TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD.

Oh, many an intricate turning
Along our life's journey we meet,
Where brambles and briars beset us,
And rough is the path for our feet;
But we find a way out of our troubles,
And walk with a confident heart,
Assured of sweet comfort and guidance
If we take the right road at the start.

We've only to watch those around us,
The friends and companions of youth,
Who eagerly sought after evil
And turned from the teachings of truth;
We've only to watch and remember
The lessons they daily impart,
That those are the surest to triumph
Who take the right road at the start.

Ah, many and many a failure
And many a heart-ache we owe
To pitiful errors and follies
And blunders we made long ago:
And the way to avoid these disasters,
To lessen the sorrowful smart,
Is to turn from false lights so alluring
And take the right road at the start.

We may point to some time in the future,
When we will our footsteps retrace,
And all the dark record of evil
With deeds pure and holy efface;
But we'll find it a fatal delusion,
And they act the worthier part,
Who begin as they mean to continue,
And take the right road at the start.
—N. Y. Ledger.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

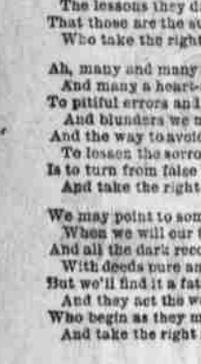
By H. Rider Haggard,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOODVILLE and GREIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAREWELL OF AMENEMHAT TO HARMACHIS; COMING OF HARMACHIS TO ALEXANDRIA; EXHORTATION OF SEPA; THE PASSING OF CLEOPATRA ROBED AS ISIS; AND THE OVERTHROW OF THE GLADIATOR BY HARMACHIS.



NOW the long days of preparation had passed, and the time was at hand. I was initiated, and I was crowned; so that, although the common folk knew me not, or knew me only as Priest of Isis, there were in Egypt thousands who at heart bowed down to me as Pharaoh. The hour was at hand, and my soul went forth to meet it. For I longed to overthrow the foreigner, to set Egypt free, to mount the throne that was my heritage, and cleanse the temples of my Gods. I was fain for the struggle, and I never doubted of its end. I looked into the mirror, and saw triumph written on my brows. The future stretched a path of glory from my feet—ay, glittering with glory like Sihor in the sun. I communed with my Mother Isis; I sat within my chamber and took counsel with my heart; I planned new temples; I revolved great laws that I would put forth for my people's weal; and in my ears rang the shouts of exultation that should greet victorious Pharaoh on his throne.

But still a little while I tarried at Abouthis, and, having been commanded so to do, let my hair, that had been shorn, grow again long and black as the raven's wing, instructing myself meanwhile in all manly exercises and feats of arms. Also, for a purpose that shall be seen, I perfected myself in that magic art of the Egyptians and the reading of the stars, in which things, indeed, I already had great skill.

Now, this was the plan that had been built up. My uncle Sepa had, for awhile, left the Temple of On, giving out that his health had failed him. Thence he had moved down to a house in Alexandria, to gather strength, as he said, from the breath of the sea, and also to learn for himself the wonders of the great Museum and the glory of Cleopatra's Court. There it was planned that I should join him, for there, at Alexandria, the egg of the plot was hatching. Accordingly, when at last the summons came, all things being prepared, I made me ready for the journey and passed into my father's chamber to receive his blessing ere I went. There sat the old man, as once before he sat when he rebuked me because I went out to slay the lion, his long white beard resting on the table of stone and sacred writings in his hand. When I came in he rose from his seat and would have knelt, crying: "Hail, Pharaoh!" but I caught him by the hand.

"It is not meet, my father," I said.

"It is meet," he answered. "It is meet that I should bow me before my King. But be it as thou wilt. And so thou goest, Harmachis! My blessing go with thee, O my son, and may those whom I serve grant it to me that my old eyes may, indeed, behold thee on the throne! Long have I searched, striving, O Harmachis, to read the future that shall be, but naught can I learn by all my wisdom. It is hid from me, and at times my heart fails me. But hear this: There is danger in thy path, and it comes in the form of woman. Long have I known it, and therefore hast thou been called to the worship of the heavenly Isis, who bids her votaries put away the thought of woman till such time as she shall think well to slacken the rule. O my son, I would that thou wert not so strong and fair—stronger and fairer, indeed, than any man in Egypt, as a King should be—for in that strength and beauty may lie a cause of stumbling. Beware, then, of those witches of Alexandria, lest, like a worm, some one of them creep into thy heart and eat its secret out."

"Have no fear, my father," I answered, frowning; "my thought is set on other things than red lips and smiling eyes."

"It is good," he answered; "so may it befall. And now farewell. When next we meet, may it be in that happy hour when, with all the Priests of the Upper Land, I move down from Abouthis to do my homage to Pharaoh on his throne."

So I embraced him, and went. Alas! I little thought how we should meet again.

Thus it came about that once more I passed down the Nile, traveling as a man of no estate. And to such as were curious about me it was given out that I was the adopted son of the High Priest of Abouthis, having been brought up to the priesthood, and that I had at last refused the service of the Gods, and chosen to go to Alexandria to seek my fortune. For, be it remembered, I was by all those who knew not the truth still held to be the grandson of the old wife, Atoua.

On the tenth night, sailing with the wind, we reached the mighty city of Alexandria, the city of a thousand lights. Above them all towered the white Pharos, that wonder of the world, from the crown whereof a light like the light of the sun blazed out across the waters of the harbor to guide mariners on their way across the wine-dark sea. The vessel, for it was night, having been most cautiously made fast to the quay, I disembarked and stood wondering at the vast mass of houses, and confused by the clamor of many tongues. For here all peoples seemed to be gathered together, each speaking after the fashion of his own land. And as I stood a young man came and touched me on the shoulder, asking me if I was from Abouthis and named Harmachis. I said, "Yea." Thereon, bending over me, he whispered the secret password into mine ear, and, beckoning to two slaves, bade them bring my apparel from the ship. This they did, fighting their way through the crowd of porters who were clamoring for hire. Then I followed him adown the quay, which was bordered with drinking places, where all sorts of men were gathered, tippling wine and watching the dancing of women, some of whom were but scantily arrayed, and some not arrayed at all. And so we went through the lamp-lit houses, till at last we reached the shore of the great harbor, and turned to the right along a wide way paved with granite and bordered by strong houses, having cloisters in front of them, the like of which I had never seen. Turning once more to the right, we came to a quieter portion of the city, where, save for parties of strolling revelers, the streets were still. Presently my guide halted at a house built of white stone. We passed in, and, crossing a small courtyard, entered a chamber where there was a light. And here at last I found my uncle Sepa, most glad to see me safe. When I had washed and eaten he told me that all things went well, and that as yet there was no thought of evil at the Court. Further, he said, it having come to the ears of the Queen that the Priest of On was sojourning at Alexandria, she sent for him and closely questioned him—not as to any plot, for of that she never thought, but as to the rumor which had reached her that there was treasure hid in the Great Pyramid that is by On. For, being ever wasteful, she was ever in want of money, and had bethought her of opening the Pyramid. But he laughed at her, telling her the Pyramid was the burying place of the Divine Chufu, and that naught knew he of its secrets. Then she was angered, and swore that so surely as she ruled in Egypt she would tear it down, stone by stone, and discover the secret at its heart. Again he laughed, and in the words of the proverb which they have here at Alexandria, told her that "Mountains live longer than Kings." Thereon she smiled at his ready answer and let him go. Also my uncle Sepa told me that on the morrow I should see this Cleopatra. For it was her birthday (as, indeed, it was also mine), and, dressed as the Holy Isis, she would pass in state from her palace on the Lochias to the Serapeum to offer a sacrifice at the shrine of the false God who sits therein. And he said thereafter that the fashion whereby I should gain entrance to the household of the Queen should be contrived.

Then, being very weary, I went to rest; but could sleep little for the strangeness of the place, the noises in the streets, and the thought of the morrow. While it was yet dark, I rose, climbed the stair to the roof of the house, and waited. Presently the sun's rays shot out like arrows, and lit upon the white wonder of the marble Pharos, whereof the light instantly sank and died, as though, indeed, the sun had killed it. Now the rays fell upon the marble palaces of the Lochias where Cleopatra lay, and lit them up till they flamed like a jewel set on the dark, cool bosom of the sea. Away the light flew, kissing the Soma's sacred dome, wherein Alexander sleeps, touching the high tops of a thousand palaces and temples; past the porticoes of the great museum that loomed near at hand, striking the lofty shrine where, carven of ivory, is the image of the false God Serapis, and at last seeming to lose itself in the vast and gloomy Necropolis. Then, as the dawn gathered into day, the great flood of brightness overbrimming the bowl of night flowed into the lower lands and streets, and showed Alexandria red in the sunrise as the mantle of a king, and shaped as a mantle. The Etesian wind came up from the north and swept away the vapor from the harbors, so that I saw their blue waters rocking a thousand ships. I saw, too, that mighty mole of the Heptastadium; I saw the hundreds of streets, the countless houses, the innumerable wealth and splendor of Alexandria, set like a queen betwixt Mareotis and the ocean, and dominating both, and I was filled with wonder. This, then, was one city in my heritage of lands and cities! Well, it was worth the grasping. And having looked my full and fed my heart, as it were, with the sight of splendor, I communed with the Holy Isis and came down from the roof.

In the chamber beneath was my uncle Sepa. I told him that I had been watching the sun rise over the city of Alexandria.

"So!" he said, looking at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; "and what thinkest thou of Alexandria?"

"I think it is like some city of the Gods," I answered.

"Ay!" he replied, fiercely, "a city of the infernal Gods—a sink of corruption, a bubbling well of iniquity, a home of false faith springing from false hearts! I would that not one stone of it were left upon another stone, and that its wealth lay deep beneath yonder waters! I would that the gulls were screaming across its site, and that the wind, untainted by a Grecian breath, swept through its ruins from ocean to Mareotis! O Royal Harmachis, let not the luxury and beauty of Alexandria poison thy sense; for in their deadly air Faith perishes and Religion can not spread her heavenly wings. When the hour comes for thee to rule, Harmachis, cast down this accursed city, and, as thy fathers did, set up thy throne in the white walls of Memfi. For I tell thee that for Egypt Alexandria is but a splendid gate of ruin, and while it endures all nations of the earth shall march through it to the plunder of the land, and all false faiths shall nestle in it and breed the overthrow of Egypt's Gods."

I made no answer, for there was truth in his words. And yet to me the city seemed very fair to look on. After we had eaten, my uncle told me it was now time to set out to view the march of Cleopatra, as she went in triumph to the shine of Serapis. For although she would not pass till within two hours of the midday, yet these people of Alexandria have so great a love of shows and idling that had we not presently set forth by no means could we have come through the press of the multitudes who were already gathering along the highways where the Queen must ride. So we went out to take our place upon a stand, fashioned of timber, that had been built at the side of the great road which pierces through the city, even to the Canopic Gate. For therein my uncle had purchased a right to enter, and that dearly.

And with much struggle we won our way through the great crowds that were already gathered in the streets, till we reached the scaffolding of timber, which was roofed in with an awning and gayly hung with scarlet cloths. Here we seated ourselves upon a bench and waited for some hours, watching the multitude press past, shouting, singing and talking loudly in many tongues. At length came soldiers to clear the road, clad, after the Roman fashion, in coats of chain armor. After them marched heralds enjoining silence (whereat the populace sang and shouted all the more loudly), and crying that Cleopatra, the Queen, was coming. Then followed a thousand Cilician skirmishers, a thousand Thracians, a thousand Macedonians, and a thousand Gauls, each armed after the fashion of their own country. Then passed five hundred men of those who are called the Fenced Horsemen, for both men and horses were altogether covered with armor. Next came youths and maidens sumptuously draped and wearing golden crowns, and with them images symbolizing Day and Night, Morning and Noon, the Heavens and the Earth. After these came many fair women pouring perfumes on the road, and others scattering blooming flowers. Now there rose a great shout of "Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" and I held my breath and bent forward to see her who dared to put on the robes of Isis.

But at that moment the multitude so gathered and thickened in front of where I was that I could no longer clearly see. So in my eagerness I leapt over the barrier of the scaffolding, and, being very strong, pushed my way through the crowd till I reached the foremost rank. And, as I did so, Nubian slaves armed with thick staves and crowned with ivy leaves ran up, striking the people. One man more especially, for he was a giant, and, being strong, was insolent beyond measure, smiting the people without cause, as, indeed, is the wont of low persons set in authority. For nigh to me stood a woman, an Egyptian by her face, bearing a child in her arms, whom the man, seeing that she was weak, struck on the head with his rod so that she fell prone, and the people murmured. But my blood rushed of a sudden through my veins at the sight, and drowned my reason. In my hand I held a staff of olive wood from Cyprus, and as the black brute laughed at the sight of the stricken woman and her babe rolling on the ground, I swung the staff aloft and smote. So shrewdly did I strike that the tough rod split upon the giant's shoulders and the blood spurted forth, staining his trailing leaves of ivy. Then, with a shriek of pain and fury—for those who smite love not that they be smitten—did he turn and spring at me! And all the people round gave back, save only the woman who could not rise, leaving us twain in a ring, as it were. On he came with a rush, and, as he came, being now mad, I smote him with my clenched fist between the eyes, having naught else wherewith to smite, and he staggered like an ox beneath the first blow of the priest's axe. Thereat the people shouted, for they love to see a fight, and the man was known to them as a gladiator victorious in the games. Gathering up his strength, the knave came on with an oath, and, whirling his heavy staff on high, struck at me in such a fashion that, had I not by nimbleness avoided the blow, I had surely been slain. But as it chanced, the staff hit upon the ground, and so heavily that it flew in fragments. Thereon again the multitude shouted, and the great man, blind with fury, rushed at me to smite me down. But with a cry I sprang straight at his throat—for he was so heavy a man that I knew I could not hope to throw him by strength—ay, and gripped it. There I clung, though his fists battered me like bludgeons, driving

I THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME SAW CLEOPATRA.

my thumbs into his throat. Round and round we turned, till at length he flung himself to the earth, trusting thus to shake me off. But I held on fast as we rolled over and over on the ground, till at last he grew faint for want of breath. Then I, being uppermost, drave my knee down upon his chest, and, as I believe, should thus have slain him in my rage, had not my uncle and others there gathered fallen upon me and dragged me from him.

And meanwhile, though I knew it not, the chariot wherein sat the Queen, with elephants going before and lions led after it, had come even to the spot, and because of the tumult had been halted. I looked up, and thus torn, panting, my white garments stained with the blood that had rushed from the mouth and nostrils of the mighty Nubian, I for the first time saw Cleopatra face to face. Her chariot was all of gold, and drawn by milk-white steeds. Therein she sat with two fair girls, clad in Greek attire, standing one on either side fanning her with glittering fans. There she sat in the splendid car. On her head was the covering of Isis, the golden horns between which rested the moon's round disk and the emblem of Osiris' throne, with the uræus twined around. Beneath the covering was the vulture cap of gold, the blue enameled wings, and the vulture head with gemmy eyes, under which her long, dark tresses flowed toward her feet. About her rounded neck was a broad collar of gold studded with emeralds and coral. Round her arms and wrists were bracelets of gold studded with emeralds and coral, and in one hand she held the holy symbol of life (crux ansata) fashioned of crystal, and in the other the golden rod of royalty. Her breast was bare, but under was a garment that glistened like the scaly covering of a snake, everywhere sewn with gems. Beneath this robe was a skirt of golden cloth, half hid by a scarf of the broidered silk of Cos, falling in folds even to the sandals that, fastened with great pearls, adorned her white and tiny feet.

All this I discerned at a glance, as it were. Then I looked upon the face—that face which seduced Cæsar, ruined Egypt and was doomed to give Augustus the scepter of the world. I looked upon the flawless Grecian features, the rounded chin, the full, rich lips, the chiseled nostrils and the ears fashioned like delicate shells. I saw the forehead, low, broad and lovely, the crisped, dark hair falling in heavy waves that sparkled in the sun, the arched eyebrows and the long bent lashes. There before me was the grandeur of her imperial shape. There burnt the wonderful eyes, hued like the Cyprian violet—eyes that seemed to sleep and brood on secret things as night broods upon the desert, and yet as the night to shift, change and be illumined by gleams of sudden splendor born within their starry depths. All those wonders I saw though I have small skill in telling them. But even then I knew that it was not in these charms alone that the might of Cleopatra's beauty lay. Rather was it in a glory and a radiance cast through the fleshy covering from the fierce soul within. For she was a Thing of flame like unto which no woman hath ever been nor ever will be. Even when she brooded, the fire of her quick heart shone through her. But when she woke, and the lightning leapt suddenly from her eyes, and the passion-laden music of her speech chimed upon her lips, ah! then who can tell how Cleopatra seemed? For in her met all the splendors that have been given to woman for her glory, and all the genius which man has drawn from Heaven. And with them dwelt every evil of that greater sort which fearing nothing and making a mock of laws, hath taken empires for its place of play, and, smiling, watered the growth of its desires with the rich blood of men. In her breast they gathered, together fashioning that Cleopatra whom no man may draw, and yet whom no man, having seen, ever can forget. They fashioned her grand as the Spirit of Storm, lovely as Lightning, cruel as Pestilence, yet with a heart; and what she did is known. Woe to the world when such another comes to curse it!

For a moment I met Cleopatra's eyes as she idly bent herself to find the tumult's cause. At first they were somber and dark, as though they saw, indeed, but the brain read naught. Then they awoke, and their very color seemed to change as the color of the sea changes when the water is shaken. First, there was anger written in them; next, an idle noting; then when she looked upon the huge bulk of the man whom I had overcome, and knew him for the gladiator, something, perchance, that was not far from wonder. At the least they softened, though, indeed, her face changed not a wit. But he who would read Cleopatra's mind had need to watch her eyes, for her countenance varied but a little. Turning, she said some words to her guards. They came forward and led me to her, while all the multitude waited silently to see me slain.

I stood before her, my arms folded on my breast. Overcome though I was by the wonder of her loveliness, I hated in my heart, this woman who dared to clothe herself in the dress of Isis—this usurper who sat upon my throne, this wanton squandering the wealth of Egypt in chariots and perfumes. When she had looked me over from the head to the feet she spake in a low full voice and in the tongue of Khemi, which she alone had learned of all the Lagidæ:

"And who and what art thou, Egyptian—for Egyptian I see thou art—who darest to smite my slave when I make progress through my city?"

"I am Harmachis," I answered, boldly—"Harmachis the astrologer, adopted son of the High Priest and Governor of Abouthis, who am come hither to seek my fortune. I smote thy slave, O Queen, because for no fault he struck down the woman yonder. Ask of those who saw, Royal Egypt."

"Harmachis!" she said; "the name hath a high sound—and thou hast a high look." And then speaking to a soldier who had seen all, she bade him tell her what had come to pass. This he did truthfully, being friendly disposed toward me, because I had overcome the Nubian. Thereon she turned and spoke with the girl bearing the fan who stood beside her—a woman having curling hair and shy, dark eyes, very beautiful to see. The girl answered somewhat. Then Cleopatra bade them bring the slave to her. So they led forward the giant, who had found his breath again, and with him the woman whom he had smitten down.

"Thou dog!" she said, in the same low voice; "thou coward! who, being strong, didst smite down this woman, and, being a coward, wast overthrown of this young man. See, thou, I will teach thee manners. Henceforth, when thou smitest women, it shall be with thy left arm. Ho, guards, seize this black coward and strike off his right hand."

And her command given, she sank back in her golden chariot, and again the cloud gathered in her eyes. But the guards seized the giant, and, notwithstanding his cries and prayers for mercy, struck off his hand with a sword upon the wood of the scaffolding, and he was carried away groaning. Then the procession moved on again. As it went the fair woman with the fan turned her head, caught my eye, and smiled and nodded as though she rejoiced, whereat I wondered somewhat.

The people cheered also and made jests, saying that I should soon practice astrology in the palace. But as soon as we might I and my uncle escaped, and made our way back to the house. All the while he rated me for my rashness; but when we came within the chamber of the house he embraced me and rejoiced greatly, because with so little hurt to myself I had overthrown the giant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Venom of Serpents.

The venom of the rattlesnake has been frequently made the subject of study, and, while its action as a poison has been generally conceded, some writers have endeavored to prove its efficiency as a drug. Surgeon L. A. Waddell, M. B., has recently been availing himself of his opportunities as a deputy sanitary commissioner in Bengal to determine a point around which it would seem that much uncertainty existed—the curious question of the effect of serpent venom on the serpents themselves. The experiments generally confirm and extend the principle formulated by Fontana, in 1765, that the venom is neither a poison to the snake itself, nor to those of its own species. This immunity may result from a toleration established through frequent imbibition of the venom in the modified or attenuated form which it assumes when fixed with salivary and gastric juices and absorbed through the alimentary canal. If this hypothesis can be verified by further experiments, it will go far towards affording indications for combating the action of the venom on man.—N. Y. Ledger.

Widows in India.

There are 6,000,000 widows in India, and as the majority of marriages take place under ten, the greater part of these women become widows as children. A Hindoo widow can never marry again, even if her husband dies before the ceremony of marriage. If she is betrothed she is condemned to widowhood for the rest of her life. As a widow she must give up all the pleasures of this world. She must never wear any jewelry, never sleep on a bed, and for the rest of her life she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law's family. She eats by herself and cooks her own food.

"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?" "Why, it's only a corrustified exegesis, antispasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the perterianial epidermis of the mental profundity." "Ah, that's what I told Betsy, but she 'lowed it was worms."

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TIME TABLE—In Effect June 9, 1889.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIM.

EASTWARD.	No 5	No 7	*No 9	*No 13
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Toledo.....Lv	7 45	1 00	4 35	7 4
Oak Harbor.....Ar	8 41	1 55	5 28	10 00
Fremont.....	9 06	2 20	5 53	.....
Clyde.....	9 22	2 35	6 10	*No. 1
Bellevue.....	9 37	2 50	6 25	a. m.
Monroeville.....Lv	9 55	3 05	6 42	2 05
Norwalk.....	10 10	3 22	6 55	2 17
Wellington.....	11 00	4 10	7 42	2 55
Creston.....Lv	11 53	5 03	8 30	3 42
Orrville.....Ar	12 20	5 35	8 58	4 10
Akron.....Ar	1 23	.....	9 11	5 35
Youngstown.....	3 40	.....	.....	7 54
Pittsburgh.....	7 25	1 50	6 15	11 05
Orrville.....Lv	12 40	6 00	6 20	6 20
Massillon.....Lv	1 20	6 40	7 00	7 00
Navarre.....	1 35	6 56	7 14	7 14
Valley Junction.....Lv	2 05	7 30	7 45	
Canal Dover.....	2 50	.....	.....	
Cambridge.....	4 24	.....	.....	
Marietta.....Ar	7 03	.....	.....	
Valley Junction.....	2 20	7 35	8 00	8 00
Sherrodsville.....	2 45	8 00	8 40	8 40
Bowerston.....Ar	2 58	8 15	9 10	9 10

WESTWARD.	No 4	No 6	No 8	*No 10
	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m
Bowerston.....	6 15	10 50	3 50	.....
Sherrodsville.....	6 30	11 05	4 05	.....
Valley Junction.....	6 55	11 28	4 30	.....
Marietta.....Lv		6 45	11 50	.....
Cambridge.....		9 27	2 28	.....
Canal Dover.....		10 55	3 57	.....
Valley Junction.....	7 05	12 15	4 35	.....
Navarre.....	7 55	12 50	5 18	.....
Massillon.....	8 20	1 13	5 25	.....
Orrville.....Ar	9 15	1 50	6 10	.....
Pittsburgh.....Lv		7 20	12 30	.....
Youngstown.....		10 33	3 30	.....
Akron.....		12 53	5 33	.....
Orrville.....	9 20	1 55	6 35	2 30
Creston.....Lv	10 10	2 30	7 03	3 42
Wellington.....	10 55	3 18	7 42	5 05
Norwalk.....	11 40	4 05	8 50	7 25
Monroeville.....	11 50	4 18	8 40	7 35
Bellevue.....	12 04	4 35	9 20	7 51
Clyde.....	12 15	4 52	9 38	8 06
Fremont.....	12 35	5 08	9 55	8 23
Oak Harbor.....	1 00	5 32	.....	8 45
Toledo.....Ar	1 55	6 30	*10 55	9*40
	p. m.	p. m.		a. m.

HURON DIVISION.

NORTH				SOUTH	
No. 29	No. 27.	No. 25	Lv. Ar.	No. 26	No. 28
7 00p.m.	3 05p.m.		Monroeville	11 50	6 57
7 15p.m.	3 50 "	7 05am	Norwalk	10 20	6 30
	4 20 "	7 30am	Milan	9 48	6 02
	4 50 "	8 00 "	Huron	9 15	5 30

*Daily.

Train No. 8 runs to Monroeville only, but shows time of L. S. & M. S. Ry No. 9 between Monroeville and Toledo, for accomodation of passengers.

Train No. 13 leaves Toledo 7:05 p. m., carries passengers from Toledo only to points west of Kingsway.

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HOW CAN I GET through my work to-day? I feel miserable, headachy, tired, pain in my back, my food won't digest, my whole body seems out of order. We answer that it is no wonder you are in such a broken down condition, and you will keep getting worse unless you can cure your LIVER. This important organ is out of order and you must cure it by promptly using those never failing

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They will restore you and give vigor and health to your whole system, making you strong and well. Only 25 cents a box, and they may save your life. Ask your druggist for the genuine

DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS

—MADE BY—

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Look out for Counterfeits made in St. Louis.

USE IVORY POLISH FOR THE TEETH.

PERFUMES THE BREATH.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Over 100 gross sold by one druggist. They have no equal for curing Dizziness, Headache, Costiveness, Malaria, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Indigestion, Backache, and all Liver and Stomach troubles. They Never Fail. Sold by all druggists and country store keepers. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUR Advice to Everybody

who has a diseased Liver is to at once take prompt means to cure it. The function the Liver is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depends not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole nervous system, shows its great and vital importance to human health.

NO HUMAN BEING

should run the risk for a single day of neglecting this important organ, but should promptly get a box of Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, made by FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and use according to directions they will cure you promptly and permanently. Around each box is a wrapper giving full description of the symptoms of a diseased Liver. They can be had of druggists.

Beware of Counterfeits made in St. Louis.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IVORY POLISH FOR THE TEETH.

PERFUMES THE BREATH. ASK FOR IT.

Cancer of the Nose.

"My father had cancer and my husband died of cancer. In 1875 a lump appeared on my nose, and from its appearance and rapid growth, I became alarmed with the idea that I, too, had cancer. I consulted my physician about it and he gave me an ointment to put on it, when this did not relieve me, he then burnt it out, but the place would not heal. It gradually grew longer and worse, and I had fully made my mind up that I must also die of cancer. Friends prevailed on me to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) This I finally consented to do. After taking a few bottles I was entirely cured. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me when the doctors and all other medicines failed." Mrs. M. T Maben, Woodbury, Hall Co., Texas.

For fifteen years I was afflicted with rheumatism, four years of which I was compelled to go on crutches. Words are inadequate to express the suffering I endured during that time. During these fifteen years of existence (it was not living), I tried every known remedy without receiving any benefit. I finally began on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) which from the first gave me relief, and to-day I am enjoying the best of health, and am a well man. I candidly believe that S. S. S. is the best blood purifier on the market to-day. J. D. TAYLOR, Cuba, Mo.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Cole's Carbolisalve

Is a truly wonderful remedy, suited alike to the skin of the child and the adult and its soothing, cleansing and healing properties renders its application universal. As an external remedy it has no equal as a cure for Piles, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Tetter, Poisons, Chilblains, Chaps and all itching and irritating diseases of the skin and scalp. It immediately relieves the pain of Scalds and Burns and cures the worst case without a scar. Get only the genuine which has a black wrapper with green letters. Small boxes 25 cents; large boxes 50 cents. Sold by Fred Felt.

Will You Suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Croup Whooping Cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by F. D. Felt.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price 25 cents Sold by F. D. Felt.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Sleepless Nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. Sold by F. D. Felt.

That Hacking Cough can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There has been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by E. W. Adams. 1

Cole's Carbolisalve

The Great Skin Remedy

Relieves and Cures

Itchings and Irritations of the Skin and Scalp,

PILES,

Either Itching or Bleeding,

Ulcerations, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Poisons, Bites of Insects, Catarrh, Inflamed Sore Eyes, Chilblains, Chaps and Chafes.

It instantly relieves the pain of Burns and Scalds, and cures the worst case without a scar.

Small boxes 25c. Large boxes 50c.

Cole's Carbolisoap prevents pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin, and preserves, freshens and beautifies the complexion. It is unequaled for use in hard water, and its absolute purity and delicate perfume makes it a positive luxury for the bath and nursery.

Caution: The labels on the genuine are *Black and the letters Green.* Prepared only by J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

The Homeliest man in Wellington as well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the lungs and throat, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

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