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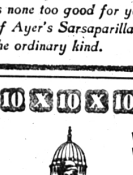
has been the Sarsaparilla which the people have bought when they were sick and wanted to be cured. If the best is none too good for you, you will get Ayer's. One bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains the strength of three of the ordinary kind.



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The man who owns a Deering machine knows that he has full value for his money—knows it because the Deering guaranty goes with every machine sold by them.

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These are strong claims, but remember the Deering Harvester Company is behind them.

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Ladies' Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless, MODEL 51, 1898 Price $125. Reduced to $60.00.

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These machines are Columbias of the highest grade throughout and bear the Columbia guarantee. They are not shop-worn wheels carried over from last year, but are of 1899 manufacture. Compare them part for part with other bicycles and you will find good reasons for the admitted superiority of Columbia quality. The stock of these models is limited.

If there is no agent in your locality, write to us direct.

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Is making a reputation for courage and patriotism that stirs our blood.

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Wheatfields and orchards has already made a reputation for gigantic yields that astonishes the world. Oil wells, coal, lead and salt mines furnish a basis for industrial development. Send for free copy of

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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.

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

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

This feat I achieved with considerable peril, for the birds, when roused from their eyries, whooped, screamed, and wheeled in flocks and circles about me, flapping their huge wings; so that once I became so bewildered, that instead of clambering again to the summit of the cliff, I began a descent toward the foaming sea below.

In reascending my hat was blown away, and with it the wretched eggs for which I had risked my life and limbs.

After this event I resolved to procure food for myself alone, and instead of returning to Antonio, who usually loitered about the hut our men had left, I went to the opposite side of the island, and found a banana grove, wherein I took up my quarters.

I had been thirty-six hours without seeing my pleasant chum, the Cubano, or being near him with food. I knew that his rage would be great, and feeling myself unusually weak, after all the mental excitement and bodily exposure I had undergone, necessity compelled me now to avoid him strictly, as I was totally incapable of contending with him in any way.

If he found me to plead that I had undertaken on the western side of the isle, and while the sun, though up, was yet below the great mountain and cast its shadow to the extreme horizon of the baby morning sea, I encountered Antonio at last.

Hunger, apparently, had rendered him furious, but feeling certain in a moment that timidity would do me no service, I started back and said in Spanish:

"Ha! ha! I told you what would happen when I wanted food," said he, feeling the point of his knife.

My blood ran cold at these words, and I cast a longing eye upon my lost hatchet; he saw the glance and trampled upon the weapon with a mocking laugh.

"What do you mean, Cubano?" I asked, in an almost breathless voice.

"Simply this—that as self-preservation is the first law of nature, I am bound to kill you."

He had the revolver in his hand, and while he cast a glance at the caps on the breach, as if to see that they were all right, and sheathed his knife, I made a bound aside and placed a banana tree between us. The dastard fired, and the ball, as it whistled past, stripped off a piece of bark.

In the same manner I escaped a second shot, so Antonio, finding that his much-prized ammunition was likely to be expended fruitlessly, rushed forward to use his knife.

The tendril of a pumpkin caught his left foot, he fell heavily and hurt himself severely. Then, darting past, I secured my hatchet, and rendered furious by all that had occurred, and by the imminent danger which menaced me, a light seemed to flash before my eyes, I trembled with rage, and felt as if imbued with supernatural strength.

I was about to spring upon Antonio with hands, feet and teeth, to hew him with the hatchet as I would have hewn a tree, when a new object suddenly caught my eye.

It was a ship—but a ship ashore.

"Cubano," I exclaimed in a husky voice, "look there!"

Antonio looked in the direction indicated, and, pausing in his murderous intention, uttered a fierce laugh of satisfaction.

In the rocky channel which opened between the inaccessible island and ours there lay the wave-beaten hull of a dismasted vessel, which might have drifted in over night, as it was certainly not there yesterday, and it was now jammed hard and fast upon a reef of rock that connected them.

This new object changed at once the terrible current of the Cuban's ideas. A grim smile passed over his olive countenance, he shook back his mop of masses of coal-black hair, which, in Skye-terrier fashion, overhung his wild dark eyes, and sheathing his knife, said:

"Mio muchacho—come; I was only joking. Yonder we will find food, perhaps, and who knows what more? Come, it is a bargain, and if you don't desert me, I shall not molest you again."

He proceeded at once toward the beach, and I was hungry enough, and perhaps reckless enough now, to be glad of a truce, and to follow him, in the hope of finding something eatable on board.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Homeward Voyage.

My heart beat happily; I was no longer a lonely marooon, but on the high road to home and Old England. We were rescued by a ship hailed by Hislop and the others.

We had several days of the finest tropical weather, and they passed unmarked by a greater incident than seeing a shoal of dolphins, sparkling as they surged through the brine; the silvery flying fish leap from one green watery slope to another, while the dark, crooked fin of the stealthy shark glided as usual in the trough of the sea, between; a piece of weedy driftwood with Mother Cary's chickens or albatrosses floating near it, or perhaps at the horizon the topsails of a vessel hull-down, appearing for a time like white or dusky specks, according to the position of the sun.

The captain of the San Ildefonso perceiving that Marc Hislop and I were great friends kindly placed us in the same watch.

As for Antonio the Cubano, we never went near him if we could help it. He was placed in the cable tier, and for more complete security, in the bilboes, which are iron shackles that confine the feet. However, we daily heard from the surgeon and from Dra Anselmo, who was somewhat skilled in surgery, and who undertook his cure bodily and mentally, that the wound under the right armpit had proved slight, through the lungs had escaped narrowly, but that the other in the breast had penetrated the fleshy portion of the heart, and was a very dangerous one. The friar added that "the Cubano was not one of those men who are easily killed, and thus he would recover rapidly."

We also heard that Antonio was well cared for, as he had discovered one or two friends among the crew, such as the seaman Benito Ojeda, a most villainous looking, beetle browed and squat little Catalonian, who seemed to be the worst character on board, and was engaged in perpetual quarrels.

A few days after crossing the tropic of Cancer, on a lovely afternoon, we again saw the peak of Teneriffe lighted up by the western sunshine and rising like a cone of red flame from the blue sea.

The clouds seemed to rise, with it, and ere long we saw its base spreading out beneath them.

"Tennereef again!" I heard old Tom Lambourne muttering, as he leaned over the lee bow, with a short pipe in his mouth. "Dash my wig! I have had a spell enough of Tennyreef before this!"

Manuel Gautier and Hislop now came with a party of seamen to get the anchors off the forecastle to her bows. This was no light task, the reader may be assured, for they were each about forty-five hundred weight; and now the ponderous cables rattled along the deck as they were bent to the iron rings.

We approached this singular island from a point that was new to me; but still its great and most familiar features were the same as when I first saw them from the deck of the Eugenie.

Estremera now reminded us that when at Teneriffe we should not fail to visit the two great sights of the island—the Valley of the Diamond and the old Dragon tree of Caora.

The wind was fresh and fair, but felt light after sunset; and when the high land of the Grand Canary was on our starboard beam it almost died away. As we crept on we saw the lighthouse at the base of La Montana Rexo, which in the warm sunset seemed to have turned into blood or port wine, so deeply crimson was the glow that lingered on the clouds and on the shore, and then the vast peak—save where girdled in midair by a light floating vapor—seemed all of a deep violet tint dotted at its base by the white walls of houses, or of sugar mills and by groves of cocoa and rosewood trees.

Darkness was soon there, but still the sunset lingered in rays of fire upon the mighty peak of Adam, on which the eye never tired of gazing.

By midnight we were abreast of it, and all was darkness at last save where the millions of stars were sparkling in the wide blue dome of the sky.

Hislop and I were in the morning-watch when the ship arrived off the mouth of the harbor of Santa Cruz—that pretty town which Humboldt termed the most beautiful between Spain and the Indies.

A flash that broke the darkness, with a light puff of smoke floating away from the old castle walls, indicated the morning gun, and that dawn was visible.

It seemed as if it were but yesterday when the Eugenie and the Costa Rican brig had worked out of the same harbor together, in the same species of dull twilight, and that all which had passed since that time had been a dream.

We beat in with the breeze ahead. The light of another day was rapidly descending from the summit of the island, and already that green girdle named the Region of Laurels was shining in the sunbeam; so ere long we saw the windows of the custom house, which stands above the long mole, and all the shaded latfices of the terraced streets of Santa Cruz, glittering in gold and purple sheen.

The anchors were ready to be let go; the chain cables were ranged upon deck in long coils that ran fore and aft; we tacked repeatedly, and each time the tacks became shorter and more frequent.

"Ready about! Presto! down with the helm—let fly the head-sheets!" were the orders heard incessantly from Estremera and Manuel Gautier.

The yards slewed around sharply and the canvas flapped with a sound like the cracking of musketry; at last the anchor was let go about a half mile from the shore in thirty fathoms of water and the ship swung round head to wind as her courses were brailed up, and the men hurried aloft to hand the topsails and topgallant sails; so she was soon denuded of her canvas.

When the anchor plunged into the frothy water, making a thousand concentric ripples run from the ship; and when I felt, by the instant strain upon the cable, that she had firm hold of the ground, my heart swelled with unalloyed happiness; for to be in Teneriffe was to be far on the watery high road to my home.

Santa Cruz being the capital of these isles, is the residence of the captain-general of the Canaries, the seat of the supreme court of law, and of all the consuls and commissaries of foreign powers, whose various flags, when displayed upon their houses, make the handsome streets as gay in aspect as the harbor, which is always crowded by the shipping of every nation.

A custom house boat, with the Spanish ensign floating at the stern, came promptly off with an official, a dandied creole in uniform, with a sombrero on his curly head, a saber at his side, and a cigar in his mouth. To him Capt. Estremera made a full report of the mutiny which had broken out in his ship when off the African coast, and the stern mode of its suppression.

Hence, in two hours after, we had the satisfaction of seeing Antonio el Cubano, Benito Ojeda, the old tindal of the Lascars, and eighter other rascals, taken off to the castle of Santa Cruz in a large open boat, guarded by twelve Spanish soldiers, in charge of a lieutenant, Don Luiz Pineda.

I can still recall the glance of impotent and baffled malignity that Antonio cast upon me as I went down the ship's side. It combined all the worst emotions of his angry heart, and somewhat reminded me of his face in that terrible moment when he swung at the end of the studding sail-boom, with despair in his clutch and death in his heart.

We watched the boat till it reached the long stone mole, and then we saw the fixed bayonets of the escort flashing, as the whole party ascended the great stair toward the custom house, and surrounded by a mob of those nautical idlers who usually make a pier their lounge, disappear in the interior of the town, as they marched toward the castle.

Two episodes more will close the story of Antonio—his trial and punishment.

CHAPTTR XXXV.

The Last of Antonio El Cubano.

The trial came on in a couple of days after, and proceeded with a celerity unknown in England or Scotland either. We were all examined, and previously were sworn, not on a Bible, but over two sword blades held in the form of a cross—for such is the old chivalric custom in a Spanish court of law.

Without hesitation the judges found Antonio guilty; he was sentenced to die by the garotte, and heard his doom with apparent apathy.

The tindal of the Lascars was released, as it would appear that he had acted under compulsion; but Benito Ojedo and eight other Spanish seamen were sentenced to work in the fortifications or on the highways for ten years, in chains, as felons or galley slaves.

A few days later we found a great crowd of colonists, citizens, mulattoes, creoles and negroes, all in motley and gaudily striped linen jackets and trousers, assembled in the Plaza, where a guard of Spanish infantry, with muskets shouldered and bayonets fixed, kept back the people in the form of a hollow square about a raised wooden platform, which was covered with black cloth and whereon was placed the garotte.

"What is all this about?" we asked.

"It is for the execution of Antonio, a Cuban pirate, who is to die by the garotte," replied a soldier.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF PORTER'S SPEECHES.

The General Says It Is Among His Best, So It Must Be True.

One of the youngest-looking men of his years in public life is Gen. Horace Porter, our ambassador to France, says the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

In spite of his incessant activity, Gen. Porter, while the head in New York of the Pullman Palace Car Company, was among the most accessible of men. He always seemed to have plenty of leisure time. One day a reporter was sent to him to collect some after-dinner stories which had never before been printed, and never have been printed up to the present time. The general laid aside his correspondence and entered whole-heartedly into his caller's mission.

"I don't know," said he, "that I can tell you any new story of mine, but I will tell you what I regard as my best piece of repartee—at least, it was the most enthusiastically received. It was at a big banquet, the chairman of which was no orator. His introductions were labored and most of them failed to score. When he introduced me, he said:

"'You all know Gen. Porter. With him all you have to do is to drop a dinner in the slot and up comes a speech.'

"You all know the presiding officer,' I retorted, 'and judging from the sickly tone of his speeches, all you have to do is to drop one of them in the slot and up comes your dinner.'

"From that time on I had things my own way at that dinner."

THACKERAY'S GENTLER SIDE.

Years of Perfect Happiness—His Own and His Wife's Love.

The following letter was written in 1838 by Thackeray to his wife:

"Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which he has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope—for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness? Our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and, as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is like wise one superior to poverty, or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us, as the best and wisest in the world prayed that he might not be led into temptation.

"I think happiness is as good as prayers and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture; you only see a little bit of it when you are near the canvas. Go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is.

"I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except by being so awfully glad to get back."

Elephants as Nurses.

Siamese women intrust their children to the care of elephants, who are careful never to hurt the little creatures, and if danger threatens, the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk and swing it up and out of harm's way upon its own broad back.

Ghosts and Society Ghosts.

"Aren't your Psychical Research club meetings very dull, Miss Priscilla?" "No; you see, we always wind up with a pillow-case masquerade and dance."—Detroit Free Press.

MUCH OVERDONE

Was the Graciousness of a Recent Swell Bride.

This is the wedding season, and stories concerning the great event are consequently in line. "People are very much surprised," said a young and fashionable bride recently, "at the length of my wedding procession. If they only knew what trouble I had been through on that account I should not have been blamed or criticised by 'overdoing the matter,' as one of my friends said. It does seem a little like crowding the delighted to have six bridesmaids, and, of course, the corresponding number of groomsmen, but the way of it was this: I felt pretty well disposed toward the whole world, as one is apt to when marrying the man of her choice, and in the plenitude of my enthusiasm I wrote to all my old school friends inviting them to be present, and painting the glories of the coming ceremony with no uncertain pen. Among my correspondents were two sisters who lived in the West. As soon as I had sent the letter I forgot all about them. I was so busy arranging details, receiving presents, etc. I had invited four of my dearest friends to be bridesmaids, and we spent days and days discussing the all important question of their gowns. One day I received a long letter of congratulation from the western sisters, saying how sorry they were that they could not be present, but under the circumstances they couldn't, the circumstances being about four yards of trifling event which consplred to prevent their acceptance. I did not care about the matter at all, but I felt so genially disposed toward every one that I said right down, wrote them how heartbroken I was, as I had hoped to have them for my bridesmaids (Oh, that little fib!) and couldn't they think it over? Talk about the tangled web of deceit! In a couple of days I received a telegram. 'Didn't understand we were to be bridesmaids. Expect us such and such a day; will order costumes when we arrive.' In my endeavor to be particularly gracious I had simply overdone the matter, as is the way with the would-be popular. Well, the sisters arrived. I had to find two men, help the sisters with their gowns, entertain them and act as if the last wish of my fleeting maidenhood had at last been granted. They both acted as if I owed them an eternal debt of gratitude for coming, and even asked me once or twice if I didn't think I had invited too many bridesmaids. As you know, my wedding procession looked like a stage affair, and I have been severely criticised ever since."

THE LATE MRS. WM. C. WHITNEY

(New York Letter.)

Mrs. Whitney was a member of the celebrated May family of Baltimore and was closely related to the Jays, Kanes, Oelrichs, Webbs and Winthrops of New York. Her first husband was Capt. Arthur Randolph of the British army. They met at Dresden years ago. Randolph was married, but divorced his wife and followed the then beautiful Miss May to America. Her parents violently opposed the marriage at first, but finally consented, Randolph died in Canada a few years after their marriage. The widow remained single for many years, but in 1896 married William C. Whitney. She was a beautiful woman, splendidly educated and entertained graciously.

The accident which cost her life occurred at Aiken, S. C., on February 21, 1898. She was following the hounds, and, while going under a bridge after the deer, her head struck one of the timbers. Every possible effort was made to save her and for months her neck and shoulders were inclosed in a plaster cast. It became advisable that Mrs. Whitney should be removed to New York, where there were more modern surgical appliances than could be obtained in Aiken. The surgeons were concerned as to how and in what sort of a car Mrs. Whitney could be transported.

"Let a car be made," said Mr. Whitney, "for a train or a railroad, if necessary." It was done. Four luxurious Wagner coaches were placed on a side track near Aiken, and for three weeks they were kept there, attached to an engine with steam up, while expert designers altered and planned and carpentered that Mrs. Whitney might travel northward undisturbed. It amounted to the practical rebuilding of a car, but it was done at last. Then the car was run out on the main track and the strange sight was seen of a great New York surgeon reclining on a bed while the engineer made short, quick runs, sudden stops and jerks backward. Mr. Whitney and Dr. Bull superintended all this, and until no jar whatever could be communicated to the bed they were not satisfied with the work of the car builders.

It was a fairy-like journey north, and it ended at last in the Whitney

MRS. W. C WHITNEY.

mansion of Fifth avenue. Then, for the first time, the X-rays were used and the full extent of Mrs. Whitney's injury was made out. Afterward she was taken to the Whitney home on Long Island, but it was not long before the invalid pined for the sea breezes of Bar Harbor. Forthwith there appeared, at the beck of the same magician, a yacht that was almost a floating hospital, to take Mrs. Whitney to Bar Harbor. After a little while the same yacht brought Mrs. Whitney back to Long Island, where she passed away.

A Happy Mother's Gratitude

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 48,283]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have many, many thanks to give you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. After first confinement I was sick for nine years with weakness of the womb, had pain in left side, in small of back, a great deal of headache, palpitation of heart and leucorrhœa. I felt so weak and tired that I could not do my work. I became pregnant again and took your Compound all through, and now have a sweet baby girl. I never before had such an easy time during labor, and I feel it was due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to do my work and feel better than I have for years. I cannot thank you enough."—MRS. EDA LINGER, DEVINE, TEX.

Wonderfully Strengthened.

"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills and feel wonderfully strengthened. Before using your remedies I was in a terrible state; felt like fainting every little while. I thought I must surely die. But now, thanks to your remedies, those feelings are all gone."—MRS. EMMIE SCHNEIDER, 1244 HELEN AVE., DETROIT MICH.

It Isn't a Bad One.

The current London-made joke is about the emperor of Germany, and it has a point. It is to the effect that the kaiser having expressed the hope during Kipling's illness that the life of the writer might, in the mercy of Providence, be spared, has now, since Mr. Kipling's recovery, conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on Providence.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is madness to put a viper in your bosom because of its gay coat.

The sins we pet in our lives, we are apt to pelt in those of others.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

If we had microscopic eyes beauty wouldn't even be skin deep.

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.

Epworth League

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY 20-23, 1899.

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....VIA....

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Returning tickets will be good to leave Indianapolis up to July 24th, with a proviso that if tickets are deposited with Joint Agent at Indianapolis not later than July 24th, and payment of fee of 50 cents at the time of deposit, limit may be extended to leave Indianapolis to and including August 1st, 1899.

For full information regarding tickets, rates and routes and time of trains, call on agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

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