



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

And so began the second period of Governor Prime's thralldom. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment. On comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov" was such a dear boy and they were such staunch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintance of Pat Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympathy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor allowed to—that they were desperately in love with the sisters, and it was long before it began to dawn on Prime that pretty Nita was playing a double game—that even while assuring her guardian sister that she had only a mild interest in Latrobe, she was really losing or had lost her heart to him, and in every way in her power was striving to conceal the fact from Margaret, and yet meet her lover at hours when she thought it possible to do so without discovery. As the friendship strengthened between himself and Latrobe they began using him as Cupid's postman, and many little notes and some big ones found their way to and from the Fourth division of cadet barracks. Mrs. Frank was only moderately kind to her civilian adorer then, granting him only one dance at each hop, and going much with other men, but that dance was worth a fortune. Prime was the only black "chick" in the room, and therefore conspicuous, and ends—who know a good thing when they see it—and many a pretty girl partner would draw aside to watch the perfection of their step and the exquisite ease with which they seemed to float through space, circling and reversing and winding among the other dancers, he ever alert, watchful, quick as a cat and lithe and strong as a panther. That dance was "Gov" Prime's reward, and almost only reward, for hours of impatient waiting. Other women, charming and pretty and better women, would gladly have been his partners. Some two or three whom he met at the hotel even intimated as much. But not until Lady Garrison told him he must—to protect her from scandal—did he ask another to dance. At last came the day of the summer's recreation, the return of the corps to barracks and studies, one blissful week in which he was enabled to spend several uninterrupted hours each day at her side, and then a cataclysm. A letter intended only for Nita's hands fell into those of her sister. It was bulky. It was from Latrobe. She hesitated only a moment, then, with determination in her eyes, opened and read it. Two days after Nita was whisked away to New York and within another week, leaving two most disconsolate swains on the Hudson, the sisters, one of them bathed in tears, went spinning away to the west, where Frank Garrison was on duty at department headquarters. Prime was permitted to write once a fortnight (he sent a volume), and Latrobe forbidden, but already the poor boy owned a thick packet of precious missives, all breathing love and promising utter constancy though she had to wait for him for years. For a month Nita would hardly speak to her sister, but in October there were lovely drives, picnics and gayeties of all kinds. There were attractive young officers and assiduous old ones, and among these latter was Frost, with his handsome gray mustache and distinguished bearing, and that air of conscious success and possession which some men know so well how to assume even when their chances are slimmer than my lady's hand. The sisterly breach was healed before that beautiful month was over. Frost dined at the Garrisons' four times a week and drove Miss Nita behind his handsome bays every day or two. In November he asked a question. In December there was an announcement that called forth a score of congratulations around headquarters, and in January the wedding cards went all over the union—some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who had been looking ill and anxious for six weeks, said his classmates, and falling off fearfully in his studies, said his professors, only a brief note inclosing his letters and begging for hers. At twelve the next morning there was no captain to receive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of company B. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I don't know," was the answer, and to the amazement of Latrobe's roommate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left the post. He had not even made down his bedding. His cadet uniforms were all there, but a suit of civilian clothes, usually in a snug package up the chimney, that had been used several times "running it" to the hotel after taps in August, was now, like its owner, missing. After three days' waiting and fruitless search, the superintendent wired Latrobe's uncle and best friend, Gen. Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pat." In the spring and ahead of time his class was graduated without him, for the war with Spain was on. In the spring an irate and long-tried father was upbraiding another only son for persistent failures at college. "Gov" Prime will get the sack, not the sheepskin," prophesied the fellows. And then somehow, somewhere the father heard it was a married woman with whom his boy was so deeply in love, and on both sides—so bitter, bitter words on both sides—so bitter that when at last he flung himself out of his father's study "Gov" Prime went straight to Mildred's room, silently kissed her and walked out of the house. He was in April. The next heard of him he had enlisted for the war and was gone to San Fran-

disco with his regiment with the prospect of service in the Philippines ahead of him, but that was full four months after his disappearance. Thither, late in July, the father followed, bringing Mildred with him and—the reader knows the rest.

CHAPTER X.

One of Col. Frost's consuming ambitions was to be the head of his department, with the rank of brigadier general, but he had strong rivals and knew it. Wealth he had in abundance. It was rank and power that he craved. Four men—all with better war records and more experience—stood between him and that coveted star, and two of the four were popular and beloved men. Frost was cold, selfish, intensely self-willed, indomitably persevering, and though "close-fisted" to the scale of a Scotch landlord as a rule, he would lose his purse strings and pay well for services he considered essential. When Frost had a consuming desire he let no money consideration stand in the way, and for Nita Terriss he stood ready to spend a small fortune. Everybody knew Mrs. Frank Garrison could never dress and adorn herself as she did on poor Frank Garrison's pay, and when she appeared with a dazzling necklace and a superb new gown at the garrison ball not long after Frost and his shrinking bride left for their honeymoon, people looked at her and then at each other. Nita Terriss was sold to "Jack" Frost, was the verdict, and her shrewd elder sister was the dealer. Mrs. Frank knew what people were thinking and saying just as well as though they had said it to her, yet she smiled sweetly and bliss on every side. Frankly she looked up into the faces of her sisters in arms: "I know you like my necklace. Isn't it lovely? Col. Frost's wedding present, you know. He said I shouldn't give Nita away without some recompense, and this is it."

But that could have been only a part of it, said the garrison. An honorarium in solid cash, it was believed, was assembled there in sufficient consideration which the elder sister accepted for having successfully borne Nita away from the dangers and fascinations of the Point—having guarded her, drooping and languid, against the advance of good looking soldier lads at headquarters, and finally having, by dint of hours of argument, persuasion and skill, delivered her into the arms of the elderly but well preserved groom. All he demanded to know was that Mrs. Frost was fancy free—that there was no previous attachment, and on this point Mrs. Frank had solemnly averred there was none. The child had had a foolish fancy for a cadet beau, but it amounted to absolutely nothing. There had been no vows, no pledge, no promise of any kind, and she was actually free as air. So Frost was satisfied. They made an odd looking pair. Frost was heavy but sturdy, and Nita substantial as a wisp of vapor, as she came down the aisle on his arm. They were so far to the south on this honeymoon trip as almost to feel the shock and concussion when the Maine was blown to a mass of wreckage. They were in Washington when the congress demanded full satisfaction of Spain, and Col. Frost was told his leave was cut short—that he must return to his station at once. Going first to the Arlington and hurriedly entering the room, he almost stumbled over the body of his wife, lying close to the door in a swoon from which it took some time and the efforts of the house physician and the maids to restore her. Questioned later as to the cause she wept hysterically and wrung her hands. She didn't know. She had gone to the door to answer a knock, and got dizzy and remembered nothing more. What became of the knocker? She didn't know. Frost inquired at the office. A bellboy was found who said he had taken up a card in an envelope given him by a young fellow who "seemed kind of sick. Mrs. Frost took it and flopped," and a chambermaid ran in to her, and then hurried for the doctor. "What became of the letter or note or card?" asked Frost, with suspicion of jealousy in his heart. Two women, mistress and maid, and the bellboy swore they didn't know, but the maid did know. With the quick intuition of her sex and class she had seen that there was or had been a young lover, and sympathy for Nita and a dislike for Frost, who gave no tips, prompted her to hide it until she could slip it safely into Nita's hand. Nita, who read, shuddered, tore it into minute scraps, and wept more, face downward, on the bed. They had reached their winter station before the cable flashed the stirring tidings of Dewey's great victory in Manila bay, and within half a week came telegraphic orders for Col. Frost to proceed at once to San Francisco, there to await instructions. The first expedition was organizing when he arrived, his pallid little wife by his side, and there were his instructions to proceed to Manila as chief of his department—an independent position, and yet it was a horrid blow. But there was no recourse. Nita begged that she might stay with her sister. She could not bear the idea of going. Frost knew that no woman could accompany the expedition, and shipping his chest and desks by the transport, he had secured passage for himself and wife to Hong-Kong, and one of the splendid steamers of the English line from Vancouver, and so informed her. It dashed Nita's last hope. They were occupying fine rooms at the Palace hotel. The city was thronged with officers and rapidly arriving troops. Other army women, eager to accompany their husbands, were railing at the fate that separated them, and Nita had been forced to conceal the joy with which she heard their lamentations. But she had yet to learn how exacting Frost could be. It had never occurred to her that he could obtain permission to go except by transport. It had not seemed possible that he would take her with him. "You should have known," said he, "that even if I had had to go by transport, you would have gone by the Empress of India. It is only 60 hours from Manila to Hong-Kong, and I could have joined you soon after your arrival. As it is I shall see you safely established there—I have letters to certain prominent English people—then shall go over to join the fleet when it arrives in Manila bay."

That night she wrote long and desperately to Margaret. "He swore he would follow me wherever we went until I granted him the interview. You know how he dogged me in Washington,

followed me to Denver, and any moment he may address me here. I will not let me return to you. He insists on my going to Hong-Kong, where he can occasionally join me. But Rollie holds those letters over me like a whip, and declares that he will give them into Frost's hands unless I see him whenever he presents himself. You made me swear to Frost I never cared a straw for my sister that was. God, how I loved him! and if the letters ever reach the man to whom you have sold me, he would treat me as he would a dog, even if he doesn't kill me. Meg—Meg—you must help me, for I live in terror."

And that she lived in terror was true, some women were quick to see. Never would she go anywhere, even along the corridor, alone. If the colonel could not come to the carriage, as she stepped wearily out a tall young man, erect and slender, dressed in a dark traveling suit, fairly confronted her, raised his derby and said: "You can give me ten minutes now, Mrs. Frost. Be good enough to take my arm."

Bowing her head she strove to dodge by, but it was useless. Again he confronted her. Piteously she looked up his pale, stern face and clasped her hands. "Oh, Rollie," she cried, "give me my letters. I dare not see you. Have mercy—" and down again she went in a senseless heap upon the stone. Col. and Mrs. Frost did not sail with the Empress of India. Brain fever set in and for three weeks the patient never left the hotel. Frost made his wife's dangerous illness the basis of an application to be relieved from the Manila detail, but, knowing well it would be denied, he had the troops called to be assembled there in sufficient force to occupy the city, and that his clerks and books had gone by transport with the second expedition in June, the war department compromised on a permission to delay. By the time the fourth expedition was ready to start there was no further excuse; moreover, the doctors declared the sea voyage was just what Mrs. Frost needed, and again their statement was engaged by the Empress line, and, though weak and languid, Mrs. Frost was able to appear in the diningroom. Meanwhile a vast amount of work was saddled on the department to which Frost was attached, and daily he was called upon to aid the local officials or be in consultation with the commanding general. This would have left Mrs. Frost to the ministrations of her nurse alone, but for the loving kindness of army women in the hotel. They hovered about her room, taking turns in spending the afternoon with her, or the evening for it was speedily apparent that she had a nervous dread of being left by herself, "or even with her husband," said the most observing. Already it had been whispered that despite his assid-



uous care and devotion during her illness, something serious was afoot. Everybody had heard of the adventure which had preceded her alarming illness. Everybody knew that she had been accosted and confronted by a strange young man, at sight of whom she had pleaded piteously a minute and then fainted dead away. By this time, too, there were or had been nearly a dozen of the graduating class in town—classmates of Rollie Latrobe, and their much loved "Pat," and speedily the story was told of his devotion to her when she was Nita Terriss, of their correspondence, of their engagement in strict confidence he had imparted to his roommate, who kept it inviolate until after her sudden union with Col. Frost, and poor "Pat's" equally sudden disappearance. Everybody, Frost included, knew that the young man had had accosted her must be Latrobe, and Frost by this time knew that it must have been he who caused her shock at the Arlington. He raged in his jealous heart. He employed detectives to find the fellow, swearing he would have him arrested. He became morose and gloomy, for all the arts by which Mrs. Garrison persuaded him that Nita looked up to him with admiration and reverence, that would speedily develop into wifely love, were now proved to be machinations. He knew that Nita feared him, shrank from him and was very far from loving him, and he believed that despite her denials and protestations she loved young Latrobe. He wrote angrily, reproachfully to Margaret, who, now that her fish was hooked, did not greatly exert herself to soothe or reassure him. That he could ever use violence to one so sweet and fragile as Nita she would not believe for an instant. Then the nurse, still retained, heard bitter words from the colonel as one morning she came to the door with Mrs. Frost's breakfast, and while she paused, uncertain about entering at such a time, he rushed angrily forth and nearly collided with her. Mrs. Frost was in tears when the nurse finally entered, and the breakfast was left untouched. (To Be Continued.)

The Visible Order

"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done."

NORTH DAKOTA NEWS

Orphan's Home. The contract for the building of the new Orphan's Home was awarded yesterday morning to Contractor Stewart Wilson for the sum of \$5,000. The committee having the matter in charge state that they would like the subscriptions from parties outside of the city to continue and will likely apply to the Cass county commissioners and the commissioners of other counties to help them out with liberal appropriations. It seems reasonable that the counties of the state should lend a helping hand for the reason that the Home will relieve the counties of many little children who would become county charges, either as babies, or if allowed to grow up in the homes of careless people, as criminals.

Getting At the Facts. Wife (after the honeymoon)—Why did you deceive me about your income? Husband—I didn't, my dear. "Yes, you did. You told me you were getting \$50 a week when you asked me to marry you. "You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth \$50—and so it is—but for some reason best known to the boss he gives me only ten dollars."—Chicago Evening News.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrown Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Tomsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not Satisfactory Enough. Miss Mission—Excuse my ignorance, but might I call you Mrs. Bonnet Dr. Bonnet? The Doctor (graciously)—Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me an idiot. "Ah, but those are only people who know you intimately."—London Tit-Bits.

Spells, Broth, Rape, Corns, Oats. Five remarkable things. Bound to make you well. Dr. J. C. Salzer's catalog tells the story. Send 5c postage and this notice to-day for catalog to John A. Salzer, Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [k]

Physical Reaction. Brown—How do you feel about Sunday golf? Jones—Don't tell that I said so, but I have heard someone so long lately that they made me want to go out and take a whack at something.—Indianapolis Journal.

Putnam's Fadeless Dyes that fail to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

In the spring a man forgets where he puts things, and places the blame on the house cleaning.—Aichison Globe.

Some men never realize how mean they have been until they run for office.—Chicago Daily News.

The source of many a large river is but a small spring.—Chicago Daily News.

He who does not love honesty is a thief at heart.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Sound Judgment.—The bandmaster's.—Harlem Life.

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA. Duhamel, Jan 24, 1900. Dear Sir and Friend: We had a lucky trip, made good connections and got to Wetaskiwin Monday afternoon, stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-seated rig for the balance of us and got home to dinner next day; caught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow—just enough for sleighing. We had one cold spell in December. The thermometer went down to 32 below zero; but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well. Have built a log house 18x18, two log stables 18x18, and are now busy on a well. We have ten cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best respects to Mr. Hutchison, and say they will talk to him enough to pay for not writing when he gets up here. Will write you again next Spring and tell you all about the winter. We all unite in sending you and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well.

Yours very respectfully, (Signed) THOMAS TATE, Duhamel, Alberta, Canada. P. S. It has been down to zero this month; it is 22 above now.

News in Brief. An infant child of Wm. Anderson, of Wembleton, ruptured a blood vessel, and died.

Railroad contractors were looking over the Minor-Onkes survey last week.

A train load of immigrants have arrived at Portal, on the Soc. Capital stock of the Rugby bank has been increased \$10,000.

Wimbleton will celebrate the Fourth. Courtney will organize a brass band. J. Ewing, a government mail agent en route to Pisek to establish a new mail, fell from the Great Northern train a few miles from that place and was killed.

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 remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets 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 of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured 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. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 70c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wise is the man who acts as if he expected to live a hundred years, but is prepared to shuffle off to-morrow.—Chicago Daily News.

I do not believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Hoyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

In teaching the young, be careful not to deceive them; they will catch you at it.—Aichison Globe.

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

The charms of solitude depend largely on the man who is to be charmed.—Chicago Democrat.

ALABASTINE is the original and only brand of wall paper entirely different from all others. Because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry packages, with full directions.

ADIES naturally prefer ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry packages, with full directions.

LL kalsomines are cheap, temporary preparations made from whitening, chalk, clay, etc., and stuck on walls with degrading animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsomine.

EWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE or "something just as good." It is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap, and tries to sell it dear. ALABASTINE commands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

ENSIBLE dealers will not buy a lawsuit. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using inferior wall paper. ALABASTINE is the only wall paper that is its own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

HE INTERIOR WALLS of every church and school should be coated only with pure, durable ALABASTINE. It saves the guards health. Hundreds of tons used yearly for this work.

N BUYING ALABASTINE, customers should avoid getting cheap kalsomines under the name of ALABASTINE, on having our goods in packages and properly labeled.

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ESTABLISHED in favor. Shun all imitations. Ask paid dealer or druggist for this card. Write us for interesting booklet. Free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The best remedy for whooping-cough, croup, the child Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, relief will come at once and the sufferer will soon be cured. Price only 25c.

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O, How Happy I am to BE FREE from NEURALGIA. Is what Mrs. Archie Young of 1877 Oaks Ave., West Superior, Wis., writes us on Jan. 25th, 1900. "I am so thankful to be able to tell you SWANSON'S DROPS is the best medicine I have ever used in my life. I sent for some last November and commenced using it right away and it helped me from the first dose. Oh, I cannot explain to you how I was suffering from neuralgia. It seemed that death was near at hand. I thought no one could be worse. I was so very weak that I hardly expected to live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. But now I am free from pain, my cheeks are red and I sleep the whole night through. Many of my friends are so surprised to see me looking so well that they will send for some of your 'DROPS.'"

RHEUMATISM DROPS. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for 2 years. I was in bed most of the time. I saw your advertisement in a paper, recommending SWANSON'S DROPS. I very thoughtfully try it. It has completely cured me, but I like it so well that I want two more bottles for fear I will get into the same fix I was before I sent for 'DROPS.'" writes Mr. Alexander Purrell of Vandalia, Ark., Feb. 10, 1900.

It is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It gives almost instantaneous relief, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Pains in the Back, Stomach, Nerves, etc. It is sold by all druggists. Write us for a free sample bottle. Price, 25c. Sold by all druggists. SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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10c. 25c. 50c. To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.

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HAVE IT READY. Minor accidents are so frequent and such irrita so troublesome, no household should be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.



TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Slicker Coat. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest snow. Substitutes will disappear. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

In 3 or 4 Years an Independence is Assured. If you take up your home in Western Canada, the land of plenty, blue-traced plain hills, giving you a wide view of the world, you have become wealthy. Write us for a free catalogue. We will send you a free catalogue of the best of the West. Superintendent of Immigration, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or address the Under-Secretary, who will mail you a catalogue, free of cost. F. P. DUDLEY, Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Box 1, HAYTER, Lake St. Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.; W. KIRBY, Graton, N. D.; T. O. CRUICK, Stevens Point, Wis.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives relief from dropsy and all other ailments. Price, 25 cents. Case. Box of testimonials and 10 day's treatment free. Dr. H. H. BROWN, 8038, Box 1, Atlanta, Ga.

Use Certain Cough Cure. Price, 25 cents. READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. GIVES WHITE ALL LUNG AFFECTIONS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

A. N. K.—G. 1808. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

O, How Happy I am to BE FREE from NEURALGIA. Is what Mrs. Archie Young of 1877 Oaks Ave., West Superior, Wis., writes us on Jan. 25th, 1900. "I am so thankful to be able to tell you SWANSON'S DROPS is the best medicine I have ever used in my life. I sent for some last November and commenced using it right away and it helped me from the first dose. Oh, I cannot explain to you how I was suffering from neuralgia. It seemed that death was near at hand. I thought no one could be worse. I was so very weak that I hardly expected to live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. But now I am free from pain, my cheeks are red and I sleep the whole night through. Many of my friends are so surprised to see me looking so well that they will send for some of your 'DROPS.'"

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