

WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

I was busy with my plowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "furnish thy grudging;
Life's delights are few and striving;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opens to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing,
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered through
I will follow."
Love passed by.
I was busy with my sowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy toil thou hast but mulling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsworn with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing,
When my acres are all planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.
I was busy with my reaping
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou plant'st thy grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving;
If the heart be fallow vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sowing.
Haste thee, for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping,
When with song of youth and maiden
Home the hook cart comes, full laden
I will follow."
Love passed by.
I had gathered in my harvest
When Love passed by.
"Stay!" I called to her—swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeded—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow!
Stay thy flight, O fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Vain my fight and heart, and dreary;
With thee I would fly,
Garnered was to all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me—
Stay—I follow!"
Love passed by.
—Harper's Magazine.

BY A SONG.

The Story of Douglas Atherton's Romantic Wooing.

[Written for This Paper.]



WARM September sun shone brightly down on the dancing waters of the blue lake. The bolder waves, tipped with sparkling white caps rolled up to the pebbled beach and broke in snowy foam. A rugged cliff towered up above the sands crowned with forest trees. Just at its foot a miniature wharf jutted out into the lake. A deep ravine, dark with a heavy growth of underbrush and the shade of many trees, down which dashed a brisk little brooklet, wound around the southern side of the cliff. Walking absently along a narrow foot-path, which lay ribbon-like on the edge of the highland, was a gentleman whose every movement betrayed his profession. His head was erect, his shoulders thrown back, his face was regular. As he brushed aside the bending limbs, or the rank growth of shrubs and weeds which at times obstructed his path-way, or stood gazing over the blue waters, he was plainly lost in thought. He scarcely heeded the beauty of the scene, he saw not the loveliness of the autumn woods now aglow in a hundred varied shades of gold and cardinal. His features were regular, his eye piercing, his brow broad and full, his dark mustache but half concealing a mouth whose outlines at once expressed sweetness and determination. His clear olive skin, unstained by wind and weather, showed plainly that Douglas Atherton had not won the Lieutenant's straps on his shoulders in any hard-fought campaign under the ruthless suns of summer or in the fierce, cutting winds of winter. Lost in deep thought, he made his way down the sides of the ravine, where the air was cool and damp, crushing under his feet the tender ferns that carpeted its surface. Reaching the sands, he sat down near the wreck of a sail-boat, which some winter's storm had tossed up on the beach. Half hidden by the drifting sand was the name "Mary," once painted in bright colors, but now dim and faded. Sitting there, lost in reverie, Atherton looked out over the dazzling waters, dotted here and there with snowy sails, or darkened, perchance, by the black, smoky trail of a steamer swiftly moving beyond the horizon. Far off, great vessels, with full sails, seemed to be without

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.



AS IDLE AS A PAINTED SHIP.

In a half undertone he breathed the words of the poet:
"My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird aloft,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.
No more, no more
The world's shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

"How forcibly I am reminded of that never-to-be-forgotten day so long ago. Again I seem to be floating over the bay of Naples, the azure of the sky reflected again upon the blue waters, the white waves kissing the sands as they ripple on the beach near the Roman villa, from which is wafted again the melody of that tuneful voice. Of how little avail has been my attempt to find its owner, who sailed for America that very evening! Will I ever hear it again? So long has its music haunted me that, doubtless, I have allowed what was merely a highly cultivated voice of such natural sweetness to echo in my ears day after day, until now it seems as if the Lorelei herself could not have fascinated me as did that unknown singer."

Lost in reverie, Atherton remained gazing out over the waters until the shadows lengthened and the sunny brightness of the day gave place to the soft hues of twilight, and the air grew chill. Just as he stood looking for a last time over the waters a voice was heard in song. Slowly it floated down the now dark ravine, full and clear. Like one aroused from a deep sleep Douglas listened. Perplexed and anxious at first, he bent forward in a strained position, drinking in every sound, not daring to move lest one note should escape him. The look of anxiety slowly left his face, and it was as if illumined, so joyous was its expression. "I shall know by the gleam and the glitter Of the golden chain you wear. By your heart's calm strength in loving Of the fire they have led to bear. Be true, true heart, forever. Shine bright, strong golden chain, And bless the cleansing fire, And the furnace of living pain," sang that silvery voice—the voice he had despaired of ever hearing again. Deftly in every tone, he noticed how dark it had grown, and when the song ceased, and involuntarily he started in the direction whence it came, he found his progress barred for the night, as the wild-wooded ravine seemed to be but a tangle of undergrowth, while the winding brook curved so abruptly that it was impossible to force his way through in the darkness. "Strange," he murmured, "that I am baffled a second time in my endeavor to find the owner of that voice! I could swear that it is none other than the one which rang out so sweetly over the Neapolitan bay. Again, all that is best and noblest in me seems to be aroused to new life as I listen to it. Does it not reveal the riches of a noble heart overflowing with love and goodness? No effort will I spare to know the singer who twice has filled me with longing and unrest."

Early the next day, clad in the garb of a civilian, Douglas Atherton again sought the shore of the lake. His step now was quick and elastic, his eye beaming with anticipation. The blue waters, failed to detain him. Seeking the ravine, he forced his way through bushes and briars, now clinging to its rocky walls, now emerging into an open space where the turf grew close to the babbling brook, but gradually ascending. As he advanced he seemed to hear a babel of soft notes. At first he was totally unable to make any thing intelligible out of it. One instant he thought he heard a strain of a Beethoven sonata, then a horrible jangling of scales in every key, a note or two from "Martha," a suggestion of the "Last Hope," a shrill voice essaying to reach high C. Puzzled at this, but nothing daunted, Douglas pressed forward with a bound as, in a sudden lull, he heard that voice ring out, sweet and full, in the tone that the other voice was attempting to reach. Forcing his way along he came to a decaying flight of stairs almost hidden in the weeds. He had found an abandoned pathway through the ravine, and his advance was now rapid. Soon he reached the summit and found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn which was surrounded on all sides by massive forest trees. Before him was the rear of a stately building which Douglas recognized as Edgewater Hall, which had been pointed out to him as one of the most flourishing schools for young ladies in the State. He knew now that he was having the benefit of the young ladies' practice hours, and he was instantly revealed to him that the voice he had longed to hear must belong to one who was a teacher in this institution. Hesitating, he dared not advance any further, but returning to the friendly shelter of the trees, he endured the babel of sound for an hour, hoping to hear the beloved voice once again. Meantime he revolved many plans for making the acquaintance of the singer, but as he was almost a stranger in Edgewater he knew not how it could be accomplished. Every day he sought the beach, or threaded his way up the ravine, enraptured anew by the passionate sweetness of the well-known voice which he heard from time to time. He also learned from the friends he was visiting that Miss Alice Holland, the teacher of vocal music at Edgewater Hall, was a lady of rare talents, that she had received a thorough training abroad under the best Italian masters, and that she had refused many tempting offers to go on the stage, preferring the more retired profession of teaching to that of a public singer.

Lying on the sands one afternoon—it was Saturday—living over the days of the week that was past, he was unconscious of the approach of two ladies as they came along the narrow foot-path skirting the sides of the cliff. One was a school girl, overflowing with life. Her hair fell to her waist in a heavy braid, while the lake breeze lifted the dark ringlets from her brow. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, and a little tip-tilted nose and a pouting mouth gave a piquant expression to the pretty face. Her companion advanced with more serious movements. Glancing at her for an instant, Douglas saw a pure, Madonna-like face crowned with soft brown hair, beneath which lay a pair of melting brown eyes. It needed not a second look to tell him it was she—the one he had dreamed of so long. Scarcely had he perceived this when the younger lady sprang impulsively forward.

"O, Lieutenant Douglas!" she cried, as he rose to his feet, "Where did you come from? O, isn't this nice! When did you see Uncle John? O, I am so glad! I'd be glad to see a dog from home"—stopping finally in confusion at this not very complimentary allusion. "I am delighted to see you, Miss May," truthfully enough answered Atherton, recognizing the daughter of an old neighbor in the lively little lady before him. "But I was not aware that you were in Edgewater. You know I have not been in Hillsboro' for some time."



"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?"

"Lieutenant Atherton must feel honored, my dear, in the frank avowal of pleasure you have just made." "I assure you, Miss Holland, I can appreciate Miss May's feelings, as I, too, have been far from friends and have longed for the sight of 'even a dog' from home! And besides Miss May and I are old and privileged friends—are we not?" A smile and a nod of the head was his answer. "I, too, have known what it is to be far away in a foreign land, and to long for the sight of my own countrymen. At such times I used to pour forth my longing in song, and have sung 'Home, Sweet Home' until my voice was choked in sobs," said Miss Holland, while a misty veil seemed to fall over the velvety darkness of her eyes. In a instant Douglas seemed to be floating idly on the blue Italian waters, while from the shore came the sound of "Home, Sweet Home" sung with thrilling sweetness. It was only an instant, and then he was talking of home friends with Miss May Duffree, while his eyes followed the movements of the other as she strolled to the end of the little wharf.

Availing himself of his acquaintance of the lively May, who was genuinely glad to see some one from her own home, Lieutenant Atherton called shortly after at Edgewater Hall and saw her and her favorite teacher. Happy days followed, for he soon learned to know the hours when his friends were out for exercise, and as often as he dared he joined them. He also met Miss Holland on different occasions at various private residences where the Lieutenant was being lionized and where Miss Holland was an honored guest. Her voice thrilled him as of yore, and a near acquaintance was but making him a still stronger captive. And Alice was not entirely unimpressed. Drawn toward him at first in talking over the scenes they were both familiar with in foreign lands, she could not fail, as time went on, to see his devotion and to be impressed with it. And yet, although she was learning to watch for his coming, to feel a sense of loneliness when he left her, she was not wholly enthralled. Practical, business woman that she was, in spite of her artistic temperament, she could but feel that Douglas Atherton's life was devoid of aim, that no great purpose urged him on to deeds of activity. Possessed of ample means Atherton had led an easy life, stationed with his regiment in pleasant quarters at Fort K., near the large city of Lawrenceburg. Alice had dreamed of a knight whose life should be one of earnest endeavor, whose spurs were not lightly won, and, although she was drawn to this one with the pleading eyes, she would not give up her long-cherished ideal of the hero who should claim her as his own. She had turned indifferently from many admirers feeling that: "Tis as easy to be heroes, as to sit the idle slaves Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves."

One Saturday Atherton had persuaded Alice to go with him for a row on the lake. For the first time he felt they were secure from interruption and he meant to tell her of his love. The day was perfect, and they rowed far out over the water. Douglas thought Alice very lovely, as she sat opposite him, her navy-blue wool dress relieved by a white polka-dotted handkerchief tied in a nautical fashion around her throat, her face shaded by a blue silk umbrella. As they rowed over the water she sang a barcarolle, her voice coming back over the water in answering echoes. "See that vessel," she cried; "how motionless it lies there far out on the water."

"Yes," he answered, glancing at the limp sails; "it is becalmed. It saw it tell this morning."

"Does it not remind you of an aimless life, dependent on the winds of circumstance, blown here and there, as the case may be?" "No; rather of one who takes the good the gods may give and calmly enjoys life undisturbed by the deep waters that may be surging beneath him."

Like an accusing judge, that glance revealed to him the selfishness of days past. He saw the *dolce far niente* life he had led, quaffing the pleasures and leaving the dregs for others. Feeling this, he dared not speak of his love; dared not offer a life so selfish to her he loved, but when she had gazed at him so earnestly Douglas' soul had seemed to awaken from slumber, and had leaped forth in an answering gaze. Earnest purpose seemed to lie there, and to have met its complement in the soft beam of her own. For an instant they seemed to be revealed to one another, but when the thought of his life came back Douglas dared not speak. Bravely he put aside the temptation, resolving to make himself worthy of that pure soul ere asking it to share his life. The conversation now drifted into a discussion of what constitutes a real hero, and Douglas accustomed to studying the lives of Napoleon and Alexander was hardly willing to admit with Alice that as Carlyle says: "If a hero means a *sincere man* why may not every one of us be a hero?"

Leaving Alice that evening Atherton pressed her hand over so lightly, and gazed at her with longing, but his lips spoke no word of love. Reaching his friend's house he found a telegram calling him to join his regiment at midnight as it passed through Lawrenceburg. There was a terrible uprising of Indians in the mountains, and the troops had been ordered out at an hour's warning. There was barely time to reach the city and join his men. Long, weary days of toil and danger followed. Many lives were lost in the first encounter, and then Lieutenant Atherton was ordered far up in the mountains to guard a mining camp from the savages.

A premature winter shut them in and out them off from communication with the outside world. Illy prepared for this, only a most careful husbanding of their resources kept them alive. Brave soldiers perished with cold; sickness was in the little camp. Caring for his men, watching beside the sick, Lieutenant Atherton scarcely had time to think of his own misery; went about unmindful of frozen fingers and toes and of a racking cough that was wearing him out. At times, as he hovered late at night over the scanty fire, or sat beside some poor suffering man, he seemed to hear a sweet voice singing "Home, Sweet Home," and an unutterable longing to look into the eyes of her he loved would warm him like a stimulant, and he would rouse up to still more earnest work. It was months before they were relieved, and when help came he was carried in an ambulance to the nearest fort. There he lay, tossing with fever, and only came forth in the late spring the shadow of his former self. Very vain and thin he looked, but the story of his devotion to his men had become known, and he was the hero of the hour.

One day while he was still convalescing he passed along the village street and stood spell-bound as he heard her voice singing: "Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead, Will never come back to me." Hesitating but an instant, he entered and rang the door-bell of the pretty cottage from whence the voice came: "Is Miss Alice Holland in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Walk in please," answered the young girl who came to the door. Entering the house, the girl parted a portiere and motioned to him to proceed. Alice still sat at the instrument, but Douglas saw a tear fall on her hand as she hastily turned around. "Douglas! Lieutenant Atherton!" then in a more formal tone. "I am astonished to see you."

"And I you—" As they were speaking their hands clasped, and unconsciously the little white hand of Alice lingered in that of Atherton's. "But you are ill? Sit here. So?" for Atherton grew strangely white as he sank into a cushioned seat. "Miss Holland, how is it you are here. I wrote you last week at Edgewater Hall."

Her face grew very bright as he spoke. "My sister lives here," she said, "and I arrived but last evening—coming on to spend my Easter holiday. And you?"

In a few words he told her how he had been summoned away and of the winter in the mountains.

"I know. I read in the papers how you had led the victorious charge against the savages and escaped without a wound, and then were sent up in the mountains. The last tidings I heard were that probably you and your men had perished!"—her breast heaved and she was silent.

"Alice, dare I tell you, now that I know what a serious thing life is, and how to appreciate its possibilities, that I love you, loved you years before I saw your face, and that life is desolate without you?" "Douglas!"

No other answer was needed, as their spirits looked forth from the dark eyes, and each felt that they had entered into Paradise. E. E. J.

She Thought of Every Thing. Mrs. Anglomania (to Butler)—Matthew, His Grace, the Duke of Tweedledum, dines and sleeps here to-night. I want every thing in the most correct English way.

Matthew—Ho, yes, indeed, mum. Mrs. Anglomania—Serve tea in the drawing-room at five and dinner at eight and thirty o'clock. Have no napkins at breakfast to-morrow, and serve cold game pates from the sideboard. Matthew—Ho, yes, indeed, mum. Mrs. Anglomania—And Matthew, see that the weather is foggy. I want His Grace to feel entirely at home. Matthew—Ho, yes, indeed, mum.—N. Y. Sun.

HOME AND FARM.

—Lime water is good for chilblains. Use strong and hot. A saturated solution of alum in water, used hot, is also a curative.

—The man who never makes love to his wife will find furrows growing in her face that never can be smoothed out after she is dead.—Farm Journal.

—Idleness among horses is as dangerous as among men. Keep the teams busy, if possible, when the weather is fit for work. Too much rest for them in the winter is as bad as not enough.

—Spiral springs between traces and whiffletrees are of great advantage to horses that are called upon to start and haul heavy loads. Such springs relieve strain, save wear and tear on muscle and flesh, harness and wagon.

—Cream Biscuit: One pint of flour with which is sifted three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a pint of cream and add to it one teaspoonful of melted butter, unless the cream is very thick, stir together and use a dessertspoonful for a biscuit, smoothing them with a knife dipped in milk. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cream of Celery Soup: Take the white part of two large heads of celery, either grate or chop it very fine; set it to boil in one quart of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of rice; allow the rice and celery to stew slowly, adding more milk if needed until they are of a consistency which can be rubbed easily through a coarse sieve. Then add an equal amount of chicken broth or any white stock, with pepper and salt to flavor; serve with small squares of toasted bread.

—Brown Bread: Set the yeast at night, the same as for white bread, leaving out the potato water and allowing one-half the amount for each loaf. In the morning, when light, add one large cup of new milk and one tablespoonful of brown sugar or New Orleans molasses for each loaf. Beat in Graham flour so long as you can stir with a spoon or paddle, pour into deep baking tins and stand in a warm place until it has risen to twice its bulk and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

—When animals are at pasture in summer, they graze frequently through the day, thus showing that in their natural habits their meals are not all taken at once, or twice daily, but at intervals as their nature seems to require, hence some feeders say give light feeds and as often as their appetite requires. Each farmer or breeder should watch closely the habits, as also the requirements, of his animals and feed and care for them so as to make them as comfortable as possible to get the best profits from his herd.—Rural New Yorker.

SPECIALTY FARMING.

Why It Does Not Pay as Well as So-Called General Purpose Agriculture.

In some places farmers run to corn; in others, broom-corn; and again in others, to flax, etc., but, if you have observed closely, you will not fail to notice that where one made a success of this specialty farming, there were ten who failed. A farmer, to be one in every sense of the word, should be able to plant a reasonable acreage of the various crops, as they can be planted in their season without interfering with the cultivation or the planting of other crops. His time should be so divided with his various plantings that no overtaxing of his working abilities will occur at any one season of the year, and idleness result at another. The successful farmer has no spare time for loafing at the corner grocery, but can employ himself with the various odds and ends of the great endless variety of planting, tilling, gathering and storing of farm products; the repairing of fences and machinery, or the many other chores that are always certain to arise. But the farm hand, and often the farmer himself, will complain that this gives no rest from the labors of the year. This is mainly true, but his labors are so various, his duties so widely diversified over the months of the year, that in change of labor there is rest; and he is his own judge the greater part of the time of the amount of work he is compelled to perform in a day or a week, and can govern himself accordingly. But in what other vocation of life, carried on successfully, can this be said? When do their resting spells come in? Only at a sacrifice of time and salary, or business. The business men of the city get no relief from their monotonous toil—the same round of duties day after day; this they are compelled to do or business failure results. The general purpose farmer is the successful one, especially where small capital is invested; and to be able to farm all crops combined with stock of various kinds, will bring in money at all seasons of the year, and produce happier and better results than any other vocation that is to be found in this life, less worry, more contentment, and better results in the end.—Cor. Farmers' Call.

The Feeding of Animals.

In the feeding of animals it should not be forgotten that the manure is to be valued as the feeding is poor or rich. Poor food makes poor manure, rich food makes rich manure. Manure from straw-fed animals is next to worthless; that from animals fed upon clover hay, cotton-seed meal, bran, peas, wheat middlings and linseed meal is rich and contains as much fertilizing matter as, if purchased from the dealer, would cost very nearly as much as the feed itself. This is a bugbear and a paradox to many farmers, but it is as true as that I taken from 5 leaves 4, and these figures aptly represent this absolute fact. For if the above rich feeds are valued at \$5 in money, the cows or horses or pigs or bees take the value of \$1 out of them, leaving \$4 for the farmer in the manure. And it is equally true that the \$5 worth of these foods, if judiciously fed, will bring to the farmer fully \$5 or \$6 or more in the growth of the animal. Was not, then, the wise Cicero quite right when he said the feeding of animals is the most important part of husbandry?—N. Y. Times.

A Valuable Franchise Secured.

The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medical science—can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to uproot it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and fever and acute sufferers, persons troubled with nervousness and the constipated, should also secure the health franchise by the same means.

It is to be supposed that Helen, wife of Menelaus, had her collars done up at the Troy laundry.—Boston Gazette.

Used one bottle of "Mother's Friend" before my first confinement. It is a wonderful remedy. Looked and felt so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without "Mother's Friend" for any consideration. Mrs. J. B. ANDERSON, Ochopee, Ga. Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

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This is one of the queer things about amateurs: the more they practice a song the worse they sing it.—Dallas News.

That tired, languid feeling and lead-headed shoe is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

The manufacturer of newspaper philosophy means a kind of literary saw-mill.—Merchant Traveler.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil Prevents, controls and cures Consumption. To insure success, insist on Baker's Oil. Jno. C. Baker & Co., Philadelphia.

An old wine bibber says that an empty champagne bottle is like an orphan because it has lost its pop.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Haley's Honey of Marshmallows and Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The ancient Peruvians had whistling jugs. The modern jugs simply gurgle.—Toledo Blade.

Do not purge or weaken the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

In English the average Russian word is pronounced failure.—Puck.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 50c.

An undesirable vocation—equivocation.—Drake's Magazine.

LIVE-STOCK SHIPPERS AND FEEDERS.—Read ad. of C. C. Daly & Co. other column.

JACOBS OIL For Lumbago.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1894. Renewed, Jan. 10, 1897. Three years ago I had rheumatism in my back, lumbago, and sciatica. Jacobs Oil cured me; have not felt it since. J. A. HOPKINS, Franklin, Ill. Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1895. Renewed, Jan. 10, 1897. Suffered two years ago with rheumatism in my back, lumbago, and sciatica. Jacobs Oil cured me; have not felt it since. J. A. HOPKINS, Franklin, Ill. Cured Permanently. Renewed, May 17, 97. Wife was sorely afflicted with lumbago, sciatica, and rheumatism in her back, lumbago, and sciatica. Jacobs Oil cured her; have not felt it since. A. M. CURRIE, Perryopolis, Pa. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent

Sick Headache, cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite, and

Develop Flesh

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Had catarrh so bad there were great sores in my nose, one place was eaten through. Two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My nose and head are well. C. S. McMillen, Sidney, Mo. A parting applied to each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at drug stores. ELY BROTHERS, 10 Warren St., New York.

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK. THE GREAT MEDICAL FOOD. This Original and World Renowned Dietetic Preparation is a Substance of UNRIVALLED PURITY and MEDICINAL WORTH. A solid extract of the purest and most nutritious food, very superior growths of Wheat—nothing more! It has justly acquired the reputation of being

A STANDARD DIETETIC PREPARATION

And has been recommended and certified to by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as the

Salvator for Invalids and the Aged.

A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVER, and a RELIABLE REMEDIAL AGENT in all diseases of the STOMACH and INTESTINES, and in instances of indigestion, or patients whose digestive organs are reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the stomach will tolerate no food. It is the stomach which when life ceases depending on its retention, and while it is an ACQUAINTANCE ALREADY WITH THE GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN, we do not hesitate in saying, that which acts as a preventive of those fatal diseases, the IMPERIAL GRANUM is, as has been proved in thousands of cases, THE SAFEST FOOD. These preparations made from animal and vegetable sources, and are so arranged as to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition the most perfect of all foods. Bone and Muscle, that which makes a strong and healthy body, and which is easy of digestion, never Constipating, that which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and that which acts as a preventive of those fatal diseases, the IMPERIAL GRANUM is, as has been proved in thousands of cases, THE SAFEST FOOD. And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in food or dessert more creamy and delicious, or more healing and strengthening as an aliment in FEVER, PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA and INDICTION. It is a medicinal excellence in all intestinal diseases, especially in Cholera, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhea, and Cholera Infantum. HAS BEEN INCONTESTABLY PROVEN.

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