Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

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

To Los Angeles and Southern California

Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service, and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on so long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only $6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Baltimore and Ohio South Western Rail Road placed in service several months ago five large ten wheel compound passenger engines for use on fast trains between Cincinnati and St. Louis. The performance of these engines has been eminently satisfactory and up to the highest expectation. The same line has also in service 50 consolidation compound freight engines which provide ample power for the entire line in addition to what was already in use. The compound engines were an experiment but had served to have proved that they are entirely successful and show a saving of 15 per cent in fuel as compared with simple engines of the same type. Exhaustive tests were made with both the simple and compound locomotives before the order for the entire lot was placed with the result vastly in favor of the compound locomotives.

A Big Fill.

On the Deadwood, S. D., branch of the Burlington Railroad is a gunch 70 feet wide, known as sheeps Canyon. This was crossed, until recently, by a wooden bridge, 126 feet high, which took over 240,000 feet of lumber in the building. Recently this trestle was filled in, and the great undertaking attracted the attention of railroad men all over the country. It took twenty weeks to accomplish the task. It was necessary to haul 2,880,000 cubic feet of earth one and one-half miles up a two per cent grade and unload off the high bridge. This required 1,486 trains of fifteen cars each, 22,000 carloads in all. It was a stupendous undertaking, but now the bridge can't burn, and it doesn't cost a lot of money every year for repairs and watchers.

Unquestionable Proof.

Miss Boodle—Count, how do you know that your diamonds are genuine? Count Gitto—By ze advances of ze pawnbroktaire.—Tit-Bits.

Winter in the South.

The season approaches when one's thoughts turn toward a place where the inconveniences of a Northern winter may be escaped. No section of this country offers such ideal spots as the Gulf Coast on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad between Mobile and New Orleans. It possesses a mild climate, pure air, ever temperate, and facilities for hunting and fishing enjoyed by no other section. Accommodations for visitors are first-class, and can be secured at moderate prices. The L. & N. R. R. is the only line by which it can be reached in through cars from Northern cities. Through car schedules to all points in Florida by this line are also perfect. Write for folders, etc., to JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Painted candies are generally unhealthy, and may be poisonous.

The botanical name of the sugar cane is Saccharum officinarum.

Sorbine is the sugar found in the berry of the mountian ash.

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CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"I don't know the details of the test but she threw John over; she couldn't bear the prospect of poverty! Monsieur Arnaud, who had made a colossal fortune in trade, who had bought land in Brittany, had heard her sing and proposed and been refused, and now proposed again and was accepted. She accepted the colossal fortune, and hoped that the jam would compensate for the presence of the pill in the shape of monsieur. I hope monsieur proved a more bitter pill than she expected; I hope devoutly that he proved a brute; but of that history I do not speak."

The clock ticked on again in the silent room. Meg and I sat still, saying nothing for some minutes; then I asked half absently—

"Who told you the story?"

"Never mind who told me," said Meg, rising suddenly from the elbow of my chair and wandering away from me to turn over the music on the piano. "I heard it long ago, but had half forgotten it; and it was only the other day that I knew it was John to whom she had been engaged."

"And John thinks her so good!" I said wonderingly, speaking to myself rather than to Meg.

"My dear," returned Meg drily, "John is a paragon—as I believe we have said before."

A soft tap at the drawing-room door, and the maid announced—

"Madame Arnaud."

I rose quickly. Madame Arnaud came across the room towards me. She kissed me and shook hands with Meg; and, in another minute, I was offering her tea, and she was sitting talking to us in that soft, low, musical voice of hers that made her most commonplace speeches charming, graceful and full of meaning.

"I want you and John to come to the theater with me one day next week," she said. "Miss Corfield has promised to come too. You must tell me which day will be most convenient."

"Thank you; any day," I replied coldly. I could not accept the invitation with the graciousness that was befitting.

I was grateful to Meg for breaking in and taking upon herself the onus of the conversation. She talked nonsense eloquently for the next ten minutes, and never left a pause.

"Do you know what I meant to say to you when I came this evening?" said Madame Arnaud at length, turning away from Meg and smiling at me. "I meant to scold you. Why do you never come to see us?"

"I do come, Madame Arnaud—very often."

"Not very often," she returned reproachfully. "Never unless we send a formal invitation to you!"

"Kitty has given up the world," interjected Meg. "She devotes herself to planning unexpected mutton chops for John, airing his newspapers, and putting his slippers down to warm."

Madame Arnaud, looking earnestly at me, paid no heed to Meg's explanations.

"We want to know you," she continued. "You won't let us know you!"

"Madame Arnaud," broke in Meg, irrepressibly, "Kitty is very dull when known. I've known her for seventeen years, and can speak with authority. I wish you'd come to know me instead! I should be most grateful—I would come to see you frequently, and never wait for formal invitations. I like coming to see people who live in big houses, with plenty of servants, and plenty of easy chairs, and hot-house flowers, and grapes and peaches out of season, and a brougham to drive in the park in, and a man in livery to open shop doors and wait outside! I will come and see you every day if you like. I'm nicer than Kitty—I am, indeed!"

Meg had succeeded. It was impossible to talk seriously if Meg meant the conversation to be frivolous. The conversation remained frivolous until Madame Arnaud rose to go.

"John is not back yet?" she asked, as she rose from her chair.

"His slippers are still in view," said Meg—"on the dining-room fender—or is it in the breakfast-room, Kitty, that they reside when warming?"

"No, John is not in yet," I replied coldly.

Madame Arnaud opened the fur bag-muff she carried and took out a letter.

"I feared I should not see him. Will you give him this?" she said, and there was just a touch of embarrassment in her manner as I took the letter from her. "You won't forget it?" she besought me, with a note of anxiety in her clear, sweet voice.

"I am not likely to forget," I said.

A minute later Meg and I were alone again, and Meg, too, was rising to go.

"Kitty, do you pride yourself on your manners as a youthful hostess?" she asked.

"No, not at all."

"That's a good thing," she said.

"I dare say I was rude," I admitted impenitently.

"Oh, don't feel doubtful about it, dear—you needn't! You were an icicle—an iceberg—the polar regions! I'm going, dear. Good-night."

"Good-night," I said.

Meg was gone. The fire was now burning low; the lamp, with its big red shade, made a circle of light in the distant corner; all the rest of the room was dim. I sat in my low chair beside the fire and waited for John to come.

He came at last. He stopped to hang up his hat and great-coat in the hall, then came briskly toward the drawing-room.

"Kitty! All in the dark!" he exclaimed, as he opened the door. He came across the room, bent down and kissed me, then stood before the fire, holding out his hands to warm them.

"John," I said in my coldest, most steady tone, determined to speak quite carelessly, "there is a letter for you—from Madame Arnaud. Here it is."

He took it eagerly. I opened a book and pretended to be deeply absorbed in it. John carried his letter across the room toward the lamp.

"THERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU!"

He read it without making any comment. I heard him turn to the first page to read it through again; he stood still for many minutes, the letter in his hand, and seemed to be lost in thought. The dinner-bell rang while he was standing there. I put down my book and rose slowly from my seat.

Then John sighed, folded his letter, and came towards me.

"Kitty, I am going out," he said.

I did not reply for a moment; my heart felt dead within me. I could not even feel angry; I was too heart-sick with misery, with helpless, hopeless, aching regret.

"To Madame Arnaud's?" I asked. And the question was asked in the most level tone, without passion, almost without interest in the answer.

"Yes, I am sorry to leave you again, Kitty."

But, although he spoke in his habitually gentle way, he spoke abstractedly.

"Don't trouble," I said, coldly, "I do not mind."

"Have dinner, Kitty. Then go round and see the girls."

"Oh, yes—that is a most exciting plan!"

"So exciting that you are almost glad to get rid of me?"

I smiled a hard, mirthless little smile.

"The society of one's contemporaries is such a relief, is it not?" I said; and I meant the speech to be biting in its sarcasm. My voice spoilt the speech a little by faltering. John was looking at me with such a grave glance that my eyes fell.

He did not answer me. He drew on his thick gloves slowly, looking thoughtfully away from me down into the fire; then he sighed, kissed me in a grave way, and went.

I heard the street door shut, then I sat down in a hopeless attitude upon the rug, buried my face in my hands, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XII.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock struck. The fire had burnt lower, and at last had gone out; the room had grown cold. Still I sat in the same attitude—my head bowed down upon my hands—and tried to think calmly of the future that lay before me—tried and failed. I was so young!—I had so many years to live! —that thought was too pitiful; it made me cry anew! And as long as I live, John's life must be a bondage; he had married me for kindness' sake, but perhaps he had never realized beforehand how little I should have in common with him, how young I was, how foolish, how dull the constant companionship of a girl of seventeen must be. And again my tears flowed fast for John's sorrow or for the pathos of my own part therein.

I was numb with cold, dazed with weeping, when at last I rose from the floor. Suppose John should return at this moment and find me in tears! In sudden fear of his return, I ran upstairs to my room, took my hat and cloak and went out of doors into the cold gray October night.

There were few people about. In the park the paths were deserted. If I had been less unhappy, I should have been frightened at the loneliness; I was too wretched to feel fear or to care about the cold.

The clouds parted a little; the moon came out and shone down between the trees upon the rippling water; the water sparkled coldly, the bare branches looked ghostly in the pale silvery light. Then the clouds gathered again and the moon was hidden.

I sat down on a seat beside the pathway, with my fur cloak drawn closely about me; and my tears fell fast again beneath my veil. Footsteps came slowly up the lonely path. Two figures were advancing in the darkness; I saw them dimly outlined, but did not heed them. I only awoke to any interest in them when my ear detected a woman's choking sob.

"I cannot bear it!" said a voice—a woman's voice, tremulous, broken. "It is too hard—I cannot bear it! For ten years I have hoped for the best. I have borne everything; I have looked forward to brighter times, never allowed myself to despair. And now—now—ten years are over, and things are as they were ten years ago. But then I had courage! Now I have no courage. I look forward to the future and see no comfort—none—none!"

The voice was so broken, so tearful, that it scarcely struck me as familiar. The man and woman slowly advanced, slowly passed; then, all at once throughout the flying clouds, the moon shone out again—shone across the retreating figures, and I recognized John and Madame Arnaud.

(To be continued.)

LIGHTNING WORK ON TROUSERS

How the Cheap Grade of "Pants" Are Made.

"Pantaloon-making has been reduced to a great science in the big factories both here and in the north," said a New Orleans clothing dealer to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. I refer, of course, to the cheap garments that in this section are sold almost entirely to the negroes. A pair of 'pants' of that grade contains twelve pieces, the outlines of which are represented by slits in the top of a heavy table. Twenty-four sections of cloth are laid on the table and a revolving knife like a buzz-saw travels through the slits. As it does so it cuts the fabric into the exact patterns. The whole thing is done with incredible swiftness and the pile of cloth is scarcely deposited when it is fully cut. The pieces are then sent on an electric carrier to the sewing machines, which are also run by a motor. Each operative has only one thing to do. The first one will put in the leg seams, the second sew up the body, the third will put on the waistband, and a fourth will attach the straps. The buttonholes are worked by machinery, and, as a rule, the buttons themselves are of the automatic staple variety and are secured by a single motion of a sort of punch. It is very interesting to watch the garment passing from hand to hand, and it reaches the inspector all complete with a celerity that nearly takes one's breath away. It is then ironed by being passed between a series of gas-heated rollers and is ready to be ticketed and placed in stock. Under the present system the outputs of some of the large factories have been quadrupled during the last five years."

SAXONY'S QUEEN.

To those who know her, the queen of Saxony is a bright and lovable woman of sunny nature and exquisite tact. Queen Carola is the last direct descendant of the Swedish royal house of Holstein-Gottorp and she was born in the castle of Schonbrunn, near Vienna. It was in Austria her girlhood was spent.

The young princess grew up very beautiful, with dark hair, blue eyes and a perfect complexion. Many suitors came, among them Napoleon III., but she had her own ideas about matrimony, and not until Prince Albert of Saxony appeared did she consent to wed. When he was 24 and she 19 their betrothal took place. The marriage occurred at Dresden, June 18, 1853, just before her twentieth birthday.

For nineteen years Princess Carola lived with the title of crown princess—lived happily, too—and then on the death of the king her husband ascended the throne. Through their efforts the Saxon court improved till now it is one of the finest in Europe.

The royal couple have no children, and the queen is especially fond of charity work with children for an object. When her sister-in-law, Princess George of Saxony, died, leaving six young children, the queen virtually adopted them and has stood in their mother's place all their lives. The queen's jewels are magnificent, as the crown jewels of Saxony are among the most valuable of Europe.

Irish Repartee.

From the New York Gael: Many good stories are told in legal circles in Ireland of encounters between lawyers and judges in court. John Philpot Curran, in the early days of his struggle at the bar, appeared in a case before Lord Chancellor Clare, and laid down some points in law which did not find favor in the mind of the judge. "If that be law, I may as well burn my books," said Lord Clare. "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.

Coffee for Breakfast.

Philadelphia Record: Doctor—Dyspepsia, eh? You want to drink a cup of hot water first thing every morning. Patient—I always do. My boarding mistress invariably serves coffee for breakfast.

TRAGEDIES OF HUNTING.

Don't Shoot Until You Know What You Are Shooting At.

The deer hunting season in the Adirondacks opened Aug. 1. Four days later followed a tragedy. Two brothers were camping on the eighth lake of the Fulton chain. For the younger, a youth of 17 years, it was the first season of camp life, and, like all youngsters in the woods in their initial experience, he was aglow with ardor to get his first deer. About sundown this younger brother left camp alone and shortly after was followed by the other. When the elder of the two came to the Durant road he saw a movement of the brush, such as is caused by a deer. On the instant he raised his rifle, took quick aim at the moving brush, fired, then rushed in to see what he had shot, and found his brother, who had been killed instantaneously by a shot through the breast. A human life cut short in the flower of youth. Another life clouded by the anguish of the hour and by life-long regret and self-reproach. A home desolated. And all as the result of one foolish movement with a deadly weapon in the woods. If we did not read the stories of such accidents year after year, and from time to time meet the bereaved fathers and mothers, and wives and children of the victims, it would be impossible to conceive that grown men could be found to bring this woe upon themselves and upon their fellows. And yet season after season the record grows. Now it is a farmer, who shoots a neighbor by mistake for a ground hog; now a Maine moose hunter who takes his guide for big game, and now the Adirondack camper who does to death his brother for a deer. Before the season shall be over and the rifles put away we shall hear probably of a score of such tragedies. And it is all so cruelly heart-rending because was unnecessary. The observance of the simple rule would have saved the scores of lives sacrificed in the past—Don't shoot until you know what you are shooting at.—Forest and Stream.

SHE WAS A BRAVE GIRL.

Kept Her Presence of Mind When Attacked by an Alligator.

Some days ago a little girl, a daughter of Mr. Shields, living on Lake Gibson, near Lakeland, Fla., jumped off the wharf on the lake to take a swim. She is an expert swimmer, but had hardly touched the water before she was seized by the leg, between the knee and ankle, by an alligator. She was pulled under the water by the saurian, but managed to break away and started hastily toward the shore, only a few yards distant. The 'gator again came to the attack, this time seizing her in the fleshy part of the side, between the ribs and hip. The little one was plucky, however, and managed to again break away from the cruel jaws, this time reaching the shore, the 'gator following until she was on dry land; then he disappeared from view. The girl never lost her presence of mind, which probably was the reason of her escaping alive. She gives a very graphic description of the dangerous encounter, and has two very ugly wounds to vouch for her story. She says she could not see the entire length of the beast, but from what she could see would judge it to have been only about five feet long—a small 'gator to attack a person. The girl is 14 years of age.—Baltimore Sun.

Ruskin's Gift.

During the proceedings of the recent conference of the Library association in England a characteristic story of John Ruskin was told in connection with the subject of village libraries. A library for the laborers of a lake country village had been established, and just before the opening Mr. Ruskin was asked to inspect it. He cordially consented, and upon leaving expressed his admiration of the arrangements, and promised to send a present, which came in the form of a sumptuous set of Scott's novels. The wife of the founder thought the edition much too splendid for the purpose and at the earliest opportunity told the donor so. "Madam," said Ruskin, "if the money the books cost had been spent in floral decorations or wines for a dinner, nothing would have been said against it, but because it has been laid out for the enjoyment of the simple villagers it is thought extravagant."

The Youthful Essayist.

Among the gems of general knowledge which sometimes serve to illumine the dull routine of elementary education the following "Essay on St. Stephen," a copy of which reaches us from the vicinity of a Church of England school in Surrey, is worthy of a place. The author appears to have derived his information from both lay and ecclesiastical sources, and he writes: "We have heard that St. Stephen was the first one to find out how to make the steam engin. He first made the puffin-Billy and many others, and he went on makin em, and some he made better than all the others, and these be the ones you see in the stashuns." This is pretty good, but our admiration is boundless when, with infinite gravity and brevity, our youthful essayist concludes: "Lay not this thing to my chaage, said he, when he was a-dyin of bein stoned."—Literature.

Tastes Differed.

In his entertaining biography of Lord Houghton, Sir T. Weymss Reid tells how when Carlyle paid his first visit to Fryston, Mr. Milnes (Lord Houghton's father), on hearing his guest express admiration of the prospect from the hall, pointed out the tall chimney of some manufactory on the far horizon and expressed his regret that it should recently have been erected and spoiled the rustic character of the view. "Spoiled the view!" said Carlyle, "why, sir, I think that is just the pleasantest feature in the whole bit of scenery. It shows us that somebody is doing something in this part of the world at any rate."

Her Point of View.

Chicago News: He—That tall young man dancing with Miss Dashing was originally intended for the church, I understand. She—Indeed! Judging from his appearance I could easily imagine that he had been cut out for the stage.

JASON CROW, OSCARVILLE, OA. Writes us, May 31, 1899: "I feel it my duty to write and let you know what your medicine, '5 Drops,' has done for me. I have had rheumatism about eighteen years, but was able to be up most of the time until a year ago last May, when I was taken down and not able to move about. About six weeks ago I saw your advertisement and wrote for a sample bottle. After taking a few doses it did me so much good that I ordered some more for myself and friends, and in every case it has done wonders and given perfect satisfaction.

"Dr. Woodliff, my family physician, who has had rheumatism for fifteen years, is taking the '5 Drops,' and says it is the most efficient rheumatic medicine he has ever seen.

"'5 Drops' is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It is a perfect cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh, La Grippe, Neuralgic Headache, etc. If you or any of your friends are suffering, do not delay, but send for a bottle of '5 Drops.' Large-sized bottles (300 doses), $1. For the next thirty days we will mail a 25-cent sample bottle for 10 cents. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 160 to 164 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

With Pleasure.

McSwatters—I always love to hear that girl next door play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mrs. McSwatters—I thought you said you couldn't stand her piano playing. McSwatters—Well, when she plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" it's a sign she's got through.—Syracuse Herald.

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Hundred of Thousands Are Involved.

Trouble in an Important Part of the Organization Affects All the R st. A Perfectly Harmonious System Easily Thrown Out of Gear.

Organized labor has reached such a stage that anything affecting a particular branch of it draws all the rest into the difficulty.

It is exactly the same way with different organs of the human body. Work too hard, eat too much, drink too much, exercise too little, be a little irregular in any way, and the liver quits work.

Then the bowels become constipated and the stomach goes on strike. The heart is affected, the brain follows suit and every part of the body is dragged into the trouble.

The only way out of it is to go at the source of all this—the liver. Square yourself with the liver and all will get back to regular natural work.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic make things right with the liver. They perfume the breath, prevent food from souring on the stomach, give tone to the bowels, strengthen the intestinal muscles while they are cleaning and stirring up the liver to renewed activity.

No matter how long a case has been incurable; Cascarets are guaranteed to put things right as they should be, and set the whole machinery a-going. And you can get them at any drug store or by mail for price—10c, 25c, or 50c. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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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 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Sugars are divided by chemists into natural and artificial.

THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE

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Galactose is that kind of sugar which exists in milk.

How Mrs. Pinkham HELPED MRS. GOODEN.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 18,223)

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. For years I had female troubles and did nothing for them. Of course I became no better and finally broke down entirely. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb and inflammation of ovaries.

"I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then after nearly two months the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and their medicine alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of her Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine.

"The first remark that greets me now is 'How much better you look!' and you may be sure I never hesitate to tell the cause of my health."—MRS. E. J. GOODEN, ACKLEY, IA.

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