Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Winslow sat in a brown study for a moment. Suddenly he spoke. "Come with us. Our boat is not a fine nor a commodious one, but its best is at your service. Come."

Overcome with relief, the tears filled her eyes. "I am weak, and cannot thank you. You are kind, and kindness is a luxury we soon learn to do without. But while I thank you, I cannot accept your offer. Besides my sons, I have two guests. I cannot leave them."

"You need not leave them." Winslow urged. "I will explain your situation to my comrades, but for their consent I can vouch. We will find room for everybody—such as it is."

Mrs. Blennerhasset's sensible, earnest face relaxed in a grateful smile. She took his hand in silence.

"Then let us consider it settled," he said, cheerfully. "and prepare to start at dawn to-morrow. To champion ladies in distress will give new zest to our enterprise."

"I see, sir. Wayfarers, even traitors, though you are called, you are to be knights-errant, do."

CHAPTER III.

A thick mist hung over the island when, at sunrise next day, the boat with its little band of voyagers set out on the journey down the Ohio.

There were none to molest them, the soldiers yet asleep after the drunken carouse of the night previous. The island in its dressing gown of fog through which the rising sun blinked stupidly, was but a dark blur between the lighter gray of river and sky. They seemed a ghostly crew setting out from the land of shadows, as silently they moved with the noiseless stream. A bleak wind blew off shore, bringing frosty promises of earnest winter.

Two women, pale and somber-eyed, leaned against the railing aft, watching the island recede and fade until it seemed a mirage caught in the long shafts of growing, purple light. With every leap of the current that they were being borne away to a new life.

But in Mrs. Blennerhasset's mind regret had little place. A ruined home—a present helplessness, were light evils to an ambition so strong, a courage so dauntless and a hope that would not see defeat. She gazed with wide, tearless eyes at the blot in the fog, which she had once called home. Then resolutely turned her gaze westward.

"Come, look ahead, dear," she said to Mrs. Creighton. "Let us go into the cabin and make merry with the rest. Think only of the future; we are beginning again."

Mrs. Creighton tried to smile in answer. "I will join you in a moment," she said.

But, left alone, the smile died from her lips, the color from her eyes. For to this woman—no longer young, to whom worldly ambition seemed a will-o'-the-wisp, "beginning again" was a task not worth while. Before her mental vision swept a swift phantasmagoria in which past, present and future were strangely mingled.

She saw the home they had lately left, that spot of all to her most sacred, the home of others. On the hearth burned a stranger's fire; the old paths were trodden by other feet; her flowers were spoil for other hands.

And then fancy tried to picture the home awaiting her—that new home in the far west which her husband and son had gone to prepare, that beyond the great river they might begin life again. But between these two—life dear home she had left and the one in store, there were wild forests, yet wilder men, and that great mysterious barrier, the Mississippi.

But it was not in her nature to rebel at the inevitable.

Too wise in experience for high expectations, and too philosophic for despair, she had also a fine optimism, a faith in the future. And it was easier to leave now, that the old home was no longer theirs. The claim to the grant of land in the old Dominion was declared invalid, their title contested. Gradually their savings had been swept away, until, after the havoc of legal battle, no property remained. Ruined, broken in spirit, Mr. Creighton had gone to the new country—to that far western territory—that land where, so swift had been the change of masters, there yet waved the flags of Spain, of France and of the new republic. There, if fortune awaited, he could spend a few years, at last to go back, his head high, a prosperous planter in the old haunts. If not—then let the wilderness swallow up his failure.

His wife, and daughter, too, had left Virginia, but had intended remaining on Blennerhasset Island until spring. But now their friends were launched on a deep undertaking; one, indeed, which as it unraveled, was proving perilous, perhaps disastrous.

This protection denied them, they must, nevertheless, continue the journey; but how, and under what guidance? They had little money and no influence. So far they were safe with Mrs. Blennerhasset and her party, but soon their paths diverged, and then—

Lavender's voice recalled her.

"Mother, let us go in; you are cold."

The girl had been talking to the man at the pole, and turned to see her mother, the poise of whose head, the droop of whose shoulders, indicated sorrowful reflection.

Lavender, in her brilliant cloak, with a flush on her fair cheek, seemed to concentrate within her own glad self, all the radiance and glow of the morning. As the elder lingered, with wistful gaze on the swirl of water, she continued, pleadingly:

"Don't be dawnsome, dearest—surely, you are hopeful of our success and happiness in the new life?"

"It is never best to be too sanguine, daughter; hope is the mother of disappointment; faith and love are the best of the trio."

Lavender's eyes grew moist and all the violet in them paled to the gray of the morning. Her mother smiled and clasped the little mittened hand which rested on the arm of her chair.

"I am glad you are, hopeful, sweet child; glad that for you the future is so rich in promise. But it is in youth that the rainbow takes its glitter from the gold at the farther tip. At my age, dear, you will have learned to see that the glory most because it shines through tears."

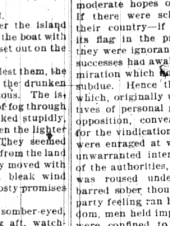
At this point they were interrupted by Mr. Winslow. "I beg your pardon, ladies, but I am sent as envoy-in-extraordinary to call you in to breakfast. I can recommend our johnny-cakes; they have, indeed, stood the trip wonderfully. And your servant bade me add that she has a bowl of quid-dany—whatever that may be. It certainly sounds like something very remarkable."

Laughing and talking brightly, they went in to breakfast.

The meal was served in a small, dark-rafftered room, cosy with a glowing fireplace. Here America presided with all the strength of her unsullied body and loyal heart. She, alone, of the servants, insisted upon accompanying the party. "Am I gwine?" and she repeated Lavender's words. "Well, honey, I jes wush I was as plum sho ob Heaben as I am o' cavoortin' roun' in dat ole Noah's ark!"

The owners of the rude boat to which America thus alluded were, for the most part, gay youths from the eastern cities, who, for varied reasons, had chosen to follow the fortunes of Aaron Burr.

Those among them to whom he was personally known, had been carried away by his magnetic presence; others by party preferences, but more, like Charles Winslow, were here in obedience to a longing for change, with moderate hopes of fame and fortune. If there were schemes afoot against their country—if there were peril to its flag in the proposed expedition—they were ignorant of it. Burr's public successes had weakened in them any admiration which no later disgrace could subdue. Hence their zeal in a cause which, originally undertaken from motives of personal gain, was, by hostile opposition, converted into a crusade for the vindication of their leader. All moderate hopes of fame and fortune, if there were schemes afoot against their country—if there were peril to its flag in the proposed expedition—they were ignorant of it. Burr's public successes had weakened in them any admiration which no later disgrace could subdue. Hence their zeal in a cause which, originally undertaken from motives of personal gain, was, by hostile opposition, converted into a crusade for the vindication of their leader. All moderate hopes of fame and fortune.



"ARE YOU SO FICKLE TOWARD OLD LOVES, OLD THINGS, AND OLD PLACES?"

saw Winslow's figure loom out of the fog. She was glad of this interruption to her unquiet brooding. Morbid fancies came to her as unwelcome guests, and she only smiled at Winslow, and turned to look again at the foam-flecked path they had come.

"You are staring at the river regretfully, although it were a gray ribbon unwinding between you and everything good," he said.

She shook her head. "Of the contrary, it is bearing me along with what I love most, to everything that is most dear."

"Then you do not dread the change?"

"I do not," she replied.

"Are you so fickle toward old loves, old things, old places?"

She turned to him with a rueful smile. "You give me credit for deeper feelings than I possess. I am both so shallow and so optimistic that I always think the new is to be as good as the old. For that reason I am, perhaps, easily reconciled to change. Besides I will have both—the old and the new."

"But the old will be only a memory —a legacy."

"Well," she admitted, "are not memories sweet? Do we not enjoy legacies?"

"But they presuppose loss."

She frowned and shook her head in playful remonstrance. "You are making me gloomy; let us go below."

A little later, they joined the others in the cabin.

Here, about the fire was gathered the group of travelers, and Winslow and Lavender paused in the doorway to watch them.

The light and shadow played strange pranks with all. It brought into grotesque relief a suit of nankeen here, a buff waistcoat there—or singled out for an especial gleam a saucy cap or scarlet kerchief. In spite of past difficulties and a future that threatened more, their spirits were strong, their hearts light and undismayed. At first there had been exciting talk and speculation, but gradually silence fell, and somebody started a song.

Mrs. Creighton slipped to the spinet and softly played the air, while the rest joined in the refrain:

"Are we almost there—are we almost there?"

Said a dying girl as she drew near home,
"Are those our popular trees that rear
Their forms so high beath the Heaven's blue dome?"

The slow, sad words rolled in sonorous measure from floor to rafter, until a solemn hush fell upon all. At this moment America filled the threatening gap, and turned the tide of sadness which seemed setting in. Back in the shadow she rocked to and fro, and with the squeak of her chair the only accompaniment, she sang the old camp meeting hymn, in a voice loud, but tuneful:

"Wrastle, Jacob, daylight's a-breakin',
Oh, wrastle, Jacob, I will not let thee go."

CHAPTER IV.

Toward the close of a raw day in January there was a stir on board the Lavender boat. It was in sight. Gray and green, the water of the two rivers blended in a muddy torrent. At the last bend in the Ohio they came in sight of the flotilla. Moored out in the stream were the boats, and moving about on the island, a motley pilgrim voyageurs. There was a flutter of handkerchiefs, and a halloo of welcome as the newcomer glided to a landing-place, and the tired travelers stepped to shore.

Mrs. Blennerhasset's eyes sought but one face in the crowd. Her husband sat on a fallen tree in the background. His companion, with whom he was in earnest conversation, was a small, lithe man, below the medium height, under whose high, pointed forehead dark eyes glowed with mesmeric power. These, and the dilated nostrils, were the only signs of excitement. His voice was very low, his manner quiet, with movements restrained, except that he constantly poked one long forefinger in the direction of his face. All the vehemence of a strong soul seemed condensed in that gesture.

A man approached and, bowing, said: "Col. Burr, our party from the east has come, and word has it that Mrs. Blennerhasset is with them."

Harman Blennerhasset rose with a startled exclamation: "My wife—here? But that is not our boat!" And she rushed to the landing, where his wife with her little sons and the others were disembarking.

"Lavender Creighton! Mavourneen! And you, Mrs. Creighton? And Lavender? Well wonders never cease?"

In the midst of the hurried explanation which followed, Col. Burr approached. He greeted the ladies with a soft cordiality rather fitted to a drawing room than this river bank, where every lingering ray of sun served but to illumine the embracing waters, leaving the snow-pied bluffs on either side in dusky gloom.

The leader invited the newly arrived voyagers to supper on his boat, and the time passed delightfully; enlivened by the seductive charm of his manner and conversation. Winslow, too, was a brilliant talker when the spirit moved, and they, with the two elder women, flashed wit and wisdom to which the others listened with an admiring attention which was a good fashion of the time.

Later, however, a current of sadness lay underneath the gayety, and Lavender slipped out, and up to the deck alone.

The moon, low-hung and wan like a dim torch lighted a wandering wrack of clouds. The quiet beauty of the night, and the lullaby of waves rocking the anchored boat, soothed her—dispelled her forebodings of the uncertain morrow.

"Pardon me—I seem destined to disturb your reveries."

She smiled faintly at Winslow's approach, but made no reply, and for a time they stood together in silence. He was conscious of her mood, with an instinctive delicacy commonly called feminine, but which, when it exists at all in men, is above that of women. The power of Winslow's personality lay in a happy adaptation, when he so pleased, to the moods of others.

The moon has unsociably drawn behind that veil of cloud. Can't I take her place, and share your thoughts? I will be as silent as a confessor, if you command."

"You are very kind, but for your own sake do not open your ears to my burden. Why, they are heavy for me—and I am a woman!" she concluded, smiling.

"In the name of my sex, I accept the inference."

He leaned against the boat's edge, watching her. Only her profile showed clear-cut against the background of cloud-swept sky. Winslow was a lover of beauty in the abstract. Its poetical value appealed to him, and it was with an interest at once sensuous and impersonal that he studied the girl before him. An almost classical contour of outline was given warmth and tone by a subtle charm that seemed original with her. This charm lay in the indefinable atmosphere which enveloped her—gave her a unique personality. "She seems so much older now!" was his mental comment upon the girl whose thread of life had become so closely and suddenly entangled with his own.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts said: "This has been a happy evening, but I am all the more sad now, realizing that it is our last glimpse of civilization for—for many a long day. To-morrow—ah! what will to-morrow be?" Her voice broke, and Winslow hastened to say: "When I left the cabin Col. Burr and Mr. Blennerhasset were in consultation with your mother; no doubt matters will be arranged well and would wish. I—I am only sorry you are not going farther with us. We—we have much enjoyed your company."

"And we can never forget your kindness."

There was a short silence as their eyes met. Just then a gentleman came on deck to say that Col. Burr desired audience with Mr. Winslow. Excusing himself, Charles went below.

Descending into the cabin, which served as parlor, he was greeted by Aaron Burr with formal courtesy.

[To Be Continued.]

Took Old Man's Measure.

"You seem depressed."

"Yes; I've got to ask my father-in-law to-night for her hand."

"Bosh! Don't be alarmed. The stern father exists only in the comic papers.

"Maybe so; but the borrowing father is a terrible reality. He'll land me for a fifty, to a dead moral certainty."—Chicago Journal.

INJURIOUS GERMS

DANGEROUS BACTERIA ARE OFTEN FOUND IN YEAST.

Not All Destroyed by Baking of Dough and May Be the Cause of Internal Disorders.

That most of the yeast of commerce contains injurious bacteria and that our methods of breadmaking are calculated to encourage the development of these and of their poisonous products is asserted by Dr. E. Paller, of New York, in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. He says:

"Several specimens of yeast sold on the market were examined and found to be contaminated; but the greatest contamination was found in the yeast of one manufacturer, which is being retailed in small packages, and which yeast for some unaccountable reason, has the reputation of being the best on the market. So it may be as far as appearance is concerned, but under the microscope it is the worst as regards bacterial contamination."

From one fresh package no less than four different kinds of microbes were isolated, including one that is commonly associated with putrefaction. To resume the quotation:

"In short, what is being sold on the market as yeast contains in addition to the yeast cells numerous bacteria, the most frequent being the bacillus coli communis or one of its congeners. Every portion of dough or mixture may find its way into the yeast and may find there an excellent culture medium.

"Now, what is being done with the yeast? It is put into water and flour and the whole is left in a warm place and allowed to ferment. That means that we encourage the bacteria to develop fully in the dough and we encourage their toxins to fully develop and saturate it.

"On examining microscopically after 12 hours the dough which as fermented by the addition of such yeast, I found it to contain the very microbes which were present in the yeast. The flour in itself, of course, is not sterile—but the evil is aggravated by the addition of a substance laden with bacteria.

"It will not be amiss to refer here to the claim made by some that yeast is an antiseptic and, consequently, kills the bacteria of putrefaction.

"I shall briefly state that I have found by experiment that yeast hinders the development of some putrefactive germs in albuminous substances, but it does it to a very slight extent. Its antiseptic power on the whole is insignificant.

"The baking of the dough does not seem to destroy all the microbes, the heat probably not being strong enough or not continued long enough. As I found bacteria in the pulp of fresh, warm bread just brought from the baker's. If that is the case with nonsporulent microbes, the sporulent ones are surely not destroyed.

"Even if the heat should destroy all the microbes it might not destroy the toxins that they have generated, nor does it correct the chemical changes that have occurred owing to the excessive bacterial development. The boiling of water does not render it fit for consumption. The cooking of decomposed eggs, fish or meat does not make them safe for ingestion.

"We have a rigid inspection of milk and other articles of diet; but our bread, the staple article, especially for poor, has been entirely neglected. The bread looks to be such an innocent, harmless article that it has been left alone."

HARD LESSON IN SPELLING

Exercise in Dictation Submitted to London School Is Somewhat Difficult.

Students in a London school were recently asked to write this from dictation: "A gluttonous sloyl with her gluttinous hand complacently seized a slice, a phthisical, bituminous, a noticeable supercilious irascible and cynical sergeant, an embarrassed and harassed chrysalis, a shrieking shell, a complaisant proselyte and an annoyances chrysolite. These all sublically disappeared down her receptive esophagus. She simply said: Pugh! not saccharine!

"She then transferred a billion of bilious mosquitoes, an unsalable bouquet of fuchsias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths and phlox, a liquefied boletinum, an indelible defamatory inflammatory synchronism and a debatable syllogism to the same capacious receptacle.

"Peaceably surrendering her daguerreotype to the ecstatic aeronaut, she descended with her parachute—a synonym for barouche—and grievously terrified the stolid, squalid yeomanry already terrified by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

Great Inkslinger.

James B. Reynolds, of Boston, has been assistant secretary of the United States treasury for 15 months and in all that time has signed his name—there were close to 100,000 times. His signature is a rather fanciful character and consequently he uses ink by the gallon. As a rule, he uses up three fountain pens in a day. During a hot spell of weather at one time 12,000 Indian warrants came in. They had to be signed. The other assistant secretaries were on their vacations and "Jimmie" signed them, the whole 21,000. He lost 21 pounds and source his disposition.

Famous Justice.

Thomas B. Youngblood, of Hoopville, the oldest justice of the peace in Indiana, will soon celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. The justice has made himself famous for marrying couples in queer places, and he has even married a couple having the smallpox, which required that the justice stand across the road and pronounce them man and wife. United States Senator James A. Heminway has had many cases before Justice Youngblood and when he was prosecuting attorney of the Second judicial district he prosecuted many cases in the justice's court.

"Be Pleasant Every Morning Until Ten O'clock; the Rest of the Day Will Take Care of Itself."

This is one of the best little sermons we know. Have you ever stopped to think that the morning is the time when your temper is usually ruffled, and have you ever stopped to think that the cause of bad temper in the morning is nearly always because your stomach has not been working properly during the night? It has contained a lot of indigestible substances that form gas and makes you have dreams. It breaks up your rest and you wake up in the morning tired, instead of refreshed, as nature intended you should.

Our grand sires required no admonition to "Be pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock;" the rest of the day will take care of itself," for they digested their food and woke up full of life and energy ready for the day's duties, and this was because they lived on simple foods instead of highly seasoned palatable concoctions, which are no nourishment to nature gave us milk, wheat and eggs, and on these foods a person can live indefinitely, but if the milk is skimmed, and if the outside of the wheat is taken off the Bernel, and if the lime, the salt, and the iron, which is in the outer part of the wheat berry, if these are all removed, you have simply starch alone; the starch goes into the stomach and becomes sugar.

Do you know that a person would starve to death on plain white bread and water? Do you know that he could live indefinitely on whole wheat bread and water? Do you know why? These interesting facts are all set forth in a book called "Back to Nature," which tells about proper living and how to get well and keep well the simple kind—the kind that makes you strong and well; the kind that makes you "Pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock." This book is published at a great expense, but it is given free to every reader of this paper. It is an advertisement of "EGG-O-SEE," the great food which is made from whole wheat, which is baked and predigested and is all ready to serve from the package you buy at your grocers. You get more life and energy from a 10-cent package of EGG-O-SEE than you will get from a thousand dollars' worth of white bread. This is no idle claim. It is a scientific fact. We want to tell about this simple food question, so write us and say "Please send me a copy of your book 'Back to Nature,'" and the book will be sent you at once without charge. Address EGG-O-SEE CO., No. 10 First Street, Quincy, Ill.

Music for Neighbors.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors." — Washington Star.

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.

Suggesting Safe Course.

McFibb—That fellow Huskle called me a liar!

Newitt—Yes?

"Yes. What would you do about it?"

"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around.—Catholic Standard.

Different Kinds.

"A man in politics should have lots of friends, shouldn't he?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on whether they are friends who want to do something for you or who want you to do something for them."—Washington Star.

Bad Effect of Athletics.

"This man," explained the hospital doctor, "is the victim of athletics."

"Ah, overtrained, I suppose."

"No, he never trained a bit. The fellow who hit him had, though."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Only Rich in Embryo Yet.

The Bud—How did you get your start in life, senator?

The Senator—Why, er—I haven't really got started yet, you know. I am only worth $10,000,000 as yet.—Judge.

Physical Impossibility.

The House Cat—You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish.

The Fog Dog (making an effort to turn, his head, but giving up)—That's more than I can do, anyhow.—Chicago Tribune.

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day.

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused a return of the irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the Postum in cooking and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, and I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book, "The Road to Wellville," can be found in pkgs.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BLADDER TROUBLES

The pain leaves at once. Relief in six hours. Cures when all else fails. Sold only in Dodd's Boxes.

Marconi Anticipated.

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we had a system of wires in Egypt, which prove they understood electricity!"

"F haw!" answered the Assyriologist, "we don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows that they understood wireless telegraphy!" — Stray Stories.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Lloyd George, now a member of the British Cabinet, was addressing a meeting in Wales, and his chairman said: "I half to introduce you to the member of Carnarvon boroughs. He has come here to reply to what the bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh disestablishment. In my opinion, gentlemen, the bishop of St. Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creation; but he hass his match in Lloyd George."

Have You Tried

the new Quick Desserts that grocers are now selling? They are "Easy to Make" as all ingredients are in the package. Three products—D-Zerta Quick Pudding and D-Zerta Perfect Jelly Dessert at 10c per package, and D-Zerta Ice Cream Powder. A trial will convince you how easy it is to have the finest desserts with no labor and little expense.

Still Spiteful.

Her—Yes, she married him to spite another girl.

Him—But why did she divorce him?

"So he could marry the other girl, and thus spite her some more."—Chicago Daily News.

Care of Oilcloth.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a stiff brush or washed with strong soap. Remove all dirt by occasionally sweeping with a soft hair brush. Then wash until clean with tepid water and Ivory Soap. Rinse with clear water to which has been added a teaspoonful of kerosene. Polish with a dry cloth. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Best He Could Say.

"What do you think of these peekaboo shirtwaists the girls are wearing?"

"Well, they're almost clothes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Much So.

"Why do you call that ferocious bulldog of your's 'Icy?'"

"Because when he once attaches himself to a person he chills to one so."—Baltimore American.

Innovation in Oregon.

Some palefaces recently from the east have been putting up fly screen doors to their houses. The next thing we know we will be having flies on the bay.—North Bend Harbor.

A man and wife shouldn't take themselves too seriously. There's such a thing as failing out by sheer force of gravity.—Puck.

TONIC TREATMENT

Weak Stomach and Sick Headache Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, others loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. Sometimes the gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is a frequent and distressing symptom.

A weak stomach needs a digestive tonic and that there is no better tonic for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the statement of Mr. A. C. Merrill, a mining man, of Oneals, Calif., a veteran of Battalion C, Third U. S. Regular Infantry.

"I had never been well since I left the army," he says, "always having had trouble with my stomach, which was weak. I was run down and debilitated. Could keep nothing on my stomach, and at times had sick headache so bad that I did not care whether I lived or died. My stomach refused to retain even liquid food and I almost despaired of getting well as I had tried so many kinds of medicine without benefit. When I was bitten by a rattlesnake and that laid me up from work entirely for a year, six months of which I spent in bed.

"One day a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me and I began taking them. They cured me when all other medicine had failed. I have recommended the pills to a great many for during my recovery every one asked me what was helping me so and I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I cannot speak too highly of them."

If you want good health you must have good blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. per box, six boxes for $2.50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

DON'T BE CUT

Piles Cured Without the Knife

TRIAL FREE

A new method of home treatment, originated by the famous Dr. Jebb. No two cases of piles are exactly alike. We give each patient special treatment. No stock prescription made by the barrel can cure piles. Write us a plain, honest letter, telling your exact symptoms, and a special sample treatment will be sent free of all cost. Don't suffer from piles. Write to-day and receive our trial treatment free. Address

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