

I Have No Stomach

Said a jolly man of 40, of almost aldermanic rotundity, "since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." What he meant was that this grand digestive tonic had so completely cured all distress and disagreeable dyspeptic symptoms that he lived, ate and slept in comfort. You may be put into this delightful condition if you will take

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine

Mark Twain in a Battle.
It is not generally known that Mark Twain was a soldier in the civil war, having served two weeks with Jeff Thompson in the confederate army in Missouri. The shortcomings of his brief military career are thus explained in one of the humorist's private letters: "We never won any victories to speak of. We never could get the enemy to stay still when we wanted to fight, and when the enemy felt like fighting we were generally on the move."—Kansas City Journal.

Nothing is so pleasing or so horrid as the music of your own heart.
If a man cultivates bad habits he is apt to reap earthly miseries.

While wealth lifts one person heavenward, it sinks a thousand.
God can make the night side of our life a bright side.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

The merry-hearted have a fortune that thieves cannot steal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Judgment and decision are man's great wheels of fortune.

For a perfect complexion and a clear, healthy skin, use COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP. Sold everywhere.

Wearing finery unpaid for is respectability going jailward.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. No. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Temptation is not dangerous until you want to yield.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia. In its worst form, I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS, and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. No. 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Selling Sarsaparilla, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 311
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

Columbia Chainless Bicycles
MAKE HILL CLIMBING EASY
Columbia Chain Wheels. \$75
Harford, - - 50
Vocelles, \$40 & 35
Pope Mfg. Co.
Harford, Conn.
\$125

It afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Used for heart, kidney and liver troubles. Treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEK'S BROS., Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Sole Patent Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau.
27c in 10c and 10c in 10c, 10c in 10c, 10c in 10c.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big 4 for urinary discharges, inflammation, irritation or ulcerations of the bladder, prostate, ureters, etc. Painful, and not attractive. Sells by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 25c, or 50c, 10c, 10c, 10c. Circular sent on request.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, etc.
In time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT

OR
THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

"Very well, my dear; do just as you like; you know best, of course. I will say that you do not feel very well. Go to your room, by all means. I hope you will soon be better. Now try to cheer up; it will be all right. I will see to this difficulty with your husband for you."

She looked up at him proudly.
"You must not interfere, papa. I shall never return to him now!"

He looked pityingly at the white face.

"You appear very ill, Hildred. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Nothing," she replied, coldly. In her heart she felt bitterly angry with her father. She had trusted him; he had misled her. She did not offer to kiss him or to touch his hand, but went quietly out of the room and upstairs, leaving him with some very unpleasant thoughts.

It had not been an agreeable interruption to his breakfast, but he tried to think little of it. It was only a quarrel, after all, and his daughter had done nothing wrong. He should make it all right in a few seconds when he saw the earl. He wrote to him before he went to the city, telling him that his wife had reached home safely, but was looking very ill.

The rest of that day Hildred remained in her room, and on the morning following she did not come downstairs. It was afternoon when Arley Ransome, with a face as pale as death, asked for admittance to her apartment. She bade him enter, and he did so, with an open letter in his hand. It was her husband's writing, she perceived.

"You have deceived me," said her father, sternly; "you told me that you had hidden nothing from me. Your husband tells me that he has hidden you here because you shot Lady Hamilton on the evening of the thirty-first—shot her with intent to murder, and that you confessed your guilt."

Without a word or a murmur she looked at him, and then fell like one dead at his feet.

Then lovely Lady Hamilton raised her golden head and asked, languidly:

"Shall I be very ill, doctor?"

"No, I hope not. You will suffer a little pain—nothing much, I trust."

"Shall I be ill for a long time?" she asked.

"Ah, me, how little I dreamed that I was coming to Ravensmere to be shot!"

"It is very unfortunate," said the doctor; "but I do not think you will be ill very long, Lady Hamilton. You must take heart."

"To think that of all the people in the world they should select me! I suppose it was quite an accident, though. They were poachers, I am told. Now, doctor, I want to ask you a very serious question."

The doctor seemed to imply by his manner that he was all attention.

"I shall be very happy to answer it, if it lies in my power," he said.

"Tell me, shall I lose—that is—will my temporary seclusion interfere at all with what I may call my good looks?"

He told himself that the amusement he felt must be carefully concealed.

"I think," he replied, confidentially, "that I may reassure your ladyship. I do not see how it can possibly affect you in that fashion, and the needed rest will be most beneficial to you."

Then she was content to remain in her room, not suffering very much pain.

The keepers had made strenuous efforts to find the poachers, but they had evidently made their escape, frightened doubtless at what they had done. No trace of them could be found.

It was with a sense of relief that Lord Carven went to his room that night. He wanted to be alone to think over the events of the day. He found himself dwelling less on the terrible fact that his wife had shot Lady Hamilton than on the wonderful fact that she loved him.

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!"

The words haunted him like the refrain of a song. He could not sleep. All night the pale, passionate, beautiful face was before him. The words rang in his ears as they had rung when he saw Hildred in the starlight, pleading, praying, accusing him, all in one vehement storm of words.

"Shall I be very ill?"

So he would see her until he died. He felt as though she had been a stranger to him until then. The passionate love which had flamed into hot jealousy had been hidden under a cold, calm exterior. How she loved him. He had never seen any woman's face light up so splendidly. For the first time in his life he had owned to himself that by the side of her magnificent beauty blonde loveliness faded into nothing. He wondered that he had lived so long in the house with her, so long under one roof, yet he had not noticed that which every one else remarked.

He was struck most of all by the fact that she loved him. It did not matter about anything else. He had read her truth and love in her face. She loved him as no one else ever would or could;

should prove dangerous in the end. It was better, he thought, than she should go away at once.

He made two announcements to his household, which no one even thought of connecting. The first and most startling was, of course, that Lady Hamilton had been shot accidentally—a chance shot—though why a ball cartridge had been used was a puzzle—supposed to have been fired by poachers in the wood; the second was that Lady Carven had been suddenly summoned to her father's home in London.

No one dreamed of connecting the two announcements, and in the disordered state of the household it never occurred to any of the guests to question the servants as to when the countess had gone. She had been sent for after dinner, and the apologies that the earl made were deemed quite sufficient.

Some of the guests indeed said that it was as well Lady Carven was out of the way, as she would probably have been greatly distressed. To this day the earl is uncertain what in his panic he said or did. The only idea quite clear to him was that he must shield the woman who bore his name.

It was not very long before the doctor arrived, and then all alarm was at an end. He found the ball at once; it had not gone very deep into the shoulder. It was extracted and the wound bound up.

Then lovely Lady Hamilton raised her golden head and asked, languidly:

"Shall I be very ill, doctor?"

"No, I hope not. You will suffer a little pain—nothing much, I trust."

"Shall I be ill for a long time?" she asked.

"Ah, me, how little I dreamed that I was coming to Ravensmere to be shot!"

"It is very unfortunate," said the doctor; "but I do not think you will be ill very long, Lady Hamilton. You must take heart."

"To think that of all the people in the world they should select me! I suppose it was quite an accident, though. They were poachers, I am told. Now, doctor, I want to ask you a very serious question."

The doctor seemed to imply by his manner that he was all attention.

"I shall be very happy to answer it, if it lies in my power," he said.

"Tell me, shall I lose—that is—will my temporary seclusion interfere at all with what I may call my good looks?"

He told himself that the amusement he felt must be carefully concealed.

"I think," he replied, confidentially, "that I may reassure your ladyship. I do not see how it can possibly affect you in that fashion, and the needed rest will be most beneficial to you."

Then she was content to remain in her room, not suffering very much pain.

The keepers had made strenuous efforts to find the poachers, but they had evidently made their escape, frightened doubtless at what they had done. No trace of them could be found.

It was with a sense of relief that Lord Carven went to his room that night. He wanted to be alone to think over the events of the day. He found himself dwelling less on the terrible fact that his wife had shot Lady Hamilton than on the wonderful fact that she loved him.

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!"

The words haunted him like the refrain of a song. He could not sleep. All night the pale, passionate, beautiful face was before him. The words rang in his ears as they had rung when he saw Hildred in the starlight, pleading, praying, accusing him, all in one vehement storm of words.

"Shall I be very ill?"

So he would see her until he died. He felt as though she had been a stranger to him until then. The passionate love which had flamed into hot jealousy had been hidden under a cold, calm exterior. How she loved him. He had never seen any woman's face light up so splendidly. For the first time in his life he had owned to himself that by the side of her magnificent beauty blonde loveliness faded into nothing. He wondered that he had lived so long in the house with her, so long under one roof, yet he had not noticed that which every one else remarked.

He was struck most of all by the fact that she loved him. It did not matter about anything else. He had read her truth and love in her face. She loved him as no one else ever would or could;

and it flashed across him that the wife he had neglected and despised was, notwithstanding what she had done, one of the noblest women in the world. If it had but been different: if he had but thought more of her before this happened! How she must have loved him to let herself drift into such a crime! Was there any one who had ever loved him half so well?

"I wish it had never happened," he said to himself. "She is a noble woman in spite of all, and I—well, I could have loved her, but now she must never return."

Yet it showed how strongly his feelings were swayed when he thought far less of wounded Lady Hamilton than of the fact that his wife loved him.

He could not sleep or rest. Never had his pillow seemed so hard, his thoughts so troublesome. The excitement had been too much for him. Wherever he went, whatever he did, his thoughts were with Hildred. Had she reached Arley Ransome's house? Had he acted wisely in letting her go alone? Would any clue to her guilt ever be found? These questions followed him, haunted him, pursued him. If he went to talk to any of his visitors, the conversation was sure to turn upon the poachers and Lady Hamilton.

Wearied of it all he sought refuge with Sir Raoul in his room; and the old soldier noted with concern how worn and haggard the handsome earl looked.

CHAPTER XLIII.
LET me stay with you, Raoul," said the earl on entering his room; "my guests tease me to death. One hears of nothing but Lady Hamilton and the poachers. I have had to tell the story over and over again, until I am fairly tired of it. Let me find rest here."

Sir Raoul looked at the earl's haggard face.

"Poor boy," he said; "it is rather hard for you, certainly. I promise you that I will mention neither Lady Hamilton nor the poachers."

"Poachers!" replied the earl, contemptuously. "Surely you—"

He paused; he had been on the brink of betraying the secret that he had sworn never to reveal.

Sir Raoul laughed.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are just as bad as any one else. You cannot keep away from the topic."

"We will discuss the weather, the last new book, the papers—anything," proposed the earl; and then he added: "That reminds me—some version of this story is sure, I suppose, to get abroad. The papers will make a sensational affair of it."

"I thought we were to avoid the topic," said Sir Raoul quietly. "Now you have touched upon it again."

"And to make matters worse," remarked the earl, with a gesture of weary despair, "here comes the doctor."

Dr. Randall entered the room unannounced and in great haste.

The earl sprang to his feet at the sound of his agitated voice, his face growing pale and anxious.

"Surely," he said, "Lady Hamilton is not worse?"

"No, she seems better. It is not about Lady Hamilton that I want you, Lord Carven. I was sent for the moment I left here in behalf of the man who used to act as your steward—John Blantyre."

"John Blantyre?" said the earl, vaguely. "Is he ill?" The subject did not interest him very much—indeed, he thought it trivial amidst the excitement of his own affairs.

"No, not ill in the common acceptance of the term," answered the doctor. "He is dying, I fear."

(To be Continued.)

Tardy Reckoning.
"Ste-r-aw-ber-ries, nice ripe ste-r-aw-ber-ries," shouted the street vendor as his horse jogged slowly through Bagley avenue. "How much are they?" asked the pretty young housewife who had hailed the peddler by waving a towel. "Ten cent a quart, mam. All Michigan strawberries, and the dew's on 'em yet, mam." "But I want a bushel. I'm going to have a sort of strawberry festival just among my relations, and I wouldn't run out of them for the world. How much for a bushel?" "Three and a half, mam." "Too much. You'll have to do better than that or I'll try some one else."

"I'll throw off a quarter," he said, and she nodded so that her voice might not betray her exultation. The he carried in thirty-two of the little measures that have the waistband about two inches from the bottom, received his money, and did not linger. Three minutes later the little woman rushed in the street, her eyebrows knitted, and her dimpled hands clinched, one over a lead pencil and the other over a crumpled piece of paper. But the peddler had vanished.—Detroit Free Press.

His Definition.
"Paw," asked Elmer Grayneck, who had an inquiring mind, "what is a cyclorama?" "It's a mighty good thing to keep away from, that's what it is!" replied that astute agriculturist, his father. "Don't you remember that contraption that you seen a sharper workin' at the county fair, where you put your money on different colored spots, an' the swindler whirled a p'inter around, an' the more you'd put down the less you took up? Wa'al, that was a cyclorama."—New York Journal.

Gentle Hint.
He—Your sweet face is my book of life. I swear it. She—But your oath is not valid until you have kissed the book.—Ex.

Try Allen's Foot-Powder.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Powder. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and aching feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mitten—Something a girl gives the fellow she doesn't care to go hand in glove with.

For 40 years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been curing summer complaints: dysentery, diarrhoea, bloody flux, pain in the stomach, and it has never yet failed to do everything claimed for it.

Why does the man who is always blowing usually find it difficult to raise the wind?

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Charles Hutton, Ber-ville, Mich.

Atheistic law is a full-grown orphan lost in the woods.

To Cure Constipation Forever, Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Safety and success are the ends of all wise counsel.
A bath with COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold everywhere.

Fame's rack-track runs across the rights of men.

Secrecy is sin's coat of mail.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 3,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone."

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured."

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

W.N.U.—DETROIT—NO. 28—1899

A Beautiful Present Free

For a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH, (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of



Game Plaques

exact reproductions of the \$10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are: AMERICAN WILD DUCKS, AMERICAN PHEASANT, ENGLISH QUAIL, ENGLISH SNIP. The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

HOW TO GET THEM.

All purchasers of three 10-cent or six 5-cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer.

Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch. Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

Elastic Starch

has been the standard for 25 years. TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the Plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

What You Don't Know

Would Fill a Book.

Isn't that so? Of course it is. Every sensible person admits it. But

Why Not Get That Book?

We have it. It is full of THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW but OUGHT TO KNOW. It doesn't matter on what subject you need information, this book will supply it.

The Standard Dictionary

Is the latest and best work published. It is just what its name indicates—THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD. To educate the people, we have arranged to send this work to anyone sending us \$1.00 cash and \$1.00 per month thereafter for eleven months. In this way you will never miss the money and your library will be enriched by the addition of the greatest work of the century.

STANDARD DICTIONARY AGENCY,

22 Clinton Street, DETROIT, MICH.

FROM FACTORY TO USER DIRECT.

We make fine Buggies, Suggests, Phaetons and Road Wagons. Our goods have been favorably known to the trade for years. We now sell direct to the user at Wholesale Prices. The shrewd buyer prefers to deal with the factory. He gets us at our lowest price. We deliver on board cars Kansas City, Mo., or Jackson, Ind., as may suit purchaser. Send for catalogue with prices plainly printed. It's free. Write today. We sell Sewing Machines and the GOSWELL SEWING MACHINE. All at Wholesale Prices. All Goods. No matter where you live, you are not too far away to do business with us and save money. Address: EDWARD W. WALKER CARRIAGE CO., GOSHEN, INDIANA.

"A TRAINING IN CLEANLINESS IS A FORTUNE." COMPLETE YOUR EDUCATION WITH

SAPOLIO