The Pinkham Record

is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural heritage; disorders and displacements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures these troubles of women, and robs menstruation of its terrors.

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Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has cured a million women?

To Cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion
Take Rex Dyspepsia Tablets.
All druggists are authorized to refund money if they fail to cure. Price 50 cents per package.

Use Certain Chill Cure. Price, 50c.

London's Growth.

It is estimated that at the present rate of growth London, which now has a population of 5,657,000, will in 1941 have over 13,000,000.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

You can buy tea in China for a cent and a quarter per pound.

Robert Flournoy, Brickyard, Ala., wrote: I consider no remedy equal to Dr. Moffett's TEETHINA (Teething Powders) for the irritations of teething and the bowel troubles of our Southern country.

Good Reason.

A Friend—If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her? Bachelor Doctor—Marry her! Why, she's one of my best patients!

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

"By the way, what did old Dunngone die of?" "I ain't sure whether it was a complication of diseases or a complication of doctors."

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Plague Disseminators.

Rats and mice of the Himalayas are the greatest disseminators of the black plague.

Care, worry and anxiety whiten the hair too early. Renew it with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

The Last Straw.

Exhibitor—This, ladies and gents, this piece of straw is the celebrated last straw that broke the camel's back. Mrs. Hardacre—Well, well, Hiram, that's wonderful. I've heerd tell of that straw all my life, but little did I ever expect to see it!

Try Yucatan Chill Tonic (Improved.)
Does not sicken as the so-called tasteless tonics. Acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Price 50 cents.

Lightning Discharges from Kites.

A number of very violent lightning discharges down the wires with which scientific kites are flown have just been recorded. In some cases the flash coming down the wire burned and destroyed several thousand feet of wire. One observer says that a column of fire a foot in diameter seemed to follow the wire. The slight electrical disturbance conducted down Franklin's wet kite-string was trivial compared to these most dangerous discharges.

Gordon's Mahdi Letter.

It seems almost incredible, says the London Saturday Review, but we have it on authority which it is really impossible to doubt, that a private soldier found in a street at Omdurman the letter which Gordon wrote to the Mahdi in answer to the demand for retreat or surrender. The letter has been examined by all the ablest experts, and is beyond doubt in Gordon's handwriting. We understand that it is now in the hands of the queen. As might be expected, all idea of surrender is scouted; the Mahdi is reminded of his evil doings, and his destruction at the hands of English soldiers is prophesied.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

LOST ON THE.... VELDT

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

But they were hardly prepared for the sight that met their eyes. In the shelter of the kopje, her face turned towards it, lay a young girl, her print gown torn and stained, her face like that of the dead, her eyes closed, her hair falling in tangled masses about her face. She was frightfully pale, and at first they thought she was dead.

"Feel her heart, Preston," said Greene, in a whisper. "What an emaciated creature! Is she dead?"

"I don't think so," said the other. "Quick! give me some water, Greene!"

The other obeyed, and Preston put some to the white, stiff lips. The liquid seemed to bring back a feeble flicker of life. Her eyelids half closed, then shut again.

"Quick! get her on my horse! We must take her with us," said young Preston quickly. "We cannot leave her here to die, even if she dies in our hands. Help me, old fellow!"

The girl was a mere featherweight. Greene uttered an exclamation as he lifted her. They carried her to Preston's horse, and managed to hoist her up in front of the saddle, Greene holding her while Preston mounted.

"It's all right," said the latter. "I think I can manage. Get into your own saddle and let us ride as quickly as we can and rejoin the men, Greene."

"I hope she won't die in our hands," said Greene, as he tumbled into his saddle.

The two speculated as to the extraordinary occurrence as they rode onwards. They were young, and had perhaps a touch of romance in their prosaic English hearts, and the lingering traces of beauty in the seemingly dead face had touched them more than they would have confessed.

"What's to be done with her when we get to camp? We have no place fit for a wounded girl, though our quarters may do for wounded men," said Greene.

"Perhaps we can get her sent to Ladysmith. She could be looked after there," the other answered, reflectively.

As they were nearing the camp, suddenly out of the darkness—it was coming down rapidly—two horses whirled toward them, a white man and a native.

"Halt! Who goes there?" said Preston, as the former galloped right in front of him. Then he added, with an exclamation: "Rothes, old chap, is it you? What on earth are you doing here? And you look ill! Are you ill?"

The other horseman's face was ghastly, and for a moment he seemed to stay in the saddle; but, recovering himself with a great effort, he pointed to the figure Preston was supporting with his one arm.

"What have you there?" he asked, hoarsely. "I have been for six days scouring the veldt between this and Harrismith, seeking for some one who has been lost upon it; and now I fear you have found something. For pity's sake let me see her face, Lieutenant Preston!"

Without a word the young man dismounted, still holding the inanimate figure securely; then, lifting her down, he laid her gently on the dry sand.

Adair Rothes, who had sprung from his saddle, bent over her. A sound that was almost like a wild cry came from his lips; but no one heard it but Arthur Preston.

"It is she!" he said in a moment, in a choked voice. "Thank God she is still living! You will give her into my charge, Lieutenant Preston?"

CHAPTER IX.

There was a farmhouse not far from Newcastle, whose owner, a kindly Scotsman, Adair Rothes had known since he came out to Natal.

It was thither he carried Bluebell, not knowing whether she would live or die. The farmer, Mr. Dalziel, learning the facts of the case—he had already heard of the tragedy of New Kelso—insisted on sending his "spider" at once for Miss Elizabeth, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country.

Bluebell was laid in a pretty white bed in the little bedroom, which opened, like many South African bedrooms, out into the garden; and there she lay for many hours like one dead, with hardly a pulse to respond to Rothes' touch. The tide of her life was very low; it could not be much lower.

When at last it began to rise again, to his alarm it was with a wildly disordered pulse. She was in a high fever, and raved deliriously and without cessation.

How much the man watching her with agonized eyes and racked heart was to learn of all the poor child had come through!

"Water, water!" she would moan. "Not a drop! O God, let me die soon! Don't let me endure this maddening thirst longer! Hark! that was a lion's roar! Oh, I hope it was! Better to die at once! And they say one doesn't feel pain. It is like a mouse in a cat's claws! Oh, anything—anything better than this awful burning thirst! My throat, it's like a red-hot coal!" Then she would imagine herself in Moore's power.

"No, no! I shall die before I marry you—die a thousand times rather! O God, is there no help for me? Help me, merciful, kind God!" Then her voice sank to a whisper. "If Adair were here—ah, he would help me! He is good and brave. But he will never know now that I loved him." The voice trembled a little, and then silence—blessed silence—came.

And Adair Rothes, with trembling hands, and eyes full of passionate, longing tenderness, bent over the unconscious girl with an agonized prayer.

"Merciful God, spare her to me, if it be Thy will! My darling—my own darling! And she cried to me in her extremity, and I did not know of it! Bluebell, Bluebell!"

Miss Elizabeth arrived in the spider twenty-four hours after, and could only wring Rothes' hand in silence, her thin, sallow, unlovely face working convulsively.

"God will spare her, Miss Elizabeth," Rothes said huskily. "We both owe a debt we can never repay to the young fellow who found her, for you know it was not I who did so. We might never have seen her again but for Lieutenant Preston."

Rothes knew his duty lay in Ladysmith, yet he could not tear himself from Bluebell's side until he knew whether it was to be life or death. Mercifully, the delirium did not last long, and on the third day, after a long sleep, she opened her eyes, that had full reason in them, upon her aunt.

"Auntie, where am I? she asked feebly. Oh, what a fearful dream I have had!"

When Miss Elizabeth ran for Rothes the strong man felt himself trembling like a child. He returned with her quickly, but he could not speak when Bluebell's eyes rose to his.

"I have had such a fearful dream, Dr. Rothes," she whispered, her eyes appealing with dumb pathos to his trustful ones. "I am afraid it was a reality, though. Is my father dead? Did Mr. Moore carry me away? And was I dying in the veldt?"

"It is all true"—holding the poor little weak hand in his own strong one—"but, God be thanked, you are safe now—safe and in good keeping. All you have to do is to get well."

"Did you find me?" she whispered. And he felt the little hand quiver.

He had determined not to speak, but the question upset all his determinations. He sank on his knees, holding the little hand to his lips.

"I was seeking for you six days, Bluebell; but after all it was a young officer who found you and gave you to my keeping. Oh, Bluebell, my heart is torn in two when I think of all you have gone through and I unable to help you—not knowing at first you wanted help—I, who would give my life to save you pain! My darling! my own darling!"

A little wave of color spread over her white face; her throat fluttered.

"You—love me, then?" she whispered.

"I have loved you ever since I first met you at Maritzburg, Bluebell; but I never dared to hope. Bluebell, it seems wrong to speak of it at this terrible time; but you do care a little, after all, about me?—do you?"

The little, wasted hand stroked his cheek.

"I love you with all my heart, Adair. I knew it that awful night when the Boers"—she paused, shuddering. "You'll take care of me, and not let that dreadful man come near me?"

He folded the hand to his breast, and, bending, kissed again and again the pale little face, cheeks, and eyes and lips.

Rothes went back to Ladysmith next day. The battle of Elandslaagte had taken place, and the hospital in the little town was full.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel were kindness itself, and insisted on the Leslies staying as long as ever they felt inclined.

On the first day on which Bluebell was able to get up Adair Rothes appeared. It was two days after the battle of Ladysmith, of which word had been brought to the Dalziels.

Bluebell welcomed him with a bluah and a smile that made Rothes' heart throb. But there was something in his face which made Bluebell's heart fret with mingled fear and anxiety.

"You have some news? What is it? Tell me quickly, Adair!" she breathed, lifting her face from its hiding place.

"Yes, my darling," Rothes answered slowly; "I have strange news for you. I do not know how you will take it, Bluebell; something very terrible happened at the battle on Monday. Some one was killed there—some one whom you knew!"

"It was Gerald Moore!" said Bluebell quickly. She turned very pale, and shivered a little.

"I went up to him, when the battle was nearly over, hearing him groaning. I did not know who he was till I was beside him. He was moaning for water, and I turned to get him some. As I did so a wounded Boer near called: 'Look out, doctor!' I stepped aside, and as I did so a bullet whizzed past me, striking my ear. I turned and saw Moore on his elbow, a look of such unnatural hatred on his face as I shall never forget, his gun still in his hand. As I turned he uttered a strange sound, the gun dropped from his hand, and he fell back on the grassy knoll. When I reached him he was dead!"

With a little cry Bluebell folded her arms about her lover's neck.

"Oh, Adair, thank God! thank God, you were saved!"

For a few minutes Rothes did not speak. His strong mouth quivered a little. At last he said:

"Now comes the strange news I have for you, Bluebell. Papers were found upon Gerald Moore, and the officer into whose hands they fell—the general, Bluebell—sent for me. He knows me personally, and knows what you are to me. Those papers affect you, and you only."

"Adair, what can you mean?" she asked, in startled surprise.

Adair took her hand in his, and held it for a moment without speaking.

"A barrier has risen up between you and me, Bluebell—a barrier such as I never dreamt of. I am a poor man—you are an heiress."

She uttered an incredulous exclamation.

"It is true, Bluebell. Now we have the real reason of Moore's determination to marry you. He had seen an advertisement in an English paper, gone home, learned everything, and came here with his mind firmly made up as to his own course. As you know, your father always declared he had been done out of Tinlaverstock. His cousin has had it in his possession for fifteen years. Maurice Leslie had three sons. Your father never hoped to come into the property; but, by a strange fatality, these sons have all died since. Maurice Leslie, on whose mind it always preyed that he had cheated your father out of his inheritance, has made you his heiress. You—not your father."

"Oh, Adair!" The girl clung to him, her arms clasped round his neck. "I do not wish to be an heiress. I am happier as I am."

"It seems," said Rothes, "that your father's cousin died a few months ago. The lawyers are now searching for you. You must write to them, Bluebell. And I have been thinking, dear, you and Miss Elizabeth are safer out of the country just now. We must get you to Durban, thence to Scotland."

She uttered a little cry, her face deathly white.

"Adair! You wish to get rid of me, then? Oh, and I thought—I thought—you loved me!"

He clasped her close, covering the sweet face with passionate kisses.

"My own darling! But, Bluebell, do you think I am so selfish as to wish to keep you here during this dark time that is coming upon us, when you might be living in luxury and safety at home?"

"And you in danger, doing your duty here?" she half sobbed. "Adair, are you to have all the unselfishness and I none? No, dear, I shall not go. I have made up my mind."

They were married. The bride's father had been but a month in his lonely grave, and they were themselves in the midst of that dark tragedy which had not then ended. But human love, next to divine, can lighten the darkest sorrows and the most terrible surroundings.

"You are not afraid," he said, as, having bade farewell to the weeping Miss Elizabeth, who had agreed to go meantime to Maritzburg, he led his wife into the pretty little house that was beginning to look desolate and deserted in the forsaken town.

She raised her sweet face to his. Her eyes were full of tears, but they had a smile in their depths.

"I am sad at parting with poor auntie," she whispered. "But I am glad, so glad, to be beside you, Adair, and I am not afraid with you, dear. Why should I be. We are together, and God is all over, and He can take care of us in the future as He has in the past."

(The end.)

Great Cavalry Leader.

While Grant was cutting and selling cordwood, and Sherman was teaching school, there was a man in Memphis who was having no preparation whatever for war, and yet who was destined to make no end of trouble for these able soldiers. This was Gen. N. B. Forrest, whose life by Dr. J. A. Wyeth has recently been issued. Forrest was an uneducated man and belonged to that proscribed class in the south known as "poor whites." Moreover, he was still further handicapped in any effort to stand on an equality with men of position by having been a slave trader. But by native force and by a genius for action this unlettered man became the most successful cavalry leader in the south. He enlisted as a private, but before he really went into action had been made a lieutenant colonel. In this capacity he proved that he could move men through the country with a celerity most remarkable. He knew nothing whatever about the principles of war, and probably never read a book on the subject in his life. It is unlikely, indeed, that he ever read many books of any kind. He was essentially a man of action, and for more than three and a half years he kept the federal commanders guessing as to where he was and what he was going to do next. Toward the close of the war Forrest's wonderful capacity was appreciated in Richmond, and he was made a lieutenant-general and put in command of all the cavalry west of the Mississippi. It was too late, however, for him to do much. Hood's army had been all but destroyed before Nashville, Sherman was marching through Georgia, and Gen. James H. Wilson was after Forrest with the strongest cavalry command ever placed in the saddle. He defeated Forrest at Selma—the first time, by the way, Forrest had ever been completely beaten—and shortly afterward the war ended.—Saturday Evening Post.

Men's Shortcomings.

A current monthly puts the blame of men's faults on women. It says: "Women make society; they are accountable largely for the faults of the male portion of it, at least for the growth and extent of fault. If men fall short it is because women have not demanded higher standards. And if the woman who works is not treated with the same courtesy as she whose delicately gloved hand holds her own bank book, it is the fault of that same dainty hand, which is not held out in kind comradeship to one that wields pencil or scissors. Men get their cue from woman's treatment of women. But men are rarely unkind; theirs is rather the absence of kindness; and of the two, the latter were preferable.

Latest News from the Front.

At the war office the other day an elderly gentleman of somewhat choleric disposition was making inquiries after a relative in South Africa. Annoyed at the inability of the official to give him any tidings, he began to charge them with willfully keeping back intelligence. In the midst of his expostulations a telegram was handed him, and he immediately asked the official if it concerned South Africa. The official replied in the affirmative, but said it was not of public interest. Thereupon the old gentleman alternately raved and pleaded, till at last, to keep him quiet, the official consented, as a special favor, to show him the wire. It read as follows: "More nose-bags wanted at the front."—London Express.

Severe Sealed Instructions.

There is a certain lawyer who in his youthful days liked to play hookey occasionally. Once being required to bring a written excuse he applied to a classmate to help him out. So his friend wrote: "Dear Mrs. G.: Please give Sam a whipping, and oblige his mother," and sealed it. Sam handed it in, perfectly satisfied; but imagine his consternation when the teacher proceeded to carry out instruction. All importunities were of no avail. Sam caught a whipping and learned not to play hookey again.

Suspicious Visitors Photographed.

The Bank of France has an ingenious arrangement by which suspicious visitors can be photographed without their knowledge. Behind the desk of the cashier is a hidden photographic studio, and at a signal from any of the employes of the bank a picture of the suspected customer is instantly taken. The camera is also used for detecting frauds, an erasure on a check, which may not be visible to the eye, being clearly perceptible in a photograph.

Worked Hard for It.

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby; "ma gives me 10 cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

"How much worse is it for a man to say "D——" than to think it and say "gosh durn"?

A woman is either hopelessly masculine or else she is hopelessly fond of some man.

BIG ENGINE IS SPEEDY.

Special Train of Colorado Excursionists Tests New Locomotive.

Railway men of all classes are watching with much interest the tests of the "1200 series" of engines of the Rock Island road, the largest running out of Chicago in passenger service. Engine No. 1201 was given its first severe test for power and speed last week. The patrons of the Rock Island's first excursion to Colorado occupied fourteen of the largest and heaviest coaches. This was enough for two trains to be pulled by ordinary passenger engines of the day, considering the speed required. The big engine did all that was expected of it and more. Between Chicago and Rock Island it pulled that train of fourteen coaches with ease on schedule time, and when called on for a little extra effort developed a speed of over 72 miles an hour.

Engines of that class will haul all the special trains which will be used by the Rock Island in its series of Colorado excursions, at the rate of one fare plus $2.00 for the round trip. Three more excursions will be given, leaving here July 9, July 17 and August 1. The departing time of the special trains will be 4:45 p. m., but on the dates named excursion tickets will also be honored on all regular trains. The special trains to be used are high class throughout. Through dining car service is provided and the run from Chicago to Colorado is made with only one night on the road. Excursion rates will be made to Colorado and Utah from all points on the line of the Rock Island between the Missouri River and Chicago.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Always.

Lady of the House—You have been out of work a long time? Tramp—Yes, mum—for thirty-five years. "Why, how old are you?" "Thirty-five, mum."

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

She Is Convinced.

Smith—After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect. Brown—Are you sure of it? Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Somerville Journal.

The War Color for Ships.

Our war with Spain threw much light on the question of the proper color to render warships invisible to the enemy. The best tint was found to be a dull gray with a yellow shade. Ships thus colored blend inconspicuously with the horizon and with the rocks along shore. How nature deals with a similar question is shown by the black and yellow stripes of the zebra and tiger, which render those animals almost invisible amid their habitual surroundings.

Ladies' Shirt Waists
Are best preserved by using Maple City Self Washing Soap. All grocers.

Claret Punch.

Dissolve one pint of granulated sugar in hot water and let it get cold. Squeeze the juice of six lemons into a punch bowl, add the melted sugar and stir well. Add a half pint of brandy, a pony of benedictine, three quarts of claret, a pint of cold Oolong tea, slices of orange, lemon and pineapple and a large block of ice.

Try Yucatan Chill Tonic (Improved.)
Superior to all the so called tasteless tonics; acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Price 50 cents.

"Scrimper is going to live on dried apples and water for a month, and longer, if he likes it." "Well, we'll all be solicitous for his swell-fare."

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

"Do you know, the children have trained our cat to box?" "Oh, well, we've got a cat that can fence, without any instruction at all."

Cheap Excursions to Colorado, Salt Lake City, and Ogden, Utah,
will leave Chicago, June 20; July 9 and 17, and August 1st, and Kansas City June 21, July 7, 8, 9, 10 and 18, and August 2d, via GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. Rate of one regular fare, plus $2, for round trip. Return limit October 31st, 1900. Special trains one night to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, will leave Chicago at 4:45 p.m. Tickets also good on regular trains. From Kansas City take the "Colorado Flyer," leaving 6:30 p. m. For information and free book, "COLORADO THE MAGNIFICENT," address John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

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T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

COLORADO VS. SWITZERLAND.

A Comparison.

Switzerland, "The playground of Europe," is visited annually by over 15,000 American tourists and invalids. Why?

While the Alps have isolated peaks such as Mont Blanc (15,781 feet), and the Matterhorn (14,836 feet), the mean elevation of the highest Alpine chain is from only 8,000 to 9,000 feet. Colorado possesses more than 120 peaks over 13,500 feet in altitude, of which no fewer than thirty-five peaks range from 14,000 feet upward. In the whole of Europe, there are not over twelve mountain peaks of note.

The highest village in Europe is Avers Platz in Switzerland (7,500 feet) the highest inhabited point in Europe is the Hospice of St. Bernard in Switzerland (8,200 feet). In Colorado the mining town of Leadville, with 15,000 inhabitants, is 10,200 feet above sea level; other mining camps are still higher and some gold and silver mines are worked at an altitude of over 12,000 feet.

The highest wagon road in Europe is said to be the Stelvio Road in Switzerland (9,170 feet). In Colorado the railroads cross the crest of the continent at Fremont Pass (11,328 feet), Marshall Pass (10,852 feet) and Tennessee Pass (10,433). Switzerland does not possess, even in the famous St. Gothard line, any railroad engineering surpassing, if equaling, these. There are wagon roads over numerous passes in Colorado ranging from 12,000 feet upwards, the highest being Mosquito Pass (13,700 feet).

In Switzerland the cog-railroad from Vitznau to the summit of the Rigi Kulm (5,900 feet) has a length of four and a half miles, in which the ascent is 4,072 feet. In Colorado the cog-railroad from Manitou to the summit of Pike's Peak (14,147 feet) has a length of eight and three-quarter miles, in which the ascent is 8,100 feet, or an average of 846 feet per mile, the maximum grade being 1,320 feet.

One class of Switzerland's finest scenery is along the Via Mala, the Schyn Pass and Urnerloch. In Colorado, the Canon of the Arkansas with the Royal Gorge, the Black Canon of the Gunnison, the Canon of the Rio de las Animas, the Canon of the Grand River and others, are all much longer, quite as grand as and more varied in character than the best passes in Switzerland. The walls of the Canons of the Grand River, the Gunnison and the Arkansas rise to a sheer height of more than 2,000 feet.

As Colorado can be reached by at least one railroad—the Burlington—in one night from either Chicago or St. Louis, it is hard to understand why more Americans do not travel West instead of East in search of health and pleasure.

Germany has discovered a substitute for coffee in asparagus seeds.

Good Temper Is a Jewel.
Preserve it, as well as your clothes, by using Maple City Self Washing Soap.

A layer of old newspapers make matting much more durable.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new wheel." "Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."

He Left $100,000 to a Railroad.

At Parkersburg, W. Va., Pierre Duquesne, who died in Paris some months ago, left an estate of $5,000,000, and a bequest to the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern railroad of $100,000 and a certificate of honor. The bequest was given to the company for having the best line between Cincinnati and Washington, track equipment, time of run and lighting of cars being the points considered. Duquesne invented the air brake, and sold the rights in the United States for a big sum. This was the basis of his fortune.—New York World.

A DEAD LIVER

He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and spring is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with *CASCARETS*, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a box to-day and see how quickly you will be

BROUGHT BACK TO NEW LIFE BY

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c.
ALL DRUGGISTS

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. 42.

Fifty-Five Years in Prison.

John Quier, who has just died at Broadmoor, England, had been fifty-five years in prison. It was in 1843 that he first entered a jail, being then charged with an attempt to murder. It was, however, found that he was not responsible for his actions, and he was ordered confined during her majesty's pleasure. He was first incarcerated in Old Bedlam, until, in 1864, when the Broadmoor asylum was opened, he was transferred there with other prisoners. During his long confinement of fifty-five years Quier was a quiet, inoffensive, weak-minded man, pottering about doing odd jobs. He was incarcerated at the age of 29, and quit it only by death at the age of 84.

Try Yucatan Chill Tonic (Improved.)
Cures chills, fevers and malaria. Pleasant to take. Cure guaranteed. Price 50 cents.

"My wife always has the last word." "Mine doesn't; at least, she never has come out with it yet."

Don't Spoil Your Hands.
And your temper by using inferior soaps. Maple City Self Washing Soap is pure. Try it. All grocers.

Pour boiling water over raisins before seeding them. It's easier.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A native Eskimo has been ordained as a Swedish minister in Chicago.

Are You Troubled with Dandruff?
If so, get a bottle of Coke Dandruff Cure. All druggists and barbers. $1.00.

Each pigeon used in the carrier service of the British navy costs the government $4 a year.

Velocity of Projectiles.

Recent experiments with improved instruments for measuring the velocity of projectiles have shown that the speed goes on increasing after the missile has left the mouth of the cannon. Leaving the muzzle with a velocity of about 1,474 feet in a second, a projectile has been observed to increase its speed to about 1,689 feet per second within the first six feet. It is only after having traveled about twenty-five yards that the projectile's velocity becomes reduced to the speed that it had on leaving the muzzle.

Juliet's Tomb.

The work of renovating the tomb of Juliet in Verona has been begun. It is intended to restore the entire edifice, making it twice its present size.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice!" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money, all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."

Sawyer's Pommel Slickers
Warranted Waterproof.
Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Pommel Slickers afford complete protection to both rider and saddle. Made extra long and wide in the skirt, insuring a dry seat for rider. Easily converted into a walking coat. Every garment warranted waterproof. Look for trade-mark. If your dealer does not have Excelsior Brand, write for catalogue.
H. M. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

YUCATAN CHILL TONIC
Superior to All TASTELESS TONICS.
Cure Guaranteed.
(IMPROVED) PRICE, - 50 CENTS.

To Cure Chills and Fever in Four Days Take Quinoria.
All druggists are authorized to refund money if it fails to cure. Price 50 cents per package.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS. No. 29. 1900

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DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (Teething Powders)
Allays Irritation, Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child, Makes Teething Easy.
TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of ANY AGE.
Costs only 25 cents at Druggists, Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

"La Creole" Will Restore those Gray Hairs
"La Creole Hair Restorer" is a Perfect Dressing and Restorer. Price $1.00