IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?

What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also?

Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never fails. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire.

It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp, which you may obtain free upon request.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it.

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

In a snow slide at Silver Plum, near Gugetown, Col., 24 lives are believed to have been lost. Of the dead are Italian miners and their families. Eleven of the bodies have thus far been recovered.

Disagreeable February.

The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful gulf coast, of Florida, of California, and of the West Indies. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida or the Gulf Coast.

Only the fear of endless torment causes some sinners to repent.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at ¼ the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request. BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. GUARANTEED not to stricture. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

TOURIST SLEEPERS TO CALIFORNIA

VIA

WABASH

You will practice good economy in writing C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, for particulars.

AN HONEST MAN

Can buy land cheap in Northern

NEBRASKA

And make a home for himself that will be a continual source of income sufficient to maintain his family and enable him so accumulate a surplus.

CAN HE DO IT ON A SALARY?

FARM LANDS

GRAZING LANDS.

NEBRASKA RAISED IN 1898:

$40,000,000 bushels . . . . . Corn
6,000,000 bushels . . . . . Wheat
700,000 head of . . . . . Cattle (Surplus.)
2,000,000 head of . . . . . Hogs (Surplus.)

The Poultry and Poultry products amounted to over $7,000,000.

THE "NORTH-WESTERN LINE"

Was the Pioneer Railroad to **North Nebraska, Central Wyoming, and the Black Hills,**

HOT SPRINGS AND DEADWOOD.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

CURE FOR CATARRH

Sold by druggists at 50 cents. Send for free sample. Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from additional colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. A thorough treatment will cure. Ely's Cream Balm is the only remedy recognized by the Academy of Medicine. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. CATARRH

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Bah!" said the Spaniard, grinning and showing a row of sharp, white teeth, under a dirty and sable mustache; "though I said so, I knew better. A shipboy seldom has a gold watch like this," he added, displaying my gold repeater. "Now, we shall keep you; and if this seaman—after he has first sworn that he will not betray us—does not return to us here with $500 within two hours after sunset, par el!"—(here he made a dreadful vow in Spanish), "we will toss you like a dead dog into the ventana of the mountain. Look down, and see what a journey is before you," he added, with a diabolical smile, as he dragged me to the beetling edge of the chasm and forced me to look into it.

Our eyes had now become so accustomed to the light of the gallery or grotto that the rays of sunshine falling through the fissure above us were sufficient to discover a portion of the vast profundity on the verge of which we stood.

From the earth's womb, far, far down below, there came upward a choking steam, with a hollow, buzzing sound, which deepened at times to a rumble.

This steam or mist rose and fell on the currents of air; sometimes it sank so low that nothing but a black and dreary void met the eye, which ached in attempting to pierce it. Anon the steam would rise in spiral curls from that gloomy bed below, where doubtless the fires of the now almost extinct volcano seethe their embers in the waves of the ocean.

The words "have mercy" were on my lips, but I could not utter them; nor would they have availed me. Ignorant of what the ruffian said, and believing from his threatening fist and in, poor Tom Lambourne, in the fullness of his heart, uttered a howl of dismay; and at that moment the sentinel, whom the gang had left at the entrance to their lurking-place, came hurriedly on, with alarm expressed in his glittering eyes, and a finger placed, as a warning, on his hairy lip.

"Para! Paz! Silenzio!" (hold—peace —silence), he exclaimed, and added that four officers from the garrison of Santa Cruz had dismounted in the ravine, unbitted their horses and had seated themselves under a tree to smoke.

This information was received by the band with oaths and mutterings of impatience; and by us with mingled emotions of hope and agony—hope that they might be the means of our escape or rescue; and agony to know that such means were so near, and yet could avail us nothing; for on the slightest sound being made by either of us, there were the Albacete knives of our captors on one hand, and the ventana—that awful ventana—on the other, to insure forever the silence and oblivion of the grave.

Not the least of my sufferings was from the cord which secured my wrists. Already the skin was swollen, cut and bleeding in consequence of the tightness with which these wretches had bound me.

CHAPTER XI.

Sequel to Our Adventure.

For two hours—they seemed an eternity to me—it would appear, the four Spanish officers lingered over their wine-flasks and cigars in the wooded ravine, their movements being duly reported from time to time by one of the outlaws, who stole to the cavern mouth and peeped out.

At last they mounted, and rode off, when a fresh cause for wrath and delay was produced by the announcement that a wagon, drawn by mules, and attended by several laborers and negroes, had broken down on the road about a mile distant.

The irritation of our Spaniards—some of whom spoke of having a ship to join—was now so great that I feared they might end the whole affair by disposing of us in a summary manner.

This wagon being heavily laden caused a delay for several hours. The sun's rays ceased to shine through the fissure above us; the grotto drew dark by the increase of imperceptible shadows; the dingy faces of our olive-skinned detainers grew darker still; and their impatience was only surpassed by ours, for we, too, had a ship to rejoin.

Every minute of these hours—every second of every minute—passed slowly, like a pang of agony in my heart; and every feature of that natural vault, through which the dying daylight stole—with the faces and voices of the men whose victims we were, and more than all, the ceaseless and eternal buzz in the dark chasm that yawned close by—the ventana, or nostril of the demon—are yet vividly impressed upon my memory.

At last the darkness was so great that a lantern was lighted, and its wavering gleams, as they fell on the crystals, the spar, quartz, and glassy blocks of black obsidian and ruddy lava, which formed the walls and arch of the cavern, on the dark ferocious visages, the gaudy sashes, the naked arms and feet, the scrubby black beards, and brass-mounted knives and muskets of the taciturn Spaniards, who sat in a sullen group smoking paper cigaritos—all added to the gloomy but picturesque horror of the place and of the incident.

"Antonio, que hora es?" I heard one say, inquiring the time.

"Las neuve y media, companero mio" (half-past nine), replied the possessor of my gold watch, which he consulted with considerable complacency.

"Maldita!" growled the others, knitting their brows, for the dusk was rapidly becoming darkness, and they had no desire for killing us, if we could be made quite safe. I have often thought since that had Tom actually procured and returned with the required ransom of $500, they would have pocketed it and then killed us both—me most certainly, as they seemed to have other views for poor Tom in the Southern States.

"We have had a long spell of this," said he, in a low voice. "I am going to escape, if I can."

"Escape! but how?"

"I don't know exactly how yet; but we must first have our lashings cast off."

"Would to heaven they were, Tom. My hands are so swollen and my wrists so cut and benumbed that my arms are well-nigh powerless," I whispered in a low voice, like a groan.

"Sit with me here, in the shadow of this angle of rock; and now, as the darkness is fairly set in, I shall soon make you free."

By a rapid and skillful application of his strong teeth to the cord, which bound my wrists, he untwisted the knot and freed my hands; and then in the suddenly-given luxury of being able to stretch my arms, I almost forgot the necessity for concealing the fact that I was now unbound.

I soon found an opportunity for untying Tom's fetters. Then we kept our hands clasped before us, waited and hoped—we scarcely knew for what —while in the further end of this inner cave, our detainers sat sullenly smoking, and, by the dim lantern light, making up cigaritos from their tobacco pouches and those little rice-paper books which are now procurable nearly everywhere.

From the conversation of our captors I could gather that our brig, the Eugenie, was visible at anchor in the roadstead of Santa Cruz, a mile or so distant.

Three of these Spaniards had placed their muskets against the wall of rock and seemed disposed to doze off to sleep.

Close by us lay the plank which crossed that dread ventana, like the infernal bridge of Poulsherro, which the Mahommedans believe crosses the sea of fire that on the day of doom shall separate Good from Evil. Tom and I looked at it and exchanged glances of intelligence from time to time, but the attempt to rush across might prove doubly fatal to one or both. A slip of the foot would hurl us into eternity; and if the passage were achieved we would be exposed to the fire of those we fled from and met by that of the armed man at the mouth of the grotto.

Thus our position and its perils were somewhat complicated.

Suddenly the distant report of a piece of ordnance, coming from the seaward, made us look up and listen.

"El ruido que hace el canon", (the crack of a gun), exclaimed a Spaniard, scrambling up to the lower end of the fissure in the arch of the grotto, and looking out.

"We all know that well enough; but what does it mean?" asked the other.

The English brig at the anchorage has fired it. I see a light glittering on her deck; and now away it goes up to the foremast head."

"It is the Eugenie, Master Rodney," whispered Tom.

"Can the captain be about to sail to-night—and without us?" said I, with growing dismay.

"No; but he is impatient for us to come off. He knows well what a tartanal slippery set of imps these Jack Tars have been, and has shown a light and fired a gun as a hint for us to look sharp."

"Companero," said one of the Spaniards to the other, who was looking out, "are you sure that it is the English brig and not ours?"

"Yes; but by St. Paul! there is a boat pushing now on the Castle de Santa Cruz; so our craft had better get her sweeps out and put to sea, even without us. Can the Senor Gobernador have smelt a rat?"

This announcement, though we knew not what it referred to, had an evident effect on our captors, who were probably part of a slaver's crew; for they all scrambled up to the opening in the rocks to look out.

"Now, now is the time to slip our cables and run. Follow me!" said Tom Lambourne, in a hoarse but determined whisper, as he sprang forward, snatched up two of the muskets and rushed across the plank, tripping as lightly as he would have done along a bowling green, though it crossed a gulf so terrible.

Less steadily, but not less rapidly, you may be assured—yet with a frozen heart—I followed him, and his hard, tarry hand was ready to grasp mine and dragged me forward into safety, while with a violent kick he tossed the plank away, and surging, down it went into the black gulf we had crossed.

It vanished in a moment, and no sound ever ascended, for it seemed to have fallen into a pit that was as dark as it was bottomless.

"Take this musket, and see that you can use it, sir," said Tom, as an emotion of bravado seized him. "And so, you Spanish greenhorns!" he shouted, "you thought to sell me for a nigger to the Yankees, did you? Whoop! hurrah!"

A volley of Spanish oaths followed this rash outburst, which drew their attention at once upon us. Some rushed to the dark brink, and paused, I suppose, for neither Tom nor I could see distinctly, as there was a double explosion which filled the cavern with echoes like those of rolling thunder, and a momentary glare of smoky light, while two musket balls whistled past us, and I felt one, like a hot cinder, as it grazed my left ear. Then came an Albacete knife, which was hurled by no erring hand, for it wounded Tom's right knee.

"Give them a shot, Mr. Rodney!" said he, furiously; "I'll reserve my fire for the sentry—and here he is, already!"

And just as the eighth fellow, who was on the watch, alarmed by the firing, came rushing in with his piece at full cock, Tom fired at him.

"Saints and angels!" yelled the Spaniard as he bounded into the air and then fell flat on his face, where he lay beating the earth with his feet and hands.

"Fire! fire! Master Rodney, and then run for it, before they can reload," cried Tom, who saw that I was irresolute; "give 'em a stern chaser!"

My blood was now fairly up. Wheeling round, I leveled full at the group, one of whom was in the act of taking aim at me, while I saw the steel ramrod of the other, who had a musket, glitter in the lantern light as he reloaded.

I fired! I know not whether the ball hit, but one of the ruffians sprang wildly forward and fell headlong into the ventana!

"That will do!" cried Tom; "away now as fast as we can—stretch out—bear away for the harbor and the brig!"

Grasping our newly- acquired weapons, which we never thought of relinquishing, we rushed out, and, descending the ravine, favored by the starlight, instinctively took the path which led directly to the harbor.

With a heart that beat wildly, a head in a whirl of thoughts, and every pulse quickened by the whole affair—by the ferocious treatment to which we had been subjected for so many hours, by the perils which had menaced us, by the narrow escapes we had made from bullets, by the wild and disastrous tragedy which closed the adventures of a long and exciting day—I ran beside Tom Lambourne; on, on, without a breath to spare or a word to utter.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE AUCTION BIDS.

Relics Which Have Brought Big Sums at Sales

The Zola sale in France, at which a little table was sold for more than 250 times its value, recalls many instances of remarkable bids at auction sales, says Tit-Bits. Zola's table was worth £4 16s., but the first bid for it was £1,250, and the auction became probably unique in the annals of sales by being closed after a single bid. It is not the first time that a table has been sold for such a remarkable sum, though it is probably the first time that such an article has fetched such a big price. Cicero's table was put up to auction after his death, but the highest bid was £750. Another historic article for which an enormous price was paid was Cato's purple robe, which Nero bought for £6,800. The habit worn by Charles XII. at Pultowa was sold for £22,000, and a cup used by Napoleon went for 37 guineas. The hat which Napoleon wore at Eylau was keenly bid for at auction by thirty-two persons and was knocked down at £12. Mr. Quaritch, the famous bookseller, recently advertised two of his rarest volumes for sale for £10,250, a sum which may seem ridiculous to most readers. Mr. Quaritch, however, once bid £4,900 for a Latin Psalter, and £3,900 for a Mazarin Bible at an auction sale. Five hundred and forty guineas for a snuff-box suggests that the bidder was verging on madness, but a snuffbox from the emperor of Brazil's collection was once knocked down at this price. Another, supposed to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, sold for 320 guineas, bids of 50 and 100 guineas being quite common at snuff-box sales. A vase in the British museum was knocked down at 1,000 guineas, and two violins—a Stradivarius and a Ruggari—were sold at a sale for £760 and £1,280, respectively. A violin bow by Tourte was sold for £44, and the autograph of Sir Isaac Newton once drew a bid of £64. An admirer of George IV. a few years ago bid £15 for a walking stick which belonged to the king. A silver penny of William the Conqueror's reign was sold nine years ago for £32, and a half-crown of the reign of Queen Elizabeth went for £44. Lord Fitzhardinge once bid 4,500 guineas for a calf at Lord Dunmore's sale. The previous highest price for a bull was 1,000 guineas, bid at a sale at Ketton. Lord Fitzhardinge's bid was the highest ever made in England.

Unreasonable Goose.

The man in the street car affirmed that it was a true story, but the Cleveland Leader does not vouch for it, although giving it in the narrator's own words: It was up at the market house night before last, buying stuff for over Sunday, and I saw an Irishman up there with a live goose under his arm. Pretty soon the goose looked up at the Irishman kind of pitiful, and says: "Quawk, quawk, quawk," in that coaxin' way a goose has sometimes. The Irishman didn't say anything at first, but after a bit the goose looked up and says, "Quawk, quawk, quawk," again. Then the Irishman cocked his head over on one side, looked the goose in the eye, and says: "That's the matter wid yez, ony way! They do yez want to walk whin Ol'm willin' to carry yez?"

Red, White and Blue.

It is a curious fact as well as a pleasing one to Americans that these three colors are in flags of all progressive nations, with the single exception of Germany. In Britain's flag the red predominates, but the colors in the union in the upper left-hand corner of the flag are blue and white. France's three upright stripes are red, white and blue, and the Japanese—the Yankees of the Orient—adopted a white standard with spiral red lines converging toward a blue sphere, immediately after conquering the Chinese.

To Beautify the Complexion.

For the complexion and general health, drink slowly half an hour before breakfast one large tumbler of water as hot as you can swallow, and once a week instead a tumbler of cold water in which a teaspoonful of common salt has been dissolved. This is better for the complexion than any cosmetic. Another recipe is the juice of half a lemon, pint of warm water and one ounce of rose water.

MISSOURI'S WAR GOVERNOR

Restored by Pe-ru-na.

GOVERNOR T. C. FLETCHER.

Hon. Thomas C. Fletcher, the noted war Governor of the State of Missouri, is a great friend of Pe-ru-na. He writes:

The Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—For years I have been afflicted with chronic catarrh, which has gone through my whole system, and no one knows the torture and misery I have passed through. My doctor has prescribed various remedies, and I have never found any relief until I was persuaded by a friend to use Dr. Hartman's Pe-ru-na. After the use of one bottle I feel like a new man. It also cured me of a dropping I had in my throat, and built my system up generally. To those who are suffering with catarrh I take pleasure in recommending your great medicine. Very respectfully,

Thomas C. Fletcher.

Everything that affects the welfare of the people is a legitimate subject of comment to the real statesman. The statesman is not a narrow man. It is the politician who is narrow. The true statesman looks out on the world as it is, and seeks as far as he is in his power to remedy evils and encourage the good.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues, and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

Cure of the Eyelashes.

The ancients made an art of the cultivation of the eyelashes. It was recognized that, besides adding expression to the eyes, the lashes preserved them from the dust, cold wind, and too glaring light, all of which tend to irritate and often inflame the eyes. It is, therefore, not a vanity to endeavor to obtain them and then preserve them from falling out. A little pure vaseline applied to the eyelashes every night will add their growth and strengthen them.

AFTER 20 YEARS.

A Lady of Grand Rapids Strikes the Right Thing.

Many extraordinary cases of the work of the little conqueror are coming to light in Michigan. Hundreds of them have been investigated by our representative and each but gives added strength to those which have gone before. Such well-deserved words of praise and daily showered on this modern wonder-worker from all parts of the Union. Speaking of her experience a lady of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Ada Gardner, who resides at No. 309 Second Street, says:

"For over 20 years I was bothered with kidney trouble, and despite treatment by physicians and using almost every remedy that came to my notice I received no permanent relief until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. No one except those who have been through the mill of kidney complaint can tell the torture that one endures. The constant pain across my back extending up the right side, totally unfitted me for my right side; the stiffness and numbness of my limbs; the excruciating pain, is something much more easy to think about than to express. Many a time my husband has had to rub my back to get up the circulation, before I was able to get on my feet. My family prevailed on me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, but as I had used dozens of other remedies I had very little hope of finding relief. They persisted in their advice and in the fall of 1897 I used three boxes. I felt like a different person. I was in better health than I had been in years. The pain in my back left, I slept well at night, I could do my housework as well as I ever could, and I give the entire credit to Doan's Kidney Pills. I make this statement so that other women who suffer as I suffered may be in a position to know what to use if they wish to get rid of that too prevalent disease, kidney complaint."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole Agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

Fleshy people would undoubtedly fall off a good deal if they would try bicycling.

Baltimore Feb. 17.—The story sent out from Chicago that General Passenger Agent Austin of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, had reported rate cutting on the part of rival lines, to the Brotherhood, is strenuously denied at B. & O. headquarters. Mr. Austin, in a letter, absolutely denies that any such cases have come under his notice and denounced the report as a "fake" pure and simple.

A woman with a low, sweet voice always wears a low hat at the theater.

CRESCENT HOTEL.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

Opens February 23rd. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Adress J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 102 N. Broadway, St. Louis.

It's useless for a man to seek a steady job if he isn't that way himself.

Home Seekers' Cheap Excursions.

The North-Western Line will sell home seekers' excursion tickets March 7 and 21, with favorable time limits, to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

A woman's look may affect a man more than her words.

IN CANADA'S FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS.

Wetaskiwin, Alta., April 5th, 1898.

W. F. McCreary, Govt. Immigration Commissioner, Winnipeg. Dear Sir—I like the country very much so far; have seen a great number of farmers from the states and every one seen so far says they have done well and like it here far better than where they came from, and all claim it to be the best country for a poor man that they were ever in, and with good crops this season I predict a great rush. There are some nice claims to be had yet, but will not last the summer through. I do not find it any colder than in Iowa and am feeling much better than when I left there March 1st. I think this a great country for those who are suffering with throat and lung troubles. I have seen men that had as high as 51½ bushels wheat per acre and near 100 bushels oats, but they weigh from 43 to 51 pounds per bushel, but the general run is 25 to 50 wheat, 50 to 75 oats, and stock looking fine; some cattle running out all winter, feed in market flesh. I expect to return to the states late this fall for stock, etc.; will write you when I want to go. Thanking you all for past favors, I remain, most respectfully yours,

(Signed) Dr. D. E. Strevell.

Lese Majeste.

The greatest example of lese majeste in Germany is apparently more diverting than serious. The offense occurred at Spandau, near Berlin, and the offender is a stonemason with a numerous family. The mason was simply having dinner in the bosom of his family when he let fall some observations which were not exactly complimentary to the Kaiser. To his great surprise, his wife did more than dissent from his views; she went to the nearest police station and denounced her husband, who was immediately arrested.

Arizona's Petrified Wood.

Some of the petrified wood found in Arizona, it is said, is so hard that steel tools will not work it, the petrifactions being only three degrees less in hardness than the diamond.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

This is the season when only the people who can afford to have open windows and a furnace fire at the same time can be truly comfortable.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as sympathetic suffering. Many a poor man suffers if his wife is out of sorts.

Suggestions for Women as to the Care of Dainty Underwear.

It is one thing to have pretty belongings, and another to keep them so. Of nothing can this be more truly said than of woman's underwear, so generally ruined in washing with strong, impure soap, and by careless rubbing. Silk and woolen underwear should never be washed on a rubbing board, but simply by the following recipe for Dr. Martel's French Female Pills: Put a perfect Pill in a perfect Pearl Powder Plug on top in Blue, White and Red. Insist on having the genuine. "Relief for Women," mailed FREE in plain sealed wrapper and superscribed. Do not write FRENCH DRUG CO., 381 and 383 Pearl St., N.Y.

There are times when even the philosopher is unable to derive any real comfort from his philosophy.

$3,000 for a New Corn.

That's what this new corn cost. Yields 154 bushels per acre of Salzer's Rape to pasture sheep and cattle at 2c. per acre yields 16 tons, potatoes 1120 per acre, this Inermis, the greatest grass on earth; Beardless Barley 60 bushels per acre; 10 kinds grasses and clovers, etc.

Send this notice to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS., with 10c stamps and receive tree great Catalogue; $5-00 Corn and 10 Farm Seed Samples. [w.n.]

A vacation makes some people so lazy they don't care if they never have to work again.

Health for Ten Cents.

Cascarets make bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

Time is money; that's why the man who owes you a little bill promises to pay it in time.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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.

All flesh may be grass, but the lawn mower will never supplant the carving knife.

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.

When some men reach the top they help to set off the surrounding vacancy.

Carter's Ext. Smart Weed

Will cure a cold in one night; will cure sore throat in a few hours; acts quick. Sure cure for Catarrh in every 25c bottle.

A man is always anxious to help another if he sees a chance to help himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

The majority may rule if the minority isn't made up of women.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—Jos. Stuart, 4238 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

An underdone steak is better than a steak done over.

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

When winter dies spring will furnish the flowers.

Between two evils some men choose both.

TUMOR EXPELLED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHERLOCK, Magnolia, Iowa, in the following letter describes her recovery from a very critical condition:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been taking your Vegetable Compound, and am now ready to sound its praises. It has done wonders for me in relieving me of a tumor. My health has been poor for three years. Change of life was working upon me. I was very much bloated and was a burden to myself. Was troubled with smothering spells, also palpitation of the heart and that bearing-down feeling, and could not be on my feet much.

"I was growing worse all the time, until I took your medicine.

"After taking three boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Lozenges, the tumor passed from me.

"My health has been better ever since, can now walk quite a distance and am troubled no more with palpitation of the heart or bloating. I recommend your medicine to all sufferers from female troubles."

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that any one can doubt the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's methods and medicine in the face of the tremendous volume of testimony.

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