Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free. For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you sixteen medical books.

Medical Advice Free. We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently fit them for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

WANTED Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

NEU-ROT-I-CO TEA To introduce our Tea we will mail one full size package on receipt of 2 two-cent stamps. Guaranteed to cure Constipation and Headache. A Nerve Tonic. 25c package. Neurotico Medicine Co., Hopkinsville, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

REGULATE THE LIVER

WHISKERS DYED

A Natural Black by

Buckingham's Dye.

Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

RELIEF FOR WOMEN DR. MARTEL'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS Particulars and testimonials in plain sealed letter MAILED FREE. FRENCH DRUG CO., 381 & 383 Pearl St., New York

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.

CHEAP FARMS

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

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.

WE SELL DIRECT TO THE USER, FREIGHT PREPAID.

For Special Prices. Write Direct to 73 Bond St.

CASTREE & SHAW Co. Mfrs. OWOSSO, MICH.

BRASLARA (TRADE MARK.)

RICO RHEUMATISM CURE

Contains no Salicylic Acid, nor minerals of any kind whatever, therefore does not corrode the stomach, and cures radically by counteracting the acid fermentation of the blood, thus removing the cause, and eradicating the disease from the system. Hundreds of Rheumatic sufferers have been cured in the city where Rico is prepared, and its home reputation for excellence recommends it anywhere. Acute and muscular rheumatism cured in from one to four hours. A single bottle has again and again cured obstinate cases of long standing. Rico does not simply relieve pain; by removing the cause it never fails to eliminate the disease. It does the work radically and quickly, even in specially stubborn cases where other so-called remedies failed to even give relief. If your druggist hasn't it, we will send prompt on receipt of $1.00. Address, Rico Rheumatism Cure, 11 E. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer ... Worth $1.00, for 14 cents. ... JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

GOOD CROPS IN CANADA.

Farmers Leave Good Lands in Minnesota for Western Canada.

Delegates representing a number of neighboring farmers in Clay county, Minnesota, who visited the Edmonton district of Western Canada last summer are evidently very well satisfied with the result of their trip. They think so well of the country that in addition to the privilege of obtaining a free homestead of 160 acres of land they have also purchased land. In a recent interview on the subject Messrs. C. E. and A. Hughes of Barnesville, Clay Co., say:

"We are well pleased with Western Canada. It is far ahead of what we expected. We find the climate to be warmer than we expected. As for the crops we have never seen anything that can compete with them. We have lived in Minnesota and have farmed some of what they count the best lands in the Red River Valley for ten years and have done very well in that part of the country, and have farms there at present free of all encumberance, but believe that this country (Western Canada) is so much better that we have bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company one section of land northeast of Edmonton in the Beaver Hill district. We have traveled through that part of the country and have seen the grain in the granaries and the amount of land that it was taken off and find that they have grown as much as fifty bushels and over to the acre, and they say that this has not been a good year, and very little if any grain had been touched by the frost. Hay seems to be plentiful, and if you wish to put up log buildings you can get the logs within a few miles. Coal can be had at the mines for 75 cents per ton, or you can dig it yourself. Nearly all kinds of garden truck can be grown in abundance. We find everything that can be grown in good demand. The farmers tell us that they can get four and a half live weight per hundred for hogs, and for three year old steers from fifty to sixty dollars per head, providing they are good. We will move into that part of the country next summer. All the people in that part of the country seem satisfied, and we do not see any reason why they should not be so."

The Messrs. Hughes also stated that they would be very glad to afford anyone desiring particulars about the country they had visited the fullest information, on receiving enquiries at Barnesville, Clay Co., before the 1st of June next, when it is understood they propose to return to the Edmonton district.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

The Introduction of Modern Machinery Has Made It Easy and Profitable.

Some farmers are still living in this country who deprecate anything in the nature of an innovation in their method of cultivating the soil, but fortunately for the future of agriculture, they are rapidly growing less. A few years ago the spade was considered the proper thing with which to turn the soil, but for present day requirements it is altogether too slow a method, and it has been superseded by the plow. The old style plow, however, was not much better than the spade, and farmers demand an article that is light, easy to work and perfect in its requirements. Without doubt the best plow on the market to-day is that manufactured by the Castree & Shaw Co., of Owosso, Mich., and known as the "Owosso No. 1."

This plow is made entirely of steel, and is the lightest, easiest running, most durable and simple plow ever built. The peculiar construction of their Colter, Moldboard and Share produces the lightest draft plow ever made—all the working points are steel, it runs true even in the stoniest ground, and buries completely all weeds, stubble and fertilizing crops, no matter how high or heavy, and runs so easily that a boy of ten years of age can handle it. It is beyond doubt the best all around plow on the market to-day. Messrs. Castree & Shaw Co. also manufacture the Star Steel Land Roller, which is as far in advance of the old wooden roller as their plow is to the spade. The drum is made of the best tank steel, and there is no friction whatever. All the parts are interchangeable, and extras can be furnished on short notice. We strongly advise any of our readers who contemplate purchasing a plow or land roller to write the Castree & Shaw Co., 73 Bond St., Owosso, Mich., for catalogue and full particulars before placing their order.

Don't ask for a holiday every time you feel like taking one.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Don't use the office telephone for a chat with your friends.

Try Grain-o! Try Grain-o!

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

Don't leave a door open after you, when you find it closed.

Sufferers from Rheumatism

Should not fail to read advertisements of Rico Rheumatism Cure in another column of this paper, and as no doubt other remedies have failed to cure them, it would be well to try Rico as a single bottle has again and again cured obstinate cases.

Don't talk familiarly with your fellow workmen.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Don't stare at every one who enters the room.

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

A Hurricane Drives Us to the Fortunate Isles.

Some days after this we passed a carraca, as the Portuguese name those large and round built vessels which they send to Brazil and the Indies, and which are alike adapted for burden, fighting and sailing.

On exchanging the bearings—which, when vessels pass each other, are usually chalked on a blackboard hung over the quarter—Weston and Hislop found a considerable difference between the Portuguese and ours; but, never doubting that we were correct, they bore on without hailing the carraca, as we passed each other on opposite tacks under a press of sail.

The weather continued cloudy, and an increased difference was found on exchanging the latitude and longtitude with another vessel next morning. Then, after an observation at noon, Weston found that for more than fifty hours the Eugenie had been going several miles to the southeast of her due course.

The compass was immediately overhauled by Hislop, who found that the standard of the needle was loose.

On that night there commenced a long course of head winds and foul weather, during which the compass never worked properly, and the captain and mate found, by the solar observation, that we had drifted so far to leeward as to be somewhere between the parallels of 28 degrees and 28 degrees 35 minutes north.

Tattooed Tom and old Roberts, the man-o'-war's-man, were superstitious enough to give me the entire blame of all this, in consequence of having fired one day at some of Mother Cary's chickens; an action, they averred, which never failed to give the craft of the perpetrator a head wind for the remainder of her voyage—if she ever finished it at all.

"If this foul weather holds for another day," said Weston, as he trod the deck with a sulkiness quite professional under the circumstances, "we shall see land sooner than I wished."

"Land!" I reiterated, brightening at the idea more than he relished.

"Yes, some part of the Canaries—Santa Cruz de la Palma, most likely; but we shall have very rough weather before another sun rises. I know well the signs, Mr. Rodney. Don't you see what is brewing yonder, Hislop?" he said in a low voice to his mate.

"You say just what old Roberts, Tattooed Tom, and I were observing forward," replied Hislop. "We have not all of us seen a hurricane off the west coast of Africa, a tornado in the Windward Isles, and a regular roaring pampero off the Rio de la Plata, without learning something—eh, captain?"

"I hope not! so remember that this gloomy weather, with the wind lulling away and then coming again in hot gusts with a moaning sound—in my part of England we name it 'the calling of the sea'—are always signs of a coming squall."

As the night closed in, the canvas on the brig was reduced, the royals were struck and the yards sent on deck; the dead lights were shipped on the stern windows; the quarter boat was hoisted within the taffrail, and there lashed hard and fast, for there were increasing tokens of a coming tempest, and ere midnight it came with a vengeance.

The sky at first was all a deep, dark blue, wonderfully dark for that region, and the stars, especially the planets, shone with singular clearness and beauty; but in the northwest quarter of the heavens we could see the coming blast.

From the horizon to the zenith, there arose with terrible rapidity a mighty bank of sable cloud, forming a vast and gloomy arch, at the base of which a pale and phosphorescent light seemed to play upon the heaving sea.

This light brightened and sunk alternately. Now it would shoot downward with a lurid glare, steadily and brilliantly, under the flying vapor, and then it died away with an opal tint.

Sheet lightning of a pale and ghastly green, extending over ten or twelve points of the horizon, flashed and played upon it. Then we heard the rush of rain, as if a great lake had been falling from a vast hight into the sea, and the next the roar of the mighty blast; while furrowing up the ocean in its passage, the tempest came swooping down upon us and around us in a species of whirlwind.

Bravely the Eugenie met it, for her captain and men handled her nobly.

She had her topgallant sails furled her courses up, the topsails lowered upon the cap, and the reef tackles close out; but she swayed fearfully when careening beneath the hot breath of the mighty blast and riding over those black mountains of water, which in fierce succession it impelled toward her. High she went over a sloping sheet of foam one moment, and the next saw her plunging into a deep, black valley of that midnight sea; so deep that the wind seemed to pass over us, the canvas flapped to the mast, and we only caught its weight and power when riding quickly on the crest of the next mighty roller.

Meanwhile the green-forked lightning flashed so brightly that at times we could see every rope in the vessel, our own blanched and pale faces, as we held on by ring bolts and belaying pins to save ourselves from being washed overboard by the blinding sheets of mingled foam and rain that deluged the deck, over which the sea was also breaking heavily every instant.

Each time the Eugenie rose in her buoyancy, her decks wert half full of water and the long boat amidships filled so fast that a man with a bucket could scarce keep it baled.

Following the whirlwind, we went round five times in thirty-five minutes, with the afteryards squared and the headyards braced sharp up.

Then the black mass of sulphurous cloud in which we were enveloped seemed to ascend, and with the same rapidity with which it approached, passed away into the sky; "the chamber of the thunder," as the bard of Cona names it, became again clear, blue and starry, though marked by occasional masses of flying vapor. The rain ceased, and the Eugenie heaved upon a foam covered sea, over which there passed, from time to time, short squalls, compelling us to lower the double reefed topsails and run before the wind.

Now a stiff glass of grog was served round to all, and by turns we contrived to get some dry clothing.

In the end of the middle watch—about four o'clock a. m.—there was suddenly visible upon our larboard bow a faint and vapory light that shot upward in the sky from time to time, like jets of steam.

This singular appearance was high above the horizon, and first caught the anxious eye of Capt. Weston.

"Hah! do you see that?" said he to me.

"What is it?"

"The Peak of Adam—Teneriffe."

"The great volcanic peak in the Fortunate Isles?"

"Old Tenny Reef in the Canaries, we calls it, sir," said Tattooed Tom, who was at the wheel. "It ain't a volcano now; but it can't give over its old trade of smoking altogether, and blows up steam like a screw propeller or just as a whale does water through his spiracles."

"Tom means what the Spaniards term the ventas, or nostrils, of the peak, through which the aqueous vapors come with a buzzing sound, and these cause a species of light," said Hislop.

"Well thank heaven, though we are far out of our course, that blast has done no more than wet our storm jackets and scrape some of our paint off."

"We have come out of it uncommon well, sir," said Tom, as he stood with his feet planted firmly apart on the deck, his hard brown hands grasping the wheel, with the helm amidships, as we were still before the wind, and the light of the binacle flaring upward on his weather-beaten face, with its strange zebra-like stripes—at least, on so much of his grim visage as the peak of his sou'-wester and a scarlet cravat that was round his throat and jaws permitted us to see. "The last time I was in such a breeze was a pampero off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, but then we had our foresail split to ribbons, and the ship was canted over on her beam ends, almost. The mainsail was blown right out of the men's hands, and flapped in the sky like thunder, while the craft—a five hundred ton ship she was and all copper-fastened—was just on the point of capsizing, when with a crash that made our hearts ache, snap went the jibboom and topmasts off at the caps, just as you'd break a 'bacca-pipe at the bowl. She righted after that; but four of our best men were swept away to leeward, and never seen again. And now, Master Rodney, with all your book learning, or you, Master Hislop, with all yours, can you tell the why such things as tornadoes, hurricanes, pamperos, and the like, are sent to torment the poor hard-working fellows such as me?"

"I can," said Hislop, turning his handsome, but wet and weather beaten face to the steersman.

"You can, sir," reiterated Tom loudly and incredulously.

"Yes, in four lines. Listen:

"'Perhaps this storm was sent with healing breath,
From distant climes to scourge disease and death;
'Tis ours on Thine unerring laws to trust;
With thee, great Lord—whatever is, is just.'"

"Faith, you are right, sir," said honest Tom Lambourne, touching his tarry hat in respect to the mate, mingled with that piety which, in his own rugged way, a seaman is never without.

CHAPTER VII.

I Go Ashore.

The wind lulled away into a gentle breeze, reef after reef was shaken out until a full spread of canvas once more covered the spars of the Eugenie; and to repair some trifling damages of the night we crept in shore.

As day brightened through clouds half rain, half mist, and wholly gray, or obscure, we saw the land looming high and dark. Beyond it in the distance there was a space of vivid light; in the foreground, surf white as snow was breaking on the beach, and high over all, in mid-air towered the wondrous Peak of Adam, on the eastern side of which the sun (as yet unrisen to us) was shining brightly when we came to anchor in the harbor of Santa Cruz.

We moored in thirty-three fathoms water, about half a mile from the shore, which in most places is steep, with green and lovely slopes rising high above it. As Capt. Weston proposed to weigh next morning, he allowed me to go ashore, but sent with me, to be a guide and companion, Tom Lambourne, the tattooed sailor, who had been frequently before at the Grand Canary, and in whom he reposed great trust.

He gave me a courier bag containing some provisions, a flask of spirits, and a telescope; and thus provided, old Tom and I, with such emotions of pleasure as two newly escaped schoolboys might feel, landed on the shore, which seemed to heave, sink, and rise under my feet—for after the late storm I still felt that which is termed "the roll of the ship."

It was in this harbor of Santa Cruz that the famous old English Admiral Blake encountered, and within six hours burned and sunk seven great Spanish galleons, though they were anchored under the protecting cannon of seven forts and a strong castle, in the walls of which some of his shot were shown imbedded for many years after.

I cast longing eyes to the summit of the mighty Peak of Adam. It seemed to rise sheer from the sea, over which, literally piercing the clouds, it towers to the height of more than twelve thousand feet; but the idea of attempting to climb it within so short a space of time as we had to spend on shore never occurred to me, but what a feat it would have been to relate when I returned to Erlesmere!

The morning was early yet; the sun was barely above the now cloudless horizon; so the shadow of this stupendous cone was cast not only over the whole island, which seems to form merely its base, but to the far horizon, perhaps beyond it; for there are writers who assert that in clear weather Cape Bojadore, that dreary and barren promontory of Africa, ninety miles distant, is visible from its summit.

Did the waves of the sea ever overflow that mighty peak? At such a question the mind becomes lost in conjecture.

As I am not writing a descriptive book of travels, but merely a plain narrative of my own very recent adventures, I need not detail at great length, either the magnitude or the aspect of this great island-mountain of the Atlantic.

From cliffs of dark-brown basalt, against which the ocean pours in vain its foam and fury, we ascended the steep slope of the volcano for a few miles. Then at our feet, as it were, we could see that fertile island, where a perpetual spring seems to smile, and where the fragrant myrtle, the golden orange trees, and the dark funereal cypresses form the mere hedgerows of those plantations where the sugarcane, the broad leaved plantain, the luscious Indian fig, the trailing vine, the fragrant cinnamon, and the pretty coffee bush, were all flourishing in a luxuriance that filled us with wonder and pleasure.

Further off was the boundless sea, of that deep blue which it borrowed from the sky above, and mirrored in its depth were the shipping in the roadstead, with their white canvas hanging loose to dry in the sun; the green woods and dark rocks reflected downward, and the old turreted castle of Santa Cruz, with the scarlet and yellow banner of Castile and Leon on its time-worn ramparts.

The summit of the great cone, on the clothed sides of which we never tired of gazing, soon became lost in vapor; far above the dark green belt of many miles, named the Region of Laurels, and that other belt or forest of timber, where pines, chestnuts, and oaks of vast size mingle their varied foliage together, the mountain seemed all of a violet tint, which paled away into faint blue as its apex mingled and became lost amid the gossamer clouds.

(To be continued.)

DINNER IN ROME.

The sweet warbling thrush, of all the birds that are killed, perhaps the one we are most loath to see destroyed, was extensively used in all well-ordered repasts in old Rome. They were served "en couronne" and appreciated above other birds, and now, at the end of the nineteenth century, the culinary papers hailing from France boast of the quantities of this delicate bird consumed in the Paris restaurants.

The exigencies of luxury and love of display led many Romans into extremes, both with regard to general surroundings and to actual articles of food. One of the gallantries du temps was marked by showering down upon the assembled guests, through the open ceiling, flowers and rose petals in such quantities as to prove uncomfortable for the recipients of such favors. Even less extravagant hosts covered the floors of their rooms with rose petals and the guests were presented with wreaths of the same lovely bloom, as it was said to have the property of neutralizing the fumes of the wine; amethysts, which were believed to have the same effect, were worked into the wreaths. The women adorned themselves with flowers just as they do now, with the difference that the "Victoria showers" and the stiff buttonholes of our day had not yet been invented, but the amethyst was never added, possibly because they were proof against the danger of intoxication, for it was not etiquette for them to partake of wine in public.

With regard to table decorations it is hardly necessary to say that in the days of the Romans floral displays were nothing less than extravagant, though the designs may have lacked the elaboration now necessitated by the exigencies of public modern taste. Roses especially, above all other blooms, were in high favor and lavishly distributed about the dining halls; indeed, it is to a rose that we owe a very common expression. A bunch of these flowers often hung from the ceiling and was taken as a sign that the subject of conversation must be confidential—hence the expression sub rosa.

The drinks, especially the celebrated Falerno, were perfumed with rose petals and violets. Nor did the lavish expenditure stop at such trifles as these, for 5,000 parrots' tongues were served at a feast given by one of the Neros. The brains of ostriches, pheasants and thrushes were also held in great repute, and at the repast given by Heliogabalus grains of gold were mixed with the peas and pearls with the rice.

A later and not so romantic a fashion, which prevailed among those less favored by fortune, that of serving a whole bear—half of it being boiled and the other half roasted, to satisfy the taste of each guest—was certainly less dainty, but a good deal more practical.

They Always Say It.

"Queer about the actor who made the little speech before the curtain last night, wasn't it?"

"What was queer about him?"

"He didn't say it seemed like getting home when he came here to fill his engagement."

The short lie often casts a long shadow.

After-Effects of the GRIP

Grip is a treacherous disease. You think it is cured and the slightest cold brings on a relapse.

Its victims are always left in a weakened condition—blood impure and impoverished; nerves shattered. Pneumonia, heart disease and nervous prostration are often the result.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. A trial will prove this. Read the evidence:

When the grip last visited this section Herman H. Eveler, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well-known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and he has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says:

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely.

"I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation decided to give them a trial.

"After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them.

"After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and any one suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific." H. H. EVELER.

Mr. Eveler will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.—*From Cole Co. Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.*

Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes $2.50.

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

Baltimore & Ohio.

From time to time articles appear in various papers about the so-called "Hill control" of Baltimore & Ohio, together with exhaustive details of various struggles which are supposed to be in progress between Mr. Hill and other people in the Baltimore & Ohio board. The details of these struggles are very interesting, but are open to the criticism that they have no existence in fact. The plain facts of the matter are, first that Mr. Hill does not control Baltimore & Ohio, nor has he at any time expressed any desire or taken any steps in that direction; second, that there has at no time been any differences of opinion between Mr. Hill and the Baltimore & Ohio people with regard to a selection of general manager, the selection of Mr. Underwood being satisfactory to everybody; and third, that the delay in regard to Mr. Underwood's acceptance of the general managership of Baltimore & Ohio was due to matters connected with the Soo Line more than anything else.

It is pretty well understood here that Mr. Hill was invited to interest himself in Baltimore & Ohio, on the theory that he could be of great service to the property as an adviser, and to this end he, with some of his friends, purchased a substantial interest in the preferred stock of the company. This interest is nowhere near a controlling interest, but is still very large. It may be said without fear of contradiction, that there is entire harmony in Baltimore & Ohio circles from top to bottom.

Don't tip back in your chair and cross your legs whenever a leisure moment presents itself.

Everybody's liable to itching piles. Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one cure sure. Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

There is a divinity within us who breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.

The average political orator who howls about the independent life of the farmer doesn't know an ox yoke from a horse collar.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

When a man offers you something for nothing don't accept it unless you can afford to pay at least double its value.

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.

A black eye indicates a revengeful nature—on the part of the other fellow.

Health for Ten Cents.

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

Bitter words often result from biting a persimmon before it is ripe.

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.

Seeing isn't always believing; we see lots of people we can't believe.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

When laziness flies out at the window coal falls into the cellar.

The Medicated Croup Necklace is the only Croup safeguard known or sold. Price by mail 25c. Medicated Croup Necklace Co., Oakmont, Pa.

Love is never found by seeking and it never stays for pleading.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Men will do almost anything for money—some will even work.

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

Cold weather contracts ice bills and expands coal bills.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Columbian Exposition, also special Gold Medal and Diploma, California Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream BAKING POWDER

A Pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

HOW CREAM TARTAR IS MADE.

Cream of Tartar—which enters so largely into the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder—is obtained from the tart Wines of France, Germany, Austria, etc. The Crude Tartar, called Argolis, is deposited on the sides of the wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. After the wine is drawn off, this crystal deposit is removed, dried and exported to America where the elaborate process of refining takes place, producing the snow-white crystals of Cream of Tartar.

In singling out Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder from all its competitors and bestowing upon it a special Gold Medal, the California Midwinter Fair concurred in the verdict given by the World's Fair jury, which awarded both medal and diploma to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, declaring it superior to every other brand.

The victories won by it at all the great fairs, and its wonderful growth in popular favor, due to its purity, uniformity, wholesomeness, keeping qualities and excellence, have confirmed and emphasized it as

"The Foremost Baking Powder in all the World."

NOTE.—The Cream of Tartar Refinery, controlled by the Price Baking Powder Company, is the most complete and extensive in the World.