

Chronic Sore Leg.
Mr. J. Richardson had a running sore on his leg for twenty years. Tried doctors and medicines without end or any permanent good. Mr. L. D. Nunnally, druggist, Hartford, Iowa, recommended Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron to cure the cause of the sore and make it heal from the inside. A few bottles cured his leg, and put him in better health than he has been in for twenty years. Ask your druggist.

When some men entertain an idea it is a fair idea of cheap hospitality.

We refund 10¢ for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

It's a poor flower that never has a scent.

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

Time is a file that wears, but makes no noise.

Low Rates West and North West.
On February 12th, and on each Tuesday until April 30th, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell one-way second-class tickets at the following very low rates:

To Montana points..... \$25.00
To North Pacific coast points 30.00
To California..... 30.00
These tickets will be good on all trains and purchasers will have choice of six routes and eight trains via St. Paul and two routes and three trains via Missouri river each Tuesday. The route of the Famous Pioneer Limited trains and the U. S. Government Fast Mail Trains.

All Ticket Agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, or for further information address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Charles W. Otto, president of the National Bank of Germantown, Pa., has completed fifty years' continuous service with that institution.

The Power of the Press.
Is a common expression, but few realize its actual power. Great as is the influence of the press, it cannot begin to equal the power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters over disease. The Bitters strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, and cures dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. It will tone up the nerves, stimulate inactive kidneys, and as an appetizer, it is unequalled. If you want to get well, and keep well, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

A pessimist is a person who doesn't expect the expected to happen.

A Remedy for the Grippe.
Physicians recommend KEMP'S BALSAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle today and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grippe brings on pneumonia. KEMP'S BALSAM prevents this by keeping the cough loose and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

The antiquarian has no use for a thing until time has rendered it useless.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood and cures all forms of indigestion; good health and a clear complexion result from its use; it is made from HERBS.

The man who lives for himself alone is apt to be neglected by the world at large.

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 remediation. Deafness is caused by an inflammation 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 surface.

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.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.—Bailey.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The money paid the infant's nurse is apt to be hush money.

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"It's our only chance, certainly!" Instantly agreed the last comer. "If we silly-shally over the doing of it much longer, we shall die like rats in a hole, as the guard says!"

"Then we'd better tear these obstinate fools off the engine and man it ourselves!" suggested a frantic passenger. "We can rush it through somehow!"

"Not so!" was the calm answer. "Our only chance in rushing the danger is the speed. Now, if I and you, all amateurs, man the engine and bungle the thing, the chance is we should roast before we get quite through the flames."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen"—he turned courteously to the passengers surging round—"I must ask you to trust your bodies to me, and your souls—well, according to your several creeds!"

With a strangely harsh, empty laugh, the stranger ascended the engine, turning his dark face to say peremptorily: "Take your places aboard the train instantly, every man, woman and child!"

"Now, my friends, I'll tackle you!" He faced round to the engine men. So near was the train to the fire that the heat was insufferable—the faces of the men were almost skinned.

"Warm work, my hearties, this!" the stranger said, almost cheerfully, as he beat the hot air slowly with waving hands, and pressed his face closer to the scorched visages on the engine. "You get off this engine, mister!"

"You get off this engine, mister!" furiously began the driver. "I'll brain any man who tries to boss—"

The wrathful words ended in a sudden sigh, and the driver's arms fell softly at his sides as the invader of the engine turned to the stoker, a powerfully built man.

"You heard what my mate said, didn't yer?" struck in the man. "You get off, or I'll—I'll—"

There was the same singular collapse, the same lamb-like attitude. Both grimy men stood motionless and meek facing the intruder.

"Just so," observed the last equably. Then, leaning over, his strident voice changed harshly along the snow shed: "Every soul aboard? Keep all windows and doors fast for your lives!"

"What is it, Gervis? Are we safe yet?" faintly whispered Gladly. The girl, who had only seemed to shake off her curious attack of insensibility within the last few minutes, was staring vaguely round the car.

She wondered idly why most of the women were on their knees, and why the little children were clasped so frantically to their mothers. Surely the tiny creatures would be smothered in such embraces.

And why was Gervis, her husband, breathing in that curiously labored fashion, as if he had been running hard?

Then she became aware, as he laid his cheeks against her own, that his face was wet and cold, clammy perspiration.

"Gervis!" she cried, a vague alarm awakening her at last, "speak to me!" "Can't you pray, Gladly?" whispered Gervis, and the clasp of his arms tightened round his wife.

"Pray, Gervis? What do you mean?" wonderingly said Gladly. And Gervis drew his brows together.

And yet was it not better that she should know, poor little Gladly in her newly wedded happiness?

Outside the cars, now tightly closed, the men on the engine, who were going to fight the flames doggedly, were grimly and rapidly making ready.

The heat had become intolerable, and redly glowing sparks were showering down the blazing roof. The peril was already so deadly that there was no choice. A dash for dear life must be made!

Suddenly a great tongue of flame darted along the roof with a hissing sound. The haggard, white faces in the cars could distinguish every timber in the shed's wooden walls in the new glare. The fire was gaining with a deadly sureness.

"Quick, men! We are taking our lives in our hands! Here, reach me that bale of waterproofing! We must divide it between us to cover as much of our persons as we can!"

It was a sharp, vibrating voice, with a note of command, that hastily ordered.

Then came the hoarse order for which the cowed engine-men were meekly waiting.

"Ready? Then go! Top speed!" The long train, with its large cars, creaked and groaned; the tongues of flame darted upward hissing; the burning rafters crackled and snapped; the smoke rolled along in heavy clouds that choked all who rode on the ill-fated train.

"God in His mercy, help us! We're off!" The train was cutting its way through the sheet of flame that had walled it in.

that seldom pray. Then there was a rush to examine the cars, which had, providentially, not caught fire.

"So far as we know, we are all saved," was the thankful chorus that went round, as the passengers stood about on the snow stamping their feet.

"How on earth did we get our here, mate?" was the hoarse whisper from one of the blackened, smoked figures wrapped in waterproof on the engine.

"I don't know!" was the answer. "I thought we were bound to roast in the fire, but here we are! Beats all!"

"That's so; but we're safe; that's good enough for me, anyhow!"

"The sooner you people get aboard the cars again the better."

It was a courteous, almost conciliatory voice, but it was the same that a short time before had given the word of command that saved the trainful of human beings. Instantly the speaker was surrounded and a torrent of thanks assailed his ears.

"Pray, don't overwhelm me!" He raised his long, lean hands deprecatingly. "What have I done? Merely suggested a way out of the difficulty."

But his modesty was overruled. The overwrought passengers found an outlet for their agitation in demanding the name of their preserver, in order, they said, "to add it to our prayers, and teach it to our little ones."

"My name is Paul Ansdell," politely said the stranger. Then he added hurriedly, as if to choke off any further questions: "I am a scientist by profession, and am at present traveling for material regarding a subject suggested by the society to which I have the honor to belong. I hope I have explained to your satisfaction, ladies and gentlemen."

Under the courteous tones there was a distinct element of mockery, which served to chill the warm gratitude of the passengers. In twos and threes they dispersed, some to get aboard the train into the shelter and comfort and warmth; others to stand in the snow and watch with awe the roaring flames now mercifully behind them.

"The weather tonight is so dry-cold, even for the time of year, that the fire has got a firm hold. The whole shed's doomed," said the guard. "It's a bin a wonderful deliverance from an awful death, gentlemen. We've need to thank God on our knees."

The man looked round on the groups huddled together on the snow, which the roaring fire lighted up around them.

And, indeed, the delivered passengers were, each in his or her own way, thanking God.

Here a young mother, her soft arms round a little child, knelt in the snow murmuring. Near her a clergyman, with lips rapidly moving, thanking God for his safety.

Here, again, an iron gray-haired man stood bowed for a few seconds to offer up his thanks for the frail invalid wife, the love of his youth, whom he had just lifted back into the car.

It was indeed a solemn sight, the little thanksgiving service out on the snowy plains, upon which the grim mountains frowned down through the small, dry flakes of falling snow.

"Now it strikes me we should do well to be getting ahead. The night is upon us, and I can tell you it will take us all we can to stand the colds of midnight and early morning."

It was the voice of Paul Ansdell that broke the spell. He was standing with arms folded on the rear platform of the cars, looking down with half-shut eyes upon the reverently bowed heads of his fellow travelers. No meaning for him had this communing with the Divine Creator, who had stretched out a helping hand in the grave peril.

Had any cry broken from his lips to ascend on high it would have been the exceeding bitter one of the Psalmist: "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? Why hidest Thou Thy face from me?"

But it was many a year since this man had abandoned prayer. He was not an unbeliever in one sense, for no man knew better than Paul Ansdell that there exists an over-ruling Power, who moves and shapes humanity at His will. Otherwise it would have been the worse for his fellow men, seeing that Paul Ansdell held certain ill-gotten secrets that would have endowed himself with an illimitable dominion over the lives and the fortunes of others. But as it was he gnashed his teeth over the checkmates that blocked his wicked way and protected his victims. So far the man had faith in his larger and bolder flights.

The two aims he lived for were to win a colossal fortune, and to preserve his life as long as possible. To do, to crumble into dust, was to him a hideous prospect, and he had no other—his creed forbade all such. To save himself more than his companions he had put forth his utmost strength of will. He had succeeded strangely, even marvelously. Paul Ansdell smiled contentedly as he leaned, strangely exhausted for a man who had simply lifted his voice, not his hands, to the rescue. He was congratulating himself that his will power was increasing enormously. Then he heard a hurried voice at his ear.

"Mr. Ansdell, I've brought my wife to thank you for your splendid bravery in saving the whole lot of us," Gervis Templeton was saying earnestly, and his hand was pressing the shoulder of Paul, who wheeled sharply around, to glance for one swift second at the lit-

tle shrinking figure behind Gervis. Then his eyes turned away to the flame-red-dened snow.

"Come, Gladly, this is the hero of the hour. Haven't you a word to give him?"

Gladly must have heard her husband's urgent whisper, and yet she spoke not a syllable. Silently and wistfully the girlish bride was gazing up into the dark face of Paul Ansdell. It was as though her soul was dumbly questioning that of the man who had saved her life.

"Dear, say something!" In the lowered voice of Gervis there was a peremptory note. He was annoyed at his wife's extraordinary awkwardness as much as he was puzzled. What could the man think of her? The thought crossed his mind as he took Gladly's cold, small fingers in his to encourage her. But Paul's attention as well as Paul's eyes were being given to the outside world.

"I fear we're going to have a night of it, perhaps another chapter of accidents—who knows?—for the snow will be tremendously deep at certain curves I know of ahead," he said. And, under cover of his words, Gladly drew her hand from that of her husband, and slipped back into the drawing-room car. She was the only one of the passengers who had failed to offer thanks to the rescuer of the train. The cars were moving off on their journey once again, and the men were chatting to one another.

"Not so bad for the first move in the game!"

The triumphant words whispering from the lips of Paul Ansdell as he sat alone in the smoking compartment, leaning back in his chair, his dark, baleful eyes watching the smoke wreaths lazily rising over his head.

CHAPTER V.

Paul Ansdell was right in his surmises. The scientist, as a rule, was right somehow. The fine, feathery snow resolved itself into a perfect blizzard a few hours later, and the train, after plunging through deep drifts, cutting its way gallantly, was brought to a standstill.

Fortunately they were close to a prairie station when the stoppage took place.

"We must make the best of it," cheerfully agreed the passengers. "There's plenty to eat and drink aboard the train, thank goodness, and we can get out and stretch our legs without any danger of being lost in the snow, for it's hard as iron."

"Will you come out and take a turn with me?" pleasantly asked Paul Ansdell, coming over to Gervis Templeton, who was staring disconsolately out of the window.

Gladly had chosen to remain in her berth for breakfast, and showed as yet no inclination to leave it.

"I should like it above all things!" the young Englishman eagerly said. And presently the two men, wrapped up to the eyes, were tramping over the shining, snowy expanse beyond the little station.

"Are you going to make any stay at Montreal?" asked Paul carelessly.

"Not over a few days, to see the place," was the answer. "I am taking my wife to England to spend Christmas in the old home, so our time is limited. Otherwise there's nothing I should like better than to winter in the Dominion. It's a glorious land, and Gladly, my wife, would have revelled in the ice carnival and all the other delights of a Montreal winter. But it can't be helped. My people are eager to see and know her. We have not been long married, you see," he added, a little lamely.

"I know," curtly said Paul Ansdell. "It was in 'Frisco when your wedding took place; and I knew old Hiram Fairweather, your wife's father—personally, I mean. A sharp, astute old chap, that. Made his pile, eh?"

(To be continued.)

SOME ARE ODD.

Geographical Names Out in Arkansas.
A commercial traveler recently returned from a trip through Arkansas was speaking the other day of the nomenclature of the towns and counties of that state. "As a townships name," said he, "nothing seems so popular as a name ending in 'creek.' There are Beech, Mill, Barren, Dutch, Long, Big, Peter, Clear, Pierre, Flat, Crooked, Sugar and Day creeks scattered through the state as townships. There are Eagle and War Eagle townships, and one is named after Grover Cleveland. Yell is both a township and county name, but the people are not particularly noisy in those places, in spite of the name. Many names are reminders of the old French occupation, such as Petit Jean, Terre Noir, Fayette, Lagrue, De Bastrop and St. Francis, names of townships. Sugarloaf seems to be a popular name for towns in Arkansas, why, I do not know; and one community calls itself by the intensely prosaic name of Railroad. Colonel Bowie, he of the celebrated knife, has his name perpetuated by a township name, and so has Daniel Boone and Bryan. The population of Arkansas is now ninety times what it was when the first census was taken of it, in 1820, but the increase has been slow in the last decade compared with previous ones. The population has increased in the last ten years only 16 1/2 per cent while in the ten years before the increase was over 40 1/2 per cent."

Precious Woods Wasted.
Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

Those who reprove us are more valuable as friends than those who flatter us.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Homingway have been divorced at Marinette, Wis., after a brief, but somewhat stormy, wedding career, the husband being ordered to pay \$6 a month alimony. The pair eloped when each was over 50 years of age.

At the classical Court theater in Weimar no actor is now permitted to answer a curtain call. The manager announces to the public that such appearances before the footlights are "inartistic and obsolete, foolish and in bad taste."

Recognizing the danger to property from the presence of a large number of impetuous and idle Frenchmen, the government of British Guiana has approved of a small expediture from the treasury to enable some of these men to leave the colony.

American apples are becoming known to France, as well as in England and Germany. Exports to England have reached 2,000,000 barrels a year, but as the production has been as high as 210,000,000 barrels in a single season, there is room for fresh customers.

PRESIDENT OF PRESIDENTS.

A Distinguished Lady Indeed, Is Mrs. Mary E. Poole, of Whittier, Ind.

Whittier, Ind., Feb. 4, 1901.—(Special.)—The Presidents of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic have an association composed exclusively of the Presidents of the different State Associations. This Presidents' Association chooses a President, and to this very high and distinguished position Mrs. Mary E. Poole of this place has been elected. Mrs. Poole is thoroughly deserving of this great honor. Her devotion to the interests of the Association is very marked, and her experience with the old soldiers of the G. A. R. is wide. Mrs. Poole is never slow to take advantage of anything that may benefit the veterans, and her zeal has resulted in much that is good to these grand old men. She writes of her experiences: "Honor to whom honor is due, and having seen the numerous cures effected through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I gladly endorse them as being particularly effective to cure that dreaded disease of so many of our old soldiers, Bright's Disease and Kidney Disorders of different kinds. Kidney Disease soon sisons the entire system, and as a result the vital organs are attacked, and I have found that no remedy so surely, completely and quickly finds the weak spot and heals it as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I have used them myself in slight attacks of biliousness and indigestion, and usually find that from three to four pills do the work."

Such evidence from a lady of so much distinction and experience should convince any sufferer from Kidney Trouble that Dodd's Kidney Pills is the remedy that never fails. 50c a box, six boxes for \$2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he can't supply you send to the Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Look out for the man who looks out for himself.

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

Sometimes people stop at a hotel in order to escape home comforts.

Many complicated diseases and much suffering result from constipation. Garfield Tea, the great Herb Tea, will cure the most obstinate case.

The tailor-made girl is all right, but most men prefer the ready-made.

Try GRAIN-O! Try GRAIN-O!
Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich smell of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

The fewer airs some musicians can play the more they put on.

Nervous Prostration.
Mrs. Lettie Fisher says: "I had nervous trouble for years, which at times completely prostrated me and made life not worth living. I tried many physicians and no end of nerve and other remedies without relief. Mr. M. J. Crews, merchant, Maloy, Iowa, persuaded me to try Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron. The very first bottle went to the right spot, for I felt a complete change, and now, after using six bottles in all, I am perfectly well. Sold by agent in every town."

Running water often gets its start from a spring.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vashburne, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

An egotist is a man who enjoys talking to himself.

"Vitamin" Tablets cure "brain-fat," nervous vital, mental and physical debility in men and women. Great restorative for weak people. Can't be cured cheaper. Mailed by Kidney Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., J. H. Hurlbut Co., Des Moines, Iowa, or H. S. Baker, Sioux City, who carry a full line of medicines, hot water bags, etc.

Evil imagination is the poison of the soul.

Don't drink too much water when cycling. Adams' Pepsin Tonic Fruit is an excellent substitute.

You cannot do God's work with the devil's weapons.

TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BISMUTH. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

Vanity is sometimes cured by having a photograph taken.

Ask your grocer for Russ' Mochaing Bisc. Do not be deceived by "imitations" that do not see that the name Russ appears on all packages.

It is a remarkable fact that only sensible persons ever agree with us.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN



"I am so nervous and wretched." "I feel as if I should fly." How familiar these expressions are! Little things annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are unfit for ordinary duties, and are subject to dizziness.

That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel miserable.

You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain in top of head, later on at the base of the brain.

Such a condition points unerringly to serious uterine trouble.

If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first experienced impaired vitality, you would have been spared these hours of awful suffering.

Happiness will be gone out of your life forever, my sister, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter is seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Mrs. Valentine Tells of Happy Results Accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very bad, was terribly nervous and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs W. P. VALENTINE, 586 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.



\$5000 REWARD
Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass. \$5,000, which will be paid in any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.