

SAVED FROM NICOTINE

Little Charley Fogleman Used Tobacco Since Babyhood, and His Father Smoked and Chewed for the Past Twenty Years—Both Set Free at Asheville, N. C.

"Is that true?" asked the News man at Pelham's Pharmacy, as he laid down a letter in the presence of a dozen interested customers.

"Yes, it is. It was written here on one of our letter heads, and signed by J. C. Fogleman," promptly answered the proprietor.

"You know him, don't you?"

"Certainly, he lives at No. 5 Buxton street. We all know Fogleman is a man of his word."

"I am glad to hear it. There are so many misleading statements published nowadays that when this came in this morning's mail I came right over to ask you about it. I read the letter three times, but you read it, and you will agree with me that it is almost too good to be true."

This is what the letter said: "Office of Pelham's Pharmacy, 24 Patton avenue, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 21, 1894. Gentlemen—My little boy, now 8 years old, began chewing tobacco when three years old by the advice of our family physician, in the place of stronger stimulants. Four or five weeks ago I began giving him No-To-Bac, which I bought at Pelham's Pharmacy, and to my great surprise, and it is needless to say, my delight, No-To-Bac completely cured him. He does not seem to care for tobacco and is very much improved in health, eats heartily and has a much better color."

"Finding such remarkable results from the use of No-To-Bac I began myself, and it cured me, after using tobacco, in all its various forms, for a period of twenty years."

"I take pleasure in making this plain statement of facts for the benefit of others." (Signed) J. C. FOGLEMAN.

"Yes, I know it's a fact, and its one of the strongest testimonials I have ever read—and it's true, for I sold him the No-To-Bac."

"What's that?" asked Chief of Police Hawkins, whose manly form attired in the new police uniform, like Solomon in all his glory, came to the door.

"Why, No-To-Bac, cure!"

"Cures? Why, I should say so. I have used it myself. It cured me."

"Would you object to making a statement of the fact for publication?"

"Certainly not," and the chief wrote as follows: "Asheville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1894. Pelham Pharmacy—You bought one box of No-To-Bac from me some time since. After using No-To-Bac I found I had lost the desire for tobacco. I was cured."

"I have used tobacco—chiefly chewing—for eight (8) or ten (10) years."

"H. S. HAWKINS."

Everybody looked astonished and wondered what would next turn up.

"Suppose it don't cure?" some one asked. "Then they do the right thing when No-To-Bac won't cure." "What's that?" asked the News man. "Every druggist in America is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. No-To-Bac is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., general offices in Chicago, Montreal and New York, and their laboratory is at Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, a big health resort they own. It's the place where they give Mud Baths for rheumatism and skin diseases. You ought to know the president, Mr. A. L. Thomas of Lord & Thomas of Chicago."

"Yes, of course I do. We get business from them right along, and they are as good as gold. Well, give me your advertising books, and will make a statement in the paper about what you have told me, for I know there are thousands of good North Carolina people who are tobacco spitting and smoking their lives away, and No-To-Bac is an easy guaranteed cure and they ought to know it."

Those who teach young children should speak to them properly, not lisping or using silly words, for they can understand sense better than nonsense. —Good Housekeeping.

New deposits of phosphates have been discovered by French explorers in the western parts of Tunisia. The mineral capacities of Africa are still but partially known. Gold alone appears to absorb the attention of modern explorers.

A Missouri cow went to drink at a hole in the ice—this was in Glasgow—froze into the hole and perished.

Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK WOMEN.

On first introducing this world-famed medicine to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, it was sold under a **Positive Guarantee** of giving entire satisfaction in every case for which it is recommended. So uniformly successful did it prove in curing the diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women that claims for the return of money paid for it were exceedingly rare. Since its manufacturers can now point to thousands of noted cures effected by it in every part of the land, they believe its best record a sufficient guarantee of its great value as a curative agent, therefore, they now rest its claims to the confidence of the afflicted solely upon that record. By all medicine dealers.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 305 Canal St., New York. Pills, 10c and 25c a box. Annual sales more than \$200,000 boxes.

PATENTS Thomas F. Simpson, Washington D. C. Patent Office. Write for Inventor's Guide.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion. The dear wee woman of four; Her feet in their shily slippers Hung dangling over the floor. She meant to be good; she had promised; And so, with her pig brown eyes, She stared at the meeting-house windows, And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher; But she thought of the honey bees Droning away in the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees. She thought of the broken basket, Where, curled in a dusky heap, Three sleek, round puppies, with fringed ears, Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such queer little hearts to beat, Such swift, round tongues to kiss, Such sprawling, cushiony feet! She could feel in her clasping fingers The touch of the satiny skin, And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips. So quick that she could not catch it With her rosy finger tips. The people whispered, "Bless the child!" As each one waked from a nap; But the dear wee woman hid her face For shame in her mother's lap. —London Amusing Journal.

IN THE FACE OF DEATH

HE horse is mine, and you nor any other man shall ride him without my say so!"

"And I say the horse is mine, and I'll ride him without asking your leave, or anybody else's!"

The two men faced each other with lowering brows and defiant looks, when a small, quiet-looking man humped forward and interposed.

"Come, now, drop this foolishness! If I hear another word about that mustang I'll shoot him, and end the fuss. I'm captain of this outfit, and as long as I am, there's got to be peace in the family!"

There was a ring of authority in his voice, and a flash in his blue eyes that showed him to be a natural commander, and one not to be trifled with. The two angry men stood sullenly silent, while he went on more generally:

"Come, shake hands and call it a draw; at any rate till we get out of here. I can't have the two best men in the outfit quarreling! You can't either of you ride the horse now anyway, and from the way things look, it's a mighty slim chance whether you ever will. If you're spoiling for a fight, those redskins out yonder will accommodate you, at the drop of the hat! Come, drop it, I say, and shake hands like men!"

But the two belligerents looked scornfully at each other and then at Clay. His influence was too great to permit of a continuance of the quarrel in his presence, but instead of shaking hands they turned and strode sulkily away.

They had trapped, hunted, starved, revealed, dug gold and fought Indians together for years. Each had more than once risked his life for the other, in the same matter-of-fact way in which he would have handed him his pouch of tobacco.

When Sam Finch had been stricken by small-pox in a Crow village, and all the Indians who were not yet attacked had fled in terrified haste, Tom Collins had stayed, and for six long weeks waged his solitary fight with death—his only companions the snarling coyotes and the heavy-winged buzzards, his only rest the few brief moments he could snatch when the raging delirium of his patient was overcome by bodily exhaustion; till at last the sick man crept feebly back to life, and could be taken by his devoted nurse to where more efficient, though not tenderer, care and help could be given.

And now these two were as bitter in feud as they had been close in friendship. The question at issue was the ownership of a grand black stallion that had been lassoed while leading his wild herd on the plains between the Mogollones and the Colorado Chiquita. His neck had first been encircled by Collins' lasso, but the tough hide of the lariat had been gnawed by a coyote, so that it broke when the wild horse plunged. Before he could thunder away the lasso of Finch held him.

"My horse!" said Finch.

"I stopped him," said Collins.

"He'd have got away without me, for your lasso broke," cried Finch; and so the quarrel began. At first they spoke laughingly, then angrily, till things were said on both sides that neither man thought he could ever forgive. Meantime the black, which had been broken to saddle in one day's rough riding, was used by none of the prospecting party.

As the disputants strode away Clay muttered to himself:

"Queer what folks men will make of themselves sometimes! The idea of those two men quarreling about a horse, when the chances are a thousand to one that their scalps will both be fluttering at the end of Apache lances within twenty-four hours!"

The sun was about an hour high, and the wide, level mesa glowed and quivered in the heat. North, south, east, west, wherever Clay looked, he saw the corvons of Apaches. Some sat on their ponies like bronze statues, some were stretched on the ground asleep, some galloped down the little canyon for water, but all waited quietly for the time when their grim allies, heat, thirst and exhaustion, should deliver the prospectors into their hands.

These were a party of twelve strong men who had started from Taos three

weeks earlier under the guidance of John Burt, who came in from no one knew where, sorely wounded, and protesting that he had rediscovered the famous long-lost Canyon de Oro of the "Valley of Death" in Arizona. He brought with him a nugget of gold as large as a hen's hand to bear out his story; he told how he had barely eluded the Apaches, after they had killed all his friends; he swore that the Canyon de Oro literally shone with gold; and the upshot was this prospecting expedition under the leadership of Clay.

Two days before this, John's band of Apaches, out on the war-path, had attacked Clay's party with an overwhelming force. Burt and three others had fallen at the first fire, and the rest, fighting desperately, had at last succeeded in taking refuge on a mound about a hundred feet long by fifty wide rising some ten feet from the plain.

Irregular lines of stone walls, jutting from the ground, and hollow pits, where the roofs of the lower chambers had fallen in, showed it to be the ruin of one of the old "pueblos," once so common all through that country. It furnished a position impregnable to the dashes of the undisciplined Indians, who had at last settled grimly down to starve the defenders out. The whites had food enough for several days, but no water. This the Indians could procure from a little branch of the Colorado Chiquita, which ran about five miles away, but the besieged had no such recourse.

One of their number, Aleck Pike, wounded in the first day's fight, was already delirious from his wounds and from thirst, and the rest were suffering greatly; for the two days' siege and loss of rest, joined to the burning sun, which aggravated their thirst, was telling fearfully upon them.

"Sweet prospect, this, for a man with a wife and two kids waiting for him in Taos!" said Clay to himself. "Well, Sallie, you're a plainsman's daughter, and you know what kind of life mine was before you married me—and I wish you'd been home so that I could have kissed you good-by before I started. But I've been in worse places than this before now, and saved my scalp, and please God, I may see you and the kids yet before the redskins get me."

He limped over to where the men were standing, and spoke aloud.

"Well, boys, something's got to be done. Those fellows out there seem to have taken root. We can hold out a couple of days longer, maybe, but after that we'll be past praying for. We've got to do something, and do it quick. Anybody got anything to propose?"

"Only thing I see," said one of the men, "is to make a dash and cut our way through, if we can."

"Yes, if we can, but—we can't. Those fellows out there are too many for us."

"Well, anyhow, I'd rather go under with a bullet through me than stay here and die like a trapped ki-yote!"

"So'd I; but there's Alack," pointing to the sick man; "we can't take him with us, and it won't do to leave him behind."

"No use of the rest of us staying here to die, when it won't do him any good."

"That may be, but we promised to stick together, and I'm going to do my share of it."

"Cap," spoke up Collins, "how far are we from Fort Merritt?"

"About sixty miles."

"And what way?"

"Due north, as far as I can make it. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking maybe one of us might slip through the redskins yonder, and get to the fort and let the troops know how we're fixed. Cap'n Kirby wouldn't ask anything better than a chance for a slap at old Jih."

"Hunt yes; but I don't think any one could get through."

"There's no telling where lightning might strike; and a fellow might as well die there as here."

Clay hesitated. "Well, what do you say, men?" he asked, presently.

"There ain't no show to get through," said one.

"We might as well try it; we can't do any worse," another protested.

"We'd better stick together—we're snowed under anyhow," still another said.

"Well," said Clay, "if it's our only chance, will any one here try it?"

"I will!" said Collins and Finch. In the same breath, both springing to their feet.

"I spoke first," growled Collins.

"I'm the lightest weight, Cap," said Finch, eagerly.

"Sh!" said Clay, gravely. "Let's see. The moon will be down by nine o'clock and that black stallion ought to carry a man to the fort by sun-up. Kirby'll not wait a minute when he hears what's up, and the troops ought to get here by the middle of to-morrow night, anyhow; we can hold out till then, I think. It's our only chance; guess you'd better try it."

can't get there there'll be less fur old Jih to tote," were Collins' reflections.

Into his pocket he slipped a Derringer, saying: "I don't take any chances on being taken alive."

Strips of blanket were tied deftly around the horse's feet, that no creak of hoof on stone might warn the keen-eyed besiegers of his passage; and when the moon was fairly set, Collins led his stallion down the slope of the mound, vaulted upon his back, and saying quietly to Clay, "If the troops ain't here by an hour after moonset to-morrow night you may know I'm gone under," stole slowly away in the darkness.

Those left behind waited, listened, with anxious hearts, dreading any moment to hear the tumult which should announce that their messenger's flight had been discovered.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes—twenty minutes; Clay had just drawn a long sigh of relief, and was turning away with the remark, "I reckon he's safe by this time," when a flash caught his eye out on the plain. Another and another succeeded; and the report of rifles came to their ears.

"They've seen him! They're after him!" exclaimed Finch; but vainly did the beleaguered watchers listen and strain their eyes for further indications as to the fate of their courier.

Would he outstrip his pursuers? Had he escaped, or was he already dead, or a pined prisoner, helpless to aid them? These were questions which no one on the mound could answer.

The night dragged by, and another day of thirst and suffering dawned. A feeble groan from Pike, the wounded man, drew Finch's attention; he walked back to where poor Aleck lay, and awkwardly but tenderly adjusted his head in an easier position. As he stood looking down upon him, he thought of another sick man who once lay delirious in a Crow lodge, and loathsome from head to foot with festering disease.

He remembered, too, who it was that had nursed that sick man through that time of horror, who had stayed by him and watched over him as tenderly as a mother over her child, when even the stoical Indians had fled appalled—who, when the grip of death was broken, had painfully carried him for weary mile upon mile, till help was reached; and then, laying down his helpless burden at the post-surgeon's feet, had fallen, senseless, in the middle of the parade ground.

"And I have quarreled with this man—this friend—this brother—about a horse!" thought Finch. "Bah! All the horses from the Rio Grande to the Columbia weren't worth one hair on Tom Collins' head! Oh! what a fool—what a fool I've been! Can I ever make it up to Tom for the wrong I've done him?"

The day, with ever-increasing misery, wore away. With mouths too parched for talk, the men lay watching at their posts. Aleck had died at noon. Save now and then a plaintive neigh from the thirsty horses, or a distant whoop of derision from the expectant Apaches, scarcely a sound broke the wretched monotony on the mound.

Clay sat and watched the red sun sink behind the distant range. "I, nor none of us, will ever see another sunset," he murmured to himself, "unless Tom did get through, and perhaps not even then."

Gradually the darkness descended and night gathered about them; but still, grimly at their places, the frontiersmen lay, well-nigh hopeless now, but none the less determined to die fighting to the bitter end.

But what clear, sweet sound was that which suddenly broke on the dull and oppressive stillness of the dry night air? It was—and what a shout rose from those parched throats!—it was a bugle call. Hark! It sounded: "Open orders, four's!"

"Draw sabers!"

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

Then came flash on flash, and loud hurrahs, blending with wild, fierce yells and the rattle of charging cavalry. Soon a dark form of a horseman detached itself from the surrounding obscurity and dashed up to the foot of the mound. An anxious voice called out: "Hello! All safe?"

"All safe, thank God!" answered Clay, reverently.

"Show a light, then!"

In a moment a fire of dry sage-brush shot up, and the light glistened on the bronzed faces and the panting horses of Kirby's troop of dragoons. But in the middle of the group, on a black charger, reeled a swaying figure, supported by a trooper on each side. On his bare breast was a crimson streak.

Rushing down the slope of the mound Finch reached his side.

"Tom, are you hurt?"

"Killed, I reckon, old pard!" he gasped, faintly; "the redskins have got me this time. Ease me down."

They lifted him down tenderly from the horse, and laid him on a blanket on the ground.

"Sam," he whispered.

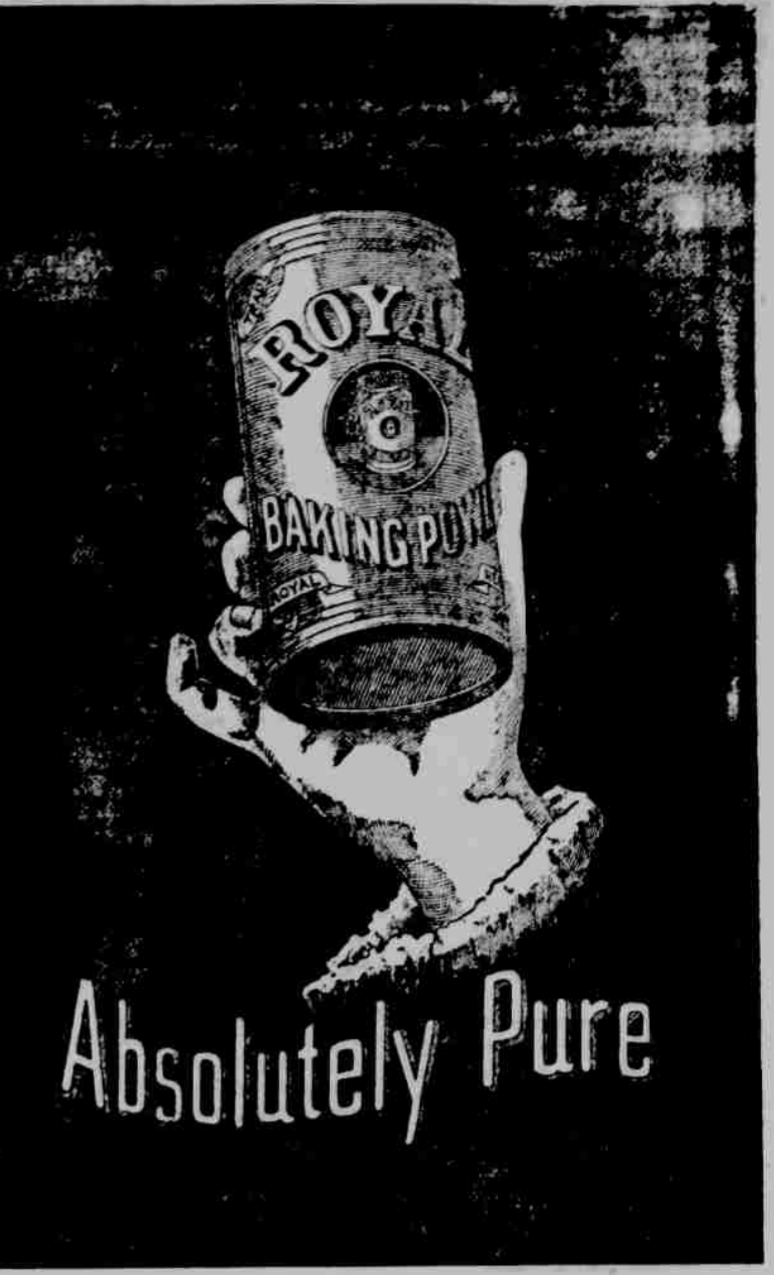
"Yes, old pard; what is it?" Finch's arm went tenderly under the dying man's head.

"Sam—the mustang's yours. Don't hold it agin me—that I said—I'd ride him. How dark it is! Say—say—good—"

The hand-clasp loosened, the head fell back, and the quarrel between Sam Finch and Tom Collins, as to who owned the mustang, was over forever. T. S. F. ORDWAY.

Whales. It is believed that whales often attain the age of 400 years. The number of years these huge creatures have lived is ascertained by counting the layers of laminae forming the horny substance known as "whalebone." These laminae increase yearly, just as the "growths" do on a tree.

Every boy should remember that every decent man in the world has tried to quit swearing.



About Blushing Women.

Some time ago a man took it upon himself to assert that the modern woman has forgotten how to blush. This imputation was launched at femininity in general with so much bitterness and asperity that one might gather therefrom that blushing is a virtue, and that not to blush is criminal. Whatever the connection between the heightening of color and innocence in the case of women, however, the blush is considered a sign of grace by men. Cynics have always maintained that women can cry about anything, and at a moment's notice, and it is indeed pretty well known that many actresses can squeeze out real tears nightly at the proper moment; but blushing is more difficult to acquire as an art. Blushes are evidently considered as important by the generality of men. For instance to call a man an unblushing scoundrel is a distinct slur on his character, and to tell another that you blushed for him used at one time to be a pretty common form of insult. Even now the phrase "we blush to relate" is to be found in our daily newspapers.

The poet Young lays it down in his "Night Thoughts" that "the man who blushes is not quite a brute." Darwin's observations determined the fact that blushing is confined to the human species.

Announcing the Engagement. An engagement should be announced first by the family of the bride-elect, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in the Ladies' Home Journal. This is done either verbally and informally to friends or by note to those whom it is desired shall receive early information. The man may at the same time write to those of his friends whom he desires to have share in his happiness and whom the girl's family could not so well reach. Unhappily, indeed, would be the spirit to withhold interest in a new engagement, and the telling of it by the principals almost always inspires a kindly feeling for them in those told. Lovers have, perhaps, the best founded claim to thinking themselves of first interest to a community of any class of people, and are quite entitled to assume all of the honors and privileges of the situation.

Dainty Whole-Wheat Gems. A tested recipe for whole-wheat gems calls for two cupfuls of the flour mixed with a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs, beat the yolks light and add a cup of sweet milk, a little at a time, beating all the while. Stir this mixture into the flour, and when smooth and light add a cupful of lukewarm water. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add to the batter; fold them in lightly and quickly, and turn into hot gem pans that have been thoroughly greased. Bake in a quick oven from twenty to twenty five minutes.

THE EVOLUTION. Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

The consumption of iron per head is nearly four times as great in Great Britain as in France.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

A cow in Norway, Me., recently killed had in her stomach a big piece of butcher's bone with a wedge driven into it.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

N. N. U. No. 334-19. York Neb. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

If you have Rheumatism Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

Every boy should remember that every decent man in the world has tried to quit swearing.