against his life and liberty."

welf if possible

only just now.

he said.

Purpose

French.

man.

He shook his head.

She drew her breath quickly; he saw

"This man Johnstone," he said, "will,

hope, consent to work the submarine

coat for us. I will search him out to-

morrow, and make terms with him my-

She was relieved to find that so far

this was all, and assented reluctantly,

hoping against hope to find her further suspicions unfounded.

But the colonel went on relentlessly.

"There remains only between us and

You have time to go to France for

success, between the emperor and safe-

ty, this one difficulty of discovering a

that yourself, she said in desperation.

Everything must be dared, as you said

'Daring of that kind is useless here,"

"My dear Camilla," he said, "you mis-

judge our friend in thinking him so ran-

corous. He has fought, as he told us,

chiefly against Danes and Americans.

and has no cause to bear malice to the

"I was not thinking of the French."

she returned, "but of the emperor, who

incited both Denmark and America to

war, and thereby made himself the en-emy of all true Englishmen." "Surely not quite all," said the col-

onel; "the opposition have often, both

with the government for his release. Lord Glamorgan," he continued, look-

instance, is a member of that party,

"No," he continued, "I have consid-

ered this part of the question long and

thoroughly, for it is that upon which

all the rest depends. These are the two

necessary qualifications for our cap-

tain. First, he must not only be a good

ally, in the sense of being a bold and

competent seaman, but he must be

of mere pecuniary interest.

same gentle regretfulness.

confederates has failed us?"

She trembled in silence.

ound to us by a tie stronger than that

'Yes," she interrupted, quickly, "he

must act from patriotism, too; and

therefore he can be no other than a Frenchman."

He shook his head again, with the

ideas are strange?" he asked. "Do you

forget that even the inner circle of our

"No," resumed the colonel, "he must

be an Englishman, and one upon whom

we can exert an irresistible moral force.

But that is not enough," he added,

quickly, and she almost breathed again.

"The second qualification is this-he

must be a man known favorably to

the authorities here in England, or at

the least to those at St. Helena. Other-

wise he would be unable to obtain leave

to anchor, and he could not face those

naval police without fear of suspicion.

We should be searched," and here his

voice fell to a low, clear tone, "searched

and seized, or driven from the coast

and the emperor must die a broken-

Camilla buried her face in her hands.

The colonel looked down upon her with

a faint smile of self-congratulation. "Very well, then," he said, "for the

present we will discuss the question no

further. I will do my best to secure

Johnstone, and I leave you to think

the other matter over by yourself; it

is quite possible that you may be able

to discover among your English friends

at your persuasion, if for no other rea-

son, help us to save the emperor and

She did not move or speak; when at

last she looked up he was gone. But every word that he had spoken, and

every tone of his subtly modulated

voice, passed through her brain over

and over again with a paralyzing clear-

ness; and she sat on, as if under some

still there, her mind wearled out with

vainly beating against the constraint

of this hateful necessity, like a bird buf-

feting itself to death against the bars

She was roused by the crackling of

down found that she had been clench-

ing a letter in her unconscious grasp.

A start of surprise followed as she rec-

ognized the appearance of the paper.

It was Dick's application to the ad-

miralty. The official to whom the col-

onel had presented it had glanced at

its contents and handed it back with an

off-hand statement that it was too late,

another man having been already ap-

pointed to the Favorite. The colonel

had accordingly brought it back to

Dick, and in the confusion which fol-

lowed the latter's sudden attack of Ill-

ness it had fallen unperceived behind

a cushion of the sofa upon which Ca-

Anxious to free herself from the toils

without a moment's delay, she rose and

went down to look for her brother-in-

She found him in the study, busy

among his papers; he looked up to greet

her with an indulgent smile, as if to

assure her that he felt for her past

struggle, and was ready to receive her

Hhe saw it, and anger choked the

"Well," he asked, "and upon whom

milla was now sitting.

aubmission graciously.

words in her throat.

has your choice fallen?"

At the end of half an hour she was

horrible spell.

of a trap.

some one-an officer, perhaps-who will

and yet in every way a true English-

She feigned astonishment at this.

"No Frenchman can serve our

suitable captain for our ship."

that he must give her more time yet.

RAND. MENALLY & CO. . CHAPTER V .- (CONTINUED).

Dick, over whose half-conscious head this sword-play was flickering, saw only that an argument was going on; which side was which, and why, he could not understand, and so resolved to speak with caution if he had to speak at all.

Camilla felt that the colonel was pressing her closely, and tried to disable him by a straighter thrust. "I don't suppose you are a blind fol-lower even of Lord Glamorgan," she

said to Dick: "you probably do not wish the emperor released?" "It would not benefit him if I did." he replied: "but I am sorry for him if

he suffers as they say. This was worse than ever for Dick. and the colonel was prompt to selze

the opportunity. "He does indeed suffer," he said. "It

is our greatest grief, for Madame de Montaut is entirely devoted to him." "My devotion." retorted Camilla, aimost indignantly, "is natural enough; but the loyalty that binds me can have

no hold upon an Englishman. There are more kinds of loyalty than one," returned her imperturbable antagonist. "I, for instance, am loyal to the emperor, not only as a Frenchman, but even more strongly from my loyalty to you, who have made his cause your own; and this, or something like it, may conceivably be the case with oth-

Camilla looked unutterable scorn "Capt. Estcourt," she said, turning to him with a bow full of graceful mockery at her own question, "will you, as a kindness to me, carry the emperor off from St. Helena?'

Dick was relieved at her apparent return to a lighter mood. "I can hardly undertake to go so far myself," he replied laughing; "you had better com-mission my friend Johnstone, the smug-

gler, to do it for you."
"Good!" exclaimed the colonel, joining in the laugh with the loud tone of one who wishes to emphasize a jest. "Capital advice, Camilla, and you can't do better than follow it."

She did not for the moment grasp his intention in saying this, and made no reply beyond a distrustful glance.

Dick, meantime, had been looking at his watch, and now held out his hand. "I am afraid," he said, "that I must be going home: I have trespassed too long upon your kindness, and the doctor said I must be in by sunset."

'One moment," said Camilla, hoping to gain an instant's privacy in which to give him some kind of warning. "Stay a moment: Col. de Montaut will order the carriage for you.

It is at the door," replied the colonel, and he bowed Dick out before him, and

followed him downstairs. Camilla heard the front door close and the carriage drive away. A long stlence followed. The colonel had evidently gone to the length of accompanying Dick to his own lodging. The mischief might be done by this time, and here she sat powerless to prevent She fretted under the thought at first, and her indignation chafed her in the absence of an object upon which to spend itself; but at last it seemed to have worn itself out for a time, and she fell into a quieter mood All the same she started guiltily when

the door opened almost without a sound. There stood the colonel, like some wily emissary of evil, following up his calculated opportunity at the most deadly moment of weakness.

He appeared to have entirely forgotten his late struggle with her. In his hand was an open letter, which he held up to her view.

"I have just heard," he said, "from Carnac, who has received a letter from St. Helena. She held out her hand for it. "You are tired," he said; "I will read

it to you. Be prepared, for it is far from pleasant hearing;" and he began The letter-or, at any rate, his read-

ing of it—ran as follows:
"'My Dear M. de Montaut: A packet dispatched from St. Helena at the end of January contains the following melancholy intelligence in the cipher of

Gen. Bertrand: The emperor, having suffered severely in health from want of active occupation, on Jan. 22 re-sumed his riding exercise, after an in-termision of two years. The effect of this violent change of habit was unhappily the reverse of beneficial, and he has been more or less prostrate for a week past. The colonel looked at Camilla, and

went on more slowly:

"His majesty has become subject to fits of profound depression, which are the despair of his physicians. He bitterly declares himself deserted and be twayed, and his reproaches are terrible to hear. He talks openly of committing his last wishes to paper,'

In her agitation at this news Camilla forgot everything else. "Oh, no!" she eried, clasping her hands as though to entreat the cruel fates. "We shall be in time; we must, we must!" We must!" he echoed gloomily; "they

expect us on the 5th of May. And when do we start?"

Before the beginning of April; we have hardly more than a week left in which to gather our forces for this final

the was silent, and seemed unwilling to venture further into the region of "The vessel is all but ready," con-

tinued the colonel; "a mixed crew can he collected in a day or two at Deal or Ramagate.

He paused, as if expecting a question from her: but she was still stient, and he went on again.

"There is no chatce," she answered; I have no friend capable of an act of treason."

He saw that he had been over-confident, and was ready on the instant to meet her with fresh patience. "Tresson?" he said, quierty; "It is no treason to undo the work of treachery.

"What do you mean?" "The English nation, or rather their government, betrayed the emperor's coluntary trust in them, and, as I have heard you maintain with truth a hundred times, faithlessly made a prisoner of him after he had accepted their protection as a guest."

She laughed scornfully to see him using still the methods of an hour ago. He little suspected how trenchant a weapon chance had put into her hand since then.

"It is true," she cried, "and their treachery must be undone; but it can not be by Capt. Estcourt's hand." He raised his eyebrows. "I did not

mention Capt. Estcourt."

"No, but you thought of him, and of him only. It is a proof of how little you know or understand his character." He saw the change of her position. and was yet once more ready for her upon her own ground.

Oh, as for that," he said, "men are all alike in one respect. When they are in love they are deaf to every other call; a woman may lead them where she will.

"Not friends like mine," she answered proudly; "not a man like this." "Capt. Estcourt is as honorable a man as most," he replied, "but I undertake to say that his devotion to you, coupled with a clear explanation of the case from me, would ensure his adherence to our cause.

"Never!" she cried. "Your cunning fallacies may blind weak women, or men whose intellect is keener than their sense of honor, but you could not even tempt him for a moment!"

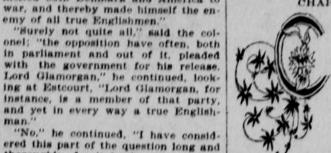
Will you wager on it?" asked the colonel with a mocking smile of security.

"My life is not my own," she cried,

but I would stake my fortune on his "Done," said the colonel; "I accept." She saw the trap now, but scorned re-

treat. "Try it!" she cried, with passionate defiance in her voice. "Try it, and learn with shame what duty means to a strong heart!"

CHAPTER VI.



OL. DE MONTAUT saw no more of his sister-in-law that evening. On the following day he was up ear-

ly and breakfasted alone in his room, occupying himself at the same time with the details of a toilet which was intended to make

him unrecognizable to those who ordinarily knew him, and acceptable to those with whom he had to deal.

His identity was thus concealed without any loss of personal dignity, such as is usually involved in a disguise, and yet could be resumed without difficulty and almost at a moment's notice. He gave a final glance at the general effect, completed it by the addition of a low-peaked cap of weather-beaten appearance, and turned from the glass well satisfied. He took with him a Where will you find such a self-im- small sum of money and no arms; what molating patriotism at a moment's no- difficulties he might meet he hardly tice, and among those to whom our knew yet, but at any rate they would not be of a kind to yield to force

The closed carriage in which he left the house set him down at the entrance of the narrow streets beyond the houses of parliament, and immediately disappeared in the direction in which it had come. He quickly made his way to the river side and hailed a waterman to take him over to the other bank. When the boat was rather more than half way across, however, he appeared to change his mind, and asked whether he could be taken as far as the Tower.

The waterman assented readily, gave a single stroke with the left hand, and in a moment the current was sweeping them rapidly down toward the bridge It was a bright, keen morning, and the boatman was in a cheerful mood and inclined to be talkative, as is the custom in his trade; but he got little response or attention from his fare, who was pondering his next move, and had not yet come to the stage when conversation would be of use to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS GOOD AS WHEAT.

The farmer, the Fanning Mill and the Bags of Atmosphere.

"I see," remarked the wide-awake farmer to the Buffalo Express man, "that wheat has gone up to 70 cents in Chicago, and there's a report that it will keep goin' till it gets to \$1. Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my crop for 70 cents. Seventy cents will do me. I'd rather have a sure thing while it's goin' than to take my chances on doin' better by waitin'. 'But." replied the commission mer-

chant, "I can't agree to contract for your wheat at 70 cents," "Why not? It's goin' up to \$1, an' you'll make 30 cents a bushel. An't

that enough' 'Oh, yes; but, you see, that 70 cents beneath her hand, and looking is only a speculative price. It an't what they pay for real wheat." Don't pay that for real wheat? What

in thunder do they pay it for, then?" Why, for options Well, what the blazes are options?" "Why, they're promises to get wheat and sell it for such and such a price."

Well, then, they got to get the wheat, an't they?" No; they sell the promises again, according as the market rises or falls." 'An' don't they buy an' sell any real

wheat at all?" Not much. "Just buy and sell wind at 70 cents a

That's about it.' "Thunder an' Mars! Wish I'd knowed that last fall. I wouldn't a-sowed any

wheat. I'd tied my grain bags to the back o' my fannin' mill an' kept the boy turnin' it all winter, till I'd filled all the bags I could get hold of. But it an't too late yet. By gosh, if it's wind they want 'stead of wheat I can supply the market for the bull country right off my farm!

Blessed is the man who has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.-Carlyle,



It was a clever Englishwoman who, when M. Blanc was mistaken at a garden-party for a page, replied: Well, M. Blanc is a page-of history.

Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked when he had finished it: "It's verra pretty; but, mon, what does it prove?"

A Scotsman once neatly turned the tables on an Englishman who had been alluding to the number of Scots in London. "Well." replied the Scot, "I know a place in Scotland where there are thirty thousand Englishmen who never go back to their own country." "Why, wherever can such a crowd be?" said the Englishman, to whom the Scot dryly remarked, "at Bannockburn."

Speaking of the ignorance of some newspaper interviewers, Henry Watterson relates an incident that happened in New York, when a young man was sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to interview Rutherford B. Hayes on some matter of prison reform. the interviewer had gathered all the facts, he shot a last question at Mr. Hayes. "By the way, Mr. Hayes," he said, "what were you president of?"

A young lady in charge of the cap tain of a P. and O., boat had two suitors, on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard, and one of her swains instantly jumped after it into the sea. The other confined himself to leaning over the side, and crying, "Poor doggle!" When the rescurer came on board, dripping the young lady turned to the captain and asked him which of her two lovers, after such an incident, he would recommend her to take. He was a practical man, and replied, "Take the dry one," which she accordingly did.

Among the "bulls" compiled by the National Tribune as having been made by members of congress in the heat of debate, are the following: A member in referring to one of his colleagues, said: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his oar where it is not wanted." In another speech occurred this expression: The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." And another member, in a very forcible and dra-matic manner, asked the house this startling question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

"My doctor," said a somewhat voluble lady, "was writing me a prescription yesterday. I generally ask him all sorts of questions while he is writing them. Yesterday he examined me and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through, he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.

The late Edward Beecher on one ecasion, was dining with friends and inadvertently swallowed a mouthful of exceedingly hot coffee. Immediately he deposited it upon his plate, and, turning around, remarked: "A fool would have swallowed it."

One day at the table of George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said: "Why, Colman, you are older than I am." "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your royal highness."

Once upon a time Lord Melbourne visited the kitchen of the Reform Club Soyer seems to have held a regular levee there in the afternoon), and remarked to the great chef that his hand-maidens were remarkably goodlooking. Soyer bowed with deep respect, and answered with gravity: "Yes, my lord; you see, we do not want plain cooks here."

A Boston man traveling through the South was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes, and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. Spoons, sah! What you want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."

A New Scheme,

Jonas Deadbeat-Please, mum, kin yer give us sump'n to eat? Lady-What? You two strapping fel-

lows begging? Caspar Corker-No, lady. Yer see we's is ont of dese roun' de' worl' trips widout money, an' we ain't got time to stop an' work.—Chicago Record.

Reasonable.

"Whisky," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he pointed his finger at the audience, whiskey has killed more men than

"All the same," said the watery eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap ruther a man filled me with whiskey than with bullets."-Indianapolis

Good Reason for It. Rounder—So that is a picture of Old Soak, ch? The eyes are particularly steady and bright.

Etounder-Yes. The photographer placed a whiskey bottle where he wanted the old fellow to look while the picture was being taken. Truth.

"I have often wondered," said a fisherman, "that somebody didn't fix up a horseshoe crab shells and put them on the market as wall pockets. They are commonly used for that purpose in fishermens' houses for catchalls and for slipper holders, and very pretty they are, too. The horseshoe crab is in two parts, joined by a hinge across the back about two-thirds of the way from the front. In making a wall pocket the rear part of the shell is cut away; that leaves the top of the shell as it hangs, crescent-shaped. A hole is bored in each part of the crescent for the ends of the cord or ribbon that is to support the shell, which is backed with pasteboard. Some dye them with analine dyes, but oftener they simply varnish them, showing the natural color of the shell, which is a dark brown - New York Sun

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken insure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Soon Managed it.

A Liverpool merchant recently went to his head clerk and said:

"John, I owe about £10,000, and all I possess is £4,000, which is locked up in the safe. I have been thinking that this is the right time to make an assignment, but what plausible pretext ean give my creditors, I know not. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over and let me have your decision in the morning.

The clerk promised to do so. On entering the office the next mornng the merchant found the safe open. the money gone, and in its place a letter which read as follows:

"I have taken the £4,000 and have gone to South America. It is the best excuse you can give your creditors."-London Tid-Bits.

FITS - All Fits stopped free by Dr. K line's Grest Nerve Hestorer. No Fits after the first cay's use, Marvelous cures. Treatise and Extrast bottle free to Fit cases, bend to Dr. Kinn-961 Arch St., Phila., Fa.

A Busy Man.

Hugh Tudor, of Dawn, Mo., strives to combine business with humor. On his business envelopes is printed the fol-lowing in one corner: "If not called for within ten days return to Hugh Tudor, Dawn, Mo., secretary of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Co. of Livingston County, and secretary of the Second Congressional Cyclone, Torna do and Wind Storm Co.," and the following additional statement appears in another corner: "I sell insurance against accidents, fire, deth, wind storms, sigh kloans, tornadoes, loss of slepe, loss of rent, poverty and 2d husbands, and issue bond insurance."

A Lazy Husband.

A country newspaper reports a brief colloquy between a woman and her lazy husband. She was busy, and the baby was crying, and the man, so far as appears, was doing nothing.
"John," she said, "I wish you would

rock the baby. "Oh, bother," was the answer, "why should I rock the baby? "Why, because he isn't very well and I have this mending to do. Besides.

half of him belongs to you anyhow, and you ought to be willing to help take care of him. Well, half of him belongs to yor,

too, and you can rock your half and let my half holler.

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous O dem fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarde, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homesecker looking for a farm and a

Mailed free.

Address, J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo.

An important paper, "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," is contributed to the October Harper's by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., who advocates the maintenance of a strong navy, not only for national defence, but for the promotion of the interests of the United States in the international complications which are certain | to arise in the near future through the growing importance of China and Japan and the approaching absorption of all the unclaimed islands of the sea by the great powers of the world.

"Even absolutely clean teeth will decay," said a dentist, "but constant care in this respect greatly prolongs the life of a tooth. The general health usually has a good deal to do with it. People used to think that it was a useless enditure to have children's teeth filled before the arrival of the second set, but more of them are being educated to the fact that the longer the first set is preserved the better the quality of the second set will be. Every child, as soon as he is able to handle a brush. should have one and be taught to use it regularly.

Marriage is a failure whenever it is a dis-

The Author of "Unnic Tom's Cabin Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 83rd year some weeks ago amid almost national rejoicings. The gen eral health of the famous authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin is better than it was on her birthday last year; her ap petite is excellene, and her strength uch that she is to be seen daily during fine weather walking about the pretty neighborhood of Hartford, her Connectieut home. Mrs Stowe's physical pow ers are remarkable, in view of her ad-vanced years, and no doubt her fondness

Like a Venomous Serpent Hidden in the grass, malaria but waits our

for outdoor life has done much to keep

her in such good condition.

Hidden in the grass, malaria but water our approach, to spring at and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain astidose to its venom which renders it power-less for evil. Hostetter's "tomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspeysia, liver complaint, constipation, in grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

The discussion of the liquor question is an important feature of the North American Review for October, Drs. Waldo and Walsh describing in the light of English statistics the influence of environment in developing the drink habit, and the Rev. Dr. F. C. Iglehart. habit, and the Rev. Dr. F. C. Iglehart, pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal church in New York city, advocating in "The Saloon and the Sab-bath," the enforcement of the present excise law in New York.

Not the Expected Answer.

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and was going to tell her it was "because a woman needs him." but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands the domestic entente cordiale was ruffled. - Hoston Globe

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervous-If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Parifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family outburtle. Se,

IMPERIAL GRANUM Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in sick room, where either little one or adult needs deli-{cate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! D'Hobb's **C**paragus Kidney Pills

**Troubles** 

theumatism, gout, neuralg backsche, headsche, sleepies ness, ansemia, dizziness, etc. curing the kidneys,

TAKEAPILL. Hobb's Little Liver Pills Son'l Brige. Dr. Hobb's Little Liver Pills

ill cure Stomach Troubles hearthurn, constipation, indiges-tion, flatulence, bad breath, paios-tations, loss of appetite, etc. by gently acting on the liver and bowels. Purely vegetable and the only liver pils that don't gripe.

Braggists self them, Wells for fees book. HOBB'S MEDICINE CO.

PINEOLA COUGH BALSAN



rature is supplied of wasted that ear There is a large per-centage of those who supplied their cases

AYER'S SARSAPARILL

" My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrotula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete

cured these cure was the result."-WM. two.

"Afflicted for seven years, with what appeared to be a cancer in the face, other treatment being of no benefit, tried Ayer's Sarasparilla. The result is that in one year, all trace of cancer has been removed." - Mrs. Jons B. RIVERS, Manchester, N. H.

O. JENKINS, Deweese, Neb. IT WILL CURE YOU TOO.