Ayer's Pills

Is your breath bad? Then your best friends turn their heads aside. A bad breath means a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50c. of Druggists, or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Should Women Smoke?

I have no earthly objection to women smoking; only: If they do smoke they should smoke seriously. Most of them just fool a little with a cigarette. Now, that scarcely amounts to smoking at all. If they really mean it, let them take to cigars and pipes. I know a dignified old lady, a Polish countess—what is her name? Countess? Countess?—oh, well, Thingamojisky—it ends in 'isky,' anyhow—and I respect that woman. She genuinely smokes, and no mistake about it. There is no playing there. She looks on it as a sacred duty. She has a long pipe with a wooden stem and the bark on, and a fine big bowl—a regular man's pipe. When she was visiting me, she just loaded up and smoked, and loaded up and smoked, and loaded up and smoked again. She meant business. I know another lady who has a long Turkish pipe, and she, too, means business. If women are ever to be genuine smokers, that is the way they must go to work.—Mark Twain.

A FAST MAIL INDEED.

To show how distance is being overcome by railroad speed Mr. Chas. T. Batelle, a young business man of Seattle, handed the Editor of the Times, a few days ago, an envelope, postmarked New York City, Aug. 28, 7 p. m., the reverse side containing these words: "Seattle, Sept. 1, 10:30 a. m." It takes but a little figuring to demonstrate that these postmarks indicate a lapse of just "100 hours" of time—or four days and four hours. It was only about two years ago that it took "six continuous days" of riding to cross the continent from New York to Seattle, and when this was reduced to "five days" the travelers rejoiced. What must their happiness be when they appreciate the fact that they can step on board a "lightning express" in New York City and step off a "Flyer" in Seattle in exactly "100 hours," and then have "thirty minutes" of leeway, as the Great Northern was one in Seattle at 10:30 September 1.

Literary Switzerland.

A French statistician records that Switzerland produces annually more books than any other country in proportion to the number of inhabitants—namely, one to every 3,000. Germany comes next with one to every 3,200, Italy with one for 3,300, France one for 3,500, England one for 6,500 and the United States one for 12,400.—Pittsburg Post.

YON YONSON IN DENVER,

A clever piece of advertising appeared in the Denver papers this week. It was the story of how "Yon Yonson" went to Denver, as follows:

Ay coom en on das Burlington
Das vas snap-lightnin' tren!
Ay tenk de yourney yust begun
Yen "Too-oo-oot!" and har Ay bane!

Das pooty quick yo bat mae life,
But not a yolt or yar—
Yen Ay got back Ay tol' mae vife
Das mos' so fast lak her.

Ay coom dar saven yar ago
Mat em-gran' tren; das bum!
Ay tenk das railroads yust so slow
Lak judgment day vas coom.

En ven das lightnin' tren today
Yoomp into da air
En fly yust lak a bazrd avay
Ay tenk Ay shed mae hair.

Ay got sax dollar money en
Mae pocket; das all right;
En you yust bat mae life dar bane
A hot tam har tonight.

An artist's sign isn't necessarily a sign of genius.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

Men are never so good or bad as their opinions.

Non-Territorial Expansion.

Means paying rent for a poor farm. Now is the time to secure a good farm on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine markets, excellent climate, pure soft water, land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle, St., Chicago, Ill.

Home is usually the clubman's last resort.

ONE OF OUR
SAMPLE OFFERS
$3.98
Will buy this elegant
Boucle Jacket
Made of black curly boucle, all lined, including sleeves, with silkoline and interlined double-breasted, storm collar, eight horn buttons.

Our handsome Illustrated Fashion Catalogue.
Mailed Free to any address.
Boston Store,
State and Madison Streets.
Chicago, Ill.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, smile a little, Kitty, and you'll look almost pretty!"

Meg drew back a pace to survey me critically. I sat looking fixedly before me into the little cracked toilet glass, and tried to get used to the new beautiful version of myself that I saw reflected there.

My dark hair was all gathered up high on my head, twisted loosely by Meg's deft fingers to lie in soft, graceful coils. Beneath the mass of dark hair my face looked smaller and paler than I had been used to think it; my eyes had never looked so deeply set—they were too large and too dark for the smallness and paleness of my face, and my lips were too grave and too wistful; and yet, on the whole, I was prettier than I had thought myself. For the first time in my life I realized that my head was well set, that my face was delicately shaped, that my chin at least was pretty.

Aunt Jane was giving a party tonight and I was in festal attire—in a white dress of soft muslin that had never been worn by either Meg or Dora—a pretty dress that opened at the throat, that fitted me trimly, and that in some mysterious way made me look slim and tall and not ungraceful.

I put my elbows carelessly upon the grimy little dressing-table, bespattered with London smuts, and gazed longingly into the cracked glass with unblushing eagerness.

"I wish I were pretty!"—and I sighed. "I wonder if I am pretty, rather pretty—and I, Meg? Oh, Meg, I think I would give anything to be beautiful like you!"

"I believe some people might think you prettier," she admitted, with an air of genuine concession. "Not that I can say that I agree with them!" she added at once with laughing candor. "You are too thin and too white—but you'll do. Here, put in this bit of red geranium! Yes—you'll do. Now I'll run away and get dressed myself. Are you coming, Dora?"

But Dora sat still.

"Kitty, you're getting vain!" she said with a laugh, as Meg went tripping away.

"Vain!" I echoed dismally. "I wish I could be vain! I never used to care about being pretty; I suppose it comes with growing up. I wish my hair curled, Dora!"

"Curl it, dear."

"I wish I were like Meg!"—and I sighed again.

"Meg's prettiness won't wear," said Dora, in a judicial tone. "By the time you're 40, Kitty, you'll be much better looking than Meg."

"But I'm not 40," I exclaimed, half-laughing, half-petulant. "I don't care how I look at 40. I care how I look now—not at 40 or 80, but now!"

Dora leant back in her chair, and, with a little smile, surveyed me lazily.

"My dear little Kitty," she said, after a minute, "do you know what any one who saw you and heard you at this moment would imagine?"

"What?"

"You to be in love, my dear. You have all the symptoms—and more. Who is it, Kitty? Break it to me gently."

I took my elbow from the table and rose hastily, with a sudden sense of irritation and impatience.

"One needn't be in love," I declared, moving away from Dora to the window, "just because one wishes not to be a fright. I'm not in love!"

"Well, it would be difficult," said Dora, with a yawn, "unless you fell in love with your poor little herr at your music lessons. Besides the herr, whom do you see? Nobody! Poor child—nobody at all! Oh, I forgot—there's John Mortimer, but John Mortimer doesn't count! By the by, Kitty, when is John Mortimer going to propose to you?"

"Never," I replied in a clear, steady, tense voice, without turning my head.

"Never! Oh, has he repented? Well, I thought he would."

I returned no answer.

"Suppose he does propose?" persisted Dora, lazily. "What are you going to say?"

It was the question I had been asking myself again and again, morning, noon, and night, for the past fortnight, ever since that afternoon when Aunt Jane had talked to me. I had always given myself the same answer—given it resolutely, emphatically—I should refuse him, and refuse him unhesitatingly, in such a way that he should not doubt my firmness, should never think of urging me. And yet, in spite of my decision, again and again the question had come back to me, as though I had never solved it.

"He will not ask me," I said. "If he does——"

"If he does?"

"I shall not accept him," I said, quietly.

Dora tilted her chair backward in a perilous position, and sat and watched me.

"And what will mamma say?" she asked presently in a comical tone of consternation.

"I don't care—I don't care in the very least!" I said, and this time at all events there was a ring of sincerity in my tone. My fear of Aunt Jane had vanished marvelously in the past two weeks. I seemed to have grown from childhood to womanhood, and Aunt Jane no longer overawed me, no longer held my destiny subject to her frown. My heart sank whenever I told myself anew that I must refuse John Mortimer; but it was not the fear of Aunt Jane that so much oppressed me.

"She would never forgive you," said Dora with easy conviction.

"I know that; I should never ask her. Dora," I continued, turning away from the window and coming back to my seat before the table, "I have been thinking about—about things lately, and I've decided what I want to do. I want to go away now, not away from London perhaps, but away from here. I want to be earning a living of my own, not to be dependent any longer on Aunt Jane's bounty. Some one might have me as a governess, as nursery governess. Do you think that anybody would?"

"And teach horrid little boys and girls their A B C, and see that their sashes are tied straight and their faces cleanly washed, and that their toes are tucked in at night! I would rather marry John Mortimer if I were you."

"Would you?" I said, dryly.

HE CAME FORWARD TO MEET ME.

"Well, no," said Dora, laughing, "on second thought I'm not sure that I would. While one is unmarried, life, even as a snubbed governess in a stuffy schoolroom, has at all events possibilities. John Mortimer is such a grim, unromantic certainty."

"Perhaps he does seem grim to you," I said coldly. "He never seems grim to me."

"He's so—so middle-aged," objected Dora, with another little yawn.

"He's 35!" I said, with a sudden feeling of irritation. "I hate young men."

"What odd taste! And then, he's so commonplace! Not, by the widest stretch of imagination, could I fancy John Mortimer doing anything a little wicked."

"Nor I. I'm glad!"

"Oh, I like a man to have a dash of wickedness!"

"Do you? I prefer a man to be trustworthy, upright and true!"

"My dear Kitty, why so snappish?"

"I'm not snappish," I said quickly, with a feeling of penitence. "London's so hot!" I explained somewhat illogically. "One's temper can't be perfect in London in the first week of August. I shall be glad when we get away."

But, even as I expressed the wish, something seemed to tighten about my heart; it ached at the thought of how short a time was left before my wish must be accomplished. When the time came for us to go Cornwall, the time would come, too, when John Mortimer would go to Brittany, to the sister who thought slightlingly of girls, and to her friend, that perfect woman, who was as young at 30 as she had been at 20, who would never be old at heart, of whom it was impossible that any one could have spoken in dispraise.

CHAPTER VI.

Aunt Jane passed along the passage on her way to her room to dress. She opened my door, which stood ajar, and looked in with her normal air of disapproval.

"Do you intend to come downstairs in that costume, Dora?" she asked, severely, looking at Dora's pretty but much-crumpled pink print. "My dear Kate"—with a still sourer glance at me—"will you try to recollect that your dress will cost at least two guineas and has to be paid for yet? If you bear that in mind, you will perhaps be careful of it all the evening. If you are ready, you can go downstairs at once into the drawing-room."

I went downstairs as Aunt Jane had bidden me. The drawing-room door stood open. I entered, and, busily engrossed in arranging the little nosegay of red geraniums at my waist, I half-crossed the room before I was conscious that any one was there. Then, as I raised my eyes, I met John Mortimer's grave, frank smile, and I knew my face lighted up at once.

He came forward to meet me, his steady gray eyes still constraining me to look at him.

"I came early, Kitty, to see you," he told me, speaking in a very quiet, serious way. "I asked Mrs. Corfield to let me see you for a little while alone."

So Aunt Jane had sent me down to meet him! Why had she not warned me that he was here? Why had she let him surprise me into that swift, tell-tale glance of greeting?

He drew forward the only easy-chair the room contained—a chair sacred to the service of Aunt Jane—and seated himself near me on the green red sofa by the window. He eyed me with a somewhat puzzled glance.

"Are you wondering what has happened to me?" I asked.

"You are looking very grown up," he answered, smiling. "And very pretty," he added, after a moment, in a quiet tone.

In spite of myself my eyes smiled into his. I drew a deep, contented breath. He thought me pretty—all the rest of the world might think me plain, and I should not care! I should never bemoan again my paleness, my dark eyes, which did not sparkle as Meg's blue eyes sparkled when they smiled.

"I have a new dress," I explained, shyly—"a new dress which is quite my own. Do you like it?"

"Very much. I always like your dresses, Kitty!"

I looked at him wonderingly.

"What—always!" I echoed. "Not always!" I echoed. "Not always?"

"Always!"

"The old linsey-woolsey I was wearing last winter, with the sleeves halfway up my arms, and the skirt above my ankles, and the black braid all turned green and the elbows threadbare! You didn't like that dress?"

"Yes, I did."

"It was hideous! Meg and Dora were always bantering me about that dress. It was the ugliest dress that was ever seen."

"Was it?"

"And how it wore!" I said, sighing. "It wouldn't wear out. I thought it would last till doomsday. Do you know, I don't think much of your taste in dresses."

He smiled at me in his grave way, and let my slighting opinion pass unchallenged. His eyes, even while they smiled, were looking at me with a strange earnestness. He bent forward a little, facing me.

(To be continued.)

REASONS WHY

Ohio Has More Pensioners Than Any Other State.

Chicago Tribune: A curious incident of the westward drift of the country's population appears in the latest report of the pension bureau. The official reports of the war department for 1861-65 show that New York led in the number of troops furnished; Pennsylvania came second, and Ohio third. The quota of the respective states in the order named were 467,047, 366,107 and 319,659 men. On the pension list this order is exactly reversed. Ohio has the most pensioners, Pennsylvania stands next and New York is third. There are 105,527 pensioners in Ohio, drawing $15,456,000; 104,681 in Pennsylvania, drawing $12,470,795, and 87,527 in New York, drawing $12,003,854. Illinois stood fourth in the number of soldiers furnished, and it also stood fourth in the number of pensioners, though Indiana is fourth in the amount received for pensions. These changes may be traced entirely to natural and legislative causes. It is nothing against Ohio that it leads in the number of its pensioners. If it has usurped the place that apparently belonged to New York it is because there has been a steady drift westward of population since the war, and enough of the veterans of soldiers' widows have moved from New York and Pennsylvania into Ohio to cause the change. The westward movement of the veterans explains why Kansas has now twice as many pensioners as it furnished soldiers.

A Queen Who Does Washing.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis News says that when the town of Bourne, near San Antonio, Tex., was settled in 1845, by a colony of Germans, the settlers were told they could live as they wished, provided they were good, industrious citizens. They selected from their number "a man and his wife of mental as well as physical weight" as their king and queen, whose edicts and commands they agreed to obey to the letter. They were much astonished several months later to learn that this state of things would not do in this country, and the king and queen were deposed. The king is dead, but the ex-queen still lives. She is worth $100,000, and owns one-third of the town, but takes in laundry work and bends over her tub six days in the week. Her word is still law with the older people, and some of the younger ones.—New York Tribune.

A Cow for Sale.

The late Bill Nye once advertised a cow for sale as follows: "Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range according to government survey, one plush, raspberry colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is of undanted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present; but she will be sold to any one who will use her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

Just Like a Woman.

Tax Assessor—Can you give me some idea of what your husband is worth?" Lady—"Oh, I don't know; but I wouldn't take a million for him."

The reason why some persons are so quiet is that they only say what they think.

DRUMMER WAS PERSISTENT.

And His Good Humor Won Him a Patron.

Ye festive drummer, according to the opponents of the trusts, is rapidly becoming a relic of a past industrial system. However, there are a few of the kind left, and one of them had an experience in Pittsburg a few days ago that seems to prove that the drummer ought not to be dispensed with, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram. This one entered the office of the purchasing agent of one of the largest mills on the south side. He took from his book of cards one of the pasteboard bits and laid it on the desk of the purchasing agent. The latter was extremely busy that day, and barely glanced at the card. "I don't want anything today," he said gruffly, and continued his work. "I'll just wait a while and maybe you'll think of something that you need," returned the drummer. He sat down on a chair and prepared to wait for a more favorable time for setting forth the advantages of buying from his concern. The purchasing agent became angry, and, picking up the drummer's card, tore it into little pieces and tossed them on the floor. "Beg your pardon, Mr. Blank, but perhaps you do not know that those cards cost money," quoth the drummer. "Here, John," the purchasing agent called to an office boy, "take this order to the cashier and get from him a nickel, the price of one card destroyed." The purchasing agent glanced at the drummer as if to convey: "What have you got to reply to that?" The drummer was ready for him. He tore from his book another card and laid it on the purchasing agent's desk. "Have another one, Mr. Blank," he said. "Probably you do not know that these come two for five. Get all you are paying for." The purchasing agent could not resist a smile at the naiveness of the other, and his savage demeanor gave way to a more friendly spirit. He and the drummer had a good laugh at the little comedy they had enacted and in less than half an hour the drummer left the office with orders for over $1,600 worth of goods for the south side concern recorded in his book.

YOUTH

With a Financial Genius That Dooms Him to Millionairedom.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "My roommate is a chap of extraordinary financial genius," remarked a railroad clerk of this city. "He is a native of California, and five or six years ago he spent a season on a sugar plantation in Hawaii. He was engaged at the time, and while he was there he corresponded regularly with his fiancee. Afterward they quarreled and the match was broken off, but the poor girl thought his letters were beautiful, and treasured them religiously. Quite recently he saw in a paper that Hawaiian stamps of the period of his stay there had become very scare and valuable, and he immediately sat down and wrote to his old sweetheart demanding his letters. He said he was soon to be married, and felt it his duty to destroy 'em, appealed to her better feelings' and all that, and, to make a long story short, she sent them back. They were yellow with age, and had suspicious stains that looked like tears, but he wasn't moved a bit. He promptly cut off all the stamps, sent them to a New York agency, and yesterday he got a check for $42. Our landlady, who knows about it, says he is a perfect brute, and will come to a bad end. I am afraid so myself. I think he is doomed to become a millionaire."

Biggest Copper Smelter.

Anaconda, Mont., has within its limits the largest copper smelting plant in the world, that of the Amalgamated company. Groups of immense buildings stretch for over a mile along bluff north of the city, and these great structures are filled with thousands of tons of ponderous and expensive machinery. The plant is the most complete of its kind in the world and represents an investment of millions. The mines which supply the works are located at Butte, twenty-eight miles away, and send 140 cars of ore every day to the smelter for treatment. The monthly output of copper at the smelter is about 9,000,000 pounds, a total of 108,000,000 pounds a year. In addition to the copper there are produced large values in gold and silver, the last annual report showing 16,610 fine ounces of the former and 5,074,036 fine ounces of the latter. The millions which have been invested in the enterprise make possible a marvelous organization of industry. There is the greatest economy of power and practically no waste in raw material. The model of modern organization is seen in its highest development. The growth of the great plant is coincident with the development of the mines in Butte, formerly the property of the Anaconda company and now owned by the Amalgamated company, and brought to their present high state of production by Marcus Daly.

Augustin Daly's Big Bible.

The story of the late Mr. Augustin Daly's big grangerized Bible is an interesting one. Mr. Daly spent many years in collecting the plates, of which there were about 8,000. When they were bound and arranged they made forty-two volumes. Two copies of the Doual version were used for the text. Every page of the work was mounted on special paper. Some of the material for the pages was much soiled, and in order to get it clean Mr. Blackwell, who did the mounting, boiled the sheets. Then he hung them on a clothes line and sat watching them while he smoked his pipe. Mr. Blackwell estimates that Mr. Daly must have spent 5,000 pounds on his Bible.

Kissing Ring with 500 Happy Couples.

A peculiar custom on Hamstead Heath, England, for the week following the annual bank holiday is the playing of kiss-in-the-ring on a large scale on a special part of the West Heath, between the Spaniards road and the North End Paddock. At no other time is it indulged in systematically. Over 1,000 visitors join in the sport.

Aristocratic Coffin Shops.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

THE very word "operation" strikes terror to a woman's soul.

Nearly always these operations become necessary through neglect.

If the menses are very painful, or too frequent and excessive, get the right advice at once and stop taking chances. It will cost you nothing for advice if you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it, and if you let the trouble run along it will surely cost you a great deal of pain and may mean an operation.

MISS SARAH J. GRAHAM, Sheridanville, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had suffered for several years with female troubles and doctored until I was discouraged. I felt wretched and tired of living. I had a dull ease of kidneys, bladder trouble, dropsy and bloating, had womb trouble and a large tumor had formed; in fact all my organs were out of fix.

"Seeing a woman's letter praising your remedies, I wrote to her and she begged of me to try it, telling me all that it had done for her. I bought and took a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now cannot express my gratitude to you. The tumor began to come away in pieces and I got better all the time. I believe now that I am entirely cured.

"My doctors could not believe it at first, as they all had told me that my case was a hopeless one, and no human power could do me any good. They were astounded. If I can say anything that can help other women, I shall be glad to."

It is not safe to wait until the last moment. Head off trouble by prompt attention to it. Don't be satisfied without Mrs Pinkham's advice.

A radical change is being made in the appearance of the baggage, mail and express cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The platforms and the hoods are being removed to increase the element of safety and save weight. The favorite riding place of tramps is also eliminated when the platforms are removed. General Manager Underwood has also issued an order to remove the numbers from locomotive tenders; so that in cases of emergency, those of the same style will be interchangeable.

Some little men form companies with mighty big names.

Gulchess College.
Educates Young Men and Women in the best business methods of today. Qualifies them to step right into good business positions. More than 250 pupils placed in good situations the past year. The demand for trained business assistants exceeds the supply. Come here and get a good business education. Terms liberal and easy. Only $5 a week. Write for particulars to-day—tomorrow never comes.
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Our Facilities are such that we are enabled to quote prices that always interest economical buyers. Our goods are the trustworthy kind that always give satisfaction. Our values are the unapproachable kind that never can be reached elsewhere.

No. 110. Ladies' Royal Cape Mackintosh Coat, made of high grade double texture wool cheviette in navy blue or black, lined throughout with fancy plaid, full sweep double-breasted detachable cape, with fine pearl buttons, inlaid velvet collar, Olga plait in back; new shape skirt with one outside pocket and opening in side seam to allow access to dress pocket; buttonholes are worked with silk and all seams strongly sewed. The manufacturer's guarantee for cemite satisfaction is attached to every garment; this coupled with the way down price we name should make all dealers up to the value. A good Mackintosh is a wise investment, whereas a poor one is money thrown away. Our strong points are practical knowledge of quality and buying in large quantities at the lowest cash prices; these advantages we extend to our customers. One of these mackintoshes will protect you from rain and dampness and give best of satisfaction. Sizes 34, 36, 38 to 44 inches long, no larger. Price

$3.45

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BIG WAGES for fall and winter to Gent or Lady introducing our goods in this County. Particulars FREE. E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, New York City.

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100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved farming lands to be divided and sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see us or write. THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sanilac Center, Mich., or The Truman Moss Estate, Croswell, Sanilac Co., Mich.

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$3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
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Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair direct on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue A Free.
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