The Convict Country; or, Fighting for a Million

By Charles Morris Butler

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Hulk," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Lang Explores the Tunnel.

As a matter of precaution against eavesdroppers, before entering into the conversation between Dr. Huntington and his daughter, Lang attended to the locking up of the house, and stationed Wilson in the front parlor as a guard, while the trio adjourned to the front room above. Dr. Huntington took a seat in an easy chair, with Pearl standing at his back; Louis paced the length of the room several times before speaking; at last he stopped before the doctor's chair.

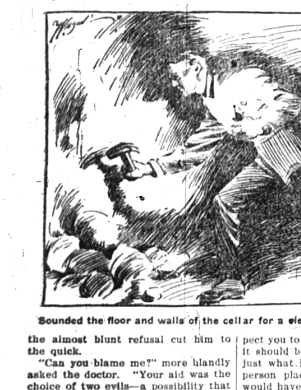
"Dr. Huntington," said Louis, "when I married your daughter I formed the union as a means of protecting her from harm. Now we find—that is, both of us—that we really love one another. I have sought this interview to request you to consent to our marriage, in reality."

"Is this your wish, Pearl?" asked the doctor, and there was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"It is, papa," Pearl answered, fondly kissing her parent, and attempting to hide her blushes by resting her head on his shoulder.

The doctor tenderly stroked his child's head for a moment, gazing into her face wistfully; then for a little time buried his face in his hands, sighing deeply. "You are taking an advantage of me," he at last managed to say to Louis. "I did at first think you a disinterested, honest man, and intended to trust you with more than my life—the honor of my child. You feel, no doubt, the truth—I do not desire a union in fact. But you place me in a position where I cannot refuse."

"I understand you, Dr. Huntington," replied Louis. "You were willing, you are willing, to use me—but you do not think me worthy of filling the true station of husband to your child." Louis had not meant to retort, but the almost blunt refusal cut him to the quick.



Sounded the floor and walls of the cellar for a clew to the tunnel's entrance.

"Can you blame me?" more blandly asked the doctor. "Your aid was the choice of two evils—a possibility that but one evil would exist."

"No, I do not blame you," acknowledged Lang. "I admit the circumstance. It is not a pleasant thing for a parent of your social standing to contemplate the union of purity such as your child possesses with a person of my character. But looking at it candidly and from all sides, can you expect to do better? What are your chances for ever leaving this place alive? Besides, have I not truly won her by risking my life to save her from a worse fate? Under the existing state of affairs she is looked upon as my wife—without really being so. Do I not show you that I am honorable, deserving the sanction of the church to make the marriage lawful? Another thing, Dr. Huntington, I have asked your consent coupled with the statement that your daughter loves me—this is an argument in my favor. Still, if you wish to refuse, why do you not do so? I did not demand; by a very simple test you would prove whether I asked for your consent through courtesy or not. Your daughter has trusted me far enough to believe that if you refuse I will yet act the part of a gentleman and not take undue advantage of any circumstance that may, as we placed your destinies in my keeping."

"Then I think," said the doctor with great deliberation, "that it is best you do not insist upon marriage with my daughter. You see I am candid with you."

Pearl looked hopelessly at her lover.

"Now, as my right, I would ask, Dr. Huntington, what are your reasons for refusing me your daughter's hand?" was the business-like question of Lang.

"You understand my motives perfectly, Lang," rejoined the doctor, vainly trying to appear calm during the trying ordeal. "Why force me to say something which will distress us both?"

"Is it of a physical nature?" asked our hero, refusing to take the hint.

"No; you are physically a model of manhood," said the doctor, enthusiastically.

"Is it on account of poverty? You are not aware, perhaps, that I have a home and several thousand dollars in the bank?"

"Poverty does not enter into the question."

"No doubt, then, it is because you consider me a criminal—a man with a past?"

The doctor nodded yes.

"Very well, then," replied Lang, not seemingly abashed, "if it were not for this fact you think you could consider me a fit suitor for your child's hand?"

"I could," assented the doctor.

"Now we understand one another," replied Lang, and he took at seat facing the doctor while he continued: "One of the reasons why I have sought this interview is to make a confidant of you. Your daughter has done me the honor to admit that she loves me; for this reason she is entitled to my confidence; if it were not for the love I bear her and the respect I owe you I should not recite what I am about to say.

"My youth is not known to you. My father was a respectable grocer on a small scale, and my mother came from a good family. When quite a young man I was arrested on the charge of having killed a New York tough by the name of Monroe. After a year's incarceration in the Tombs I was tried for the crime and acquitted for lack of evidence to convict. A strange incident in connection with this case was the fact that while I felt I was innocent of the killing I really did not know whether I was so or not, but I left no stone unturned to prove it one way or the other. At last I succeeded in wringing a confession from the lips of the true murderer, and, to my mind, cleared my name of the stain of blood. I may have been a foolish youth in my time, but I am pleased to be able to state, now that so much hinges upon it, that as far as I know I have never broken a law of any country—I am no more a criminal than you are.

"The only thing you can have against me is the fact that I paid my entrance fee into this city with ten thousand dollars stolen from the Madison bank, and am here. Suffice it to say now, of course, I have no way of proving it, but the mere fact that I say it and the suggestion that goes with it, should convince you that it is so—this robbery only represents a scheme for getting me safely here. The money was but a loan from Jim Denver, the detective, to bait the trap which would cage all these desperate convicts in the stronghold they had built for their protection.

"I am a spy, and it is part of my plan to break up this nest of murderers, thieves and desperadoes. I have explained my actions to you, and I expect you to believe it. Why? Because it should be evident to you that I am just what I say I am. No one but a person placed as I say I am placed would have done as I have done."

"I believe you," exclaimed the doctor. "How blind I have been! This accounts for your manhood and daring, and as a stranger, your remarkable knowledge of things concerning this town. About the 'haunted house,' for instance. Yes, I believe you."

"If you believe me," said Lang, guardedly and firmly, "respect my silence, antagonize me if you will openly—a breath of suspicion wafted against me, a hint that I am even an honorable man, would mean my death."

"I will trust you with my daughter," said the doctor, leading Pearl to our hero and placing her hands within his grasp. "As I value her life and happiness above all things, you can rest assured that I will let nothing escape me that will tend to do you or her harm."

"Well, doctor," said Louis, after imprinting a kiss upon the cheek of Pearl, "to come to earth again, what do you suppose our friend Dr. Schiller had to propose to me to-night?"

"I have no idea, unless it was to buy you off, now that it must be evident to him that you are his equal in strategy," replied the doctor. "I know that he has designs on my life and on my daughter's happiness. I cannot think that he has given up his revenge as yet."

"You are right!" exclaimed the happy lover, stroking his wife's hair, "but I wouldn't sell my chance, however, as a means of drawing him out and keeping my own plans in the dark, I entered into a compact with him to marry your daughter according to the rules of the church—and afterward kill you."

The doctor did not seem surprised, nor appear to notice the repetition of marriage in church. "What do you intend to do?" was all he asked.

"I mean to turn it to yours and my own advantage," returned Louis. "Circumstances could not have played better into my hands than to have had Schiller approach me in the manner he did. Are you willing to trust me implicitly?"

"I am," the doctor replied.

"And leave your daughter's life and happiness in my hands?"

"I am."

"You do not ask why Schiller made me these propositions?" said Louis.

"I know why," exclaimed the doctor. "I am the only living heir to an English estate of great value. If I die it goes to my daughter as the only living representative of a once noble house."

"And the estate is worth?" queried Louis.

"A million!" answered the doctor, promptly.

* * * * *

After the doctor and Pearl had retired for the night, Lang set his wits to work to invent some way of circumventing Schiller. A plan had presented itself to the detective, by which it would be possible to delude Schiller into the belief that Dr. Huntington had been disposed of. It depended wholly upon the truth of Golden's statement that there was an entrance to and an exit from the city through a tunnel leading from the haunted house. If the tunnel was still in existence, Lang meant to allow Dr. Huntington to make his escape from the city in that way, furnishing him with a horse and trusting that the doctor would be able to find his way by the first station into the hands of Johnson, who, Louis felt, could be trusted to see the escaping man safely on his way over the border and directed toward civilization. The plan was worth trying at least.

With Lang, to think was to act. As the first thing to be settled was to find out about the tunnel, Lang took a candle and went down into the cellar to get his bearings. Entrance was made through a trap door cut in the floor of the kitchen, and by the aid of a stationary ladder Louis let himself down into the hole which answered the purpose of a storeroom for brica-brac and cast-off kitchen furniture. Louis sounded the floor and walls of the cellar for a clew to the tunnel's entrance, but for a long time without success. When about to give up the task as hopeless, a slight gust of wind which had a tendency to blow out the candle led him to the spot, which proved to be a door carefully concealed. Proof of the entrance of the tunnel being thus obtained, Louis postponed further search until better prepared to meet any unexpected emergency which might crop up.

(To be continued.)

LIVES ON SEVEN CENTS A DAY.

Western Man Has Cost of Existence Down to a Science.

Seven cents a day is all that A. J. Seaman, a professional tax-title buyer with residences in Denver and Omaha, spends for food and drink, according to his own statement. He is thought to be worth at least $100,000, and is known to have presented a certified check for $50,000 on one occasion. Despite his fortune he lives in the most frugal manner, renting a small room far out in the suburbs for which he pays almost nothing.

"I have reduced the cost of living to a science," says Seaman. "Seven cents a day is my limit, and what this amount buys keeps me in excellent health. This allows 2 cents for breakfast and supper, and 3 cents for a hearty meal in the middle of the day. For breakfast I have coffee and crackers; for dinner a bowl of soup with bread, and at supper bread, butter and tea. I clothe myself for $7 a year and always have two complete outfits."

Seaman does not use the street cars and walks to his suburban lodgings; also for short distances through the country, but does patronize the railroads for long journeys. His sole business is buying the titles of property sold for taxes and disposing of them at higher prices.

Gov. Long and His "Band."

The Hon. John D. Long of Massachusetts tells with great glee of an experience he had when he was governor. There was a public meeting at one of the theaters, to which the governor and his staff were invited. The staff put on their most gorgeous uniforms. There were quite a number of them, and they were resplendent in gold lace and cord.

When the party reached the theater entrance they found so many people there that somebody suggested they should go around and enter by the stage door.

They encountered a stolid stage doorkeeper, who had been at his post for years, and was used to the wiles of people who want to get behind the scenes.

"Can't get in here," he said, gruffly.

"But," said Mr. Long, "I am the governor."

The doorkeeper looked the governor over carefully. Apparently he recognized him, for he said, "All right, governor, you can go in."

Then he waved his hand at the gaudy staff and announced: "The band must go around the other way."

J. Putnam Bradlee's Tours.

Back in the sixties Goodrich & Dyer were tailors in Joy's building, where the Rogers building now stands, and the late J. Putnam Bradlee was one of their patrons, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

One day he ordered a pair of deskin trousers, and in due time they were sent to his home.

The next day Mr. Bradlee called and said to Mr. Dyer: "These trousers are cut with the nap down on the front and up on the back part."

Mr. Dyer, with rare presence of mind, replied: "That is the way we cut them now. You brush down the front and up the back, so it makes it more convenient for you."

Mr. Bradlee said: "I am glad to know it," and went out.

In the course of time he came in to order another pair, and he said to Mr. Dyer: "If it will not be any great trouble to you, I prefer that nap should run the same way front and back."

Why "Mike" Kelley Laughed.

Baseball cranks will all remember with pleasure the late "Mike" Kelley, the star attraction of the famous Bostons, then the champions of the National league. The Bostons were playing in a western city, and had just returned to their hotel after the game, and the members of the team were separating and going to their rooms, while Kelley headed for the bathroom to take his regular "rub-down."

A few minutes later one of the other players on the team, while passing down the corridor, heard Kelley's well-known laugh inside the bathroom, and stopped at the door and asked Kelley what the joke was.

Kelley replied: "This is the first time I ever got out of the bath tub without stepping on the soap."

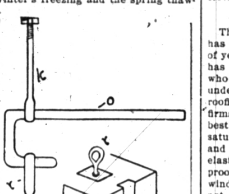
Closed Season for Snails.

The famous snail of Burgundy is so greatly reduced in numbers that the demand for it in the restaurants cannot be adequately supplied. The general council of the department of the Cote d'Or has therefore asked the prefect to authorize a close time for snails between April 15 and July 15.

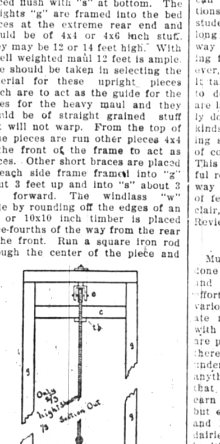
AGRICULTURE.

A Home-Made Post Driver.

Fence building, where the posts are driven by a hand maul, is a pretty strenuous proposition—for the fellow who drives the posts. Have you stood on the wagon, or a box and putting all your strength into the stroke of the maul missed the end of the post and immediately found yourself top end down with your feet playing spectacular gyrations in the air and your legs doing double time in trying to disentangle themselves from the post along side of which you are planted with head and shoulders jammed tight to the base? I have. It's very funny—for the other fellow. The maul is all right where there are only a few posts to drive or some to "settle" after the winter's freezing and the spring thawing, but where there is fence to build some more handy and practical device is desirable. If you are going to build any fence this year, or any other, it will pay you to have such an arrangement as is shown in the illustration for driving the posts.



Nearly every farmer in the west has more or less fence to build every year and in most sections the posts for such fences are driven instead of being set into dug holes. Where the nature of the soil will permit it this is the quickest and cheapest way, and, where a driver is used, the easiest way, as well. The first shows a rear end view of a home made post driver that acts on the same principle as a pile driver, that is easily and cheaply constructed and that will drive the post quickly with a minimum expenditure of energy on the part of the operator. The whole outfit is made to set on the running gears of a farm wagon having the ordinary height of wheel. The frame with the driving maul is intended to extend two feet or more beyond the rear axle. The bed pieces "s" should be made of sound timber 6x8 inches, and 8x10 inches is none too heavy to make a rigid frame that will not give a troublesome vibration from the jar of the maul. These side frame pieces "s" are framed together at the forward end and at about 2 feet from the rear end by pieces of same dimensions long enough to have the upright guide pieces "g" set two feet apart when placed flush with "s" at bottom. The uprights "g" are framed into the bed pieces at the extreme rear end and should be of 4x4 or 4x6 inch stuff. They may be 12 or 14 feet high. With a well weighted maul 12 feet is ample. Care should be taken in selecting the material for these upright pieces which are to act as the guide for the slides for the heavy maul and they should be of straight grained stuff that will not warp. From the top of these pieces are run other pieces 4x4 to the front of the frame to act as braces. Other short braces are placed on each side frame framed into "g" about 3 feet up and into "s" about 3 feet forward. The windlass "w" made by rounding off the edges of an 8x8 or 10x10 inch timber is placed three-fourths of the way from the rear to the front. Run a square iron rod through the center of the piece and round it where it rests in its bearings on either side. The handle "f" may be an extension of the same rod, rounded at the handle.



A cross bar shown at "e" is nailed on or framed into the two side timbers that run from the top of "g" to the bed frame to near the front end. On this cross piece "e" is bolted the trip block, indicated at "t b." This extends far enough toward the center of the upright frame "g," "g," to touch the end of the trip hook, which is located at the point shown by "t h." Thus, when the maul is elevated until the trip hook is released from the ring in the maul the driving maul falls unimpeded by the weight of the rope on the end of the post being driven. In the small cut the pattern of the trip bar is shown "o," and the manner of connecting the maul to the rope attached to the guide bar by the ring bolt shown at "k." On reaching the top the trip block "t b" touches the end of the bar "o," throwing it downward and withdrawing the lower point from the ring bolt "r" set into the end of the driving maul as shown in the outline. The outline "m" of the driving maul also shown at "n" the groove that is cut from each side to fit over the uprights "g." This maul may be made of well seasoned oak, apple, walnut, hickory, or other heavy woods. If extra weight is required heavy plates of iron may be attached to the driving block. The cross bar marked "Guide" is necessary to keep the trip bar "o" always in position to strike the trip block "t b." Where a new line of fencing is being put up the wagon is driven astride the line. The post "P" is placed in position and the maul allowed to descend, repeating until driven to proper depth. If desired a handle may be placed on either side of the windlass, so that two men may work on the maul instead of one, greatly facilitating the operation.—R. M. Winans in Farmers' Review.

The Use of Prepared Roofing.

Though prepared roofing material has been on the market for a number of years and nearly every reading man has heard of it, there are still many who have never used it and do not fully understand its construction. In all roofings manufactured by reliable firms the foundation material is the best wool felt. This is thoroughly saturated in a water-proof compound and later is given a coating of hard, elastic shell which makes it weather-proof. By weather-proof we mean wind, rain and sun resisting. Tar is not used in the manufacture of the best roofing, hence there is no danger of the sun softening it and making it odorous. The preparation is such that it will not in any way taint the rain water, and the roof water may be used for any household purposes or for watering stock.

The application of the roofing is an easy task and this a matter of no small consideration with the busy farmer. The material comes in long strips and nearly every firm includes in each roll, nails, caps and cement for laying the roofing. It is work which a man with but little mechanical skill will find easy. By heeding a few precautions no difficulty will be met with. Repairing is also easily done. With a roll of roofing kept in the house it is the work of but a few moments to make good any defect.

The prepared roofing is not expensive. In fact it costs considerably less than the old styles of roofing and no cost need be included for the laying as the purchaser can do that himself on the off days in the farm work.

It is interesting to note in this connection that many of the leading factories and railroad companies use the prepared roofing on all of their buildings. One company states that its use both as a roof covering and as a sheathing for the sides of the buildings insures a warmth which means a big saving in coal bills. The United States government also has millions of square feet of the roofing in use on government buildings and in the Philippines alone it has not far from five million square feet.

Land Deficient in Fertility.

The questions is often asked, "How can I tell when my land is deficient in fertility?" The questioner seems to think that there is some rule that can be laid down by which all questions of the kind can be solved. The students of soils would have been glad long ago to have found some short way of arriving at conclusions regarding fertility of soils. There is, however, no such short method possible. It takes a long series of experiments to determine what qualities, if any, are lacking in the soil. This is usually done by planting rows of different kinds of vegetables and then fertilizing strips crossways, using one kind of commercial fertilizer in each strip. This requires years of time and careful records, but it is the only certain way known of obtaining what kind of fertility land needs.—Weston Sinclair, Buffalo Co., Wis., in Farmers' Review.

Useless Work of Inspection.

Much of the work being done by the Illinois Dairy and Food Commission is wasted effort. Men are sent around to the various creameries and make elaborate reports of everything connected with the creameries. These reports are published annually, and that is all there is to it. No precautions are undertaken, and we fail to see where anything comes of the work, except that the officials find some way to earn their salaries. There could be but one reason for having the Dairy and Food Commission inspect the dairies, and that is to prevent unhealthful conditions existing. The mere making and publishing of a report does not affect the situation at all.

Fall Fertilizing.

Fall fertilizing is advisable in some cases and not in others. It is not wise to apply it to the orchard in the fall, lest it start a fall growth of new wood, which will fall an easy prey to the cold of winter. If the orchard is fertilized at all in the fall, it should be after all the leaves have fallen, when the danger of starting a new growth is past. The land that has to be used for a vegetable garden should be fertilized in the fall, so that the ground may be in shape to receive the crop the first thing in the spring, and the fertility will be in shape for the plants to lay hold of as soon as their roots have developed.

The small apples in the orchard can be better utilized for vinegar making than anything else. These apples are of practically no value for any other purpose. The expense of picking them up off the ground is about the only expense to be considered. Yet Nature stands ready with her different kinds of bacteria to change the cider made into a product that is always in demand—cider-vinegar. About the only thing needed in the way of machinery is a cider mill that for an orchard of say 100 trees should not cost more than $15. The making of vinegar is not a great task, and the science requires attention to only a few general principles.

HOW A FRIENDSHIP GREW

A Story

Whether Hand Sapollo got a more enthusiastic welcome in homes where Sapollo was an old and tried friend, or where it was a stranger, is a question. Where women had come to rely on Sapollo for rapid, thorough cleaning in every part of the house except the laundry, they commenced without loss of time, to avail of this new prize. Grubby little hands, and stained, workworn older ones, softened, softened, and smoothed out as if by magic, callous spots disappeared, and complexions cleared. Children ceased their strenuous objections to the scrubbing up process, because it became a pleasure. It freshened up the hands after dish-washing, removing the most disagreeable feature of that necessary task. It was found to keep delicate baby skins from chafing better than salve or powder, and the crowning note in the song of delight came when an adult member of the family used it in a full bath, and realized that a Turkish Bath at a cost of one dollar was outdone by a small fraction of the little, ten-cent, velvety cake.

But, strange though it may seem, there were people who had not learned to prize Sapollo. To those the advertising of Hand Sapollo came as a surprise. Sapollo, a scouring soap, adapted to the hands, the face, the general toilet? Impossible, it would be horrid. Who ever heard of such a use? Finally a bold shopper carried home a cake. Does it look like kitchen Sapollo? No one is sure, and a cake of that is bought, and comparison made. Behold a family using both the Sapollo for every conceivable purpose, and comparing notes! After easily and quickly cleansing a greasy pan with Sapollo, Jane thought the other would be gritty, and was astonished at the smooth, dainty lather. Another was certain it would harden,

had a tendency towards hardening of the skin regained their natural condition, till another family had joined the circus of friendly acclaim. And so it is everywhere, those who know the "elder brother" welcome the newcomer, for the sake of the first known, and those who meet both for the first time are plunged into a whimsical worry as to which they could better spare if they had to make a choice.

Do you want a clear and healthy skin?

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL OF SPOTLESS TOWN
CLASS IN ALGEBRA

Let housewife equal X plus H;
Test X the sign for soap, we see;
For dirt let minus X be had;
Then all that is left is H all add.
The X and minus X drop out
(As anyone can see no doubt)
And leave what must the housewife please—
The happy symbol we call ease.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness! the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you use plenty of HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases everyone.

TRY HAND SAPOLIO. Its steady use will keep the hands of any busy woman as white, untanned and pretty as if she was under the constant care of a city manicure. It is truly "The Dainty Woman's Friend," in the suburbs or on the farm.

Those ugly dark brown streaks on the neck, arising from tight collars, and the line where the sunburn stops, can be wiped out by the velvety lather of HAND SAPOLIO. It is, indeed, "The Dainty Woman's Friend."

MINDS BROADENED BY TRAVEL.

Forming of Intelligent Companionships One of the Chief Benefits.

Among the pleasures and profits of intelligent travel are the companionships one forms. The well-poised traveler is never afraid to make new acquaintances, or to read human nature sufficiently to know whom to trust, and one cannot travel, even to a very limited extent, without meeting many people well worth knowing. The little home circle is delightful and often helpful, but the viewpoint and opportunities of our fellow citizens are so nearly identical that our next-door neighbors are not apt to furnish as profitable friendships as persons we meet whose environments are different, and who have, perhaps, had a wider range of opportunities and seen more of the things worth while, which are the heritage of the traveler.

When the man who is familiar with the East meets the man who has learned the great story of the West, the conversation is pretty apt to be worth listening to.—Four-Track News.

Climate the Cause of Heavy Loss.

The moisture of the atmosphere in Panama ruined $50,000,000 worth of the machinery used by the original company.

An Honest Opinion.

Mineral, Idaho, Oct. 16th.—(Special.)—That a sure cure has been discovered for those sciatic pains that make so many lives miserable is the firm opinion of Mr. D. S. Colson, a well-known resident of this place, and he does not hesitate to say that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. The reason Mr. Colson is so firm in his opinion is that he had those terrible pains and is cured. Speaking of the matter he says:

"I am only too happy to say Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me lots of good. I had sciatic pains in my hip so I could hardly walk. Dodd's Kidney Pills stopped it entirely. I think they are a grand medicine."

All Sciatic and Rheumatic pains are caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys and healthy kidneys strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood. With the cause removed there can be no Rheumatism or Sciatica.

Jack of All Trades.

A signboard in Chartres, France, bears the following inscription: "E. Pichot, dealer in firewood, polisher of floors, undertaker and embalmer, festival and wedding dinners and suppers provided. Debtors evicted."

*Farmers and Merchants

will be interested in announcement of "Acetylene Jones" in this paper.

Ought to Know Each Other Well.

A marriage has just been celebrated in Switzerland after a courtship of forty-five years.

Rhine Not All German River.

A German geographer calls attention to the fact, known to few that the Rhine gets some of its water from Italy. Some miles above the Via Mala the Rhine is augmented by a turbulent mountain torrent whose chief tributary is a brook that comes from the Val di Lei, which politically belongs to Italy, though separated from the rest of that country by glacier-covered mountains over which there is a trail to Chiavenna.

Bible for the Courtroom.

A new antiseptic oath Testament has been introduced at Sproutley, England, police court. It has a special cover, which can be cleaned by the rub of a handkerchief or wet sponge.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Electric Lamps in Millions.

In the last quarter of a century a total of more than 250,000,000 electric lamps has been produced, or not fewer than 10,000,000 a year.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

But maybe Lucullus did not tip the waiter and so was able to spend more money on his feasts.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The oily hypocrite does not lubricate the church wheels.