

How He Writes Them.
 "I am surprised to learn that the young man to whom I have been talking writes those brilliant and profound articles which have caused so much comment," said the fair stranger to the native.
 "Does he claim that he writes them?" asked the native.
 "He gave me to understand so. Isn't it true?"
 "Oh, yes, it's true enough," replied the native. "He writes them—from dictation. He's private secretary and amanuensis to the man who composes them."—Chicago Post.

I cannot speak too highly of Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

"Don't you think she fully appreciates her husband?" "Oh, no; she loves him too much for that."—Town Topics.

Hale's Honey of Horsehound and Tar relieves whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in a minute.

Most people who go off on a trip, talk about it too much when they return.—Acheson Globe.

He struck it. St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was stricken out.

"I care not," said the capitalist, "who makes the laws of the country, so long as I can help form the trusts."—Life.

Lawsakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

Love is a business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.—N. Y. Weekly.

Half the men who attempt to tell you a funny story forget it.—Acheson Globe.

See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. Jacobs Oil cured it.

Wit is folly when in the keeping of a fool.—Chicago Daily News.

THE RELIEF TRAIN

By Geo. E. Walsh.

IT WAS a hot, stifling August day, and the atmosphere of the great Wisconsin forests was thick and heavy with dust and smoke. For weeks raging fires had swept through the pathless tracks of the woods until the lungs seemed congested with the labor of breathing the air.

At Branchville a long train of ten cars stood on the main track, while crowds of curious and anxious people gathered around it. It was called the "fire train," because it was about to start upon a perilous journey, in a grim race with the fire fiend.

Early that noon a telegram had been received at Branchville from Stony Brook, which had started every inhabitant of the former town. The message said in brief:

"Fire surrounding us! Send help at once! Will be cut off before night!"

As if electrified, every body tried to do something for the poor families at Stony Brook, threatened with such an awful death; but the scene of the impending disaster was 50 miles away, and nothing could be done except to send a relief train to their assistance.

It so happened that the central express was being made up at Branchville, and Big Mike, the engineer, determined to make the run in the interests of humanity. The conductor of the train telegraphed to headquarters for permission, and then had the track cleared between Branchville and Stony Brook.

Fully 1,000 people were assembled at the depot to see the train start upon its mission of mercy. Big Mike felt the full importance of his position, and he puffed and blowed about like a sea lion in his element.

He was talking with his fireman when a boy of about 16 approached the engine and said:

"Are you the engineer who takes out this fire train?"

"I'll take it or nobody," Mike responded, noting the boy's pale face.

"Then, sir, will you let me go with you?"

"What! Take a boy along on such a dangerous run? No, my son, we only want men—and brave men."

The boy's face drooped, and he added in a less hopeful but more pleading voice:

"I may not be brave, but I'll keep quiet, and won't get in the way."

"Can't do it, my boy, can't do it; I tell you we may never come back alive."

"But my poor mother, she'll—"

The tears entered the boy's eyes and he turned his head away to hide them.

"Where is your mother?" the engineer asked.

"Over there—at Stony Brook."

Big Mike cleared his throat with a loud cough before he answered.

"Well, my lad, I'll bring her back to you if anybody can," he said. "If we can't get through, then we'll all perish together."

"But if I could go, too," the boy began again.

"You'd only be another one to perish. No, no, my lad, you wait here, and Big Mike will do all he can for your mother and all the rest of the people."

Just then the conductor came running along the platform, and the engineer climbed down from the engine to learn the news.

"Another telegram from Stony Brook," the conductor said, excitedly, "and it says the fire is almost upon the place, and in six hours all will be over."

"Then we'll get off at once, and I'll race the express faster than I ever did in an overland trip. Are you all ready?"

"Yes, start up!"

The conductor waved his signal, and Big Mike let the engine give three shrill whistles to announce the beginning of the race. Then the heavy driving wheels revolved, slowly at first, but thereafter with accelerated motion.

They were going 60 miles an hour when they first entered the region of burning woods. At first they only caught glimpses of clouds of smoke; then they saw cinders and sparks floating on the wind, and finally masses of flames leaped up from the trees on every side.

The woods on either side of the track were ablaze, and the heat became stifling. Sometimes the wind swept clouds of sparks and flames across the track, blinding and terrifying the men. But the engineer and fireman stood by their posts, and directed the steel monster in its course.

They were rushing through clouds of smoke, which prevented them from seeing the tracks ahead, but Big Mike never once flinched. The tops of fallen trees lay across the rails, but the tremendous power of the engine hurled them aside without once checking the terrible speed.

Every part of the ironwork of the engine was hot to the touch, and the air was almost unbearably. Both fireman and engineer gasped for breath, and prayed for some relief. How much further would they have to run to get beyond the fire area?

Big Mike tried to calculate the distance, but there was no familiar landscape object in view. He looked out across the fiery country, and wondered if he could stand the strain much longer.

His attention was attracted inside a moment later by a groan, and he turned to see his fireman sink down on the floor in a dead faint.

"Now, I am in for it," Mike muttered. "I can't keep the fire going, too."

In this quandary he tried to pull the rope connecting with the train, but found that the fire had burned it to pieces. He shouted aloud to the conductor, but he knew that above the roar and blast of the fire his voice could not be heard.

But something happened that sur-

prised him more than if the conductor had appeared. The iron cover of the water tank suddenly moved, and then deliberately stood upon end, while a face appeared out of the hole.

It was the pale face of a boy, and, as Mike stared, he recognized the features of the lad who had pleaded so hard to go to Stony Brook with him.

"How did you get in there?" the engineer gasped.

"I crawled in when you went to meet the conductor at the station. You wouldn't let me go, and my mother was in danger."

Mike looked at his helpless fireman and drew a long breath.

"Well, now that you're here, suppose you help me! Can you shovel coal?"

"Yes, easily."

In a moment the boy had crawled out of the water tank, and he swung the shovel so successfully that the fire burned brighter than ever.

"Is it cool in the water tank?" Mike asked, looking longly at the hole.

"Yes, much cooler than out here," the lad replied.

"Well, go back into it, then, until I need more coal. I'll call you when it is time."

Bertie—that was his name—jumped back into his cool hiding place; but before closing the top he threw a bucket of water over the prostrate fireman and another over Mike.

"That's good," Mike said, shivering with pleasure, as the water temporarily cooled his parched, aching brows.

But the run was not by any means over yet, nor had they reached the worst part of the fire. The heat became more intense as they proceeded, until it seemed as if no human being could live in such a superheated atmosphere.

They entered a dense patch of fir trees, where the smoke rolled up in pitchy-black clouds. Great flying banners of flame floated down upon the engine and cars from the trees on either side. The cars were ablaze in a dozen places, and the tracks were warped and twisted.

Mike began to grow faint and dizzy. A sensation of falling seemed to come over him, and he unconsciously called to his boy companion for help.

Bertie opened the top of the tank to see if the engineer needed more water. As he did so he saw that the engineer had been overpowered with the heat and smoke, and though sitting up with his hand on the lever, he was unconscious.

In his fall backward the engineer had accidentally shut off the steam, and the pounding train was rapidly slackening its pace. To stop an instant in such a desert of fire meant death to all on the train!

The boy realized this, and it took him but a minute to climb into the cab and open wide the throttle.

He did not know much about a steam engine, but in this terrible run through the fiery woods he had watched the engineer mechanically, and he soon found that he could stop or start the huge monster at will. It was a simple thing to do; but the boy felt elated at his discovery.

In a few minutes the engine was going as fast as ever. They were rushing along 70 miles an hour.

Hidden in his water tank he had not experienced the full intensity of the heat, but now he began to realize what an ordeal the fireman and engineer had passed through. With only slight protection from the blinding, burning smoke and flames, the engineer's position seemed almost unbearable.

Bertie prayed for strength. He knew that his own life, that of his mother, and of hundreds of others depended upon him. He knew that they must soon be at Stony Brook; he had heard Big Mike say that. If he could hold out a little longer.

But the heat and fever grew upon him. His head seemed ready to burst. Every half minute he plunged his head into a bucket of water; but that was so hot now that half its effect was neutralized.

"How much longer? How much longer?" he gasped.

Nothing but the roar of the fire answered him. He looked steadily ahead, but there was no relief in sight.

"I can't stand it any longer," he muttered. "Oh, my God, help me and mother!"

He closed his teeth and renewed his energy for an instant. Then his strength flagged and waned again. His spirits were drooping to the point of yielding, when suddenly the clouds around him seemed to lighten up.

He glanced ahead of him eagerly, and in ecstasy of joy he shouted:

"I'm nearly through; I'm nearly through!"

The volumes of smoke were less dense, and ahead of the engine he could see a clear space. He caught a glimpse of the track half a mile beyond. Even the intense heat and suffocation of the air lessened.

In a few moments more the relief train rushed out of the fire area and entered a new world, where blinding smoke and flames no longer made life a torture. As the boy cleared his eyes of the smoke, and glanced far ahead, his little heart seemed to throb clear up into his throat.

A cleared space in the woods revealed the small village of Stony Brook, and on the platform of the station were gathered 500 anxious, frightened, but thankful people. As this scene suddenly came into view, Bertie shut off steam, and tried to bring the heavy train to a standstill. Then, jumping to the side of the cab nearest the platform, he shouted, as he saw a loved face in the crowd:

"Mother! Mother! I'm here!"

He staggered and reeled like a drunk man, and just as assistance came he fainted.

The next morning the daily papers of the whole country were full of an account of how a boy of 16 had carried the relief train through the Wisconsin forest fires and saved the lives of 500 people.—N. Y. Ledger.

WILD GEESSE IN THE SOUTH.

Wise Decoy Fowl That Are Used to Lure Their Own Kind to the Hunters.

In many parts of the south wild geese breeding is carried on for the benefit of sportsmen, especially among the reed-bound shores of Hyde county, N. C., where years ago some one wounded a goose, bred from it, and spread its product through the district. Here are geese yards, and as soon as a hunter enters the yard the inmates know, like dogs, that they are going hunting, and squawk, fight and struggle to be the first to be taken out and placed in the coop or bag in which they are carried to the grounds. Pieces of green tough-rooted turf are cut and staked out in four or five inches of water, and a goose is tethered to each stake and allowed to stand on the sod. Thus placed, the geese have the appearance of resting. The hunter retires to his blind to watch, not the sky line, but the tethered geese. Suddenly one stirs, another follows suit, a muffled sound is made by one, and then away off will be seen a streak of moving gray dots, which quickly develop into a flock, gander and goose in the lead, goslings to the rear. The birds drop well out of shot, to see if the quality of geese on the sods permits a visit without loss of caste. The goslings, heedless of social forms, gayly start forward to gossip with the decoys, but the parents head them off, scolding, cackling with many modulations and much emphasis of tone, gabbling wise saws and modern instances innumerable, as wise parents have done to children since the world began, until gradually the gander himself yields to the clamorous gabble of the dervy flock, which has kept up a flood of praises of the choicest feeding ground. He slowly drifts down with much importance his females behind, the youngsters in their train. His eye is glued on that patch of reeds, and even a man's eye at an opening no bigger than a dollar, a bright coat button glinting in the sun, the gleam of a diamond or the lock of a gun, even the awkward flop of a tethered goose from off its sod, is sufficient to send them away bag and baggage, and good day, good day to them.

A curious feature of these live decoy geese is that they must not be shot over. The hunter is warned that, no matter what happens, he must wait until the strangers paddle to one side or the other of the decoys, and failing that, he must let his chance go by, for if once he fires directly over the tethered birds they are nervous, and at the approach of stranger flocks remember what happened, and, showing fear, disturb and unsettle the strangers. Firing to the side they do not appear to mind, and the older birds who have been out one or two seasons, when they see a gun go up, "down charge" like a veteran setter or pointer, on their piece of sod, chattering like parrots after the wild birds have been dropped. Tamed geese have been used on Long Island and other places, but not so generally as in Hyde county.

On the great South bay, Long Island, the geese are shot from quaint boats which are so designed that they will float on water or may be pushed along on ice by the occupants, having steel runners underneath. When the geese are around, the hunter in a white over-suit pushes off from the shore and paddles over to the foe, his impetus carrying him to it. Then with the iron-shod oar he pushes over it, across the next open water and the next foe, until he gets to the piece of open water he aims at, far enough removed from the shore. Then he places his states, draws his white apron over him, and, with his gun across his chest, lies back in his boat to freeze until the geese come. If any are around some are generally "bagged," but it is cold, hard work. Nevertheless, the grounds could not be reached by any other method, the ice being too treacherous to bear an ordinary blind. This the geese appear to know.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Brain Power of Rats.
 Confronted with the difficulties which modern builders and householders put in the way of rats in drains, floors, and skirtings, the black rat would probably be baffled, while the sagacious gray rat still remains more or less master of the situation. The case of the rat is typical of the value of brain power. Routine, which is the usual condition of animal existence, does not exist for them. They have to face "reconstructions" of their common surroundings at any given moment, and their resources and adaptability have seldom been found wanting. Ship rats have survived the era of steam and steel, and only recently thrived so successfully in a big iron clad that they made her majesty's ship Colossus almost uninhabitable. House rats have learned how to cope with gas fittings, lead pipes, brick drains, and cement floors. "Sewer rats" have made themselves a name coeval with modern urban sanitation, and others are now learning to live in "cold stores" and eat chilled meat and game in an atmosphere where breath turns into snow.—London Spectator.

Wasn't Guilty.
 Inspector (examining class)—Who signed the Declaration? (No answer.)
 Inspector (sharply)—Who signed the Declaration? Come, come; somebody tell me. (Still no reply.)
 Inspector (very angrily)—Will no boy tell me who signed the Declaration?
 Small Boy in Rear (imagines that something is wrong)—Please, sir, it wasn't me, sir.—N. Y. World.

Scandalous.
 Mrs. Witherly—They say Mrs. Dickson has recently become very economical.
 Mrs. Larrison—Yes, she's carrying it to an extreme, it seems to me. I hear that she's even trying to get her husband to let his whiskers grow, so as to save laundry bills.—Chicago Evening News.

Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from \$115,000,000 to \$150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

Know He's Got It.
 "I hear my friend Meyer has married a phenomenally ugly woman."
 "Yes, all his friends, as soon as they have seen her, want to borrow money of him."
 —Fliegende Blätter.

Ontario Seed Co. and Up a Lb.
 Catalogue tells how to grow 1213 bus. per acre as easily as 100 bushels. Largest growers of Earliest Vegetables and Farm Seeds. Earliest vegetables always pay. Salsor's Seeds produce them weeks ahead of others. Coffee Berry 15c per lb. Potatoes \$1.20 a Bbl. Cut this out and send with 14c for Great Catalogue and 10 packages of vegetable and flower seed novels to JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WIS. [a.]

Cheapness of Sugar.
 Sugar is so cheap now that it pays the grocers to take the sand out of it.—Boston Transcript.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
 Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. An instant cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

Some Solace.
 To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The impression made by beauty is more than skin deep.—Chicago Daily News.

In the morning well. St. Jacobs Oil cures soreness and stiffness.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

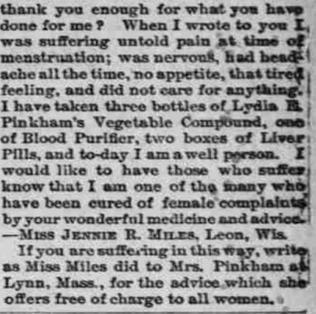
While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.

—MISS JENNIE R. MILLS, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write to Miss Mills did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice, which she offers free of charge to all women.



Good Blood!

Your heart beats over one hundred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?

If bad, impure blood, then your brain aches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep. You are as tired in the morning as at night. You have no nerve power. Your food does you but little good.

Stimulants, tonics, headache powders, cannot cure you; but

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

To Hasten Recovery.
 You will be more rapidly cured if you will take a laxative dose of Ayer's pills each night. They arouse the sluggish liver and thus cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctors.
 We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

Kaiser's Seeds are warranted to produce.

Maltese Luther, E. Troy, Va., established the world's record for growing 200 bushels of Potatoes, 200 bushels of Wheat, 175 bushels of Barley, and 100 bushels of Corn, on one acre, in 1893. We wish to gain the same success for you. Write for our 100 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.

100 bushels of rare farm seeds, Salt Bush, Rape for Sheep, the 5000 Corn, the 1000 Potatoes, the 1000 Barley, the 1000 Wheat, the 1000 Oats, the 1000 Rye, the 1000 Clover, the 1000 Alfalfa, the 1000 Lucerne, the 1000 Vetch, the 1000 Turnip, the 1000 Cabbage, the 1000 Cauliflower, the 1000 Broccoli, the 1000 Lettuce, the 1000 Spinach, the 1000 Beet, the 1000 Carrot, the 1000 Parsnip, the 1000 Turnip, the 1000 Cabbage, the 1000 Cauliflower, the 1000 Broccoli, the 1000 Lettuce, the 1000 Spinach, the 1000 Beet, the 1000 Carrot, the 1000 Parsnip.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

Please send this ad. along. Catalogue alone, 5c. No. 1.

HILLMAN'S CAPILLARIS

Permanently cures all Itching, Burning, Scaly, Scald and Skin Diseases, such as Salt Rheum, Eczema, Scald Head, Chills, Piles, Burns, Baby Rashes, Hand-itch, Itching, Bores, Falling Hair (thinning and making it soft, silky, and luxuriant). All Face Eruptions (producing a Soft, Clear, Beautiful Skin and Complexion). It contains no Lead, Sulphur, Camphor or anything injurious to the system. A safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for all cases of itching, burning, scaly, scald and skin diseases. It is sold in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Write for a free trial bottle.

MANUFACTURED BY HILLMAN, 100 N. 3d St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

As Black as your DYE Your Whiskers

A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye.

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 15 days' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GIBBS'S DISPENSARY, 100 N. 3d St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSURE UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Use For Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ASK everybody you know to save their tin tags for you

The Tin Tags taken from Horseshoe, "J. T.," Cross Bow, Good Luck—and Drummond Natural Leaf—will pay for any one or all of this list of desirable and useful things—and you have your good chewing tobacco besides.

Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and can have—FREE!

Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan..... 25	19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted..... 200
2 Knife, one blade, good steel..... 25	20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good steel..... 200
3 Scissors, 6-inch, good steel..... 25	21 Six Rogers' Taperers, best quality..... 225
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon..... 25	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handle..... 200
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, each-ruble plate on white metal..... 50	23 Clock, Roly, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer..... 500
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel..... 50	24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40..... 500
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality..... 50	25 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools..... 500
8 Sagu Shell, triple plate, best quality..... 50	26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome..... 800
9 Strop Rag, sterling silver..... 75	27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled..... 1000
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades, triple plate on white metal..... 75	28 Sewing Machine, first class, with iron cabinet..... 1000
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade..... 75	29 Revolver, Colt's, best quality..... 1000
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel..... 75	30 Rifle, Winchester, 16-shot, 22-caliber..... 1000
13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver..... 100	31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammerless, with trigger..... 2000
14 Nail File, sterling silver, sandblast set, 6-inch..... 100	32 Cutlery (Washbasin, razor, etc.) with mother-of-pearl..... 2000
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch..... 100	33 Bicycle, standard make, ladies' or gent's..... 5000
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch..... 100	BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each.
17 Bone Ball, "Association," best quality..... 100	
18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper..... 200	

This offer expires November 30, 1899.

Address all your Tags and the correspondence about them to **DRUMMOND BRANCH, St. Louis, Mo.**

IN A WORLD WHERE "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS" NO PRAISE IS TOO GREAT FOR

SAPOLIO

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

Small Fruits, Grapes, Shrubs, Climbing Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Hardy Plants, Palms, etc. Largest and choicest collection in America.

BEST NOVELTIES
 Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue free.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
 MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, Rochester, N. Y.
 Fifty-ninth Year.

STAR PLUG L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG CLIPPER PLUG CORNER STONE PLUG CLEDGE PLUG SCALPING KNIFE PLUG SLEDGE MIXTURE SMOKING LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY, Manufacturer.

Not Made by a TRUST or COMBINE!

FREE! A HANDSOME WATCH
 with silver or gold-plated hunting case, fully guaranteed, so anyone starting an Overland Trip. Send 3 cents for particulars. OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, Cal.

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

WHEE WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
 please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A. N. K.—H 1747