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CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED.

Then we hurry back to the bridge, where we find Wilton fighting the advance of the force on the west bank. With the assistance of two captured guns, the general leads us against the advancing foe, and, falling upon it like a thunderbolt, puts it to rout.

But who is this pursy, red-faced, wild-eyed little man spurring towards the general, every corkscrew curl shaking like the spring of a bird-cage? It is Snaffle. Some momentous question is on his mind.

"G-g-g-general," he began, before coming fairly within hearing, "w-wwill you have the k-k-kindness to explain how the d-d-devil it was that w-w-we were not b-b-bagged instead of the enemy? W-w-we did everything w-we could to get ourselves into t-t-t-trap. It seems to me that plan of campaign w-w-was the most f-f-f-f-f-" He tripped on his fs and could get no

"Major," said the general, in the soft roice he could assume when he wished, "our success is due to your marked ability in getting into their rear."

There is another scene which occurred after all was over, and when the general and I were riding into the yard of the plantation. The sun was at our backs, and shining directly on the front of the house, flooding it with a bright light. Looking up at the "spook window," as Walter had named it, there again-was it human, or was it a dream? I reined in my horse and stared wildly at it. Surely I could not be in my senses. It was the same face



I had seen before, but now, with the light full upon it and with more time to see it, it was plainly that of a young girl. She could not have been more than 17 years old. At first I thought her Margaret Beach; but she was not Margaret; besides being younger, she was radiantly beautiful; at least, so she seemed to my youthful eyes. But the strangest part of it is yet to come. Her long black hair was streaming over her shoulders, so that I knew, be she ghost or flesh, she was a woman. And yet-mirabile dictu!-her attire was that of a confederate officer.

"General, look, quick!" "What is it?"

The face at the window As I spoke the slats were turned.

"I see no face." It was on the tip of my tongue to

tell him what I had seen, but if he doubted my statement that I had seen simply a face, how could I expect him to believe that I had seen a girl dressed in confederate uniform? Such an apparition could come only to a diseased brain. For once prudence came to me, Heaven knows how, and I refrained.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," I said. The general looked at me curiously, but said nothing.

But what I had seen-if indeed it was real-brought a horrible confirmation against Margaret. She must be guilty of all of which she was accused. Till this moment I had hoped that this uncertain vision might be the real culprit who would eventually relieve her of blame. Since the distinct view I had at last had of it, I knew that the childlike face I had seen could not belong to man or woman capable of entering an enemy's lines, making drawings of his works, and traveling miles over muddy roads to transmit them to her employer. Margaret, with her stronger pature, might do all this, the young girl at the window never. Margaret had been stopped by us in the act of carrying the plans. She had been interrupted by me in the attempt to burn those plans. Finding herself foiled, she had eagerly given her parole, only to break it in order to transmit what information she could to the confederates. She was a desperate, treacherous

woman without a conscience. When I dismounted I found that I had dug my spurs into my horse's flanks with such force that the blood ran in a trickling stream.

X.

A COMPACT. The next day Margaret was tried, the court sitting in the very room where the plans of Burnside's works had been taken from her. The prisoner was pale, but self-possessed. The general was not present. An officer read the charge and specifications in the formal, choppy manner usual to the reading of orders at dress parade. It set forth that Margaret Beach did, on or about the -th day of October, 1863, have in her possession plans of the defenses of Knoxville, Tenn., with the intent to transmit them to the ene.ay, and, having given her parole not to escape, had

visited the enemy's camp. I, being cognizant of every event requiring proof, was the only witness called for the prosecution, and Margaret made no defense. I testified to having interrupted the burning of the plans, the parole Margaret had given, and her disappearance from the plantation. I intended to make the most of her having assisted me to escape, but on describing my meeting with her in the enemy's camp a sense of the enormity of her act swept over me with such force that I besitated, stammered,

and at last broke down, making it plain that I was trying to convince the

court of what I did not believe myself. Margaret, being called upon to speak be useless for me to assert my innocence in face of such strong proof against mc."

In view of the evidence and the absence of any defense, there was nothing for the court to do but to find the prisoner guilty. One circumstance only was in her favor—her having assisted me to escape, and her return to face what must surely follow. But it was suspected that I had found favor in her eyes, and her return was explained on the ground that, being a woman, she believed she could come and go unpunished. When the case was closed the officers composing the court withdrew, and after a brief consultation re-

turned with a verdict of guilty. The general sent for me and asked me to give him an account of the trial. He made no comment on what I told him. After an oppressive silence, which he did not seem inclined to break, partly to escape from the gloom that overhung as both and partly to divert his mind, I ventured upon the military situation.

"Is there any hope, general, of our reaching the railroad? "No; they have cavalry enough to patrol all the railroads in Tennessee.'

"Why not send a spy?" "I don't like spies." "How would a small body of scouts

by unfrequented roads, and I have no

guide." There was a renewal of the silence between us, which I, looking him

steadily in the eye, broke. "Margaret Beach knows the country

about here well." How I dared make such a suggestion is unaccountable to me to this day. I lities you lack by giving you Corporal only know that I possessed a certain assurance at critical moments, which proved of untold value on this occasion. Having fired my shot, I waited for its effect. A train of thought was started in the general's mind, but where it would lead him I could not terse tones:

"Bring the prisoner to me." A faint hope sprang up within me. started to obey the order, and in a few minutes Margaret was standing

before the general. "Miss Beach," he said, "do you know any route by which a few men can reach the railroad unobserved?"

"You have condemned me for giving information to the confederates; do you think me so base as to serve both sides?" "As you like," he said; then, turning

to me, "Take her back." "I am ready to prove that I am true to the union," said Margaret, proudly. The general showed no sign of faith in her assertion of loyalty as he re-

plied: "Very well. Do you know of such a route?" "I do." "And do you know of any hiding

place near the track where the men car lie concealed to watch the passage of trains?"

Margaret thought a moment, then replied: "I do."

The general made no further remark for a few moments. He was turning something over in his mind. At last he looked up at Margaret, and said, impressively, but still coldly:

"Perform this service, and I may be able to save you."

Despite his tone, I could detect a look waiting for any reply from Margaret, he turned quickly to his proposed expedition. "Where is this hiding place you refer to?" he asked.

"Near Charleston, just north of the Hiwassee."

"Hills on each side?" "Yes, and a ravine, and in the ravine

cave." "In full view of the railroad?" "Yes."

The general turned to his tent, and oon emerged with a map, which he unrolled and spread on the ground. We all stooped over it, I with a quickbeating heart.

"Here is Charleston," he said; "now where is the cave?"

Margaret put her finger on the place "By what route do you propose to reach it?"

"Over by-paths most of the time; for the rest we must take the risk of the

"General," I exclaimed, "give me command of the expedition." He did not hear me; he was intent

on the map. For half an hour he went over the different routes leading to the objective point, asking Margaret questions about the roads, whether they were lined with woods or plantations, the points of divergence into by-paths, the crossings of streams, the height of clevations-indeed, all manner of questions that one leading a party such as he was thinking of sending would need to know.

Suddenly he looked up at Margaret, and, rolling up his map, asked: "How soon can you be ready to start?"

"But general-" "Well?" "You forget." "What?"

"I am under sentence."

The general started. "I can suspend the carrying out of the sentence," he said, "and more, if you prove your loyaltv-"

He paused, and we stood waiting Like a flash my memory went back to the headquarters of the general-in-chief a tree in whose shade he had been so on the morning Gen. Heath's courtmartial was deferred and he was given an opportunity to prove his own loyalty. I saw no evidence that this repetition of the situation occurred to him. He finished the sentence he had begun:

"We may secure a pardon." I expected Margaret eagerly to embrace the opportunity offered; I was surprised to see her stand irresolute.

"Well?" said the general. "I will go only under one condition." "And that is-"

"That no one be permitted to enter the house during my absence." There was an uncomfortable pause. I became anxious at once lest there had

come a hitch which would spoil all Margaret had gained. "Miss Beach's mother is an invalid, general," I said. "Doubtless she wishes to know that her mother will not be

disturbed." "Is that the reason?" he asked. "Then wnat is it?"

"I can't give it; but I will promise that no harm shall come to the union cause from your keeping away. What in her defense, simply said: "It would ever is the condition at home, I give you my word that it shall be kept as it is

till my return." The general stood deliberating, at the same time studying her face. Doubtless he cared nothing for her promise, after his experience with her in the breaking of her parole; or perhaps he was racking his brain for a reason in making the strange request Presently he turned to me, and said, in his quick way:

"Lieutenant, withdraw the guard."

XI.

THROUGH THE LINES. Having obeyed the general's order, I set about persuading him to give me command of the expedition. I found him more ready to do so than I had expected, for the reason that he could not help himself. I was in the secret of Margaret's act to a greater extent than anyone else, and he did not wish to confide an expedition guided by her to any other officer. As soon as he had consented I hastened away to inform Margaret, and then returned for my instructions.

"Take with you," said the general, "Corporal Plunk and four privates, and go through under cover of the night. Keep a sharp lookout ahead. Let the men do any fighting that cannot be avoided, while you stay with Miss "They could not get through except. Beach. Here is a map covering the territory through which you will pass. I have had Walter put it together from rough pencil drawings furnished by union citizens. Whatever happens, hold onto it." He paused a moment, and then added: "You are very poorly equipped by nature and experience for such work. I have supplemented the qual-Plunk, who possesses them all."

Corporal Plunk! The blood rose to my cheeks at this want of confidence in me. The time came when I thought differently.

"When you return here-if you ever do-you will find either me, some predict. Suddenly he said, in his quick, one to represent me, or the enemy. It the enemy is here, get your report at all hazards directly to the commanding general at Chattanooga." With that he dismissed me.

As soon as it was dark I went out to inspect the men I was to take with me and found them waiting in the yard. All were in uniform except Corporal Plunk, who wore the clothes in which he had last scouted. The privates were armed with carbines, pistols and sabers; one was a country boy with rosy cheeks, another a German, the third an Irishman; the fourth had a chalky face thin, red eyebrows, closely-cropped hair of the same hue, eyes more green than any other color, and his face wore a perpetual grin.

What are you laughing at?" I said, in no mild tone. "Do you think we are going on a picnic?" The fellow's face gradually resumed falls below 25 degrees .- N. Y. Tribune.

an ordinary expression, as the ripples arising from disturbed water will slowly subside.

'What's your name?" "Enoch."

"Enoch what?" "Enoch Mellodew."

"Give that man the mess-kit," I said.

He will never do to fight; the rebs will knock his teeth out while he is grinning." And the pannier containing the kit and provisions was slung over Private Mellodew's horse.

It was not a night favorable for our journey, for the moon was more than half full, and gave more light than we half full, and gave more light than we desired. I sent Corporal Plunk to scout ahead and warn us of the proximity of the enemy's cavalry. Margaret and I rode together. Above us the constellations were glittering, Orion rising in the east: the Great Bear was swinging around the pole; Mars, which, when the war was opened, was at its brightest, was now waning and easily recognized from its red hue. Near by the moun tains stood out black and bold against the bright heavens. Something moved me to cast my eyes to the zenith-a flit ting thought of the general, perhapsand there blazed his favorite star Alpha

Lyra. "If the general were here," I marked to Margaret, "he would be looking upward all the while." "Why so?"

"That star is a sort of presiding deity with him. When he is on one of his night rides he seems to be invoking it

continually." I made this reference to the general



her to give expression to her feelings induced by his tyranny. But she remained silent, and in another moment Corporal Plunk rode out from under concealed that we had not seen him, and with his finger on his lips called on us to halt, then motioned us to ride over the bars of a snake fence he had let down. In a few moments we were in thick timber.

'What is it?"

"Listen." I could hear horses' hoofs beating on the road ahead. We remained motionless, and when they came near ciscov ered a dozen horsemen trotting leisurely. The light of the moon fell upon them, and we could distinguish that they were in uniform.

"Guerrillas?" I asked the corporal. "More like East Tennessee unionists goin' to take revenge on some rebel neighbor; but, not bein' sure, it would not do to make ourselves known."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

money will not make the mare go is she has a severe attack of the bline staggers.-De Kalb Chroniele.

SOUTH AFRICAN CLIMATE.

ome Facts About Temperature and Rains in the Transvanl and Orange Republics.

Recent dispatches stated that the Boers were waiting for a couple of days' rain before taking the field-a circum stance significant of the climatic conlitions of the Transvaal and of South Africa in general. In most countries heavy rain would be an obstacle to military operations. There it is necessary to them, so that the horses may have food and both the horses and men may have drink. The Boers have no commissariat system for their horses, but literally make them live on the country. When the army halts for the night the horses are turned loose to forage for themselves, each having one front foot tightly strapped up to prevent his running away. In early spring the plain or veldt is almost barren. There has been little rain during the winter. The grass is dead and the watercourses are dry, But in that marvelous climate and on that responsive soil a few days of rain would fill the streams and cover the land with lush herbage.

The winter is there the dry season

The winter is there the dry season supply business."—Harper's Bazar.

and the summer the rainy season, though excepting near the coast the rainfall of the whole year is rather scanty. Throughout most of the Transvaal the midwinter months of July and August are practically rainless, the fall amounting to only a small fraction of an inch. September, too, is usually dry But with the advance of spring, in October and November, the rainfall rapidly increases, and when, after Christmas, summer sets in, there is a copious supply of from four to six inches a month. In the whole year about one day in six is rainy. There are, of course, some regions which are practically arid. But on the whole the country is as well off for water as, let us say, our own states between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains. What it needs badly is a comprehensive system of water storage and irrigation.

The temperature of the Transvaal and Orange State is moderate and agreeable. The climate is classed as sub-tropical, though part of the Transresponds in latitude with the central part of Australia, the northern part of Argentina, Florida, Texas and Mexico. Owing, probably, to the elevation above the sea, however, the temperature is more equable and presents less marked extremes than that of other control. extremes than that of other countries in the southern hemisphere. The burning heat of Australia is unknown in the Transvaal. January is the hottest month, and its average temperature is 74 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, which is only half a degree warmer than the July temperature of New York. July is the coolest month, with an average of 59 degrees, or about 4 degrees warmer than January in New Orleans. The thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees at any time or

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

An Example of the Success of Thi Method of Business in Wagon Making.

In no field of production have American skill, enterprise and ingenuity been more fully displayed than in the development of the manufacture of carriages. In no line of production has the factory syster more fully demon-strated its superprity.

which from to 20 men were employed. For labor saving machinery ployed. For labor saving machinery there were a few saws and the lathe. All other work was done by hand. Fifty years ago there were few carriages in the country; the farm wagon, made in the village shop, with wooden axles as often as with iron, heavy and unwieldy, often as with iron, heavy and unwieldy, was the vehicle. The chaise, or the pleasure carriage as it was called, was the luxury of the very well-to-do. Even if the roads had permitted their use they were so costly that people of moderate means could not own them. And say what we will at election time, the people who have means to purchase are now a much larger part of the whole

than 50 years ago. But the hand-made carriage would have precluded its general use, as it is used to-day, both because the people would not be able to purchase and the output would be insufficient. It was the development of the factory system in the manufacture of carriages as in the manufacture of all the necessaries and conveniences of life. In the factory system capital, invention and skill meet and out of the cooperation comes a new product with a reduced price. A better carriage can be furnished to-day for \$50 the mode of the made for \$150 under the could be made for \$150 under the constitutional remedies. Deafness is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness, and that is only one way to cure deafness is the reading the by one winder the constitutional remedies. Deafness is only one way to cure deafness is only one way to cure deafness. than could be made for \$150 under the old method. The carriage at \$150 was the luxury of the well-to-do; the carriage at \$50 is the necessity of all who live outside of cities and of many inside. Brains, invention, capital and side. Brains, invention, capital and side. skill have made immense carriage fac tories here and there, and these immense establishment aloue make cheap, good carriages possible.-Indianapolis

Journal. Some Staggering Computations. A well-known astronomer calculates that if an express train running 60 miles an hour day and night without stopping kept it up for 350 years it would just about complete the diameter of the circle made by the earth in its yearly ourney around the sun. Now let this mmense circle be represented by a ady's finger ring, and, taking that as the standard of measurement, the nearest fixed star would be a mile distant and the farthest visible through the telescope at least 20 miles.-Chicago Chronicle.

On the Stubble Field. Chappie-I cawn't get the impwession out of me mind that I've forgotten omething.

Dumley-Not your flawsk? "No, nor me loading tools, nor me compass. Here are me cleaning implements, shell extwactor and me cartwidge bag. Aw, I have it now.] have left me gun at home! Deucedly awkward, isn't it?"-Harlem Life.

A Touching Expedient. Mr. Newed-I wonder how that Utah man managed to defeat his popular wife, against whom he ran for office? Mr. Oldwed-Simply by issuing a cir cular to the voters asking how they would like to attend to the children while their wives were attending to official duties -Judge.

THE FARMER UP TO DATE.

Who Was Strictly Up with the Times in Everything.

"Well, how're crops?" said the young man in the plaid suit, gayly, as he dropped into the seat beside the elderly individual with the gray chin whiskers and pepper-andsalt suit.

"I hear there ain't much demand for electricity," rejoined the latter, solemnly.

"Eh?" cried the young man, not so gayly as he had asked has first question.

"Petroleum, howsomever, is pretty steady," continued the elderly individual, stroking his whiskers thoughfully.

The young man looked askance at him and fidgeted uneasily in his place.

"And assaling grows strongs are a strong as a line grows strong and a strong as a line grows strong and a strong are a strong as a line grows strong and a strong are a line as a line are a line as a line as a line are a line as a

The young man looked askance at him and fidgeted uneasily in his place.

"And gasoline grows stronger every day," continued the elderly one, serenely.

The young man looked as though he wished he had seated himself somewhere else.

"Other kinds of fodder have slumped entirely, but, of course, they may begin feeding naphtha and other things again any day; you can never tell," continued the elderly one, ponderously.

The young man paled perceptibly, but he made up his mind to learn the worst.

made up his mind to learn the worst.
"Say," he blurted out, "what kind of a blasted drug store of a farm do you run, anyway?" "Me?" gasped the elderly one, with ungrammatical surprise.
"Yes, you," insisted the young man,

WORD FROM MARS.

When the Signal Was Made Out Its Significance Was Impertinent.

The greatest possible commotion pre-vailed. The entire world was interested.

The greatest possible commotion prevailed. The entire world was interested. Scientists from every country flocked to the seat of the new observatory. The great telescope, the marvel of the nineteenth century, was the talk of two continents.

This world was on the eve of communicating with Mars. It had been scientifically proved possible. Astronomers watching the distant planet through lesser telescopes had observed the attempts of the Martians to signal us. They were using a system of great planes and geometrical figures which formed themselves into an understandable code.

Slowly was the big telescope focused on the distant star. Distracted reporters dashed around sending bulletins every five minutes. Aged astronomers waited with trembling anxiety for the great moment of their lives. Hundreds of smaller telescopes were carired along the range of the new optical instrument.

"The Martians are signaling!" telegraphed an excited correspondent; "in a few minutes more the signals will be read." At last! An eager eye is glued to the glass. The great figures on the plains of Mars more

HE WOULD DARE.

There Was an Egg Famine in Kansas and He Could Act There.

The paper fell from the hands of the half rushed tragedian. A shriek cut the damp

"At last! At last!" he cried, wild with "At last! At last!" he cried, wild with something akin to enthusiasm. A friend recognized the voice and slipping down from the high stool at the Ever-Ready lunch counter, hastened out. He hurried across the street, where the half-crushed tragedian leaned against a wall. "Me friend! Me oldest pai!" he called, "what be the matter?"

"At last, at last!" exclaimed the half-crushed again, "at last they will hear my Hamlet!"

Tears welled up to the eves of his friend.

Hamlet!"
Tears welled up to the eyes of his friend.
"Me heart is with you," he said, "but how does it happen—"
And before his wondering gaze the half-crushed held the newspaper. His eyes fell upon the startling head lines: "An Egg Famine in Kansas."

"And we are booked from one end of the state to the other, sobbed the half-crushed, choking with an emotion he could not beat back.
And there, all heedless of the passing throng, they wept upon the shoulder—each throng, they wept upon the shoulder of each.—Detroit Free Press.

Forgetting Wiver' Letters. "He carried the letter around in his pocket

weeks."
"Didn't he offer any advice?" "Didn't he offer any advice?"

"Not a word. So Briggs fussed around and worried, and at last opened the envelope to see how much mischief he had done by retaining it. What do you suppose it contained? A recipe for making tamarind jelly, clipped from some newspaper, together with two almanac jokes and a sample of cheap gingham. Briggs flung the whole outfit in the fire and felt better. But he chuckles every time he thinks of his old father-in-law and the husten he may still he carrying"the burden he may still be carrying. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured local applications, as they cannot e diseased portion of the ear. Th

of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any

Scows That Pass in the Night. Jacques leaned over the gunwale of the flatboat as she floated lazily down the Deroit river. He smoked his pipe.

Pierre hung over the rail of the scow that
was upward bound. He also was enveloped

was upward bound. He also was enveloped in a hazy smoke.

In the moonlight the two boatmen recognized each other.

"H'llo, Pierre. How you geet along?"

"Oh, I been geet along. How you geet along?"

"Oh, I been geet along, too."

"How your seek fatair geet along, Jacques?"

"My fatair? Oh, she geet along. She been died last week."—Detroit Free Press.

died last week."—Detroit Free Press.

Every reader of this paper should give special heed to the offers which are appearing from week to week by the John M. Smyth Co., the mammoth mail order house of Chicago. In this issue will be found their advertisement of a thoroughly up-to-date, first-class sewing machine, at the astoundingly low price of \$14.25. Coming as this offer and other offers do from a house with a commercial rating of over one million dollars, and of the highest character, they mark an opportunity that the shrewd buyer will not be slow to take advantage of. The John M. Smyth Co., 150 to 166 West Madison street, will send their mammoth catalogue, in which is listed at wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, on receipt of only 10 cents to partly pay postage or expressage, and even this 10 cents is allowed on first purchase amounting to one dollar.

His Ability. Seldum Fedd-Dat feller, Hungry Hooks,

is a credit to de perfession.

Soiled Spooner—You bet! He could steal
de soda right out of a biscuit widout break-

Everything a Disease. "Doctor, if microbes in food are hurtful, what makes me get so stout?"
"Oh, my dear madam, there is a flesh-producing microbe, you know."—Indianapo-lis Journal. Non-Sinkable Boats.

The latest invention for saving life comes from London, and is a non-sinkable boat. If people would pay as much attention to the preservation of life in other ways, there would be a great improvement. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a life preserver, discovered 50 years ago. It cures dyspepsia, indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble. It is an excellent tonic for the whole system and may be had from any druggist.

For the Grave.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following: He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurse, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The nurse said: "When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old watermelon vine; and when it gets ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jes' bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground."—Youth's Companion. panion.

A Good Road to Cincinnati. The Monon Route and C. H. & D. R'y run The Monon Route and C. H. & D. R'y run four trains daily from Chicago to Cincinnati. The day trains leave Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 8:30 a. m. and 11:45 a. m., and are equipped with elegant Parlor and Dining cars. The night trains leave at 8:30 p. m., and 2:45 a. m. These trains are equipped with elegant sleepers and compartment cars, the sleepers on the latter train being ready for occupancy at 9:30 p. m. Ask for tickets via Monon and C. H. & D. City Ticket Office, 232 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Undue Haste.

The Circassian—What became of the fellow who started in to fast 40 days?
The Wild Man—De manager advanced him a quarter de second day, an'he broke his leg gittin' to a restaurant.—N. Y. Journal. To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

So long as we have the self-made man, there will doubtless be a call for the ready-made ancestry.—Detroit Journal.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill—S. F. Hardy, Hop-kins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94. A lot of the conversation worked off

society ought to be dumped in the garbage can.—Chicago Daily News. Dyeing is as simple as washing when you se PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold

by all druggists. Does her family tree have anything to do with making a woman willowy?—Boston



ACTS GENTLY ON THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS CLEANSES THE SYSTEM DISPELS EFFECTUALLY,

DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES OVERCOMES HEADACHES OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS. BUT THE GENUINE - MAN'TO BY **QUIPRNIA FIG SYRVP®**

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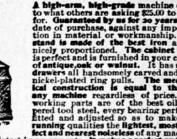
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