THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

But all the time I was taking the very keenest notice of everything which might possibly help me. I am not a man who would lie like a sick horse waiting for the farriar sergeant and the pole ax. First I would give a little tug at my ankle cords, and then another at those that were around my wrists, and all the time I was trying to loosen them I was peering round to see if I could find something which was in my favor. There was one thing which was very evident. A hussar is but half formed without a horse, and there was my other half quietly grazing within thirty yards of me. Then I observed yet another thing. The path by which we had come over the mountains was so steep that a horse could only be led across it slowly and with difficulty, but in the other direction the ground appeared to be more open, and to lead straight down into a gently sloping valley. Had I but my feet in yonder stirrups and my saber in my hand, a single bold dash might take me out of the power of these vermin of the rocks.

I was still thinking it over and straining with my wrists and my ankles when their chief came out from his grotto and after some talk with his lieutenant, who lay groaning near the fire, they both nodded their heads and looked across at me. He then said some few words to the band, who clapped their hands and laughed uproariously. Things looked ominous, and I was delighted to feel that my hands were so far free that I could easily slip them through the cords if I wished. But with my ankles I feared that I could do nothing, for when I strained it brought such pain into my lance wound that I had to gnaw my mustache to keep from crying out. I could only lie still, half free and half bound, and see what turn things were likely to take.

For a little I could not see what they were after. One of the rascals climbed up to the top of a well-grown fir

HE SAID A FEW WORDS TO THE BAND.

tree up on one side of the glade, and tied a rope around the top of the trunk. He then fastened another rope in the same fashion to a similar tree on the other side. The two loose ends were now dangling down, and I waited with some curiosity and just a little trepidation to see what they would do next. The whole band pulled upon one of the ropes until they had bent the strong young tree down into a semi-circle, and they then fastened it to a stump, so as to hold it so. When they had bent the other tree down in a similar fashion, the two summits were within a few feet of each other, though, as you understand, they would each spring back to their original position the instant that they were released. I already saw the diabolical plan which those miscreants had formed.

"I presume that you are a strong man, colonel," said the chief, coming toward me with his hateful smile.

"If you will have the kindness to loosen these cords," I answered, "I will show you how strong I am."

"We were all interested to see whether you were as strong as these two young saplings," said he. "It is our intention, you see, to tie one end of each rope round your ankles and then to let the trees go. If you are stronger than the trees, then, of course, no harm would be done. If on the other hand the trees are stronger than you—why, in that case, colonel, we may have a souvenir of you upon each side of our little glade." He laughed as he spoke, and at the sight of it the whole forty of them laughed also. Even now if I am in my darker humor, or if I have a touch of my old Lithuanian ague, I see in my sleep that ring of dark savage faces with their cruel eyes and the firelight flashing upon their strong white teeth.

CHAPTER IV.

It is astonishing—and I have heard many make the same remark—how acute one's senses become at such a crisis as this. I am convinced that at no moment is one living so vividly, so acutely, as at the instant when a violent and foreseen death overtakes one. I could smell the resinous fagots, I could see every twig upon the ground, I could hear every rustle of the branches, as I have never smelled, or seen, or heard, save at such times of danger. And so it was that, long before anyone else, before even the time when the chief had addressed me, I had heard a low, monotonous sound, far away, indeed, and yet coming nearer at every instant. At first it was but a murmur, a rumble, but by the time he had finished speaking, while the assassins were untying my ankles in order to lead me to the scene of my murder, I heard, as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life, the clinking of horseshoes, and the jingling of bridle chains, with the clank of sabers against stirrup irons. Is it likely that I, who had lived with the light cavalry since the first hair shaded my lip, would mistake the sound of troopers on the march? "Help, comrades, help!" I shrieked, and though they struck me across the mouth and tried to drag me up to the tree, I kept on yelling: "Help me, my brave boys! Help me, my children! They are murdering your colonel!" For the moment my wounds and my troubles had brought

"HELP, COMRADES, HELP!"

on a delirium, and I looked for nothing less than my five hundred hussars, kettle-drums and all, to appear at the opening of the glade.

But that which really appeared was very different to anything which I had conceived. Into the clear space there came galloping a fine young man upon a most beautiful roan horse. He was fresh faced and pleasant looking, with the most debonnaire bearing in the world and the most gallant way of carrying himself, a way which reminded me somewhat of my own. He wore a singular coat which had once been red all over, but which was now stained to the color of a withered oak leaf wherever the weather could reach it. His shoulder straps, however, were of golden lace, and he had a bright metal helmet upon his head with a coquettish white plume upon one side of its crest. He trotted his horse up the glade, while behind him there rode four caveliers in the same dress—all clean shaven, with round comely faces, looking to me more like monks than dragoons. At a short gruff order they halted with a rattle of arms, while their leader cantered forward, the fire beating upon his eager face and the beautiful head of his charger. I knew of course by the strange coats that they were English. It was the first sight that I had ever had of them, but from their stout bearing and their masterful way I could see at a glance that what I had always been told was true, and that they were excellent people to fight against.

"Well, well, well!" cried the young officer, in sufficiently bad French: "What devil's game are you up to here? Who was that who was yelling for help, and what are you trying to do to him?"

It was at that moment that I learned to bless those months which Obriant, the descendant of the Irish kings, had spent in teaching me the tongue of the English. My ankles had just been freed, so that I had only to slip my hands out of the cords, and with a single rush I had flown across, picked up my saber where it lay by the fire, and hurled myself onto the saddle of poor Vidal's horse. Yes, for all my wounded ankle, I never put foot to stirrup, but was in the seat in a single bound. I tore the halter from the

THERE WAS POOR VIDAL BEFORE THEM.

tree, and before those villains could so much as snap a pistol at me I was beside the English officer.

"I surrender to you, sir," I cried, though I dare say my English was not much better than his French. "If you will look at that tree to the left you will see what these villains do to the honorable gentlemen who fall into their hands."

The fire had flared up at the moment, and there was poor Vidal exposed before them, as horrible an object as one could see in a nightmare. "Godam!" cried the officer, and "Godam!" cried each of the four troopers, which is the same as with us when we cry "Mon Dieu!" Out rasped the five swords and the four men closed up. One who wore a sergeant's chevron laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. "Fight for your skin, froggy," said he.

Ah! it was so fine to have a horse between my thighs and a weapon in my grip. I waved it above my head and shouted in my exultation. The chief had come forward, with that odious smiling face of his.

"Your excellency will observe that this Frenchman is our prisoner," he said.

"You are a rascally robber," said the Englishman, shaking his sword at him. "It is a disgrace to us to have such allies. By the Lord, if the general were of my mind we would swing you up to the nearest tree."

"But my prisoner?" said the brigand, in his suave voice.

"He shall come with us to Lord Wellington's camp."

"Just a word in your ear before you take him."

He approached the young officer, and then, turning as quick as a flash, he fired his pistol in my face. The bullet scored its way through my hair and burst a hole on each side of my busby. Seeing that he had missed me, he raised the pistol and was about to hurl it at me, when the English sergeant, with a single backhanded cut, nearly severed his head from his body. His blood had not reached the ground, nor the last curse died on his lips, before the whole horde were upon us, but with a dozen bounds and as many slashes we were all safely out of the glade, and galloping down the winding track which led to valley.

It was not until we had left the ravine far behind us and were right out in the open fields that we ventured to halt and to see what injuries we had sustained. For me, weary and wounded as I was, my heart was beating proudly and my chest was nearly bursting my tunic to think that I, Etienne Gerard, had left this gang of murderers so much by which to remember me. My faith, they would think twice before they ventured again to lay hands upon one of the Third hussars. So carried away was I that I made a small oration to these brave Englishmen and told them who it was that they had helped to rescue. I would have spoken of glory also and of the sympathies of brave men, but the officer cut me short.

"That's all right," said he, "any injuries, sergeant?"

"Trooper Jones' horse hit with a pistol bullet on the fetlock."

"Trooper Jones to go with us. Sergeant Halliday with troopers Harvey and Smith to keep to the right until they touch the videttes of the German hussars."

So these three jingled away together, while the officer and I, followed at some distance by the trooper whose charger had been wounded, rode straight down in the direction of the English camp. Very soon we had opened our hearts, for we each liked the look of the other from the beginning. He was of the nobility, this brave lad, and he had been sent out scouting by Lord Wellington to see if there were any signs of our advancing through the mountains. It is one advantage of a

HE NEARLY SEVERED HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

wandering life like mine, that you learn to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world. I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not traveled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor Hon. Sir Russell Bart, this last being an honorable distinction, so that it was as the Bart that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say "the Don."

As we rode beneath the moonlight in the lovely Spanish night we spoke our minds to each other, as if we were brothers. We were both of an age, you see, both of the light cavalry also (the Sixteenth light dragoons was his regiment) and both with the same hopes and ambitions. Never have I learned to know a man so quickly as I did the Bart. He gave me the name of a girl whom he had loved at a garden called Vauxhall and for my part I spoke to him of little Caralic of the opera. He took a lock of hair from his bosom, and I a garter. Then we nearly quarreled over hussar and dragoon, for he was absurdly proud of his regiment, and you should have seen him curl his lip and clap his hand to his hilt when I said that I hoped it might never be its misfortune to come in the way of the Third.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Swedish Proverbs.

Mrs. Baker, in her "Pictures of Swedish Life," says that the Swedish language is rich in proverbs. Many of these are exactly the same as are found in English: "The burnt child dreads the fire," and "Better late than never," for instance. Others, while corresponding to proverbs in English, have a turn peculiar to themselves. The following are a few examples:

"When the cat is away, the rats dance on the table."

"One bird in the hand is better than ten on the roof."

"When the stomach is satisfied, the food is bitter."

"To read and not to know, is to plow and not to sow."

"That which is eaten from the pot never comes to the platter."

"A new broom sweeps well, but an old one is best for the corners."

THE opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.—Hamerton.

A TOOTH-BRUSH TALE.

An Old Story and One That Is Brand New.

Three society girls sat in the newly decorated boudoir of the blue-eyed girl. The brown-eyed girl remarked that she wished some one would remind her to buy a toothbrush the next time she went downtown. Then she laughingly asked:

"Girls, what would you call a toothbrush—one of the amenities of civilization?"

"I would call it a necessity," exclaimed the blue-eyed girl. "That reminds me, girls," she continued, "of a story my Uncle James used to tell. I always had my doubts about this story of Uncle James', but I will tell you what he said.

"He was going from Boston to New York one time on one of the new Sound steamers, and he shared his stateroom with a strange man. When morning came, Uncle James got up first, dressed, and went on deck. Presently he came back to pack his traveling bag. He remembered that he had left his toothbrush on the rack. On looking for it, he discovered his roommate using it vigorously. Supposing that a mistake had been made, he said:

"'I beg your pardon, sir, but that is my toothbrush.'

"'Indeed,' said the man, 'you must excuse me; I thought it belonged to the boat.'"

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the gray-eyed girl, waving her hands frantically, "that is the same story my Uncle Robert always told. It didn't happen to either one of them, of course."

"Of course not," assented the blue-eyed girl, laughing. "We have caught both our uncles in fibs now, haven't we?"

The brown-eyed girl looked at her frineds in disgust.—St. Louis Republic.

SHE TOOK THE HINT.

And Then Proceeded to Display Her Immense Ingenuity.

At home stations the private soldiers' washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Pat McGinnis had a good deal of trouble with his laundress; Sunday after Sunday had his shirt come back with the neck button off, or else hanging by a thread. He had spoken to her on the subject and she had promised to see to it, but still the button was not on properly.

He got out of patience one Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed:

"Bother the woman! I'll see if I can't give her a hint this time, anyhow."

He then took the lid of a tin blacking box, about three inches in diameter, drilled two holes in it with a fork and sewed it on to the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. When his washing came back he found that she had taken the hint; she had made a button hole to fit it.—Detroit Free Press.

Arctic Exploration.

Smith—Of late years arctic explorers seem to have entered upon a race to see who can reach the furthest point north.

Brown—Yes, and I guess the fellow who hugs the pole will win the race.—N. Y. Journal.

An Old War-Horse of Journalism Discovers the Virtue of a New Medicinal Variety.

There are only a few of them left.

Since Chas. A. Dana's death, Joseph Medill, the war-horse of the Chicago Tribune, is the chief surviving representative of the old school of virile, aggressive editorial giants.

To have mud thrown at them was part of the profession at all times, but to find health in mud is rather a modern innovation. That is what Joseph Medill has been doing of late.

Mr. Medill is an investigator and when the stories of the miraculous Magno-Mud at Indiana Mineral Springs began to spread over the country, the great editor became interested and eventually decided to try this mysterious substance on his own rheumatic limbs and weigh its value. He was accompanied by his private physician, a young Armenian scientist of high attainments. The great editor was mud-mummified daily for several weeks and gained visibly in weight, strength and vitality.

The final result of the experiment was an unqualified success. Mr. Medill went back to Chicago in September, and wrote an editorial about Magno-Mud with his own hand. Next, he sent his son-in-law for a little of the mud-treatment. In November he went down again, and since the new bath house is completed he expects to be a regular visitor four times a year.

This mud-treatment in which Mr. Medill found so much virtue, is peculiar, yet logical. After all, every form of life springs from the earth, which is the great destroyer and assimilator of dead and effete matter. At the Indiana Mineral Springs is a beautiful little natural amphitheatre, the slopes being grown with magnificent oaks. At the foot of the converging hills, a big Lithia spring gushes forth at the rate of 3,000 barrels a day and floods the soil, which consists of a rich, black porous loam, fed by the deciduous foliage of the oak trees. This peculiar soil saturated with mineral salts for ages, is as soluble as sugar, and being devoid of clay is not sticky in the least. It is not, therefore, in any sense related to the conventional mud of the road-way, of the Chicago street or to the variety which clings to your heels.

The mud is applied to the patient on a cot, the subject being entirely encased in the substance, steamed to a proper temperature. It then acts as a poultice, stimulates the skin, superficial blood vessels and nerves, opens the pores and lithiates the blood, dissolving all uric acid deposits. Nothing can be simpler or more rational.

Wise men make feasts that fools may eat and get the gout.—Chicago Daily News.

We notice that an optician is not afraid to take his own medicine. He always wears glasses.—Washington Democrat.

Richard—"Tom is not so bad a chap, after all. At least, there's nothing mean about him." Robert—"Oh, get out!" Richard—"I mean it. He told me he had a supreme contempt for the whole crowd. Now, isn't that generous, when he really ought to keep it for himself?"—Boston Transcript.

Facilitated Transit.—"What, a bridge across the Styx?" Charon, the former boatman, winked significantly. "Bicycle," he rejoined, with laconic brevity. "Good roads movement, you know."—Detroit Journal.

Quite Likely.—Brown—"What would you do if some one should leave you a hundred thousand dollars?" Jones—"I suppose I'd begin to realize how little a hundred thousand really is."—Truth.

"One great trouble wif folks," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey's li'ble ter mistake de smalles' speck on dah serenity foh de p'int whah patience ceases ter be a virtue."—Washington Star.

Definition.—Tommy—"Paw, what sort of a fighter is a 'cyclone fighter?'" Mr. Figg—"I don't know much about fighters, but I suppose he is one who goes blowing around."—Indianapolis Journal.

Browne—"Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth?" Towne—"Oh, yes." Browne—"Who was he?" Towne—"A first-trip passenger on an ocean liner."—Brooklyn Life.

"Mrs. Strucket affects the antique in her house decorations—" "Yes, she told me the other day she was heart-broken because she couldn't get the shades of her ancestors for her parlor windows."—Truth.

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theater?" "Pleased! She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—Chicago Record.

A boy gets to the sweater age just the same as he gets the measles or chicken pox.—Washington Democrat.

Chronic Rheumatism.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The subject of this sketch is fifty-six years of age, and actively engaged in farming. When seventeen years old he hurt his shoulder and a few years after commenced to have rheumatic pains in it. On taking a slight cold or the least strain, sometimes without any apparent cause whatever, the trouble would start and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

He suffered for over thirty years, and the last decade has suffered so much that he was unable to do any work. To this the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells were added, making him almost a helpless invalid.

IN ALL SORTS OF WEATHER.

He tried the best physicians but without being benefited and has used several specific rheumatic cures, but was not helped. About one year and six months ago he read in this paper of a case somewhat similar to his which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and concluded to try this remedy.

After taking the first box he felt somewhat better, and after using three boxes, the pains entirely disappeared, the dizziness left him, and he has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former trouble and enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

He is loud in his praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His post office address is Lorenzo Neeley, Horton, Jackson County, Michigan.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

She Must Excuse Him.

The young woman tried to be aristocratic and did not look at the money she gave to the conductor of the car; but he meekly gave her back the lozenge on which was stamped: "I'll never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.—Roxbury Gazette.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Knew His Business.

"My dear, why are you applauding that piece?" asked Mrs. Snaggs, in a tone of remonstrance. "Don't you see no one else is applauding? It is beyond the performer's ability and not worthy of applause."

"I know that," replied Mr. Snaggs, "but we must applaud pieces like that in order to get something worth listening to in the encore."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about ¼ as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

"Lemme un'stan'," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly. "Is er locksmif er man dat knows all 'bout how ter open all kin's er locks?"

"'Co's he is," replied Miss Miami Jones. "Well I dunno how 'tis, but I sho'ly seen it."

"What did yoh done see?"

"Er locksmif down in de mahket a buyin' 'is chickens."—Washington Star.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Made worse by cold. Neuralgia needs St. Jacobs Oil to cure. It cures.

The young onion is a very seductive vegetable, but it invariably gives a man away.—Chicago Daily News.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

When a man turns over a new leaf he is never satisfied until he gets it blotted up worse than the old one.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

Rome wasn't founded by Romeo; it was Juliet who was found dead by him.—Chicago Daily News.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

To Denver in Less Than 28 Hours.—Only One Night En Route.—"The Colorado Special."

Beginning Feb. 6th, a new train was placed in service between Chicago and Denver via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, which will make the fastest schedule ever maintained between Chicago and Colorado's Capital City.

This train will be known as "The Colorado Special" and will leave Chicago via the Chicago & North-Western R'y at 10:00 A. M. every day and reach Denver at 1:30 the following afternoon. Eastbound, this train will leave Denver daily at 3:30 P. M. and reach Chicago 8:45 the next evening. Connections will be made in the Union Depot at Denver to and from trains of all the Colorado lines.

Train will be vestibuled throughout, lighted with Pintsch gas, and will consist of Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, coaches and Dining Cars serving all meals en route. A feature in connection with the service of this train, which will be appreciated by tourists, is that it will afford an opportunity for a daylight ride through the progressive and thickly settled portions of Illinois and Iowa, which has been impossible heretofore, as all trains for Denver have left Chicago in the evening.

Daily service to Denver via The Pacific Limited leaving Chicago 10:30 P. M. will be continued.

Mutual.

Bank Clerk (scrutinizing check)—Madam, we can't pay this unless you bring some one to identify you.

Old Lady (tartly)—I should like to know why?

"Because we don't know you."

"Now, don't be silly! I don't know you either."—Truth.

Pres. McKinley Vs. Free Silver.

A battle of giants is going to take place this summer on 30,000 farms in America, not in talk or votes, but in yields. Salzer's new potato marvels are named as above, and he offers a price for the biggest potato yield, also $400 in gold for suitable name for his corn (17 inches long) and oat prodigies. Only seedsmen in America growing grasses, clovers and farm seeds and selling potatoes at $1.50 a barrel. The editor urges you to try Salzer's Northern-grown seeds, and to

SEND THIS NOTICE WITH 10 CTS. IN STAMPS to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for 11 new farm seed samples, worth $10.00, to get a start, and their big catalogue. K

She Was Rattled.

A young girl, an ardent admirer of Mme. Melba, at a reception given for the latter, was so completely overcome when it came her turn to have a word with the prima donna, that, blushing crimson and looking up with a sweet smile, she murmured: "You sing, I believe?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Did you make your Grain-O this way?

Here are the latest directions: Use one teaspoonful of Grain-O to two cups of cold water. Mix the Grain-O with half an egg and add the water. (Be sure to measure.) After the water gets to the boiling point let boil for fifteen to twenty minutes. Use cream and sugar to suit the taste. If you have not cream use hot milk.

A lady said: "The first time I drank Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it for ten days and forming the habit, nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." This is the experience of all. If you will follow directions, measure it every time and make it the same, and try it for ten days, you will not go back to coffee.

A Sweet One.

Sam Johnsing—Yas, sah, my gal's a high-bohn leddy foh shuah! She is de cream ob sassiety, she is!

Ben Tomkins—She is, heh? Sort ob a chocolate cream, I guess.—Puck.

Map Puzzle Educator.

Sent out by the Chicago Great Western Railway, is a dissected map of the United States printed on heavy cardboard and the puzzle consists in putting the pieces together so as to form the complete map. It will be found interesting and instructive to old and young. Send ten cents to Puzzle Dept., Chicago Great Western Ry., Quincy Building, Chicago, Ill.

If a noisy baby has a real pretty mother, a crowd will forgive it a good deal quicker.—Washington Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Lots of very shiftless people get up early.—Washington Democrat.

Swift as an Arrow.

Hoxsie's C. C. C. permeates the delicate tissues of the lungs, and removes every trace of cold, cough or croup. 50 cents.

Nobody uses over about six adjectives.—Washington Democrat.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The coat may not make the man, but lawsuits make attorneys.—Chicago Daily News.

Bad feet from frost-bites are made sound By St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

Lots of people mistake a loud noise for ability to sing.—Washington Democrat.

Any ache, from toothache to backache, St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

Everybody has some pet adjective.—Washington Democrat.

The pain of sciatica is cruel. The cure by St. Jacobs Oil is sure. It penetrates.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

Slipped and fell; bad sprain. Never Mind. St. Jacobs Oil will cure it.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because——

"There's nothing succeeds like success." There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had "helped him wonderfully." It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving "almost instant relief." But read his letter:

"About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I keep on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possessing the formula for such a very valuable remedy."—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Those who for convenience have wanted a smaller sized bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, can now obtain it of their dealer in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, and read more of the cures effected by this remedy. The book contains 100 pages, and is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.