RAFFLES of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Stanley, who had returned to the ballroom, wended his way amongst the dancers, his progress impeded by some fair lady who greeted him graciously—often eagerly, and forced him to pause for an interchange of vapid nothings. He then visited all the apartments open to guests, until he was convinced that the count had kept his daughter at home, for better protection against further intercourse with the handsome suitor he had rejected so sorrufully that same afternoon.

But English love, like other love, laughs at the barriers a stubborn parent may seek to interpose; and Count de Cazeneau's decision was not calculated to discourage so strong-willed a man as Captain Edward Stanley.

He had acceded to his sweetheart's wishes by going, in proper form, to her father; and the matter having culminated as the lovers had feared, nothing was left but an elopement, for which, in view of the count's probable refusal, all the plans had been arranged.

It was shortly after midnight when a tall man, enveloped in a long cloak, and followed closely by a stalwart negro, who bore a sizable bundle upon his shoulders, looked toward the brilliantly lighted windows of Count de Cazeneau's house, whose inmates were evidently celebrating, after the customary fashion, the New Year's advent. He paused a moment in front of the rambling, low-built dwelling, and then passed on, muttering words which were scarcely a benediction upon its owner.

After a walk of some twenty minutes, the man and his silent follower climbed the low wall that bounded the count's domain, and, with the night wind rustling the denuded cotton stalks about them, struck off across the broad fields until they reached

He held her close, as they sat side by side.

the edge of some woods that rose, a dark boundary line, at one side of the lonely plantation.

Here they paused, and looked to where, quite a distance away, the flames of two huge bonfires showed many fantastic figures—those of the slaves, who were, like irresponsible children, celebrating after the manner of their race, the brief respite from labor accorded them by their exacting master.

The baying of a hound from the slave-quarters was heard, faint, but clear, and the suggestive notes appeared to bring disquiet to the man's dusky follower, for he began to move restlessly, and glance about with manifest apprehension, while he drew closer to his master, who now, wheeling about pushed on into the woods.

He went forward with a confidence showing that he was on not unfamiliar ground; and a few steps brought the two to a small clearing, where the semi-darkness was made a little more cheerful by a flickering of red light, coming through the chinks of the closed door, as well as from the uncurtained window, of a small cabin.

A fire lit the interior, which was deserted, save for a small, raggedly clad urchin of ten, whose black arms and legs seemed to have outgrown their scanty clothing.

"Where is Zezey?" inquired the officer, after glancing about the cabin.

The boy stared with fright at his questioner, looming so far above him in the firelight, which struck gleamings from the breast of the uniform, where a slight parting of the cloak folds revealed scarlet and gold.

"Are you deaf, you black monkey? Where is Zezey, I say." Captain Stanley repeated impatiently.

"Granny? She's done gone t' keep New Y'ar's," stammered the little negro, rising cautiously to his naked feet and backing away from the officer's stern eyes.

The latter now understood how Zezey, having—although reluctantly—given, through the late afternoon, such aid as was in her power to the carrying out of her young mistress' plans for an elopement, had then betaken herself to the bonfires, where, appearing to join in the festivities of her fellow slaves, she would be less likely to fall under her master's suspicion when his daughter's flight should be discovered. But her cabin was at the officer's service; and this was of greater importance than the presence of Zezey herself.

A rustling made Captain Stanley turn quickly, and a new light came to his face as his eyes fell upon a shrouded girlish figure standing in the doorway, with a taller woman's form behind her.

Down from the river, hidden away under the overhanging bank, amid the sedges and other water growth, was a commodious boat that had been stored with all things needful for the flight. The elopers and their servants were soon aboard, and only the stars saw the craft pulled cautiously upstream by the strong arms of Tate, the faithful slave, with the maid, Barbe, on the seat behind him, while in its farthest end were the two who for love's sake, had cast aside all former life and broken all ties.

For Roselle, these were the ties of Stanley those of honor; for he had filial love and duty, and for Captain Lafitte desertion his command and was flying to the wilderness farther north, to—for the time at least—hide, with his new-found dream, amongst the friendly Choctaw Indians, where he could count upon reasonable security from pursuit.

And the woman, trusting him implicitly, faced an unknown world—faced it fearlessly and undoubtingly, seeing naught but the dawn of a perfect and fulfilled love, that yielded to this man its uttermost depths of passion.

As for him, the loved one, this was by no means his first experience of the sort; but he was honest, at least, in believing himself to be in earnest.

And so he held her close, as they sat side by side, his cloak about them both, and her head pillowed over his heart, while the slave's oars pulled the boat swiftly, their rhythmic dip, or the occasional cry of a loon, being the only sounds besides the rippling water to break the silence.

* * * * * * *

On New Year's day Laro left New Orleans for France; and when, seven months later, he sailed away from Toulon, bound for the coast of Barbary, with him were Jean and Pierre Lafitte.

The purposes of this story require but a general reference to Jean Lafitte's life during the fifteen years which ensued after he left the country of his birth, and linked his fortunes into those of Laro.

He was then a lad of fifteen. And, until he arose above the consequences such, in brief, had been his life during this period—one so filled with events and adventurous as to make his earlier years, and the actors in them, more or less dim, according as they had fixed themselves upon the receptive element of his nature.

Even Laro, the bluff and picturesque sailor who had exerted so strong an influence upon the lad when they met at Le Chien Heureux, was hardly recognizable in the crafty and unscrupulous adventurer with whom later years had made him so familiar, and with whom he was now forced to be in such close contact.

As for Bonaparte, he had become Napoleon, the monarch to whom crowns were baubles, and thrones were playthings; who had recast the continent of Europe, and opened a new chapter in the history of France.

Jean had received no word from him after the letter delivered by the hands of Pere Huot; and grievous had been the boy's disappointment as the months passed without bringing any sign of remembrance from the man who was the one greatest love of his life.

But his was a strong and healthful nature—buoyant and vibrant; and, as the time went by, the acute edge of his grief had been worn away, to be succeeded by a feeling akin to apathy. He had been forsaken by him whom he loved; and, accepting this as a fact, he had relinquished every hope of a future reunion.

All this had its natural effect; and, coupled as it was with a vague but unchanging determination to follow the career of adventure which had been his boyish purpose in life, the personality of Bonaparte became less and less real, until all that remained was a love which was in itself largely an abstraction.

Margot was still a reality to him because of her representing so much of motherly care and concern of her ever manifested love, of which he had found much to remind him in the unobtrusive loyalty and devotion of Pierre.

The latter was now the only tangible tie connecting Jean Lafitte with his boyhood—big-hearted, brave Pierre, sluggish in thought, but sound of judgment and clear of purpose; strong of arm and mighty in action, who now, as ever, stood at the side of his foster-brother. He had, some two years before, abandoned his sea-faring life and, in partnership with Jean, established a large smithy at New Orleans, where the firm of Lafitte Brothers had become well and favorably known through the work turned out by their skilled slaves.

(To be continued.)

FAULT OF THE DIALECT.

Colored Man Good Oarsman, Though He Couldn't "Ro'."

While on a trip through the sparsely settled districts of Georgia a Northerner hired a colored native to guide him across country to his destination Reaching the banks of a swift-flowing, unbridged stream, the Northern man espied a boat moored at the edge, and asked the negro if he could row.

"Ro', boss? No, suh, Ah kain't ro', nohow."

"Well, how can I get across, then? There isn't any bridge."

"W'y, boss, Ah'll take yo' across in no time in that 'ere punt," answered the negro.

"But I thought you said you couldn't row?"

"No, suh, Ah kain't ro'," answered Sambo, rolling his eyes in indicrous astonishment; "but Ah kin git yo' acrost de ribber all right, suh."

The Northerner with some trepidation and considerable curiosity stepped into the boat, and the negro rowed him swiftly and surely over the turbulent stream to the other side, proving himself an experienced oarsman.

"Why, Sambo, what did you mean by lying to me?" asked the perplexed traveler. "I thought you said you couldn't row a boat?"

Sambo opened his mouth in a grin so wide that he appeared to whisper in his own ear as he replied: "W'y, boss, Ah suh thought you meant ro'—ro like a lion!"—N. T. Tribune.

WAS NOT HIS AUDIENCE.

Alarm of Popular Entertainer Entirely Unnecessary.

George Grossmith, Jr., the English actor and son of the popular entertainer, tells with great enjoyment this little anecdote:

The elder Grossmith was due at a hall in London at 9 o'clock one evening to deliver one of his inimitable "talks" before a large audience. His train had been delayed, and the start from his hotel was made at an hour that would bring him and his son, who accompanied him, to their destination about a half-hour after the time advertised for his appearance.

It was with considerable mental discomfort that the entertainer, whose ideas of the virtue of promptness are unusual, viewed the streets from the cab window, anxiously scanning the passing buildings for a sight of the one in which his audience doubtless was impatiently awaiting him.

At last a brilliantly lighted edifice was brought into view, from whose open doors a stream of people was pouring. Terrible thought: the audience had grown tired of waiting and was leaving!

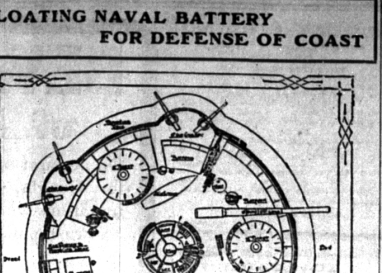
Without ordering the driver to stop, Grossmith, Sr., sprang from the cab and rushed into the thick of the crowd, raising his arms imploringly, and shouting: "Go back! Go back! I am here. I was delayed. Grossmith is here!"

The building, however, proved to be a church from which the congregation was issuing after early service; and shortly, after an embarrassed retreat, Grossmith found his audience in a hall a square beyond, awaiting his arrival with a commendable lack of impatience.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tame Hen Good Layer.

One of the sights at the University of Maine these days is Prof. Gowell's pet hen. The bird is not admired because of her looks, but because of her laying proclivities, she being credited with the authorship of exactly 241 eggs during the past twelve months. The bird is of the Plymouth Rock family, and Prof. Gowell is now busily tracing the ins and outs of her blue-blooded ancestry.

FLOATING NAVAL BATTERY FOR DEFENSE OF COAST



Multi-millionaire Anson Phelps Stokes has consented to give additional details concerning his latest plans for an impregnable floating naval battery for harbor and coast defense.

Naval officers, shipbuilders and naval architects are giving the closest attention to Mr. Stokes' novel scheme, which is a departure from existing designs as radical as was the monitor.

The machine described by Mr. Stokes is an improvement of his first invention. The first plan was for a circular battery; the modified form is semi-globular. Mr. Stokes has named his island of steel, with its equipment of guns of awful destructive power, the "Cerberus," and has protected himself with patents at Washington and in Europe.

Mr. Stokes has long been known as a philanthropist. Three of his sons have been prominent, for years in charity work, one of them, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., being a clergyman.

Mr. Stokes said of his invention:

"The late naval battles make it evident that for a leading position in sea power and for the proper protection of our coasts and our officers and crews in battle, there is need for something more powerful than the present 16,000-ton battleship, with its 12-inch guns and insufficient armor, and that, only the very foremost nations will be able to maintain really effective fleets.

"With the increase in size and power of new types of battleships and naval batteries may come the naval supremacy of America alone.

"Nations weak in battleships may buy the idea of commerce destroyers, but that barbarous system of waging war must be destroyed as were privateering and piracy. Commercial vessels are now built more larger than the largest battleships, but more powerful battleships are sure to be built and more powerful guns. Land fortifications cannot now be made sufficient to protect our ports.

"How dangerous will be the position of New York and other large cities when attacked by naval guns having a range of twenty miles or more if we do not provide adequate coast defense ships. What would the capture of all our foreign merchant vessels benefit an enemy or injure us as compared with the capture of one of our great cities by a hostile fleet?"

Mr. Stokes then described his invention in detail.

"One such semi-globular battery," said Mr. Stokes, "could defend or blockade an important strait, could protect the mouth of a transcontinental canal, or dominate almost any large seaport, and could safely resist more than a dozen of the largest battleships, which cost $7,500,000 apiece.

"As the purpose of the Cerberus is defence rather than aggression, it is not necessary that it be able to move rapidly from one place to another. Should the Cerebus need to move quickly to a distance, an armored cruiser might find useful and safe employment in towing her. The two vessels might sometimes be used together as a small squadron. The roll of the Cerebus in a gale would be very slight.

"The naval powers know the exact position of the large guns in our coast fortifications, but the Cerberus could change its position.

"When the great struggle comes for the control of the Windward Passage, that key to the Caribbean and to the Panama canal, which we may be called upon to defend, the existing type of battleship may be found insufficient, and land fortifications and mines will not suffice, for the Windward Passage is wide and deep, as are also the other entrances to the Caribbean sea."

Mr. Stokes concluded by saying he was planning a still larger battery with less draught and a larger number of guns.

Carnegie's Religious Belief.

Andrew Carnegie's alleged disbelief in the Christian religion is again under discussion, this time by directors of the Brooklyn public library, which is a part of the Carnegie library system. These gentlemen are exercised over the question of whether or not the exact terms of the Carnegie library contracts shall be observed. Mr. Carnegie branches shall be open on public holidays, but many of the directors of the Brooklyn branch want it closed on Thanksgiving day and Christmas, as heretofore. The discussion included some delicately expressed references to Mr. Carnegie's attitude toward religion, but the directors took no decided action.

Still Young at 90 Years.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, now over 90 years old, is still in excellent health and maintains the wonderful poise which has always been one of her leading characteristics. Like Gladstone, she is able to sleep almost at will, and declares that in all her long life she has never lost even part of a night's sleep. She is looking wonderfully well, and even yet her soft, satinlike brown hair has no white. Dressed in pretty modern clothes, with a black silk apron and lace mittens, when she receives visitors in the afternoon she is a wonderful example of the present and the past.

Judge Parker Begins Well.

One day after hanging out his shingle as a lawyer in New York city former Judge Alton B. Parker received two commissionership appointments in the supreme court. Justice O'Gorman named him, with others, to assess the value of property to be acquired by the city in connection with certain piers on the East river, two separate commissions being named and each paying from $5,000 to $7,000.

Fortified Port Arthur.

Major Wellitsch, under whose supervision Port Arthur was fortified, is regarded as the greatest living military engineer. He is now 48 years of age. It was he who outlined the entire plan for the fortified circle of mountains and hills surrounding the fortress and most of the work was carried out under his eye.

Manuel Garcia Nears Century Mark.

Manuel Garcia, the singer, is still living in London, and on March 17 next he will be 100 years old. He is the only singer now living who took part in the first season of Italian opera in New York in 1825, singing the role of Figaro in "Il Barbier" on the evening of Nov. 29.

Woman Has Valuable Patent.

Mrs. Alice Gallcher Sessums, wife of Rt. Rev. Davis Sessums, bishop of Louisiana, has received from the United States patent office letters covering an improvement upon the bodkin. Mrs. Sessums has already received three flattering offers for the patent.

Growth of a Free Spirit.

It seems to us that, in spite of the wide dominion of Russia and Great Britain, the day of world empires has gone by. Despotisms are ill fitted to bear universal sway, because by their very nature they provoke rebellion and rebellion against despotism is the necessary result of the growth of liberty. Nor are democracies adapted to this work, for they are the products of the free spirit, and they can not, without fatal consequences to themselves, go into the business of enslaving people. In the old days despotisms could do this work, but that was before there was such a thing as the people. We are more likely to see some disintegration rather than further consolidation. The British empire exists at the present time only by the tolerance of the people inhabiting its various parts—because they believe they are better off within it. The Russian empire rests almost wholly on force. People are likely to insist more and more on their right to govern themselves.—Indianapolis News.

Banks Benefited by Advertising.

Does it pay for banks to advertise? Five years ago some banks in Pittsburg, Pa., began to advertise, and recently they measured the results by comparing their business with that of banks that did not advertise. In the five years the banks that fought new business through printer's ink gained 28 per cent in assets and 85 per cent in deposits. The other banks gained 27 per cent in assets and 11 per cent in deposits. During the last year the former gained 22 per cent and the latter lost 7 per cent in deposits. The question whether it pays to advertise may not be entirely answered by such figures, but they are calculated to provoke thought.—Springfield, Mass. Republican.

Saved Youngers from Death.

Judge Thomas Rutledge, who is dead at his home in Santa Rosa, Cal., will be remembered in Minnesota as the man who gained national fame for his defense of the Younger brothers after the Northfield bank robbery many years ago. When the Youngers had been sentenced to death, having pleaded guilty, Judge Rutledge raised the point that under the law of Minnesota men could not be sentenced to death except upon a verdict by a jury. The matter went up to the supreme court and that tribunal decided that the men could only be sentenced to life imprisonment.

Two Smiths on Supreme Bench.

Among oddities resulting from the recent election will be the fact that two justices named Smith will have places on the Kansas supreme bench, Clarke A. Smith of Cawker City has been appointed to fill a vacancy, and W. R. Smith of Wyandotte has just been elected for a six-year term, probably leading all others on the state ticket in the matter of Republican majority.

FASHION WAS HIS HOBBY.

Young Clerk's Clothes Better Than Those of His Employer.

"I went into a large clothing store the other day," said Swellman, "to find out something about men's fashions for the horse show. Naturally, I sought the head of the department.

"'Bless you,' he said, 'I don't know. I don't dress in that class myself. But I have a clerk who can tell you all about it. Boy, ask Mr. Blank to please step this way.'

"In a moment I was approached by one of the greatest swells I ever saw in my life. He wore one of the new English long, loose morning coats of a light brown color, a white waistcoat and trousers the tint of a robin's egg. To my surprise he was not at all affected in his manner. Clothes were his hobby, that's all. He talked of fashions as enthusiastically as a man familiar with racing would talk of horses. He knew all about the styles in London and Paris. He understood precisely what was wanted for the horse show. As I came away I said to the head of the department:

"'That young man seems to be well up in his business.'

"'He's a wonder,' was the reply. 'When he isn't waiting on customers he is reading fashion magazines and looking at tailors' plates. Last summer he had a khaki suit brought over from England by one of our buyers that for shade and texture could not be duplicated in New York. I couldn't afford to dress as he does, if I wanted to."

HE SAW IT FIRST.

Convincing Argument Produced in Youthful Debate.

Jim and Fred, brothers of six and four years of age, were fond of arguments between themselves. They were arguments that never went beyond the wordy stage, but on occasion became somewhat heated.

They were out one day with their nurse when they happened to pass an old house that was a landmark in the neighborhood. instantly the spirit of dispute was aroused. Said Jim the elder: "I saw dis house first."

Fred picked up the gage of battle promptly and replied: "No, you didn't; I saw it before you did."

"No, you didn't," persisted Jim. "I saw it before you were born, 'cause I'm the oldest than you and passed by here 'fore you were born."

This was convincing even to Fred's infantile mind, and for sometime he was silent. Then after a pause he announced triumphantly: "I don't care if you are the oldest, I saw it before this house and saw it."

Jim was silent.—New York Tribune.

Pinning Off Onion Smart.

"I have been pinning up preserves and pickles for thirty years," said a housewife of the old school, "and I discovered the other day that I am not too old to learn something new. I went to see my son's young wife. They were married last winter. She was putting up onions—a decidedly disagreeable task. But her eyes were not watery. They were as clear as the sky. She simply nodded and muttered something between closed teeth.

"'What in the world are you keeping that pin between your teeth for?' I asked.

"She removed it long enough to say: 'To keep the onions from hurting my eyes. I'll be through in a minute.'

"'Do you mean to say that will do it?' I asked incredulously.

"She nodded. The pin was in its place again. She kept it there for ten minutes while I watched her work, and her eyes were as dry as a walnut."

Forgive Us Our Pressups.

Polly, aged 6, had heard her papa talking about the campaign and she hurried off to the nursery to tell her dolls about the time she stayed up to watch the election returns.

"An' it was just awful crowds and awful crowds and awful crowds," she said. "An' just mens and womens and more mens. All a-hollering like they was mad 'bout somethin'—or maybe it was glad; I don't know. Me an' my papa got most pushed to dead and squeezed out of breath.

"An' I found out right down there in the street, my beautifuls, what the good Lord meant when He put that in His prayer for us to say 'bout 'Forgive us our pressups as we forgive those that press up against us.'"

"The Other Side."

Trouble came to try him—no rainbow in the sky!
The gentlest winds a-blowing had the sorrow of a sigh.
But he was a star shining in the firmament on high,
And sang about "The other side of Jordan!"

The Light—the Light was with him! the light that ever dwells
In the soul that hears a welcome o'er the saddest of farewells;
He heard the ringing—singing of the everlasting bells
And sang about "The other side of Jordan!"

And the world, it heard his singing, and gave back an echo true;
Its fading flowers quickened with the freshness of the dew;
The shadows left the dim sky, and all heaven broke into view—
He sang about "the other side of Jordan!"
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Life and Death.

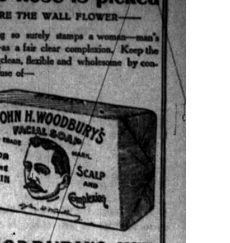
But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after the other lift their frowning masks
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God. —James Russell Lowell.

Delusion of Women Doctors.

The students in the London School of Medicine for Women were recently advised by one of their instructors, Miss Murdoch, to avoid uncommon forms of clothing and to do the best to dispatch the idea that medical women are careless about their personal attire. "Those who imagine," she said, "that slovenly dress is associated in the public mind with cleverness are certainly under a delusion."

The Rose is picked
BEFORE THE WALL FLOWER—

Nothing so surely stamps a woman—man's ideal—as a fair clear complexion. Keep the cuticle clean, flexible and wholesome by continued use of—



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

A product successful for over 30 years as the exclusive skin soap—25 cts. a cake.

Woodbury's Facial Cream, is ever an ideal balm for chapped or irritated skin.

INITIAL OFFER.

In case your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send prepaid, to any address for $1.00 the following toilet requisites.

1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap.
1 Tube " Facial Cream.
1 " " Dental Cream.
1 Box " Face Powder.

Together with our readable booklet Beauty's Kingdom, a careful treatise on the care of the complexion.

Booklet free on application.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Wiggle Stick

WASH BLUE
Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other kind of bluing.
Won't Freeze, Spill, Break
Nor Spot Clothes
DIRECTIONS FOR USE
Wiggle-Stick
ground in the water.
At all wise Grocers.

Some Words That Do Not Rhyme.

Bulb has no rhyme. Culm, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst are other rhymeless words having the sound of u as in but. Few patrician words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc.

When Long Sermons Prevailed.

A Scotch preacher, not in the present degenerate age, has been known to preach from five to six hours at a stretch, and sometimes, when one preacher had finished his sermon another would begin, and there would be a succession of preachers, delivering sermon upon sermon, until the unhappy congregations were kept listening to "the Word" for as many as ten hours without a break.

Married to a Dead Tiger.

A curious custom obtains among the Coorgs. When one of them kills a tiger or a panther, he is married to the dead animal, regardless of its sex. Propped upon a framework on wood or bamboo the animal is carried in procession and the marriage ritual is strictly observed, while lavish hospitality is dispensed.—Calcutta Statesman.

A Teacher's Testimony.

Hinton, Ky., Nov. 28.—(Special.)—It has long been claimed that Diabetes is incurable, but Mr. E. J. Thompson, teacher in the Hinton school, has pleasing evidence to the contrary. Mr. Thompson had Diabetes. He took Dodd's Kidney Pills and is cured. In a statement he makes regarding his cure Mr. Thompson says:

"I was troubled with my kidneys for more than two years and was treated by two of the best doctors in this part of the state. They claimed I had Diabetes and there was little to be done for me. I then started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they did for me was wonderful. It is entirely owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I am now enjoying good health."

Many doctors still maintain that Diabetes is incurable. But Diabetes is a kidney disease, and the kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be discovered.

Practical Uss of Astronomy.

The commonest practical use of astronomy is in navigation, for all the paths of the trackless sea have been mapped with the sun and stars as guideposts by night and day.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Many a girl who is a daisy when she graduates is transformed into a pull flower later on.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Don't forget to encourage them, and praise their little efforts to please you.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION