they were dead drunk. Outside the house, facing the mail-track, was a verandah, if a continuation of the shingled roof supported by rough posts stuck into the bare earth could be dignified by the name.

Beneath the shade of this rough verandah, one hot afternoon, lay two or three drunken wretches overcome by the fumes of the lightning rum. Inside the bar were five or six bushmen busily engaged in throwing dice for drinks. "Odd man out" was the game, and at the rate of one shilling per nobbler the amusement could hardly be considered a cheap one, especially when the after-effects of the "lightning" upon the consumer were taken into consideration.

Very few station hands on their way down to town ever succeeded in getting past Sullivan's; some had attempted it a score of times and failed. Even before the unhappy pigeon had arrived the news was brought that "Long Jim" was "going down to Sydney with a big cheque."

"Let me see—Jim must have been over two years now on the station since he had his last burst," the bloated-looking ruffian of a landlord would remark. "I dare say he's got over a hundred pounds!" And when Long Jim hove in sight he was sure to be hailed by half a score of loafers and pressed to stop the night.

No—he had determined to push on to the next stage. His horse was fresh, and he was anxious to get on. Well, he would stop and have a plate of soup and a bite? No—he had got some "tucker" with him.

"At any rate you'll have a drink?" some one would cry.

No, he was "on the teetotal tack."

"Well, you ain't a-goin' off like that without nothing, Jim!" one of the loafers would suggest.

"Shout!" the pigeon would cry, thus probed in his weakest part. "Of course I'll shout! There's nothing mean about me, anyhow. What are you all going to have? Drinks all round, and one for yourself, Sullivan."

"You must have a small drain, too, Jim, just to show that there's no ill will, you know," the landlord would suggest.

"Oh, not for me, Sullivan! I know your game of old. Well, just to show there ain't no animosity, give me a small drop of what you've got. Here's better luck!"

(To be Continued.)

RUSSIA AND PAX VOBISCUM.

In His Policy of Spoliation There Has Been No Sign of Peace.

The bishops and the salvationists and all the sentimentalists are still busy with their hosannas, of course, but there is not a man in England who has to deal practically with affairs who believes that the advent is honest. Why, he asks, was the moment chosen by Russia to declare in favor of peace? Has not her policy for years past, in the far east especially, made directly for war? She has been aggressive, unscrupulous, untruthful in her dealings with China, with Japan and with Bangkok; she scared Japan out of the Liaotung peninsula, and claimed it for herself; she bluffed England out of Manchuria, and she now claims it for her sphere of influence, in all this policy of spoliation there was no sign of peace, nothing that suggested the temper of conciliation. If we had had a statesman with grit at our foreign office the czar's government would have received an ultimatum months ago, and even Lord Salisbury could not have withstood the indignation of the country many weeks longer. An early date there must have been war between this country and Russia, with the alternative that Russia should give up her pretensions in northern China and her sinister policy at Pekin. The issue was clear, but Count Mouravieff evades it by coming forward smilingly with this evangel from his august master. "Let us forget all the past," he seems to say, "all the lies I have told you, all the tricks I have played upon you. Think no more of the fortifications at Batoum or Port Arthur, trouble no more about the huge navy Russia is building. We have worried each other a great deal lately. Let us have peace—now that I have got the spoil." It is all very pretty and very pleasing, but this form of repentance at the eleventh hour is not likely to deceive any man of sense in England. From the patriotic English point of view this rescript is a fraud.—Saturday Review.

CHOATE'S CAREER AS LAWYER

There is one notable feature of Rufus Choate's career as a lawyer that his distinguished nephew omitted to dwell upon in his oration, doubtless for reasons of propriety. This was his insidious power over a jury, which was something that the jurors themselves never quite understood. This power was well illustrated by the remark of a hard-headed old farmer who was one of a jury that gave five verdicts in succession for Choate's clients once upon a time. "I understand, sir, that you are a relative of Lawyer Choate," said this juror subsequently to one of Choate's nephews, "and I want to tell you that I was not swayed or influenced in the least by his flights of fancy, but I consider him a very lucky lawyer, for there was not one of those cases that came before us where he wasn't on the right side."

Revenue.

Clearly it was advisable to go to war. "But how about revenue?" ventured the courtly Sir Godfrey. "Revenue?" repeated the queen, lightly. "I have but to stamp my foot and abundant revenue will be forthcoming!" It will be observed that in those days there was no stamping of bank checks, vaccination certificates or chewing gum, to say nothing of cigarettes and keg pilsener.

Hard on Jones.

They met in a cafe. "Ever take anything?" queried Smith. "Oh, yes, occasionally," replied Jones with the happy air usually worn by a man who accepts an invitation. "Well," pursued Smith, as he tossed off a cocktail while Jones looked on, "you ought to quit it. It's a bad habit, and will be the death of you. So long."—New York World.

A bee's wings are said to beat the air at the rate of 190 strokes per second, and to propel the bee at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful, irregular, monthly periods. It entirely cured me.—Mrs. Geo. Wass, 933 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I have suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of action it was impossible for me to stand up for five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my I sat right down and read it. I then got E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and can heartily say that to-day I feel like my monthly suffering is a thing of the always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me.—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, Lewiston, Me.

menstrua more than little book house, and some of Lydia Liver Pills. I a new woman; past. I shall for what it has 363 Lisbon St.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. Carrie V. Williams, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills

Trace Terms.

"Hasn't she a queenly carriage?" "She has, and, one might say, is. A sort of one-horse victoria, in fact."—Ex.

Special Notice.

To The Members of the Farmers' Alliance & Industrial Union: I have made a careful investigation from the best sources of reliable information about the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co's Remedies, and found that they were giving good satisfaction. I therefore deem it but an act of simple justice to our members to say, that I believe that the claims made by the Company for their remedies will be fully realized by those who will give them a fair and reasonable trial. Yours fraternally, Jno. C. Hanley, Business Agt. F. A. & I. U.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 28th, 1898.

The wonderful success that has attended the introduction of "5 DROPS" is unprecedented in the history of the world. Think of it! It has cured more than one million and a quarter sufferers within the last three years. This must appeal to you! One million and a quarter people cannot all be mistaken. If suffering from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Earache, Croup, LaGrippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, and kindred diseases, send 25c. to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., and they will send you by return mail a trial treatment or a large bottle, 300 doses, prepaid by mail or express for $1.00. No household should be without this great remedy "5 Drops." Agents appointed in new territory.

It is easier to take medicine than it is to make up your mind to take it.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The man who wounds with a word is usually too cowardly to strike a blow.

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

A cynical bachelor says that woman is an agreeable blunder of nature.

Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea does what other medicines do not do. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. 25c package

The fragrance of fresh flowers is the nearest thing in nature to a caress.

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

The name is too often but a shadow larger than the man behind it.

If You want to learn Telegraphy send to the CHATHAM SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Chatham, N. Y., for free catalogue.

The hardest thing in the world is to endeavor to be brilliant to order.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

The only right way to start out to be religious is to do it publicly.

"There are no cross babies or sick babies in families that use Brown's Teething Cordial."

At 40 a man doesn't think he knows as much as he thought he knew at 30, but he knows he knows more.

Somehow and somewhere, among the muscles and joints,
The Pains and aches of **RHEUMATISM** creep in.
Right on its track **ST. JACOBS OIL** creeps in.
IT PENETRATES, SEARCHES, DRIVES OUT.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."
SAPOLIO
IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

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100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved farming lands for sale on easy terms, and sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see our lands. Address THURMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sanilac Center, Mich., or
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Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask you 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
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Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

Loneliness is the greatest foe a woman has to fight.