Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.

You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.

Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address,

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

Nearly all of the new freight equipment ordered by Receivers Cowen and Murray of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad during the past few months will be delivered by January 15th. The orders consisted of 3,000 standard box cars, from the Michigan Peninsular Car Company; 1,000 box and 1,000 gondolas from the Pullman Company; 2,000 box cars from the Missouri Car and Foundry Company; 1,000 steel coal cars of 100,000 pounds capacity from the Schoen Company, and five 50-foot modern mail cars from the Pullman Company. Each of these cars is equipped with the Westinghouse air brake and H. O. P. automatic couplers.

A cloth jacket is warmer than a fur lined coat, because there is little temptation to leave it open

Meats smoked in a few hours with KRAUSERS' LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. Made from hickory wood. Cheaper, cleaner, sweeter, and surer than the old way. Send for circular. E. KRAUSER & BRO., Milton, Pa.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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PISO'S CURE FOR Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

One of the men fell—it was Sullivan.

Rolling over on the hillside, he lay still, shot through the forehead. No more "lightning rum" would he dispense at the charge of one shilling per "nobbler;" no more unwary bushmen would he waylay and rob of their hard-earned cheques! Sullivan's long career of vice was closed forever and now he would have to settle a longer score than ever he had chalked up against his customers in all his life—a score such as rogues of his type never expect to be called upon to pay.

"Come on, lads!" cried the trooper. "Fire; but spare the woman if you can."

At that moment the door was thrown open and a woman appeared, firing five or six shots from a revolver upon the besieging party.

Rushing into close quarters, and firing at random, the hut was speedily gained possession of, and then the fight was over.

Stretched upon the floor in a corner, shot through the heart, lay Tom Baynes; while leaning against the wall beside him stood the woman, mortally wounded, but still at bay.

With a yell of triumph William Luke threw himself upon the dead man; but suddenly he drew back with an exclamation of intense amazement. Then he tore open the woolen shirt upon the body.

"God heavens," he cried, "it's a woman; and, as I live, it is Anne Dodson!"

The rest of the men crowded into the hut, and a hush of horror fell upon them, while the hunted creature leaning against the wall watched them and clutched at the rough bark slabs in the agony of death, presently gasping—

"Yes, yes—it is Anne Dodson; true to me—true to the last! You've won the game, Bill Luke; you will get the reward; but I, Edward Bartlett, will never hang for the murder of your brother, or—or—the old man at Froyles! The coins—the gold coins—they are buried—buried beneath——Ah!"

As the voice ceased the woman's black wig slipped and fell off; there was a dull gurgling sound as of one struggling for breath, and, with a wild glance around him, Edward Bartlett fell forward, across the body of the girl who had loved him, dead!

EPILOGUE.

It may be stated here that the incidents in this story are chiefly founded upon facts. The following are the facts:

In the year 18— a large sheep-owner in the colony of Victoria engaged a married couple for his station, which was situated some hundreds of miles from the coast, far up in the interior.

The man, who gave his name as Edward Dent, proved a sober and industrious fellow, and a smart man at his work. He was a capital plough-man, amongst other qualifications, and took several prizes for ploughing at neighboring contests. He was a most agreeable "mate," and was universally liked by all the other men on the place, being of a lively disposition and a first-rate concertina-player. The latter accomplishment is much prized up in the bush, where there is such a scarcity of amusement.

His extraordinary affection for his wife was particularly noticeable. He would not allow her to do anything in the way of manual labor, and after his day's work was done he was always to be seen chopping up the wood for the house and carrying up the next day's supply of water from the creek—in fact, doing all those little things which most men out there generally leave their wives to do.

Edward Dent and his wife remained upon this station for nearly eight years, but one day, much to his master's annoyance, he gave notice to leave. He wanted to better himself, he said, and had an idea of trying the gold mines for a change.

For about eighteen months the gentleman in whose employment he had been heard nothing of him. One day, however, as he was strolling down Collins street in Melbourne, he met Edward Dent, and accosted him.

He noticed that he was dressed in the deepest mourning.

"I am sorry," he remarked, "to see you with these outward signs of grief upon you, Edward. You have had some loss?"

"Ay, sir," replied Edward—"these black clothes very partially reflect the grief within me. I have lately lost my wife."

"Poor fellow!" said his late master, who knew how great his affection had been for her. "And what have you been doing of late?"

"I have been working in the Ballarat mines," he replied—"doing fairly well. By-the-by, sir, you will be surprised to hear that I am shortly going to be married again. I cannot bear the solitary life I am leading now after the happy years I have experienced. I am going to marry my late wife's sister."

In Victoria marriage with a deceased wife's sister is legal.

Some six months after this meeting the gentleman received a message from Edward to come and see him. He had met with an accident, having fallen from a ladder in one of the mines, and was an inmate of the Ballarat hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital the gentleman found to his distress that he was too late. Edward Dent was dead.

And now a fact transpired that quite overwhelmed him with amazement. The medical evidence went to prove that the skilled laborer who for eight years had worked upon his estate, and who had undertaken the arduous toil of gold-mining for the last two years, was a woman.

What became of Edward's second wife was never known—she disappeared.

Such are the facts. Whether the commission of some great crime in another land had led to the woman's thus concealing her identity is a matter which must for ever remain a mystery.

THE END.

A SUNKEN CITY.

In the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms under water, sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal, which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1692. On a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object. In the clear water you can see the fishes lazily swimming in and out among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of owls and bats than of the finny inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there, in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women and children, carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly and without warning, smote the profligate city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there, beneath the silent waves, was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

After the earthquake the town was rebuilt, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1702. On August 22, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolishman of Biblical lore, which was builded upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake shock came.

Previous to that fateful 7th day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies, and the richest spot in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivaled the profligates of ancient Rome.

Buccaneering and piracy were recognized industries. The treasure ships of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway, Bacchanalian revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revelers. The earth opened in great fissures, and closed again like the jaws of a mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise of the city, built upon its foundations of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which forever closed upon its wickedness and will forever keep its dread secrets.

The shock came close on to midday. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of earth or in the hidden recesses of the sea.

In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors—a rector—two or three days after the disaster, which is in part as follows:

After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion, I went down one to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the president of the council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend. I stayed with him upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sunk into the earth, and then into the sea with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there I had been lost. But to return to the president and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling under my feet, upon which I said to him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

Despite the president's assurance, he disappeared, and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector wrote: "I made toward Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there securist from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down.

TRIUMPH OF THE LADY BUG.

One of the most serious criticisms made of the department of agriculture several years ago by eastern newspapers concerned the money it had spent in bringing "lady bugs" from Australia to "infest" California and Florida orchards. But the lady bug (Novius cardinalis) turned out to be one of the most satisfactory importations ever made from the Antipodes, its habit of preying on the scale that was blighting fruit trees being the means of saving to this state and Florida their principal landed industries.

Now it appears that the little insect has performed a like office for the citrus groves of Portugal. Specimens sent to Lisbon from this state in 1896 have taken hold of the scale and are exterminating it. Though but few of the parasites survived the long journey by rail and sea, their immense fecundity enabled them in the course of two years to populate the groves with millions of their kind. As a result Portugal will be able soon to again compete with Spain and Sicily for the orange and lemon trade of Europe.

The success of the effort to eradicate the scale pest enable to be the means of keeping the department of agriculture flush in funds for parasitical research. It would be worth millions of dollars every year to this country to find a natural foe of the potato bug, of the curious pests that afflict growing hops and of insects that make a pasture of the bodies of domestic animals and poultry. If every bane has its antidote and every flea "has smaller fleas to bite 'em," the bringing of the two together is a proper function of government. The way it has worked in the matter of scale pests, and the distance to which the search for the means of exterminating them has gone, certainly tends to encourage efforts, however costly, along related lines. But it is a quest in which all governments may properly bear a part, with special reference to their own entomological resources.

DIET FOR RHEUMATISM.

Fruits, Grains and Nuts and Free Use of Water.

Unquestionably the most active cause of rheumatism, as well as of migraine, sick headache, Bright's disease, neurasthenia and a number of other kindred diseases is the general use of flesh food, tea and coffee and alcoholic liquors, says Good Health. As regards remedies, there are no medical agents which are of any permanent value in the treatment of chronic rheumatism. The disease can be reached only by regimen—that is, by diet and training. A simple dietary, consisting of fruits, grains and nuts and particularly the free use of fruits, must be placed in the first rank among the radical curative measures. Water, if taken in abundance, is also a means of washing out the accumulated poisons. An individual afflicted with rheumatism in any form should live, so far as possible, an out-of-door life, taking daily a sufficient amount of exercise to induce vigorous perspiration. A cool morning sponge, followed by vigorous rubbing, and a moist pack to the joints most seriously affected, at night, are measures which are worthy of a faithful trial. Every person who is suffering from this disease should give the matter immediate attention, as it is a malady which is progressive and is one of the most potent causes of premature old age and general physical deterioration. American nervousness is probably more often due to uric acid or the poisons which it represents than to any other one cause.

GOOD CLERICAL STORIES.

Dean Pigou of England has written a book in which there are some clever stories of his clerical experiences. There was a verger, for instance, who was asked by the bishop of Wakefield if he noticed that the people availed themselves of the open church door to pray privately. "Yes, my lord," replied the verger; "I ketched two o' 'em at it only t'other day."

The curates, too, are an inexhaustible fund of amusement. One of them, a new one, paid his first visit to an old lady, who at once said, in broad Yorkshire, "Eh! you're the new curate, ain't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what yer does when yer comes to see me. * * * You takes that stool, d'ye see? You sits down, reads me a short—mind, a short—psalm. You gives me a shilling, and then ye can go."

Among the wedding stories is this one: One of his curates was uniting a happy pair, but when he asked the man if he would have the woman for his wedded wife, said the man: "I woll if lass ill black my boots." On being cautioned, the man explained: "Coming down Horton street I says to this 'ere lass, 'Now, lass, yer maun promise yer'll black my boots. If yer'll no promise, I'll no wed yer.'" She wouldn't, he didn't. Such is Yorkshire.

Some of the most amusing stories are from Halifax. There Dean Pigou had a verger, quite a character, whose name was Sagar—a venerable figure with gray hair, skull cap, gown and verger's staff. Once, in ignorance, they had married a man to his deceased wife's sister. Sagar, whose duty it was to settle the business about the banns, was at once cross-examined. "Oh, yes, vicar!" said he; "I knowed right well. I knowed parties."

"But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them."

"Well, vicar, it was just this way, do you see? One of the parties was 84 and t'other 86. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws!'"

LED THE BRIGADE.

HOW THE SIX HUNDRED CHARGED TO CERTAIN DEATH.

Sergeant William Mustard Writes His Recollections of Balaklava — "Into the Jaws of Death, Into the Mouth of Hell."

Skeptical observers have declared that, judging from the number of existing survivors of the charge of the Light brigade, the whole heroic 600 must be living. But this is rank injustice.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

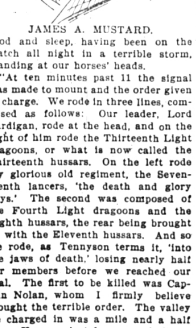
In a letter written under date of Sept. 21 to his cousin, William A. Mustard, of Ilco. There is now said to be left but a single survivor of that famous charge, and this last member of the heroic brigade is James Alexander Mustard of Twickenham, England. He knew how it was when—

Port Huron, Mich., he gives an interesting account of the charge. Sergeant Mustard writes:

"My father, Thomas Mustard, was born in Leith, Scotland. He came to England in 1826 and married; I was born in St. James, London, in the year 1830. I enlisted in her majesty's regiment of Seventeenth lancers at the age of 20, and served with my regiment (of which I can assure you I am very proud) through the Crimean campaign, taking part in the battles of Alma, Sebastopol, Balaklava and McKenzie's Farm.

"I left the shores of old England on the 10th of April, 1854, landed at Varna, in Bulgaria, in May following, and marched from there to Silistria. I was present and took part with Omar Pasha's army when he repulsed the Russians from crossing the Danube. We marched back to Varna and embarked for Eupatoria, and were present at the cavalry affairs of Bulgack, and the taking of Katcha hills, and the taking of the forts and harbor of Balaklava, and I will try to give you a brief account of the 'charge of the Light brigade.'

"In the early dawn of the 25th of October, 1854, we were attacked in the rear by a post of Russians, their object being to take Balaklava, our rear being guarded only by the cavalry and Ninety-third Highlanders and a few Turks. They attacked us and captured four redoubts which were held by Turkish troops, but they were soon retook by Sir Colin Campbell's highlanders and our marines and the French batteries under General Canobert of the French army. As the Russians were retiring our heavy brigade of cavalry made a splendid charge and two hours later the Light brigade was called upon for action. I can assure you we were in a sorry plight, through the want of



JAMES A. MUSTARD.

food and sleep, having been on the watch all night in a terrible storm, standing at our horses' heads.

"At ten minutes past 11 the signal was made to mount and the order given to charge. We rode in three lines, composed as follows: Our leader, Lord Cardigan, rode at the head, and on the right of him rode the Thirteenth Light dragoons, or what is now called the Thirteenth hussars. On the left rode my glorious old regiment, the Seventeenth lancers, 'the death and glory boys.' The second was composed of the Fourth Light dragoons and the Eighth hussars, the rear being brought up with the Eleventh hussars. And so we rode, as Tennyson terms it, 'into the jaws of death,' losing nearly half our members before we reached our goal. The first to be killed was Captain Nolan, whom I firmly believe brought the terrible order. The valley we charged in was a mile and a half long. You can just fancy our feelings, riding at race horse speed and being mowed down in such numbers. I arrived at the Russian guns unharmed. The Russians took refuge in a cowardly way under the limbers of their guns. It was then we sailed in to avenge our fallen comrades. It was sword and lance and British pluck did the rest for them.

"The Russian cavalry reformed behind us, trying to cut us off, but they could not withstand our fury. We charged through them like a sheet of paper. A short distance on the road back I saw my adjutant, Lieutenant John Chadwick. I made a desperate attempt to save him and just as I reached him I was wounded in the left side by a canister shot, from the effects of which I staggered and lost my officer. I afterward brought a trumpeter out alive and bound up his wounds with a remnant of my own shirt, and we then staggered back to camp together. The actual duration of the charge was ten minutes past 11 to 11:40 o'clock, taking about twenty-five minutes in all. During that twenty-five minutes we lost 400 men and about the same number of horses, but the losses of the Russians were very heavy.

"The Mustards are natives of Scotland and were mixed up in the Scottish rebellions in 1715 and 1745. They originally belonged to the clan of McGregor or "the children of the mist," as they are termed in Scotland. Having to fly the country from the troops of George I., in this way they came to take the name of Mustard. Two brothers died at Waterloo.

HEALTH WITH WEALTH.

New Western Canada Districts Adapted to Ranching and Mixed Farming.

Calgary, Alberta, Nov. 4, 1898.

To the Editor of the Duluth Evening Herald, Duluth, Minn., Dear Sir—As to many replies to the home-seeker of Minnesota, I can cheerfully say this country is better for a poor man than Minnesota if he wants to farm and raise stock. I have spent one winter and two summers here, which I find more pleasant than any winter I have seen in Minnesota for eight years. The seasons are short, but the effect of long days of bright sunshine produces a very rapid growth of vegetation. There is good money in raising coarse grains and feeding to hogs and cattle, for pork and beef always bring a good price here. Hogs are worth from $4 to $4.50 live weight per cwt., and beef about the same. There is plenty of railroad land to be had very cheap and on long-time payments. A man does not want to think he can pick up money on the ground here, but there is lots of it in the ground, and labor will take it out. There is a vast scope of country north of Edmonton, Alberta, which can be settled, and a large scope of country west of Edmonton adapted to ranching and mixed farming. This country is the best place I have ever seen for the cure of consumption. I could refer you to different people here who were in the last stages of consumption, who are now in perfect health and able to do any kind of hard work and are very prosperous. Hoping this may benefit home-seekers who are willing to work for an honest living, I remain, yours very truly,

(Signed.) CHARLES N. SCOTT.

Don't complain. The quinine pill maker never makes a kick against a bitter lot.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures windcolic. 25 cents a bottle.

As a matter of course the spread-eagle speakers are all in favor of annexation.

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

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

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