

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Ceasestearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

Write to the Doctor.

Usual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what you have tried before with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known Yellow Label on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatier," on the back.



NONE OTHER GENUINE.

MADE ONLY BY WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

FOR SONG BOOK

Send Five One-Cent P. O. Stamps—Contains:

Mac-Ma-La. Don't Quarrel with Your Sweet-heart. Pretty, Smiling Ella. You'll Have to Ask Papa. On the Banks of the Walahah. Far Away. The Mother of the Girl I Love. My Girl's a High-born Lady. My Girl's a Little Black Lady. Mammy. My Key Don't Fit This Lock No More. I Love Them Both the Same. Mammy's Little Angel Boy. My Pretty Little Lulla. Lulla. Lulla. Miss Brown's in Town. Kiss and Say Good Night. Sweet Little Dear. Oh-ho-ho, words and music. What Broadway Says. Some Day Perhaps You'll Know. My Black Venus. Monte Carlo Girls. We Are Ready. Remember Me to All the Folks at Home. A Chilly Coon. Only a Tear-Stained Message. I Am Only a Poor Working Girl (music). Two Little Blue Little shoes. Don't Know, Don't Care. Captain of the Band. Brush By, Nigger. Brush By. Ask Her to Forgive Me (music). Hattie, the Idol of the Day. Polly I Love You But You Whisper Your Mother's Name. My Honey Lou. Dead Among Strangers. When the Girl That You Love Says Yes. Also you will receive catalogues of the latest sheet music and song books at cut rates. Address: F. P. DEAN Sheet Music Store, Sioux City, Iowa.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIFTEEN minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by druggists. One box sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. Six boxes \$5.00. Address: T. H. POPHAM, PHILA., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

Complete Outfit. Best goods grown. Good way to be paid weekly. Farm Seeds (sent by sample on sight). Minnesota Trees, Plants, Flowers, etc. Good salesmen make BIG MONEY. For particulars write at once THE JEWELL MUSFRY CO., Lake City, Minn.

Too Stow for Any Use. Ella—Isn't Charley Smudgkins a simpton? Etta—How, pray? Ella—The other evening when he was kissing me I told him to stop and he did.—Roxbury Gazette.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism, St. Jacobs Oil "Neuralgia, St. Jacobs Oil "Lumbago, St. Jacobs Oil "Sciatica, St. Jacobs Oil "Sprains, St. Jacobs Oil "Bruises, St. Jacobs Oil "Soreness, St. Jacobs Oil "Stiffness, St. Jacobs Oil "Backache, St. Jacobs Oil "Muscular Aches.

Tulip is derived from the Persian word "dulband," meaning turban. Busbeck, a German traveler, brought the first bulb to Europe in the sixteenth century.

Spurgeon and the Scold.

While Spurgeon was still a boy preacher he was warned about a certain virago and told that she intended to give him a tongue lashing. "All right," he replied, "but that's a game at which two can play." Not long after, as he passed her gate one morning, she assailed him with a flood of billingsgate. He smiled and said: "Yes, thank you, I am quite well. I hope you are the same." Then came another burst of vituperation, pitched in a still higher key, to which he replied, still smiling: "Yes, it does look rather as if it is going to rain. I think I had better be getting on."

"Bless the man!" she exclaimed. "He's as deaf as a post! What's the use of storming at him?"

California Has the Biggest Bird.

The South American condor is no longer the king of flying birds. The rare California vulture, which is now only to be found in the Cocopah mountains, holds the honor. It stands about four feet high, though it is neither as weighty nor as strong as many birds of smaller size. It has much the same appearance as the turkey buzzard. Years ago the California buzzard was quite plentiful, but poisoned meat intended for animals led to their extinction. It is for this reason that the eggs of this bird are now more valuable than those of the great auk. There are fifteen perfect specimens of the latter known, while only two eggs of the California vulture are preserved.

Rarest Bird in Existence.

The horned screamer, the rarest species of bird now extant, and one which is almost extinct, has his home in the jungles of South America. The bird, which feeds on the leaves and seeds of aquatic plants, inhabits swamps, is large as a turkey, and has somewhat the appearance of a gallinaceous bird. The only one now in captivity is that belonging to the aviary of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens.

Kansas Has a Feminine Hobson.

If it ever becomes necessary to stink another Merrimac Kansas stands ready to furnish a heroine who is equal to the job. Mrs. Corwin Moore, who lives near Manchester, slid down a rope to the bottom of her well and rescued a little pig that had fallen in. On reaching the bottom she put the pig in the bucket, climbed back hand over hand on the rope to the surface, and then drew the pig out in safety.—Kansas City Journal.

A FATHER'S STORY.

From the *Evening Crescent*, Appleton, Wis.

A remarkable cure from a disease which has generally wrecked the lives of children is credited much attention among the residents of Appleton.

The case is that of little Willard Creech, son of Richard D. Creech, a well known employe of one of the large paper mills in the Fox River Valley. The lad was attacked by spinal disease and his parents had given up all hope of his ever being well again when, as by a miracle, he was healed and is now in school as happy as any of his mates.

Mr. Creech, the father of the boy, who resides at 1022 Second street, Appleton, Wisconsin, told the following story:



"Our boy was absolutely helpless. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and when we used electricity he could not feel it below his hips. Finally we let the doctor go, as he did not seem to help our son, and we nearly gave up hope. My mother, who lives in Canada, wrote advising the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I bought some.

"This was when our boy had been on the stretcher for an entire year and helpless for nine months. In six weeks after taking the pills he was able to go to school, and in four months he was able to go to school.

"It is two years since he took the first of the pills, and he is at school now just as happy and well as any of the other children. It was nothing else in the world that saved the boy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Making something Out of It.

"Hello, there," said the banker, as he entered his office and found a burglar resting in his easy chair. "What do you want?"

"The name of the maker of your safe," replied the crook. "I've tried all night to break it, but it beats me. I thought I might be able to sell a recommendation to the makers and realize something on my seven hours' work."—Philadelphia North American.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

By the streets of "by and by," one arrives at the house of never.—Cervantes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children (coughs, colic, etc.) cures inflammation, always cures wind colic, 2c. a bottle.

If it was a moccasin snake no wonder Eve put her foot in it.

WANTED—Cases of bad health that F. P. DEAN'S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to R. HANS CHENOWETH, New York, for 10 pamphlets and 1,000 testimonials.

If a man is ignorant he soon publishes the fact.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a-go-in! If it hails, or if it snows, Keep a-go-in! 'Tain't no use to sit an' whine When the fish ain't on your line; Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'— Keep a-go-in!

When the weather kills your crop, Keep a-go-in! When you tumble from the top, Keep a-go-in! S'pose you're out o' every dime, Gittin' broke ain't any crime; Tell the world you're feelin' fine— Keep a-go-in!

When it looks like all is up, Keep a-go-in! Drain the sweetness from the cup, Keep a-go-in! See the wild birds on the wing, Hear the bells that sweets ring, When you feel like sighin' fine— Keep a-go-in!

—Frank L. Stanton.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

"DO YOU think he'll take it badly, Nora?"

Nora Helmsley shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear Betty, you ought to know more about Mr. Markham's powers of endurance than I."

"But what do you think he'll do? What do you suppose?"

"Why waste our time in supposition? He'll be here most likely this afternoon, and you will be able to judge for yourself."

Betty Oakhurst sprang to her feet.

"Ted is coming here this afternoon? Why on earth didn't you tell me before?" And she fidgeted nervously with her hat before the glass as she spoke.

"But you knew, Betty, where are you going?"

"Anywhere out of this," cried the girl, laughing nervously as she stooped to kiss her friend.

Nora, however, caught her arm.

"Nonsense, Betty! You'd much better tell him straight out now and get it over. It will be ever so much more awkward for you if the news reaches him from outside."

"I don't see that at all," returned Betty quietly, as she drew away from her companion. "I am sure that if—if you—"

She paused tentatively.

"You don't mean to say that you expect me to tell Ted Markham that you've jilted him?"

"I certainly don't expect to put it in that way," replied Miss Oakhurst, with a little laugh; "but I am quite certain that you would explain it to the poor fellow much better than any one else."

"Explain!" exclaimed Nora, impatiently. "I don't know that there's anything to explain, except that you've put yourself and me in a most ridiculous position."

"Nora!"

"I wish I'd never had anything to do with it. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life as I have done since you dragged me into this precious scheme of yours."

"Poor old Nora!" murmured Betty sympathetically, while she cast furtive glances at the clock.

"You came here and shed any number of tears; declared that you adored Ted Markham; that your father wouldn't hear of an engagement, but that if you only had a little time before you, you were sure everything would come right."

"So it has," remarked Betty sotto voce. "It's only a question of point of view."

Nora flashed an indignant look at her.

"I think you might be serious now, and at least pretend that you're ashamed of yourself. You begged me to help you to get my aunt to ask him here, to act as screen in fact, so that your people might imagine it was all over and that you had both changed your minds, and now—now—"

The sound of a bell broke in upon Miss Helmsley's eloquence, and Betty caught up her gloves.

"I'm awfully sorry, Nora. Abuse me as much as you like. Good-by."

And before Nora could stop her she had darted through the door, and was on her way downstairs. She let her go. After all, it never was of any use to argue with Betty; she was one of those delightfully irresponsible creatures who always manage to shift the blame of their shortcomings to other people's shoulders, and whom no one—no man, at any rate—ever dreams of judging by ordinary standards. Nora wondered, as she stood there idly looking into the street, how she could ever have been foolish enough to take Betty's love troubles seriously.

Nora sighed as she stood at the window. It was a topsy-turvy world, and the wrong people were always being thrown together. If only—

"Am I disturbing you? I was told to come in here."

Nora started, and the color rushed to her face.

"Oh, I hadn't heard you come in! Do sit down. Aunt isn't well. I am so sorry you should have had the trouble of calling for nothing, but she hoped to be able to go until the last moment. Won't you let me give you some tea?" She spoke with nervous hurry, scarcely pausing for an answer.

Ted Markham took the chair she offered him, and listened in silence while she rattled on. Suddenly she stopped, conscious of his fixed glance.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in a slightly alarmed voice. It was surely not possible that he could already have learned Betty's treachery.

"Yes, we can't go on like this, Miss Helmsley!"

"No!" Nora felt the color go out of her face.

"It isn't fair to you, and besides I—things have changed—"

"You mean that Betty—"

"Miss Oakhurst is going to be married," Nora gasped, but did not speak.

"She is engaged to Lord Bartholme. I met Lady Oakhurst just now, and she was overflowing with loving-kindness to the world in general."

"Betty has behaved abominably!" put in Nora, indignantly.

Ted Markham smiled.

"I think, on the contrary, that she has shown remarkably good sense. I am going to leave London. I really came this afternoon to say good-by."

Nora bit her lips.

"I am sorry," she began, hesitatingly. "I am afraid I was rather to blame, but I thought Betty really cared, and—"

She left the sentence unfinished. Ted Markham's demeanor puzzled her: he was quite white, and there was a look in his eyes which troubled her. What was there in her fluffly-haired blue-eyed little friend to move a man so? That her companion had taken some great resolution, and that a singularly difficult one, it was easy enough to perceive.

"Are you going to be away long?" she asked awkwardly. "I mean, are you going far?"

"I think of going to have a look at the antipodes. My father has some interest, and I hope to get sent off to Melbourne."

"But haven't you made up your mind rather hurriedly?" she objected timidly.

"Hurriedly? Why, I put things in train weeks ago."

"Weeks ago?" she exclaimed. "But Betty's engagement is quite fresh. Did you suspect—"

"I suspected nothing. I knew—"

"You knew?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Then why didn't you speak? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" She stared at him, his tone was so vehement. "Oh, about Betty, you mean?"

"Of course. What else could I mean?"

"Nothing, of course—"

"Really, I don't understand you. He laughed dearly as he rose. "No, I must not explain. Good-by."

She looked up at him with startled eyes.

"You are too hard on Betty. She—"

"On Betty? Don't you know that I haven't thought of her for weeks—that I found out long ago that we had made a mistake?"

"Then, why are you going?"

She managed to keep her eyes upon his face, though her cheeks burned and she felt almost choked.

"Don't you know that I am almost a pauper?" he said bitterly, as he turned away.

Nora took a step after him. "Are you going," she asked in a trembling voice, "because you want to make your fortune, or because—because I am too rich?"

"Nora!"

She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, if you were not in love with Betty, didn't you see—didn't you guess weeks ago?"

The voices of the chorons were loud in condemnation when the engagement was announced, and the mothers of younger sons and ungentle titles declared that Lady Hewitt had allowed her niece to throw herself away; while Betty Oakhurst shook her pretty head and reflected sadly that men were fickle creatures and that feminine friendship was but a broken reed.—London World.

The Real Author of "Dixie."

Neill Bryant and Colonel John F. Kilkenny of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had been friends ever since their early boyhood, and whenever they meet the reminiscences that are called up are replete with the flavor of the high-rolling days when Neill was a star member of the celebrated Bryant combination, so many years America's most popular minstrels.

"It makes me tired, very tired," said Mr. Bryant, "to read all this stuff in the papers about Will S. Hayes being the author of 'Dixie,' when everybody except the most besotted ignoramus in the land knows that my old colleague, Dan Emmett, wrote it, and was the first man to sing it when he was performing with Bryant's minstrels. Dan Emmett is alive yet, out in an Ohio town, though the old boy has long since retired from the stage. It is a stupid thing to try to put the authorship of the stirring confederate battle song on Hayes or anybody else, when there are scores of people living who can substantiate the statement I have made as to the real author."—Washington Post.

Caught in a Box.

"Why is it," he asked "that beautiful women are always the most stupid?"

"Sir," she replied, "am I to understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?"

"Oh, no," he hurriedly returned; "I have always said that you were one of the brightest girls I ever—"

But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing and could never make it right.

How Cactus Whisky is Made.

The Apaches of southern Arizona make whisky from the sap of a small species of cactus. They cut out the hearts of the plants, resembling little cabbages, and in the cup-shaped receptacles left behind the sap accumulates. From this sap they distil the famous mescal, which drives those who drink it to sheer madness.

Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to offer to help his wife, and then be told that she can get along better without him.

Not the Only Dumping.

There are 3,221,494 unmarried women in the United States, so when she turns you down, young man, you needn't hesitate for one brief moment in telling her that she is not the only plump dumpling in the pot.—Denver Post.

Activity of Vesuvius.

Much anxiety has been caused in Naples by the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius. There is little likelihood that it will do any serious damage. On the other hand, thousands die daily from stomach disorders, who might have survived had they resorted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the greatest tonic known for stomach and digestive organs.

The most costly tomb in existence is that which was erected to the memory of Mohammed. The diamonds and rubies used in the decorations are worth \$10,000,000.

Are You Going to Florida?

Do you want maps, rates, routes, time and other information? If so, address H. W. Sparks, T. P. A., 221 Clark Street, Chicago.

Punctuality is the stern virtue of men of business, and the graceful courtesy of princess—Bolwer.

Cold weather is just as apt to affect the nerves as any other part of the body, and neuralgia sets in. St. Jacobs Oil is just as certain to cure it as it cures the general pains and aches of the body.

The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Antwerp were sold in 1825 for \$2,500.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a godsend to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Fla., Sept. 17, 1895.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault was only on one side.—Roche-foucauld.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polyposis, or some dreadful ail.

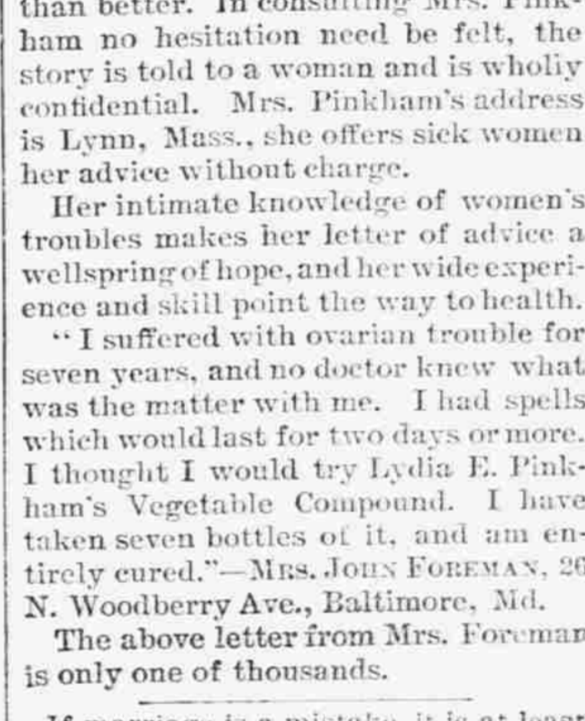
Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—Mrs. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.



If marriage is a mistake, it is at least one a man doesn't make every day.

5 DROPS CURED BY "5 DROPS" TWO YEARS AGO

FROM RHEUMATISM AND HEART WEAKNESS

After Suffering 49 Years—69 Years Old and Still Well!

IT PROVES TO BE A PERMANENT CURE—READ LETTERS.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago. DEAR SIR—Your bottle of "5 DROPS" received, it was for an old friend, Mr. Wm. Edwards, of Martintown, Wis. He has had Neuralgia in his chest, suffering a great deal of pain, so much so that it affected his heart, and he could not sleep on account of a smothered feeling. He had been under the care of the most eminent physicians, but obtained no relief until I gave him a dose of "5 DROPS." He rested well the very first night, and has ever since, and is gaining daily. I myself am 69 years old, and commenced taking "5 DROPS" last April for Rheumatism, which has troubled me terribly for 49 years; also for a weak heart, from which I have suffered since I was 18. Since taking "5 DROPS" the Rheumatism has all disappeared, the stiffness has gone from my joints and my heart never misses a beat. In all my life I have never felt so well, and I owe my health to "5 DROPS." I only wish I could sound my bugle of praise loud enough to be heard the world over, and could convince every sufferer that "5 DROPS" is all you claim it to be and more.—Mrs. D. T. Carver, Winslow, Stephenson Co., Ill. Sept. 9, 1896.

STILL WELL TWO YEARS LATER.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.—Two years ago this present month I sent you an unsolicited testimonial of what "5 DROPS" had done for myself and friend, Mr. Edwards, and now I want to send you another, saying we have not had a return of Neuralgia or Rheumatism since. I think the cure must be permanent; but if it should return, I keep "5 DROPS" in the house and I know that what I stop it. It is good for so many things no house should be without it. Yours truly, Mrs. D. T. Carver. Sept. 20, 1898.

The wonderful success that has attended the introduction of "5 DROPS" is unprecedented in the history of the world. Think of it! It has CURED more than One Million and a Quarter sufferers within the last three years. This must appeal to you. One million and a quarter people cannot all be mistaken. If suffering, we trust you may have sufficient confidence to send for three large bottles of "5 DROPS" for \$2.50, which will surely cure you. If not, then send for a \$1.00 bottle, which contains enough medicine to more than prove its wonderful curative properties. Prepaid by mail or express. This wonderful curative gives almost instant relief and is a PERMANENT CURE for Catarrh, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuragic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis and kindred diseases.

"5 DROPS" is the name and dose. LARGE BOTTLE (200 doses), \$1.00; PREPAID BY MAIL OR EXPRESS; THREE BOTTLES, \$2.50. Sold only by us and our agents. Agents Appointed in New Territory. Write today.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SAPOLIO

IS LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "IT SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Failure to do so attracts PAINFUL and not attractive disease.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, for \$1.00, or 50 cents, per box. Circular sent on request.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.