BY CHARLES GIBBON

Then I must just try to do what is in my power to get on without it." Power to get a parting nod and went on. Ross gave a parting nod and went on. Carell haited abruptly and stood looking after him as long as he was in sight.

What was the man thinking about? The drooping of the heavy brows over the small dark eyes suggested that his thoughts were unpleasant ones. He had tried a hurmless dient for preventing Ross going with the Mermaid and had fa led. He believed that he could have secured for him the en-greement he had spoken about, but he had smewhat metamorphosed its real nature in order to suit his purpose. Well, there were other ways of keeping him out of the Mermaid, at least for this trip.

He would see old Murray (that was the irreverent way in which he thought of the great Captain Duncan!), and get him to e.ncel the engagement. Yes, he would see him before the night was out. What a fool the old skipper must be not to see that this fellow was after his money and his daugh-

But he would see him put that little matter right. After all, it was the easi st way, and he had been only wasting time in trying another.

CHAPTER VI.

A WILD NIGHT. Although the afternoon had brightened into summer, the evening changed to winter. Slowly the sky darkened as the sun s t in a misty glory behind the hills, and clouds gathered. The re-t'ess wind, which had ally abated during the day, again rose, at first in a low monotone moving the clouds slowly along, but by-and-by it came sweeping up the Firth in great gusts and singing a w ld duet with the heaving waters, wallst the clouds hurried hither and thither with increasing rapidity, and the moon could only occasionally send a silver gleam through the darkness.

"It'll be a gey blaw the-nicht," said the fisher-folk, to whom every sound and sign of wind, water, and clouds had its mean-

"I doubt if they'll win out," they said again, with anxious looks at the angry sky.

They referred to the fishing fleet which nightly started on its perilous adventures. But there was no fear in the manner of regarding the gathering storm; only calm re cognition of an ordinary fact in their dark lives, with possibly some sense of inconvenience and loss due to the present state of the elements. The weather indicator, in the little square fronting one side of the harbor-placed there with the kindliest intentions by some benevolent person-was rarely consulted. By most it was looked upon as a sort of curious toy. "Just the weather box." said some, as if tempest and calm were locked up in it. They looked to nature herself for guidance in their calling, and seldom thought when they "went out" that they might never come back; a blessed condition of the mind which enables us to do our duty in the teeth of danger.

Women as well as men take their lives in the same way; never a thought of what may come; and only a short sharp cry in the heart with an outwardly dumb sorrow when the worst befalls. Then to work again: not a boat or a man the less goes out to sea; not woman the less ready to do her work on shore. The life goes on just as if no hing had happened, whether it be a single smack or a fleet that tounders. There are more mouths to fill and therefore more work to do. There is no time for outward wailing. What goes on within-God knows.

In the parior of Anchor Cottage the cap tain was comfortably smoking his pipe and drinking toddy; seated in a big high-backed arm-chair, a cheery fire burning at his feet Annie at the table was busy with accounts which she was anxious to dispose of before going to hed The wind made a loud moaning round the

walls, but never a window or door shock, everything had been made so truly firm, This was a house built to stand and not to

Neither father nor daughter paid heed to the sorm. He was busy with his pipe and his toddy, delighting himself in watching her silent diligence in work.

So they had teen occupied for some time. Then he showed symptoms of restles ness, and at leng h spoke.

"Will you be soon done, Annie? I want It happened that she had a very clear no

tion of what he wished to speak to her about, and also that she did not wish to hear it. So she answered-"It will take me a long while yet, father; maybe, till bedtime."

She proceeded with renewed energy to examine books and papers and to calculate figures, and he remained silent, respecting

her task and valuing its results. By-and-by he became restless again?. 'Are ye na nearly done yet?" he inquired impatiently.

"I'll make some stupid blunder if you keep on sp aking, father."

Then stop afore you make the blunder, because I maun speak to you about a matter that has been rumblin' in my inside a' this afternoon."

Thus commanded she knew that no further evasion of the disagreeable subject was possible without getting her father into one of his passions—and they were frequent enough and furious enough to make her whing to sacrifice her own comfort in any way to avoid one of them. She laid down her pen, turned her chair towards him and

Now, father, what is your will?" He took the pipe from his mouth, carefully examined its contents, then pressed them down with his finger; next took a big gulp at his toddy, and finally replacing the between his teeth said, in a sort of shy

"I wanted to speir at ye something."
"What is it, father?" she replied tenderly a the ugh much tempted to laugh at his

He filt that incipient laugh, and some thing of the fun of the position touched himself, for he grinned as he said—

"Just this, my lass; would ye like to be maerrit?" "That would depend upon the man, fath-

er," she answered, with a merry laugh.
"Hoots, lassie," he said, with a comical mixture of irritability and sense of humor in his voice and manner, "ye dinna mean to tell me that ye are gaun to think about the

man when it's his siller that concerns ye." Annie became serious; looked in the fire as if studying some grave problem which was "ghib ted to her there. Presently, with-

out looking up, she spoke—
"I am wondering, father, if my mother thought o' the man or siller most when she took you."

That was almost a cruel stroke, although the girl did not know it. When Duncan Murray wedded her mother he had obtained with her a tocher which had helped him considerably in his fight with fortune. So the burly little man moved uneasily in his chair, his ruddy face became ruddier, and he took some more toddy.

"That's na the question, Annie. I had nad intention o' forcing your will in the matter; but I just want to talk it ower "

FAIR. you in a sensible sort o' way. fe see you should think o' both the man and his siller, for there are many lads that would be glad to take you from me na for yoursel', but for what you would bring wi' you. Sae it behoves us to consider."

Annie was still staring into the fire; but now she was also listening to the wind sough, soughing round the house and making strange noises in the chimney. Maybe, too, she was listening to a voice she had heard that day at the gate and thinking of its meaning, whilst hearing the echo in ber own breast.

"I thought you said that you would never

part with me and the Mermaid, father." The voice was so soft and the look she turned upon him so gentle that he could not be angry. Nevertheless, he tried to appear as one injured, becau e he felt so keenly that he deserved the reproach expressed so quietly.

"I am na to part wi' either o' you. I was just putting a question to you, and there was nae harm in that." "Oh na."

"Weel, the lang and the short o' it is this; there's a man to ue the-day-I'm na gaun to tell you wha." (She smired; as if she did not know who! Poor old father!) he says that if you will take him and I will gie my consent he'll gie you a' your ain way and make ower to you at once a fortune. I said to him, 'You maun speir at hersel', my man.' He said he would, and he's gaun to do it, and 1 first wanted to ken aforehand what you would be likely to say. But you are free to do as you like."

'You mean Mr. Cargill, father."

"Eh !-he a did you ken that?" exclaimed the old captain, forgetting in his am exement even to smoke.

"Easily enough; he was the only man

here to-day exe pt-"
"Weel?" (There was a curious glimmer of a smile on the old man's face as he put the quest on r quired by her pause.)

"Except Mr. Ross, and he cannot do what you say the other offers to do. But I am afraid that Mr. Cargill is not the man for me, with all his wealth and your consent." "Oh, then you mean that you'd hae somebody else without my consent."

She got up, took the empty pipe from his hand and proceeded to fill it with an ex-perienced hand. As she gave it back to him with a light-

"We'll na talk any more havers to-night, father. You ken well enough that I will never take a man that you say na to; and I will never take one that I say na to, though you should say yes. Now that's all settled." "Ay, ay, and it's that way, is't," mutter-

ed the captain to himself, but quite loud enough for her to hear. "It's that way, is t? We maun see about that. We maun see aboot that. An empty purse against a weelfilled one-we maun see about that."

Annie was a little fidgety as his loudly-expressed reflections proceeded, and was glad when they wer aterrupted by a loud ring at the bell of the entranc -door. "Wha can that be at this hour? Hope

there's naething wrang wi' the Mermaid."
"Kirsty will soon te l us," said Annie, arranging her pap irs for the night.

"Maister Cargill," said Kirsty, the stout serving-woman, opening the door for the big lymphatic form to enter.
"I hope you will excuse me for dropping

in upon you so late," he said, in what he thought was a grand manner; "I intended to be here four hours ago, but was unexpectediy detained in the town. Sorry now I did not come straight along from the old place; burwas oblized to make a call first, and the business occupied me muc'i longer than I

Never heed that sit doon-and get glass, Annie. Oh, but you like wine and seegaars. Very weel; though I never meddle wi' that things mysel' I had som wine that was gi'en me in a present that folk was ken say there's nae better in Ed noro'. Ay, and I hae seegaars to match. Get them out, Ann.e."

Annie obeyed quickly, and then exensing herself as she was required elsewhere left the room.

were good, as the captain had said, and Cargill evideed his appreciation of both.

"And noo," said the captain when they were settled down, "how did you come out "Oh, the night is not so bad in a c'os cab

with a good horse and a careful driver." "And is this man waiting for you? ' cried the captain, his eyes starting, "and you nev-

er thought of seeking a drain for him!" "I do not like to el courage tipping in people of his class," coolly answered the

loutish sybarite as he sipped his wine and smoked his c gar. There was a movement on the captain's lips as if he repressed some wor is which were no doubt of a very emphatic character.

He rang the bell fiercely and called loudly for Kirsty whilst he filled a glass with "Hey, take this to the cabman to keep

him warm while he's waiting." "He has jist cam' for a light tae his lamp and's at the door," rep led the woman;"puir man, he's sair drookit."

Then the captain walked about to regain his temper. Cargill had not moved during the whole of these proceedings. He smoked and drank p'acidly as if they had nothing to do with him, and if these good people chose to concern themselves with a mere cabman who would receive his full fare and

something over, that was their basiness. The driver stood shivering at the door, the fierce gusts of wind threatening to tear the coat from his back, whilst the horse stood

shivering at the gate. "Thank ye, mem; I wish the puir beast could hae a dram tae on sie a night. Here's your very good health," said the man as he

gratefully acc pted the captain's hosp tall-

the conversation.
"And now," he said, "what has brought you here at this hour?"
"Two things, sir." rejoined Cargill slowly,

or lazily, but did not proceed.

The captain sat down again and resumed

"And what may that twa things be?"
There was again that curious movement on the captain's lips which had fir t app ared when he learned that there was a poor man out in the cold for whom his employer had not the least consideration.

"The first thing, captain-and it cou'd have waited till to-morrow-is to tell you that all the conditions I mentioned will be faithfully carried out. My mother is delighted with the idea of the match and says she will agree to anything in order to bring it about. See has a high esteem for you, captain."

The man actually could not refrain from attempting to patronise even in such a posi-

"That's very guid o' her to say sae, and very guid o' you to tell mo. But there was nae need o' saying it, for Bell and me are auld acquaintances and we hae aye respeckit ane anither."

Cargill felt sore; it was his great weakness that he did not like to be reminded of the origin of his fortune or of himself. He would have done anything to remove his mother from the midst of her old associa-tions; but she would not move, and in spite of all his efforts they were continually dashing in his teeth, as it were. ing in his teeth, as it were.

vaguely, as he looked at the ceiling and sent a great c oud of smoke up to it.

"She is that," Captain Duncan said heartily, "and sae far everything is satisfactory. oo, you hae naething mair ado than jist get the lass to gie her consent."

"Yes, but you will help me with your authority.' "Undoubtedly; I promised that afore-a' things being agreeable. And this I can tell

you, there never was a more obedient and faithful bairn in the world than my Annie." 'Then that being the case we may consider the matter as good as settled; for I am not afraid of being able to make myself sufficiently agreeable to her during the passage to Peterhead to warrant you in telling in-law-provided one condition is complied

"And what may that be?"

"You are taking Ross with you?" "I am that, He is the best man I could find to keep my mind easy when I am resting mysel'. What's wrang about that?"

Cargill rested back in his chair and puffed meditatively for a few seconds before replyg. ThenDo you mean to say, captain, that you

don't see what is going on?" "I see a heap o' things that are going on and going off too. But what particular thing

are you meaning?"
"Would you like to see your daughter married to a man like Ross!" 'Na, if she could do better. He is a de-

cent chiel. Do you see onything particular wrang with him?' "I have nothing to say about him. But although I do not doubt myself, I would rather you did not take him with us on bear

the Mermaid. It was the cap'ain's turn to smoke for a few s. co ds in silence. Then, d cisively, as if he had been arguing the whole question

out in his mind—
"The matter is settled and canna be changed.

"But don't you see, captain," urged Cargill in his heavy way, trying to be persuasive, "if he goes with us you are denyin; me a fair chance with Miss Murray. If we are left to of reelves, all will go well; but if we are interfered with there is no saying what

"There is naething can happen that shouldna happen. Annie kens what she is doing, ss is a decent lad. If he doesna de onything to disgrace himsel' and she says that I am to purt wi' the Mermaid and her. then there is nae mair to be said about it We'll just hae to do it. You hae gotten my word-he hasna; so you mann take your chance. At the same time I should say that you are ower feare i. What, man, you had the siller and the grand ways. Do you think ony woman in her senses would have doubt as the man she should take? Fie, I'm surpreczed at ye."

"That's true." But when he went away Cargill's mind was more in keeping with the storm than when he ar ived. On that black drive back to Edinburgh the wind seemed to whist e weird suggestions to his brain; the melancholy roar of the waters seemed to rouse wild thoughts of possibilities by which he might prove himself the worthler man of the two; and the ugly slushy roads, crossed here and there by the ghastly light of a

f eble lamp, seemed to reflect his mind. All the weak vanity of the man was stirred to passion; and the passion which springs from such a source is always the worst.

CHAPTER VII "MERMAID ABOY!"

Donkey engines rattling bales of goods from quays aboard ships, or vice versa; barrels, boxes, hampers, all flying in the air and alighting safely in their places amidst a Babel of torgues and a great smell of tar. That was the port of Leith.

The bantam-ike Mermaid nestled at its moorings, but panting and puffing as proudly as its neighbors, trying to make itself appear as big as possible, and continually asserting its c aim to equal consideration with any of the large rivals which lay to right and left of it. The bantam was noted amongst the people of the port for its nearness and sea-worthiness, and for the pushing character of its commander. Goods put on hard the Manual? on board the Mermaid were considered as safe as if they had been placed in the hands safe as if they had been placed in the hands safe as if they had been placed in the hands send them the name of the word, and they on board the Mermaid were considered as safe as if they had been placed in the hands of the persons to whom they were considered will return you rook, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHE STREE. lif :- traly more than his life, for it was no • reperase with him, it was a fact. II

valued that credit more than his life, more even than his daughter's life, and that meant everything hom in he cared about: it inc uded the Mermaid. It had come to b. a saying, "as safe as though it was with Dunc in Murray," and that was as much to him as if he had been made Lord H gh Admiral of the Fleet.

The fact was remarkable that in the whole course of his trading he had never lost the smallest package intrusted to his Pierre, S. D. care; and as years went on the pride of this fact grew in its proport ons in his breast un-

kil ed him. on, stood on the hurricane deck overlooking the busile on board and on the quays. Her father was moving about everywhere; now scolding, now encouraging, now lending a

hand to move some pile. At length everything was on board, and only two people were waiting to complete equipment of the Mermaid for her trip. "Where is Mr. Ross?" asked Annie, after long chas diration with herse f.

"He'll join us on the road; he asked me to let him go out last n g at and I said, ay, if he would meet us in time. Nae fear o' h m.'

Sie had no need to ask where was Mr. Carg'll, for a cab drove along the wharv s as f ras it could, and that gentleman appeared in a faultlessly fash onable vulgar check tweed tourist sait. He had only a smail hand-bag to carry, for his perimun-

teau had been put on board the previous His figure was grotesque; imagine a stout man six feet in height, with heavy jaws and s cepy eyes, dressed like a lad of fifteen! This was Mr. C r il, who had an unbounded faith in the elegance of his figure and the

skill of his tailor.

Annie laughed at the sight of him, and the captain felt disposed to bid him "put some class on" as quick as he could. But recognising in all this the height of aristoeratic fashion, he held his tongue and mar-velled. Captain Duncan would have been a great toady if opportunity had offered; for he had a vast reverence for the "nobeell

ty," and deep respect for anything which even remotely represented it. So, with all his absurd airs, "Jeems" Cargill impressed the old man as being something out of the common-just as poor old Bell Cargill ir pressed, and consequently permitted her Loney to flow at his command.

He saluted his hosts, but they were too much occupied to give him particular atten tion, and he had grace enough to recognize the fact. He applied blasself to the ar rangement of his berth, fitting up in it all the newest contrivances for s caring com-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy. Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or billous. For sale in 50e and \$1 bottles by all leading aruggists.

—The recent census of Paris shows that the city contains 4,507 residents of the Juited States. There are 44,817 Belgians, 26,863 Germans, 24,800 Swiss, 21,123 Italans, 12,727 English and Irish and 9,000 Russiaus. It is calculated that there are 100 000 French citizens in the United States, 26,000 in England and only 2,000 in Germany.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catwirh that cannot be cared by sking Hall's Ca'arrh Care.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perceptly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations make by their firm.

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Hall's Calarrh Cure is taken internally, acting firectly upon the blood and nuccus surfaces of the system. Price, 750 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

-A Troy man who had been away fron A froy man who had been away from home for twenty-five years unexpectedly returned the other day. He entered his son's barber shop and got shaved, but the son didn't know who his customer was until he told him.

It gives us great pleasure to refer to the advertisement of Dr. W. H. Tutt, which appears in our columns. For over twenty-five years Tutt's Pills bave been before hve years Tutt's Pills bave been before the public, and each succeeding year their valuable proprieties become better appreciated. They now stand second to none for the relief of that much abused and overtaxed organ, the liver, and for the removal of that cause of so many ills, constipation. They are used in every civ-ilized country, and carry with them volum-inous testimonials of their safety and efficacy. Tut's Liver Pills should have a place in every household. place in every household.

-A remarkable example of the enduring —A remarkable example of the enduring qualities of the daguerreotype is to be found in the old graveyard at Waterford, Conn. In the headstone that marks the grave of a woman who died more than forty years ago her portrait is inlaid, covered with a movable metal shield. The picture is almost as perfect as when it was taken.

Happy Baby. Because he is health. There is no baby comfort but in health. There is no baby beauty but in health.

All his comfort is from fat, and most of tis beauty. Fat is almost everything to 1m. That is why babies are fat. It is to by's wealth, his surplus laid by. What he does not need for immediate use he tucks under his velvet skin to cushion him but and keep the hard world from touching him.

This makes curves and dimples. Nature is fond of turning use into beauty.

All life inside, all fat outside. He has

All life inside, all fat outside. He has nothing to do but to sleep and grow.
You know all this—at least you feel it.
When baby is plump you are as happy as he is. Keep him so.
But what if the fat is not there? Poor baby! we must get it there. To be thin for a baby, is to lose what belongs to him. Why should the little mortal begin his life with suffering!

with suffering!

Go to your doctor. Don't be dosing your baby when all he needs is a little manage-

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING, of infinite value, will be sent free if you write for it to Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, at any lrug-store, \$1.

—Smoke is finding its champions in Engiand, notwithstanding the effor s made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer and, as such, is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

The Only One Ever Printed-Can You Find

the Word?

-An old miner went to Candelaria, Cal. the other day to lay in camp supplies. While there he saw a can of yeast powder with the elephant brand on it and said to his partner: "Jim, are they canning ele-phants? Let's take some back with us." his partner

News Paper For Lease.

The PIERRE DEMOCRAT. A good job-workman, competent to conduct a weekly newspaper, can make very favorable arrangements. Small bond required. Address THE DEMOCRAT.

care; and as years went on the pride of this fact grew in its proport ons in his breast until it seemed as if one failure would have kill ed him.

Annie, with hersailor's hat and pea-jacket on, stood on the hurricane deck overlooking the busile on board and on the care.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

-The custom of keeping birthdays is many years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorre. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, \$31 Arch St., Phiadelphia, Pa.

-Butter made from cocoanuts is rapidly taking the place of the ordinary butter in Germany and Switzerland. It is said to be healthful, easily digested, as palatable as butter made from the milk of cows, and much cheaper.



As good as new -that's the condition of liver, stomach and bowels, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. It's a work that isn't finished when you've stopped taking them, either. It's lasting. They cure, as well as relieve. And it's all done so mildly and gently! There's none of the violence that went with the old-time pill. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet's a gentle laxative - three to four act as a eathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indiges-tion, Bilious Attacks, and all de-rangements of the stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured. As a Liver Pill, they're unequaled. They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless — the smallest, cheapest, and easiest to take.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you Can you ask more? That's the peculiar plan all Dr.



Bishop's Residence, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889.

I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I have feel a nervous attack coming a take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it, and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Tired of Living.

Pound, Wis., 1990.

Two years ago last February I commenced having epileptic attacks, and could not rest a minute without having my limbs jork. I was shnost tired of living, when I heard of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and thank the Lord I got well after using only one bottle; and I will never lorget in my prayers what this medicine did for me.

MISS MAY WETICK.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervou Discosses sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1879, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIC MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for 85. Large Size S1.75. 6 Bottles for 89.

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